

**EYRE'S ACQUITTAL:
A SEQUEL TO
'STORY OF A SIN'**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649388066

Eyre's acquittal: A sequel to 'Story of a sin' by Helen Mathers

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HELEN MATHERS

**EYRE'S ACQUITTAL:
A SEQUEL TO
'STORY OF A SIN'**

EYRE'S ACQUITTAL.

A SEQUEL TO
'STORY OF A SIN.'

BY
HELEN MATHERS,
AUTHOR OF 'GODS' THRO' THE EYE,' ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. II.



LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.
1884.

[All Rights Reserved.]

*'I had happier died by thee
Than lived on as Lady Leigh.'*

PR
4986
M42c
v. 2

EYRE'S ACQUITTAL

—
BOOK II.—continued.



CHAPTER III.

*'And ye munn shape it, kniifeless, sheerless,
(Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw);
And he munn sew it, needle, threadless,
(And the wind has blawn my plaid aw')*

AND pray what could be the 'business' connected with Mr. Eyre's late wife that took him abroad so suddenly? Was not all business closed to the young wife and mother who lay sound asleep out yonder, side by side with her first sweetheart, and each with 'a red rose on his breast'?

Doone was the first to stir, and frowned as he went out: he had long ago mastered

his old jealousy, and the 'black drop of original sin' that the angels are said to have squeezed out of Mohammed's heart when he was an infant, had gradually dried up in the brother's breast. But he felt that here was something amiss, something that he was shut out from, and with a boy's fierce prejudices regarding the safety of the women of his family, he blamed his father for the carelessness that would leave the girl unguarded for two whole months.

But for those laurels that he had worked night and day to win, that he knew were now within his grasp, he would have stayed to watch over her; and dear as was ambition to the ardent, brilliant youth, he was within an ace of throwing up everything to stay at home and guard his sister.

He went to his father later, and told him this.

‘Whom do you fear?’ said Mr. Eyre coldly; ‘the servants of this house are all old and tried; in the village there is not one soul that would harm her. And as for lovers’—he paused—‘the *idea’s* horrible, but *must* be entertained one of these days, and of course she’ll marry Gordon.’

‘You would not oppose it, sir?’ said Doune, drawing a deep breath, as one relieved of intense anxiety.

‘No,’ said Mr. Eyre, with an effort; ‘but not for some years—it is like cutting off an arm or a leg, but necessary, I suppose, and better fathers than I have lived through it.’

Later in the day came Gordon, who said, without prefix of any sort:

‘I love your daughter, sir; when I come home in July, may I ask her if she will marry me?’

‘You have not asked her yet—there has

been no foolish love-making between you?' said Mr. Eyre, looking at him keenly.

'No,' said Gordon, looking down; 'she is so young . . . it would be a kind of sacrilege; and yet'—he raised his head boldly—'I would have asked her this morning if she had not laughed at me so, and I saw that as yet she does not know what love means.'

'And do you?' said Mr. Eyre, seeing his wife's first lover over again in the young man who stood before him.

'Did you wait till you were forty before you found out what love meant, sir?' said Gordon steadily, 'to my mind, youth is the time in which to love and be happy—and a man's first love is his purest and best.'

'You have never tried a last one,' said Mr. Eyre carelessly, 'so you can't tell.'