STORM-DRIVEN, IN THREE VOLUMES, VOL. III

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Storm-driven, in three volumes, Vol. III by Mary Healy

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MARY HEALY

STORM-DRIVEN, IN THREE VOLUMES, VOL. III

Trieste

STORM-DRIVEN.

BY

MARY HEALY,

AUTHOR OF "LAKEVILLE," "A SUMMER'S ROMANCE," "OUT OF THE WORLD," FTC.

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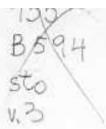
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CONTENTS TO VOLUME III.

c	нарт	ER I.	į.			PAGE
John	. (1 0)	9	38	*	×	1
C	HAPT	ER II	τ.			
NIGHT TERRORS .	i (*)	••			÷	16
CH	APTE	R II	I.			
MADEMOISELLE FIS.	ETTE	•			*	33
CI	IAPTI	ER IV	t.			
AN OUTCAST	-	2 e 2		•	×	54
C	HAPT	ER V	1			
BEHIND THE SCENES	з.	•	.*		ĸ	71
CI	APTI	ER VJ	E,			
No Hope	•	3	•			88

390

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VII.			
THE DREAD TEMPTATION		•	PAGE 106
CHAPTER VIII.			
IN SAFETY		•	118
CHAPTER IX.			
DISAGREEABLE NEWS		•	131
CHAPTER X.			
"MY DABLING !"	•	÷	150
CHAPTER XI.			
A PLAIN WOMAN'S ROMANCE .	12		165
CHAPTER XII.			
MRS. CRAYTON'S DECISION	4	•	181
CHAPTER XIII.			
IN THE STUDIO	3	3	197
CHAPTER XIV.			
"VERY WELL, JOHN"			214

2

STORM-DRIVEN.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN.

JOHN BRUCE was in a fair way of becoming a popular man. His portrait of the American Minister, which Lil had seen in his studio, had a great success; he awoke one morning to find himself, if not famous, at least on the road to fame. He had painted other portraits before this one, as remarkable perhaps, but they had passed unnoticed: Why one thing succeeds rather than another, is often a great

VOL. III.

92

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puzzle; it requires sometimes very little to produce success: a dearth of other interests, a sudden fancy of some one to whom others listen,—and the thing is done. For years, John had struggled on, bearing his poverty very bravely; he was blessed with a buoyant, hopeful spirit, blessed also with simple tastes, and a great love of work. Now he suddenly found that his days of privation were over. It was a pleasant surprise, but it was a surprise.

There was another person to whom this success seemed even more surprising than to John himself; this was his sister, Mrs. Crayton, otherwise Madge. She was a superior woman, or, at least, had always considered herself as such; in that capacity, when she was still quite a young girl, she had governed her mother and brother; when the former died, and the latter was sent to Europe to study, she had turned her governing powers to good use in her own household; she married a man who meekly lived under her rule, and who, in time, meekly died under it. The only being whom she did not rule was her son, Archibald, who, perhaps on account of his fine name, had a spirit of his own. When her brother was on the point of returning to France, she informed him that she meant to go and keep house for him. John, weary of restaurant dinners and forlorn rooms, consented willingly enough. He had not seen much of Madge since his boyhood, and being of an imprudently sanguine nature, saw nothing alarming in the arrangement.

Mrs. Crayton was really fond of him, with a compassionate sort of fondness; she had always thought him a little wanting in