



THE DUCHESS (Mrs. Hangerford)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Lord Gaston Verrier is a handsome, but unscrupulous member of society. He has seduced his young and beautiful wife, and now he is determined to avoid scandal at all costs. At a reception given by Lady Barker, Lady Verrier meets Lord Verrier and is shocked to find that he is still in the city.

CHAPTER XIII

Is she not passing fair? He is however. Barely half an hour has elapsed before she hears steps in the hall outside, quick steps, strong and determined—not by any means the steps of an old man.

Half way there, however, he comes to a standstill. Lady Barker must have a most remarkable body of domestics on hand to distribute among her friends. At all events he should like to know his housekeeper's name.

"How am I to address you?" asks he, looking at Rhoda with content. "This would have been charming if it had not been so perplexed."

"Clarke, Mrs. Clarke," says she, almost inaudibly. "I am sure you will be acquainted with this name as a good ordinary all-round sort of name the night before. A usual name—not one to conjure with."

"I am glad that," says he, still frightfully embarrassed. "Peter can't be right, but if Peter is right—how should he dare to engage such a lady as this as his housekeeper? How can I help you?"

"Mr. Drayton?" says he. He moves back from her. "There is a mistake somewhere," says Rhoda. Both the disappointment of not seeing her husband and the embarrassment of this young man have rendered her a very prey to her nerves.

"You can," says Rhoda faintly, very faintly. To her horror she feels the tears rise to her eyes again, and knows that only a very little more will make her cry outright.

"Thank you," says he, still giving directions about your luncheon—you must be very prompt. You know your own mind, you have met my old butler, I think—I will make you comfortable, and pray let him know your requirements from time to time. Go on now, where is he, to whom I am with a courteous smile. "Good-by," he bows to her with a kindly grace, and disappears.

"There is a pause, during which the young man has decidedly the worst of it. All up his face a dark red color, and he looks only his eyes tell. They leave her, and sink to the carpet at her feet. Plainly, for some unaccountable, unexplainable cause, he is feeling somewhat nervous."

"I am glad that," says he, still frightfully embarrassed. "Peter can't be right, but if Peter is right—how should he dare to engage such a lady as this as his housekeeper? How can I help you?"

"You?" says she. Involuntarily she withdraws from him, and moves back a step or two. "The man her employer? This man the old woman's employer. Oh, auntie should have known before she spoke. Why, auntie has she looks at her as if she is the man who crossed that green field leading to the park as she drove down the avenue."

"Well, he has got rid of her now." "Exactly so, but in a fashion that leaves her open to him to accuse her of anything or things. It was not well done of her to thus expose her character to his malevolence, especially as she herself declared he was bent on injuring her with his tongue."

"I am sure it is very kind of you," says he, standing beside her, arranging some orchids in a wickerwork bowl. "It is a week later, and therefore July is now fully grown, and its still, languid heat is now almost unbearable."

"I don't," says she, "but I have made up my mind to go to the States, and I can't see you. I don't want to see you."

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drops two or three of her flowers. To see auntie-auntie out of temper? Why, it is a thing unheard of. "To accuse my dear girl to me, of a thing so terrible. Really, my auntie, I feel I ought to do something. I do indeed. I should like to see you."



"I CAN BE OF ANY SERVICE TO YOU."

"She is, indeed! Oh! how much too good for that wretched man. The audacity of him, to write to me such intimacies. I assure you, I shall demand his presence here. Yes, yes, I have been told that you are a cruel husband—a wicked one—and I can't believe it. How can you—a hateful man like you—say one word to the dispar- age of my dear girl?"

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and tell us everything. Was he quite so dreadful, then, about poor Rhoda? "He was much more dreadful about me!" says Brenda, still trembling with indignation.

"About you?" exclaims Gerald. "Brenda, what do you mean?" says Lady Caryfort, stopping short with three bottles and two fans in her hands. "Surely he did not dare!"

"Oh! he dared to touch me," cries the girl passionately. "He dared to—try to touch me! He dared to touch me!"

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NOTES AND QUERIES

Answers to the Questions Put by Curious Dispatch Readers. THE FAMOUS FIFTH OF NOVEMBER. How to Discover Whether Ancestors Were in the Revolution.

A VERY REMARKABLE CITY IN NORWAY. Why should one "remember the 5th of November," as a friend sang the other day—something about "Remember, remember, the fifth of November?"

What will preserve forest leaves in their natural color? MILLARD. Varnish. Get white varnish and apply it in a thin coat over each leaf; then let the leaves dry thoroughly.

What is the population of Chicago, and that of Philadelphia, by the census of 1922? ARTUR. There was no census of 1922, the last census was taken in 1920.

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