



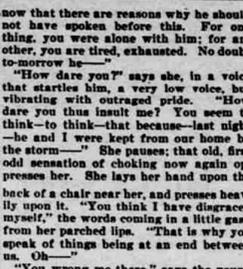
By The Duchess.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.) "You look distressed, tired. I believe you are fretting about this," says Lady Baltimore with a little kindly bantering laugh. "Don't be a silly child. Nobody has said or thought anything that has not been kindly of you. Did you sleep last night? No, I can see you're tired. There, I shall send you a glass of champagne and a biscuit; don't refuse it."



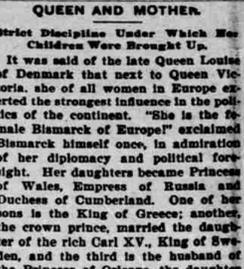
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"No, I never had," says she, slowly. "It is very late to say good-morning," says she, with a poor little attempt at a laugh, but still advancing and holding out her hand. "Too late!" replied he, ignoring the hand. "You are, as if struck by some cruel blow, draws back a step or two."



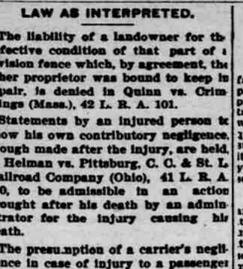
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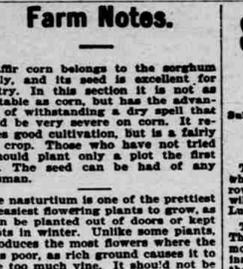
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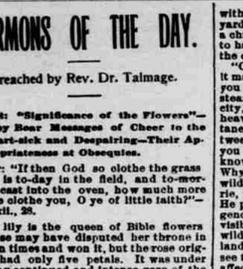
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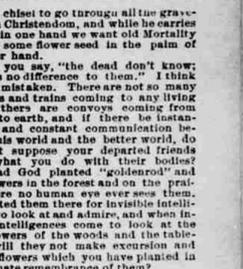
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