

**ON DANGEROUS
GROUND. A NOVEL, IN
THREE VOLUMES, VOL. III**

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On dangerous ground. A novel, in three volumes, vol. III by Edith Stewart Drewry

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EDITH STEWART DREWRY

**ON DANGEROUS
GROUND. A NOVEL, IN
THREE VOLUMES, VOL. III**

ON DANGEROUS GROUND,

A NOVEL.

BY

EDITH STEWART DREWRY,

AUTHOR OF "A DEATH RING," "SWORN FOES," "BAPTISED
WITH A CURSE," "TWO FLOWERS," ETC., ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
MY SISTER, MY SWEET SISTER,	1
CHAPTER II.	
AN UNWELCOME MEETING,	8
CHAPTER III.	
READING BETWEEN THE LINES,	19
CHAPTER IV.	
PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF,	33
CHAPTER V.	
TROUBLED WATERS,	46
CHAPTER VI.	
THE BEGINNING OF THE END,	65
CHAPTER VII.	
CHANDOS NEVILLE'S FAVOURITE FLOWER,	73
CHAPTER VIII.	
GABRIELLE MAKES A BOLD MOVE,	85
CHAPTER IX.	
TARQUIN'S LESSON STILL STANDS,	100

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.	
A FAITHFUL FRIEND,	115
CHAPTER XI.	
DROPPING THE MASK A LITTLE,	128
CHAPTER XII.	
DEEPER AND DEEPER THE BLACK SHADOWS FALL,	136
CHAPTER XIII.	
A GULF AT HIS FEET,	150
CHAPTER XIV.	
AFTER THE STORM ; A THREATENING SKY STILL,	168
CHAPTER XV.	
DARK HOURS,	177
CHAPTER XVI.	
NEVILLE'S DREAM IS FULFILLED,	186
CHAPTER XVII.	
DOOMED,	197
CHAPTER XVIII.	
AFTER THE FIRE,	212
CHAPTER XIX.	
AWAY ABROAD,	227
CHAPTER XX.	
THE TALES OF OUR TRAVELLERS ARE FINISHED AT LAST,	235



ON DANGEROUS GROUND.



CHAPTER I.

MY SISTER, MY SWEET SISTER.

SO it is all over, the roses and the thorns, the pleasure and the pain. Over! Is it all over? If some of the roses are fadeless, are the thorns dead? If the pleasure still lives through the days that follow, is the pain gone from beating, aching hearts? I trow not so soon. Rose Neville, with the quiet, tender insight of her tender, loving, woman's heart, could have pointed to two

at least within that stately Hall into whose souls the thorns had struck too deep to be rooted out ; she could have touched her own brother one evening as he paced to and fro the room with slow step and sombre brow, and said, "The thorns and the rose grow together there."

"I wish you had been at home this afternoon, my dear," she said, presently ; "for I had two such charming visitors."

Chandos paused by her, dropping his hand with a caressing action on her shoulder.

"Who was that, dear Rose *sans épines?*"

"Two ladies on horseback, attended by Marston—guess—"

"Mrs Albany !"

"Yes, on Hassan ; and who else ?"

"I don't know, Rose. Did they dismount ?"

"Oh yes, and had a chat ; took this in in a two hours' ride. Well, the other lady was Hyacinth Lee."

Neville dropped his hand abruptly.

“Hyacinth Lee *here*, sister Rose!”

“Certainly, my dear; and disappointed because you were out.”

His cheek flushed, his hazel eyes sparkled for a moment, then both the flush and the light died out.

“It was kind of her to say so, Rose; but she—I am glad I was out.”

Rose was not like Gabrielle Albany, she was no Jesuit—she was not subtle, she could not fence or go very far round to gain an object near her heart. She could be silent or speak straight to reach that object, and now she lifted those clear, tender, brown eyes to his face.

“Chandos, Chandos, you cannot deceive me! My dear, do you think I do not know your heart?”

Neville swung round sharply, walked to the end of the room, came back, and stopped before her.

“I suppose you do, Rose. You know,