

# **TALES FOR CHRISTMAS EVE**

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Tales for Christmas eve by Rhoda Broughton

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**RHODA BROUGHTON**

**TALES FOR  
CHRISTMAS EVE**



TALES FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

TALES  
FOR  
CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY  
RHODA BROUGHTON,

AUTHOR OF  
"COMETH UP AS A FLOWER,"  
ETC., ETC.



LONDON :  
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON.

1873.

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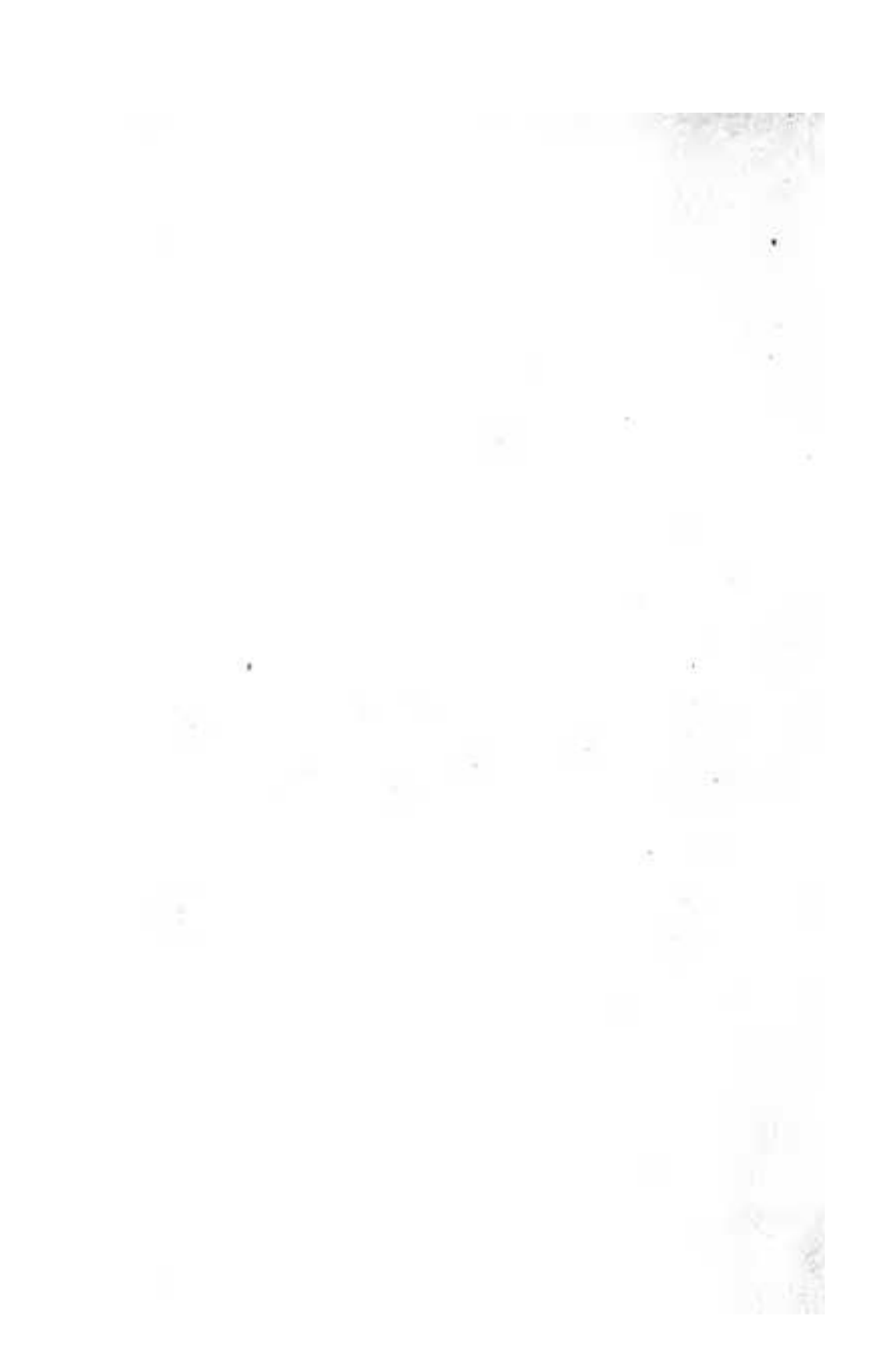
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NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.





THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH,  
AND  
NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

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MRS. DE WYNT TO MRS. MONTRESOR.

“ 18, ECCLESTON SQUARE,

“ *May 5th.*

“ MY DEAREST CECILIA,

“ TALK of the friendships of Orestes and Pylades, of Julie and Claire, what are they to ours? Did Pylades ever go *ventre à terre*, half over London on a day more broiling than any but an *âme damnée* could even imagine, in order that Orestes might be comfortably housed for the season? Did Claire ever hold sweet

converse with from fifty to one hundred house agents, in order that Julie might have three windows to her drawing-room and a pretty *portière*. You see I am determined not to be done out of my full meed of gratitude.

“ Well, my friend, I had no idea till yesterday how closely we were packed in this great smoky bee-hive, as tightly as herrings in a barrel. Don't be frightened, however. By dint of squeezing and crowding, we have managed to make room for two more herrings in our barrel, and those two are yourself and your other self, *i.e.* your husband. Let me begin at the beginning. After having looked over, I verily believe, every undesirable residence in West London; after having seen nothing intermediate between what was suited to the means of a duke, and what was suited to the needs of a chimney-sweep; after having felt bed-ticking, and explored kitchen-ranges till my brain reeled under my accumulated