

**BAD LUCK, A  
NOVEL, IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

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Bad luck, a novel, in three volumes, Vol. I by Albany De Fonblanque

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**ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE**

**BAD LUCK, A  
NOVEL, IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. I**



# B A D L U C K .

A Novel.

BY

ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE,

AUTHOR OF "A TANGLED SKEIN," "CUT ADRIFT,"  
ETC., ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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# BAD LUCK.



## CHAPTER I.

COCK ROBIN.



SUMMER shower rattles against the window-panes of the room in which the Honourable and Reverend Frank Marston, Vicar of Lare-mouth, and his daughter Madge, are taking their breakfast; and, but for the usual sounds which clink an accompaniment to mastication, nothing else disturbs the silence in which their meal is taken.

They have not quarrelled—they never do—and have plenty to say, only neither of them likes to begin ; Madge, because she has not made up her mind how to break the ice, and her father because he is one of those poor creatures who, having shirked a difficulty, go away almost as happy as though they had met and conquered it. As soon as he has finished his second cup, he rises with a sigh of relief and makes for his study to look out a sermon that will do for Sunday ; and Madge, slinging her garden hat upon her arm, saunters out through the hall to feed the robins in the garden.

It is high spring-time. The flowers are saying grace after rain ; the air is full of freshness and perfume. The earth sends up its thanks in a low, tender sobbing. A laburnum waves golden tassels over the

girl's head as she sinks into her favourite rustic seat, and the grass beyond the strip of gravel at her feet is all a-glitter with rainbow-tinted drops. It is high spring-time also in her heart. Upon that very seat, not four days ago, the arms of her true love have clasped her for the first time, and she has shyly kissed him back his troth. What the bright sunshine and soft rain are doing for her flowers that clasp and that kiss are doing for her life. It is bursting into bud. She has eaten and drank; she has slept, laughed, and cried, hoped for this and feared at that—but not *lived* till now. And with this new life—in the midst of its budding joys, its dimly whispered mysteries—comes trouble. She sinks almost wearily into the old, damp, uncomfortable seat, and, out of sheer force of habit, begins to crumble up the bread