

**THE TOWER OF
TADDEO. IN THREE
VOLUMES. VOL. III**

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The tower of Taddeo. In three volumes. Vol. III by Ouida

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THE
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IN THREE VOLUMES
VOL. III.



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THE TOWER OF TADDEO

CHAPTER XV.

‘WILL you come to supper, madami-gella? It grows late,’ cried the rough voice of Veronica from the inner chamber, where their frugal table was spread.

She was a good-hearted woman, but in her manner she permitted herself to be rougher, ruder, more boisterous of late; she did not see why she should not add violence to her nature, why she should trouble herself to speak softly,

and stir noiselessly, to please folks who had the sheriff's officer coming to their doors every day.

'Madamigella has always wanted as much observance as if she were a queen. Eh ! much she will get of it now,' said the serving-woman, with her arms akimbo, and a frown and a laugh together on her face, to her devoted listener, the boy Poldo. She was angered that the evening meal was thus delayed, and her own work thus prolonged.

'Nobody lets you be proud if you are poor,' added Veronica, with accurate knowledge of human nature.

'The signorina is not proud, not a bit proud,' said Poldo; 'but she has a way with her which makes you feel small,

and when she looks at you she cows you, though she is kind.'

'Ay, ay, and won't they pay her off for all that now?' said Veronica, who was vexed and pained by the woes of her employers, yet found a certain relish in them. It fretted her to think that the whole quarter would see the hateful *Banda* swinging under the majolica-angels and amorini; and yet it brought her importance and excitement to gossip about it all at the greengrocer's and the cheesemonger's, the butcher's and the tinman's, and to say with satisfaction: 'It does not matter to me—no, no—I have a fine nest-egg of my own in the savings bank, and I am torn in two with people who want me to go to them. I want nobody's bed or board; it would