

**"ONE OF US": A NOVEL,
IN THREE VOLUMES,
VOL. I, PP. 3-264**

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"One of Us": A Novel, in Three Volumes, Vol. I, pp. 3-264 by Jr. Randolph

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JR. RANDOLPH

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ONE OF "U.S."

A Novel.

BY
EDMUND RANDOLPH,
(JR.)

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. I.



LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

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FRATRI.

inclined to resent it when I decline his offer of the "other half," it being as yet scarcely noonday.

How came Mr. Cooly here? How comes he everywhere? His father is a country curate, or something of the kind, and he has no connections or relations worth mentioning, but they make him up a hundred a year among them; he will tell you as much in the easiest way, and admit that it "comes in." What is his secret? Not his looks, for he allows, with his usual candour, that he is "the ugliest beggar in the 'service';" nor presumably his talents, for he scraped into it some time ago, last but one on the list, and now belongs to some confounded line regiment, whose name and number he can't tell you straight off without a calculation on his fingers. His laconic

explanation, when questioned as to his superhuman success, is "luck." And really I see no better; but it is trying to find a youth who was being very properly birched at the period of one's own first *debut*, thus far up the ladder already. So, it is quite evident, feels Skipwith, my friend of the bitters—a man whose age you wouldn't quite ask, and much the reverse of Cooly. He will, I hope, describe himself in time. Just now, he is in a very critical state, which is normal with him, for he seldom exactly approves of what anybody else says or does. "It's the biggest thing," he is observing, airily, "since the 'Eglintoun,' where my grandfather tilted." "Overdone," mutters Mr. Cooly, abstractedly, gulping his champagne. Mr. Skipwith flushes. The shadow of a doubt on the

authenticity of his grandfather is, for reasons best known to himself, a grave matter.

Ignoring Mr. Cooly as far as possible, "Of course," he goes on, "it is important in every way that I should be there. 'Haversham Palace' is a place quite unique in itself; and Mrs. Smijthe's attempt at a revival of its old glories is extremely creditable, and deserves encouragement."

It is foggy, the gas is alight, and Mr. C.'s eyeglass presents a flat, inexpressive circle of fire. There may be a smile beneath; it is difficult to say. His ugliness has this speciality—that no contortion of feature makes the slightest difference in his expression.

"You can't imagine what the result will be," continues the speaker, explaining matters as if we had just

landed from Nova Zembla. "I am not sure, for all that, that I couldn't get you a ticket for the fancy ball on Friday week."

"Thursday," corrects the other. Skipwith affects not to hear.

"Why, Cooly," I interrupt, "are you one of us?"

"H'm! Promised to take Jones and Robinson; s'pose I shall have to be there."

"Well, thank you very much, Skippy," I answer; "but I happen to have my invitation for the week in my pocket. Never mind; come and dine with me at the 'Hoy Polloy' all the same."

But this is too much for him; he has vanished. The victor utters a short but expressive word, and finishes his glass.

"Not such a bad fellow," I say,