

**'LOOK BEFORE YOU
LEAP.' A NOVEL. IN
TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649639144

'Look Before You Leap.' a Novel. In Two Volumes. Vol. II by Annie French Hector

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANNIE FRENCH HECTOR

**'LOOK BEFORE YOU
LEAP.' A NOVEL. IN
TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II**

'LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.'

'LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.'

I Hotel.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1865.

250. u 173.



LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,
AND CHANCING CROSS.

'LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.'

CHAPTER I.

NEVILLE and his faithful guide reached the Waterloo Station during an opportune lull, when a Southampton train was expected, and the cabs had gathered thick at the arrival-platform; but after a careful examination of the various physiognomies of their drivers, Dennis shook his head despondingly.

'There's none on 'em him,' he said;
'I couldn't just describe him, 'cos I seen

him only a minit—but I'd know him—I'm sure I'd know him—and it's a S. W. cab. I seen the letters on the back on it jist as it was a-drivin' off—and so we'll find him here some hour in the day—'cos this is his rightful stan'—sure now I understan' yes, if ye have it to me, I'm always about the Station, and if I can't catch him, may I never sell a "Tiligraph."

'If you had only trusted us and understood us before,' said Neville, sternly, 'what valuable time might have been saved. Your obstinacy may be the cause of our total failure, boy.'

'Faith! I'll make up for it, sir,' returned the unabashed Bedouin—'An' as to thrustin', who'd thrust the police, 'cept a born-natural. Sure I thought I was doing

the lady a good turn, but never mind, I'll get the cabby for yes.'

With this very indefinite assurance, Neville was fain to be content, and returned to his gloomy solitude, to pore over disheartening papers, and weary his brain with unaccustomed calculations; striving to have some plan of future exertion and livelihood fixed before his cherished hope—the recovery of his wife—was fulfilled.

In truth it was a perplexing problem—a couple of thousands for a capital—and the world before him, with no business-training or habits, to what could he turn himself? Yet he knew that he possessed a certain amount of method and capability for organization, with a conscious-

ness that although neither of a quick or brilliant class of intelligence, he had the power of steady and prolonged application.

Some military appointment he knew would be the best solution of his enigma, but he shrunk from the publicity of application; his story was already widely circulated in all military circles, and he quivered at the idea of the pale witticisms, the contemptuous pity, the mocking laughter it must have drawn forth. He felt inclined to rush forth, armed with a horsewhip, for the general flagellation of his acquaintance; could he discover Marie, and show her as his own, his valued, cherished wife, then people might see that the disappointment which furnished