

**GUY'S MARRIAGE,  
OR, THE SHADOW  
OF A SIN**

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Guy's Marriage, or, The Shadow of a Sin by Henry Gréville

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**HENRY GRÉVILLE**

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OF A SIN**



# GUY'S MARRIAGE;

OR,

THE SHADOW OF A SIN.

BY HENRY GRÉVILLE.

AUTHOR OF "DOSIA," "SAVELI'S EXPIATION," "MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER,"  
"THE PRINCESS OGHROF," "MARKOF," "THE TRIALS OF KAÏSSA," "DOURNOF,"  
"SYLVIE'S RETROUVED," "GABRIELLE," "BONNE-MARIE," "LUCIE BODEY,"  
"XENIE'S INHERITANCE," "PRETTY COUNTESS ZINA," "A FRIEND,"  
"PHILOMENE'S MARRIAGES," "SONIA," "TANIA'S PERIL."

TRANSLATED BY MARY NEAL SHERWOOD.

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"GUY'S MARRIAGE: OR, THE SHADOW OF A SIN," Henry Gréville's latest and best novel, is a strong and absorbing romance in its gifted author's most telling vein. It appeals particularly to ladies, for it is the unvarnished record of a woman's life. The heroine is clever and quick, but is not beyond the reach of temptation, and the uncertainty as to what her fate will be is so skilfully maintained that the reader is kept on the gas-tube to the last. Her husband is a sham, but a good-natured one, and Monsieur de Fresnes, who supplies the element of danger, is a character drawn with a master hand. Mullian comes very near Zola's creations, and imparts a great deal of vitality to the novel. The plot is well woven, and the incidents all make their mark, one of them, the life-boat scene, being exceedingly stirring. There is some humor in the book, but the author deals mainly with the serious side of human nature. "GUY'S MARRIAGE; OR, THE SHADOW OF A SIN," will abundantly repay all who read it.

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BY HENRY GREVILLE

AUTHOR OF

"SAVELI'S EXPIATION," "THE PRINCESS OGHNEROF," "THE TRIALS OF RAISSA,"  
"DOSIA," "DOURNOF," "SONIA," "XENIA'S INHERITANCE," "GABRIELLE,"  
"MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER," "A FRIEND," "BONNE MARIE,"  
"THE PRETTY LITTLE COUNTESS ZINA," "LUCKY RODEY,"  
"PHILOMENE'S MARRIAGES," "SYLVIE'S BETHROTHED,"  
"TANIA'S PERIL," "MARKOF," ETC., ETC.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

"IT is thus, gentlemen, in concentrating our efforts that we coöperate for the happiness and prosperity of our glorious France!"

The gentle applause of good society which so much resembles the sound of rain pattering upon the leaves of a tree, now followed. This applause was accompanied by discreet bravos: then less quick of comprehension, the horticulturists followed, with a loud clapping of their big hands, just as the gloved fingers ceased to manifest their approbation. Then these last, not



wishing to evince less warmth, began again, and the result was an enthusiastie salvo from all together.

The orator was about to bow as actors do on the stage, but he suddenly saw that this would be ridiculous, and taking up the list of prizes began to read in his deep, rich voice.

"I congratulate you, my dear, your husband speaks extremely well—as well as he talks. He is the stuff out of which orators are made, I assure you. Is his speech an impromptu?"

Madame de Dreux was a little embarrassed; a slight color rose in her delicate cheeks, and she answered the elderly lady who addressed her with some little hesitation:

"I do not know—I suppose—"

"Ah! it is an impromptu, of course. It is very easy to see that. A discourse learned by heart, could never be uttered with such ease, nor in a tone which is both dignified and gay. Monsieur de Dreux is certainly highly favored by Destiny!"

"I beg leave to second that remark," said a tall young man, who was slightly bald, "he is a happy husband, a happy father, and the happy President of the Horticultural Society of Remécy-Sur-Luise."

Madame de Dreux smiled, and her face cleared of the slight cloud which had rested upon it.

"Satirical, as usual," she said, "but your raillery does not affect me, sir, I assure you!"

"I should be extremely unhappy, Madame, if that were the case; I could not—"

"Endure to hold my tongue!" concluded the lady, interrupting him.

They all laughed and a loud and indignant "Hush!" was heard from an inhabitant of Remécy-Sur-Luise who, standing on a chair, had made an ear-trumpet of his hand in order to catch the names which were pronounced at the lower end of the tent, and now turned toward the speakers with an irritated air. His round good-natured face changed its expression as soon as he saw Madame de Dreux; he hastily descended from his elevated position and stammered forth:

"Oh! Madame, if I had known that it was you—"

The lady smiled and nodded her head slightly, while the excellent baker, having by this time gotten over the fear that he had lost a good customer, again placed his hand to his huge ear, but with a certain respectful deference for his noble neighbor; presently he discreetly retired, feeling that his place was not among such distinguished people.

"You are the Queen of this district!" said the bald young man.

"The Queen of my trades-people, you mean," answered Madame de Dreux. "But I beg of you, sir, allow me to hear the names of the laureats—"

"You know them! Are you not in the secrets of the gods?"

"I? By no means!"

"Does not your husband consult you in his decisions? Is it not you who virtually presides at the meetings of the Horticultural Society, the Temper-

ance Society, of the Society for the Cultivation of Snails, and, in fact, of all the Societies of which your husband is more or less the President?"

Madame de Dreux made a little negative sign, which if tinged with haughtiness, was yet extremely polite. It must have required at least ten generations of the best educated men and women in the world to endow this young provincial with her high-bred air.

Mullan bowed half respectfully, half jestingly, which was his usual manner.

"It is a great pity, Madame," he began, and if I had the honor—"

A quick movement made by the lady warned him to go no further; he continued, however, apparently without making a change in what he had intended to say.

"—Of having within my reach so sage a counsellor, I certainly should not omit consulting her."

Blanche de Dreux turned away her head, and at the same moment, the aged Comtesse Praxis, who sat next her said, as she examined the scene through her glass:

"Look, my dear child, they are offering your husband an absolute ovation!"

In fact, the young President of the Horticultural Society had left the Tribune and was slowly advancing toward them, escorted by a battalion of the fortunate. He stopped occasionally to lean over the flowers and fruits artistically grouped, addressing his companions with flattering words at the same time.

"Does he not look like a Minister distributing