

**THE WHEEL OF TIME,
COLLABORATION
OWEN WINGRAVE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649226276

The wheel of time, Collaboration Owen Wingrave by Henry James

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

HENRY JAMES

**THE WHEEL OF TIME,
COLLABORATION
OWEN WINGRAVE**

~~Book~~

I

The Wheel of Time
Collaboration
Owen Wingrave

BY

HENRY JAMES



NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1893

567393

31.7.53

Copyright, 1893, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

All rights reserved.

PS

2116

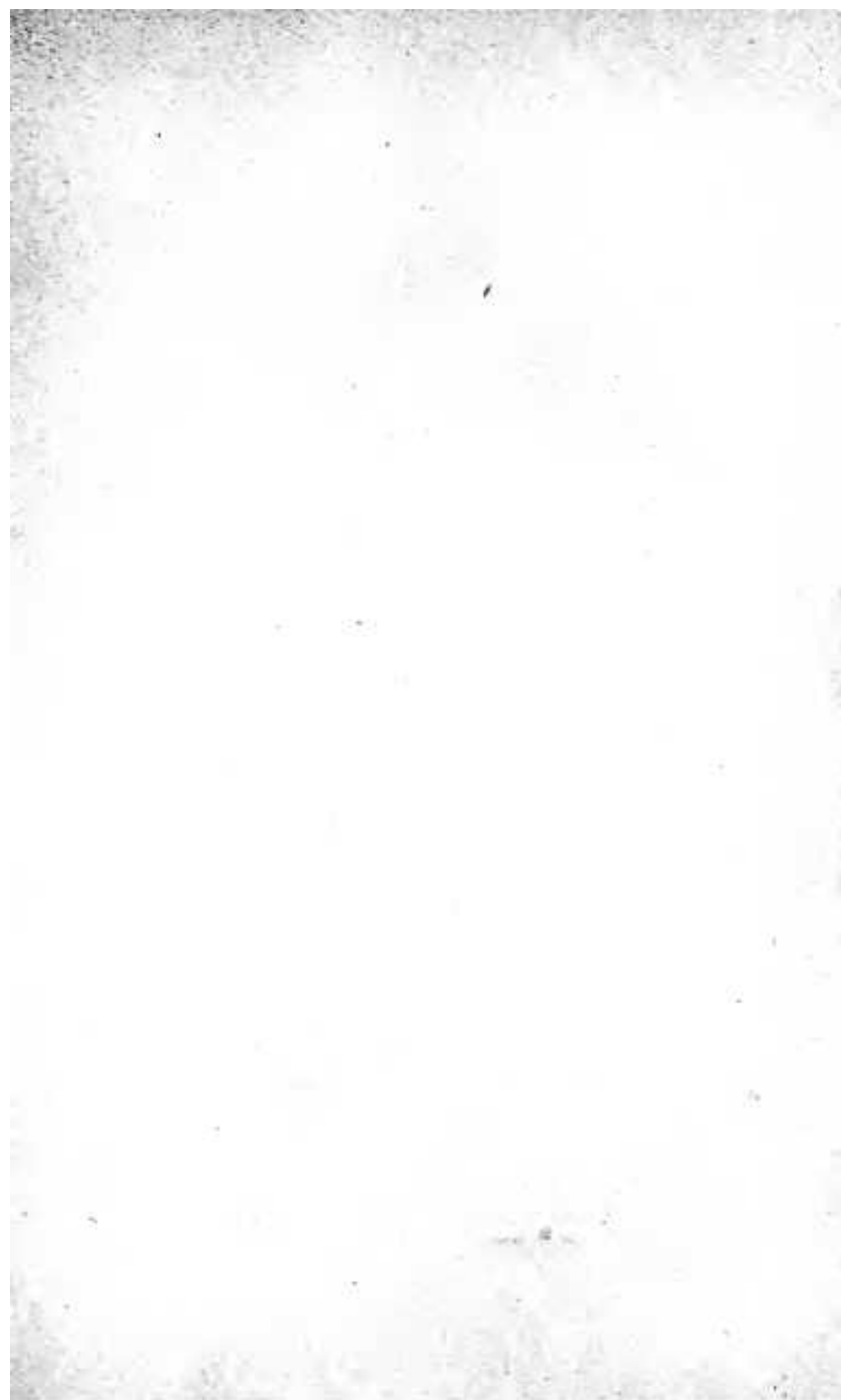
2549

1893

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE WHEEL OF TIME	3
COLLABORATION	99
OWEN WINGRAVE	147

THE WHEEL OF TIME



THE WHEEL OF TIME

I

"AND your daughter?" said Lady Greyswood; "tell me about her. She must be nice."

"Oh yes, she's nice enough. She's a great comfort." Mrs. Knocker hesitated a moment, then she went on: "Unfortunately, she's not good-looking—not a bit."

"That doesn't matter, when they're not ill-natured," rejoined, insincerely, Lady Greyswood, who had the remains of great beauty.

"Oh, but poor Fanny is quite extraordinarily plain. I assure you it does matter. She knows it herself; she suffers from it. It's the sort of thing that makes a great difference in a girl's life."

"But if she's charming, if she's clever!"

said Lady Greyswood, with more benevolence than logic. "I've known plain women who were liked."

"Do you mean *me*, my dear?" her old friend straightforwardly inquired. "But I'm not so awfully liked."

"You?" Lady Greyswood exclaimed. "Why, you're grand!"

"I'm not so repulsive as I was when I was young, perhaps; but that's not saying much."

"As when you were young!" laughed Lady Greyswood. "You sweet thing, you *are* young. I thought India dried people up."

"Oh, when you're a mummy to begin with!" Mrs. Knocker returned, with her trick of self-abasement. "Of course I've not been such a fool as to keep my children there. My girl *is* clever," she continued, "but she's afraid to show it. Therefore you may judge whether, with her unfortunate appearance, she's charming."

"She shall show it to *me*! You must let me do everything for her."

"Does that include finding her a hus-