

**LORD GARLFORD'S  
FREAK. VOL. II**

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Lord Garlford's Freak. Vol. II by James B. Baynard

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**JAMES B. BAYNARD**

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# LORD GARLFORD'S FREAK.

BY

JAMES B. BAYNARD,

AUTHOR OF 'THE RECTOR OF OXBURY.'

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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## LORD GARLFORD'S FREAK.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THREE TO ONE.

**S**EBASTIAN stood still a moment to consider which direction he should take. His foes were lurking in ambush somewhere, but he might possibly be able to give them the slip. He was now in the very heart of the town—a long distance from his lodgings in the watchmakers' quarter, which lay in the western suburb. By avoiding all the direct routes, and making a wide circuit, he might escape them. He was more likely to be attacked at some point near his own home, for there the thoroughfares were dark and lonely.

Turning to the left, he cautiously but swiftly moved down the winding alley, having the backs of the houses on one side, and the churchyard, full of ghostly gravestones staring spectre-like in the gloom, on the other. Safely reaching the end of the alley, he turned again to the left and was now in the well-lighted streets. At this late hour, however, they were deserted, for the taverns and other places of amusement had been closed long since. He passed several obscure entries and gloomy courts, keeping always on the alert lest his enemies should suddenly issue from one of these and dart upon him at unawares. One solitary wayfarer he met—a reveller, homeward bound, but one whose heart seemed free and joyous, for it had no weight of dread upon it, no fear of violence. Sebastian hurried on, whistling softly to himself, to keep up his courage. Street after street he traversed, but as yet his foes had not encountered him. There, in the distance, was a policeman on his beat; and here, at this corner, was another. The young craftsman said 'Good night,' and strode on, saying not a word of that which he apprehended, nor

dreaming that he would seek for protection. It might be only an idle, groundless alarm after all! If not, why, he would either fight, or run for his life, as the case might be. It was three against one, the majority armed, perhaps, the minority weaponless and with the left arm disabled! He would put his trust in God and go forward. The tears came into his eyes as he thought of Felicia. He felt thankful he had told her of his love. After he was dead and buried she would think kindly of him.

More gloomy courts were passed, more obscure entries; but these possible hiding-places were left behind, and still Sebastian's enemies were unseen and had made no sign. But now he was nearing the outskirts of the city. Dwellings were becoming few and far between. The open country was in sight and the dark foliage of trees against the midnight sky. At this moment a light in an upper window was extinguished. Our hero had been looking at that light shining through the drawn blind, and had felt some envy in his bosom towards those who were retiring to rest, secure in their own homes.