

THE COMPLEAT BACHELOR

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649290307

The compleat bachelor by Oliver Onions

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OLIVER ONIONS

**THE COMPLEAT
BACHELOR**

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE
COMPLEAT
BACHELOR

BY
Oliver Onions

pseud.



NEW YORK
Frederick A. Stokes
Company
Publishers

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THE COMPLEAT BACHELOR

I

SUGAR AND LEMON

"PERHAPS, Rollo," said my sister (Caroline Butterfield, spinster), "you would like to go on to your club, and call for me in an hour or so. There will only be women, I expect."

"Carrie," I replied, "your consideration does you credit ; but no company that you may enter is too bad for me. I insist on accompanying you. It is my first duty as a brother."

Carrie laughed.

"I believe you like it, Rol," she said. "Molly Chatterton says Loring says you never go to a club if you can have tea with a married woman."

"It is the one reward of a blameless reputation," I replied ; "but that Loring

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Chatterton should say so is rank ingratitude, considering his own ante-nuptial record. Rank ingratitude."

We dismounted together at Millicent Dixon's door, and were admitted to the hall. Carrie gave my necktie an attentive little tug, slapped my cheek (Carrie is justly proud of her middle-aged brother, and likes to show him off to advantage), and preceded me into Millie Dixon's drawing-room. Some half-dozen ladies were engaged in the usual five-o'clock flirtation with tea and cake, and contributing to the feminine hum which didn't subside in the least as we entered.

"He *would* come, Millie," said Caroline, after a cross-over kiss on both cheeks, "but you can lean him up in a corner and give him some tea to keep him quiet."

This from my own flesh and blood!

Millie Dixon gave me a laughing nod over her shoulder, and busied herself preparing the cup that should have the effect Carrie suggested. I sat down, and composed myself to listen to the restful chatter that was supposed not to interest me.