

**OUT OF THE WORLD.  
A NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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Out of the World. A Novel. In Three Volumes. Vol. II by Mary Healy

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**MARY HEALY**

**OUT OF THE WORLD.  
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VOLUMES. VOL. II**



# OUT OF THE WORLD.

A Novel.



By MARY HEALY,

AUTHOR OF "LANEVILLE," "A SUMMER'S ROMANCE," ETC. ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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## CHAPTER I.

### COUNT PAUL.

“LE COMTE PAUL,” to speak like the peasants, was undoubtedly of a somewhat restless disposition. During the first few days of his stay at the château it seemed impossible for him to settle to any occupation, and he was very often seen wandering aimlessly about the house and grounds, consuming an alarming amount of cigars. Nothing could have proved a greater contrast to this restlessness than the repose of Aimée’s manner. She was perfectly



cheerful, unusually busy, being hard at work preparing a costume for Mila, and was nearly always by Jeanne's side. The friendship between these two girls, so dissimilar in every respect, grew and ripened with each hour.

Paul had arrived fully prepared to resist firmly. He did not, certainly, expect to find in M. de Marsac's daughter a title-hunter, such as he had occasionally met in his travels, even among Americans; but still he had formed no very exalted opinion of her, biassed as he was by instinctive prejudice and by hearsay. He had come fully prepared to baffle his father's schemes; he felt himself armed at all points to resist a complete battery of feminine coquetry and fascination. It was no little surprise to him, therefore, to find in his adversary a perfectly lady-like, quiet young person, who seemed to trouble herself very little about him—who was rather reserved, though by no means

timid—who met his looks with frank self-possession, answered his remarks clearly and simply, and opposed to such advances as, according to French ideas, it was mere politeness to offer—a barrier of complete and unaffected indifference. This annoyed him—it must be confessed, it annoyed him greatly! “She is playing a part!” he would say to himself, so hard is it for one of his sex to believe that he is really an object of indifference. To have been hated would have been far less humiliating! Paul was not exactly a vain man, but he was piqued—all the more so that the numerous precautions with which he had so uselessly armed himself made him look foolish in his own eyes. He tried to console himself, though without much success, by the reflection that his own part in the affair was greatly simplified. He would remain at the house long enough to show his father that he did not shirk the trial, then prove to him that the young lady was averse

to the match, and after that, quietly withdraw. Nothing could be done, as the days for dragging reluctant damsels to the altar were past, even in that remote corner of France. He meant, of course, to comply with all the duties of hospitality and politeness, which naturally devolved on him as eldest son of the house; but, at the same time, he would remain principally in his own apartment, with his books and pictures. This latter resolution he found more difficult to keep than the former. He soon became aware that he watched Aimée closely; that he found himself speculating about her moods, which were changeful; about her flow of spirits when she was with Jeanne; about the sudden calm of her manner when she answered his own observations, even those which he considered rather witty, and certainly more entertaining than anything his sister could have to say! He had always been fond of observing the character and