

**A BRILLIANT
WOMAN; IN THREE
VOLUMES - I**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649381340

A brilliant woman; in three volumes - I by Mrs. Henry Chetwynd

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

MRS. HENRY CHETWYND

**A BRILLIANT
WOMAN; IN THREE
VOLUMES - I**

A BRILLIANT WOMAN

823
C427-f
v. 1

CONTENTS

VOL. I

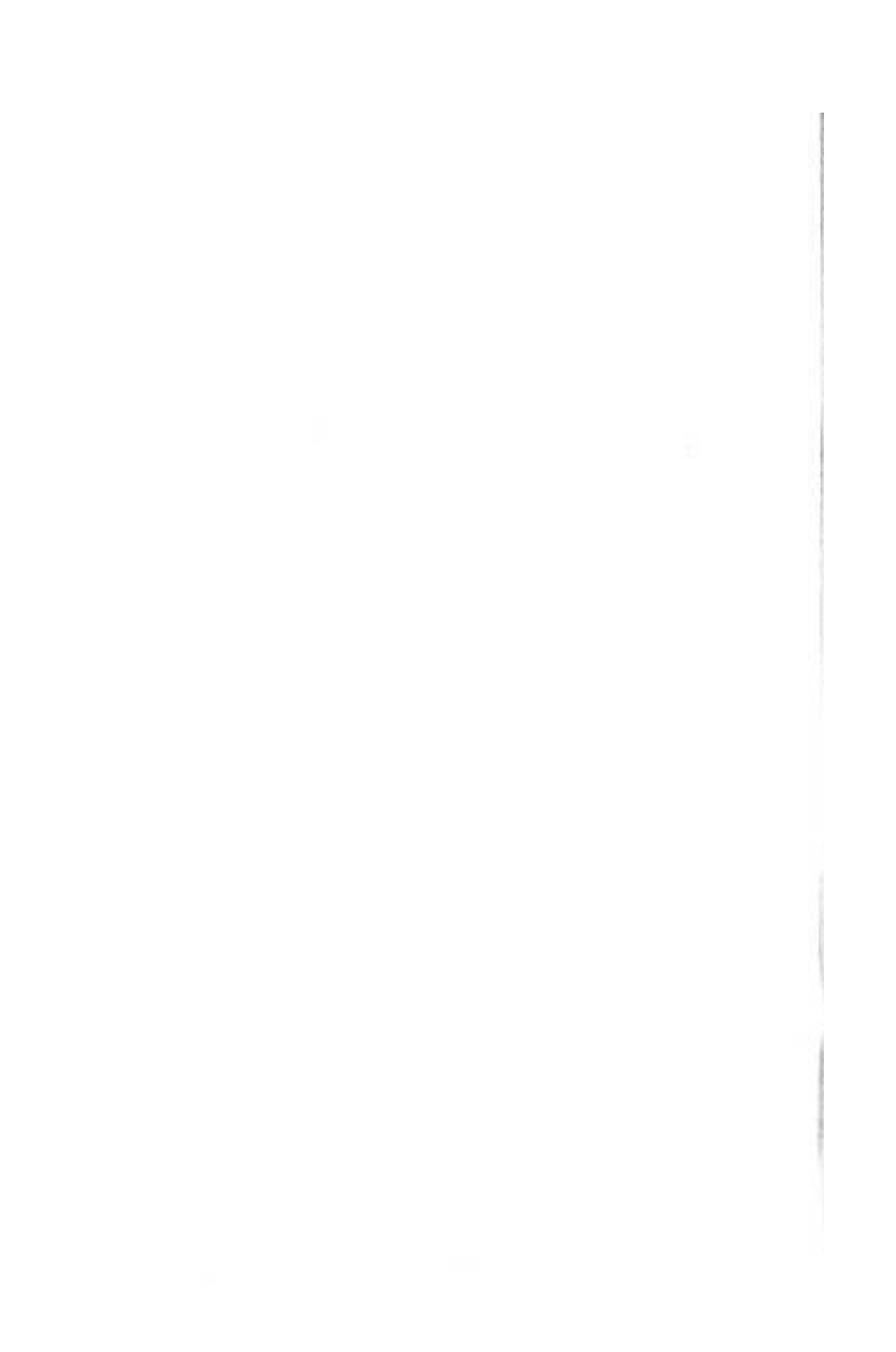
SLOCUM

1954

MAY 3

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS	1
II. AUNT AND NEPHEW	12
III. GENERAL SURPRISE	30
IV. A WRONG START	46
V. HOME	62
VI. THE COUNTY MAP	75
VII. THE NEIGHBOURS	95
VIII. DIFFERENT VIEWS ON CONJUGAL FELICITY	108
IX. THE FESTIVITIES AT STRUWINGTON MANOR	119
X. REHEARSAL	136
XI. WAS IT ALL SUCCESS?	151
XII. A PIECE OF NEWS	161
XIII. ABOUT POLITICS AND OTHER THINGS	182
XIV. CRABROOK HALL	199
XV. AT THE BERYLS'	215
XVI. A GREAT MISTAKE	230
XVII. FARTHER MISTAKES	243
XVIII. AN ACCIDENT	259
XIX. AUNT ANNE SPEAKS HER MIND	275

Gen. S. S. 1122 247000 100 Engal-2-3 v



A BRILLIANT WOMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

PERPLEXITY, anxiety, and a surprise she could not conceal, chased each other alternately over the face of a maiden lady as she read a letter she had just received.

She was sitting at breakfast in a delightful, cheerful, sunny breakfast-room. The sunrays played upon brilliant silver, exquisitely fine linen, and all those small dainties which, by reason of their minuteness and of the slender nourishment they afford, proclaim the absence of the carnivorous animal—man.

Two bantam's eggs, a little lettuce, some radishes, fruit, and various hot cakes were all arranged within her reach. She had poured out her tea and had then noticed one letter on the top of her other letters, conspicuously challenging her attention, and she read it. The tea-urn steamed and her tea cooled, but she sat with the utmost disregard of both these things. She was pale, a little faded, and elderly, but her eyes were still fine, and her hands were white and beautifully shaped.

She let her eyes wander over the well-kept lawn, the sunlight playing through the huge branches of some fine cedars, and with a start turned to her breakfast, barely touched it, and re-read her letter.

The lady, Miss Burlington, was the aunt of Mr. Cyril Burlington, a large landed proprietor on the borders of Worcestershire. He was a man of thirty-six and she had brought him up entirely, been his most loving guardian, cared for his welfare as a schoolboy, sent him to travel in his youth, and looked after

his property till he was old enough to look after it himself.

His father had been killed out hunting when he was a little boy in petticoats, and his mother had not long survived the loss of the husband she idolized. From the time Cyril came of age Miss Burlington had urged him to marry, which was a great mistake, since men have a way of arranging these matters for themselves, and very often become adverse to anything pressed upon them.

But she was anxious to see him happily married. She felt deeply the immense wickedness of man, especially as set forth in the papers; and she considered that no girl in her proper senses—no very nice girl—would refuse him. He wanted no fortune with his wife, as he was very rich. He was well born, and did not care for connection. This gave his choice much freedom and a large area.

The letter which disturbed her was not alarming. It was unexpected, and announced his engagement

to a young lady; but there was something negative, an absence of the overflowing delight Miss Burlington was romantic enough to expect on such an occasion. There was also a postscript. Unlike the usual letter of a man, it contained matter for thought. "She is a very brilliant creature." What did this mean? That other qualities were wanting? She had to write, of course, at once to the darling of her heart. She knew that she must feel differently before writing and she went out on the lawn. Cyril was grave, somewhat sedate, as a man is apt to be with the shadow of two graves lying over his childhood. He was full of talent, which was generally a surprise to people who did not know him well, and who considered him dull on slight acquaintance. Even upon subjects he had thoroughly studied he was reticent of speech. Miss Burlington, knowing how well he might have answered, argued, and even convinced people, reproached him at times with his silence. But he laughed