

**CHLOE
ARGUELLE, VOL. II**

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Chloe Arguelle, Vol. II by Elizabeth Amy Dillwyn

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ELIZABETH AMY DILLWYN

**CHLOE
ARGUELLE, VOL. II**

CHLOE ARGUELLE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE REBECCA RIOTER."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



TINSLEY BROTHERS,
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LONDON.

1881.

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CHLOE ARGUELLE.

CHAPTER I.

SIR CADWALLADER RESOLVES TO PUT DOWN THE POACHING.

THE sonorous eloquence which Sir Cadwallader believed himself to have displayed solely for the benefit of his own family and the Osnaburgh Joneses had had another hearer of whom he knew nothing, in the shape of one of his gardeners, who had happened to be raking flower beds outside the drawing-room just

at that time. The windows being open, this man had easily overheard what was said; and when he retailed the baronet's sentiments that night to a select circle at the public house which he frequented, they were received with an amount of derision which would have made Sir Cadwallader's hair stand on end.

"So the fool do think as one word from he shall stop us off poaching?" observed one man with a sneer. "Well, well! think it he, then, think it he! There be no harm in that, whatever."

"I believe in my heart," remarked a second, "that when he do take a bit of notice of any of us, and speak to us—no matter what he shall say—he do suppose as we be all struck of a heap like with joy, and be bound to love him—ay, and die for him too, for what I know—for ever after!

But 'tis all one to he which of us it be, for he do never know one poor man from another. 'Tis only that 'tis his fancy to make believe to be fond of us."

"Yes, sure!" chimed in a third. "There was last year that he was come three times to our house, and each time he was ask my missus the same thing—how was the children getting on at school? But you know as we haven't got none now, since we buried the last of our little ones this fourteen months back. The missus was tell him so, too, the first time as ever he was ask about them—but how should he trouble to remember whether such as we has any children or not? So he was ask the same thing again whenever he do come, though it do make my poor missus cry to be minded of 'em. What was that matter to he?"

"Ah," said a fourth, "most like as he do