

**PAID IN FULL: A  
NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES. VOL. III**

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**HENRY JAMES BYRON**

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# PAID IN FULL

A Nobel

BY

HENRY JAMES BYRON

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.



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# PAID IN FULL.



## CHAPTER I.

### MR. COLCHESTER.

PERHAPS there never was a more respectable-looking man seen than Mr. Colchester, Lord Glenburn's lawyer and man of business. Every thing about him spoke of credit, stability, solvency. He looked like a pocket edition of the Bank of England, bound in broadcloth, as he came into his office of a morning, and ran his fingers through his most respectable gray hair, previous to opening his letters and commencing the day. He had a bland face, with calm hazel eyes; one of those large firmly-set mouths suggestive of complete satisfaction at the state of every thing, rather than

severity. He had neatly-trimmed whitish whiskers, and an imposing double-chin, upon which his most respectable and contented countenance rested as though it had been a cushion. He had a beautiful high broad forehead, which seemed as if it had never known a ruffle, so smooth, polished, and calm was its white surface. He had a smile for every one, had Mr. Colchester; but it was a smile that never reached his eyes. He had a set of regular, excellent teeth, which he showed frequently, and a soft white hand, rather large, but of good shape. He was a little portly, as a man of his age should be; and he wore large comfortable double-breasted waistcoats that looked eminently respectable; and, in fact, all his dress was cast in the same marvellous mould, and suited him so exactly, that he seemed as much made for his clothes as his clothes were for him. It was very generally allowed that Mr. Colchester was "a worthy, excellent person, a model for men of business, and altogether a most estimable man." Such was the summing-up of his clients, and he had many; Lord Glenburn's being the noblest

name on the tin deed-boxes in his office ; whilst the others consisted of maiden ladies with snug incomes, widows left well to do, and other confiding creatures who were too stupid or too lazy to look after their own affairs.

Every thing surrounding Colchester partook of the same methodical tinge. Nothing in his office was ever out of its place. There was less dust than in any other lawyer's sanetum in London. His clerks were all of the same stamp as their employer, and came to their desks regularly of a morning, as a matter of course, no matter how late they had been keeping it up on the previous night ; no matter how splitting was the headache, or how bloodshot were the eyes. Mr. Colchester was not a severe man ; indeed he might have vied with Ledbitter in blandness of manner ; but he was a rigid disciplinarian, and stood no nonsense. At rare intervals he had spoken to refractory underlings, and had done so in a mild way, smiling from the mouth, as was his custom, the while ; but somehow the words he spoke seemed to produce more effect than if he had blustered and used