

**FETTERLESS.
THOUGH BOUND
TOGETHER. VOL. II**

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Fetterless. Though Bound Together. Vol. II by Bertha H. Buxton

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BERTHA H. BUXTON

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FETTERLESS,

Though Bound Together.

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THE ORDEAL OF FAY.

CHAPTER I.—(continued.)

SUNSHINE.

THERE is to be a grand summer concert at the Crystal Palace on this day of roses, and when Charley drives me up to the Centre Transept I see crowds of people pushing and struggling, and unfortunate ladies defending web-like muslins from the invading feet of crushing pleasure-seekers.

Of course Charley stands on the steps for a while. He must watch Lake departing with the phaeton, and he cranes his neck to make sure that his groom is obeying orders

and not sending the heated horses spinning along. "Confound the fellow! What does he mean by showing them off; why can't he walk them in cool as he is bid?" So says my irate husband, and makes an impatient movement as though to rush after Lake, the spirit of avenging justice strong within him.

"They will be all right, dear, and cool enough by this evening; don't you look so angry, Charley, but come in now." I whisper this to him, seeing the vexed flush upon his face that comes so rarely, but always distresses me.

"Of course you cannot understand, Fay; women have no idea of the mischief——"

"The mischief they can do?" asks a voice over my shoulder, and a hand is stretched towards Charley, and his face changes altogether. I am intently looking

at him, amazed at his amazement, but I am quite aware that the voice and the daintily gloved hand belong to a lady, who is still behind me. It is a voice I do not know, but it makes my husband's quiet face move strangely, and opens his eyes and sends that dull angry flush quite away, leaving him suddenly pale The lady has made her way to my side, mechanically I take the hand she offers me.

"Mrs. Alleyne, I am sure?" she says; and getting no acknowledgment to this remark, adds softly and with a smile, "dear Charley's wife?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Alleyne," I answer now, but do not speak softly; and there is no smile on my face as I add, "We two have surely never met before?" I look straight into her eyes as I speak, and I feel I do not look pleasantly.