

**FOUND WANTING,
A NOVEL; IN TWO
VOLUMES: VOL. I**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649359523

Found wanting, a novel; in two volumes: Vol. I by Mrs. Alexander

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. ALEXANDER

**FOUND WANTING,
A NOVEL; IN TWO
VOLUMES: VOL. I**

HE TO BE
FOUND WANTING.

A NOVEL.

BY

MRS. ALEXANDER.

AUTHOR OF "A SECOND LIFE," "FOR HIS SAKE,"
ETC. ETC.

COPYRIGHT EDITION.

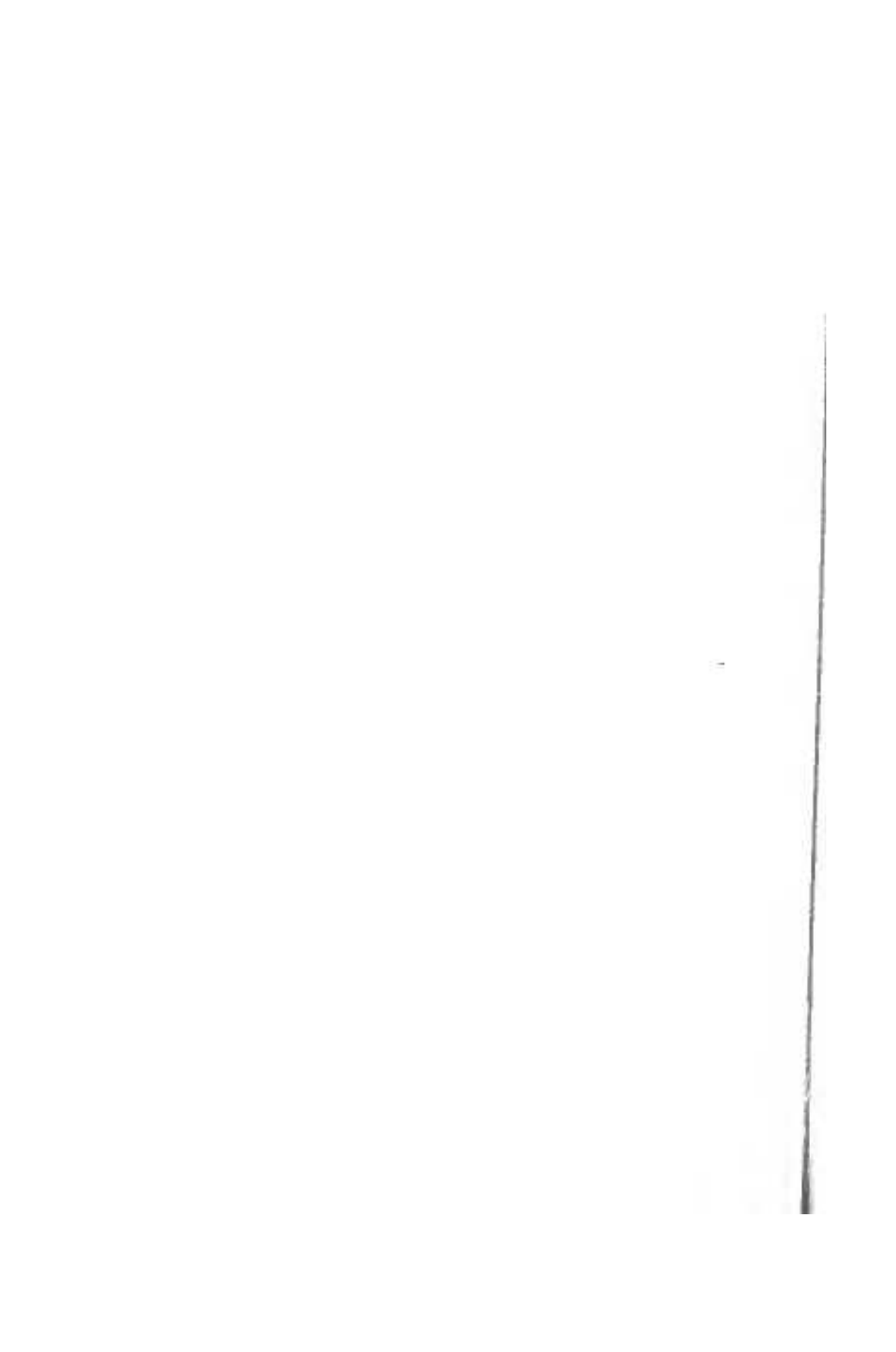
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1893.



PR
4704
H3 F3
V.1

CONTENTS
OF VOLUME I.

	Page
CHAPTER I.	
A proposed Alliance	7
CHAPTER II.	
May and her Friends	28
CHAPTER III.	
The Lesson begins	47
CHAPTER IV.	
In Society	63
CHAPTER V.	
Mademoiselle Perret	83
CHAPTER VI.	
A Morning Call	100
CHAPTER VII.	
The Force of Circumstances	124

	Page
CHAPTER VIII.	
Chit-chat	146
CHAPTER IX.	
Madame Zwickoske's Ball	164
CHAPTER X.	
Man proposes	182
CHAPTER XI.	
Dust to Dust	198
CHAPTER XII.	
At Ambley Chase	218
CHAPTER XIII.	
Some Letters	237
CHAPTER XIV.	
Miss Macellan at Home	258

FOUND WANTING.

CHAPTER I.

A PROPOSED ALLIANCE.

IN one of the older, narrower streets of Paris, between the Champs Elysées and the Rue St. Honoré, a fiacre had drawn up one sharp, frosty afternoon, at the entrance of a large house, the handsome *porte-cochère* of which stood partly open, showing a paved yard, with a grass-plot, in the centre of which stood a large acacia-tree, now brown and bare.

From the fiacre descended a lady, no longer young, who wore a cloak of velvet and sable; a black bonnet with crimson feathers fitted becomingly over the dark glossy bandeaux of her hair, suiting her complexion and keen dark eyes; she paid the driver with a delicately gloved hand, and entered.

"Madame Falk?" she said, in a questioning tone to the concierge, who was darning stockings just inside the glass door of her lodge.

"Is out, madame," said that functionary, who had risen to speak with the visitor.

"Ah!" a disappointed ah!

"But Mademoiselle,—Mademoiselle Barton" (the "ton" emphasised basally), "is at home and receives," added the concierge, consolingly.

The enquirer hesitated and seemed to reflect. "Well, then, I will ascend!" she exclaimed, with sudden decision.

"On the fourth, to the left, madame!" said the concierge, rapidly, and closed her door against the keen air, while her interlocutor began to mount the long stair, if not rapidly, yet with a steady firm step, that brought her to the lofty *étage*, where Mademoiselle Barton perched, with unhurried breath and quiet pulse.

The fourth story was somewhat low; moreover it would have been the better of fresh paint and paper; but the elegantly dressed visitor took little heed, and speedily rang a cracked, jangling bell at the door numbered two. This—after a moment's delay—was opened wide by a tall, very tall, thin woman, in a long morning gown of deep-red cashmere; she wore her stiff grey hair in a close curly crop; her light-blue, rather fiercely enquiring eyes gazed doubtingly at the fashionably dressed dame who faced her; a boldly hooked nose and a long upper lip gave a somewhat repellent air of sternness to her physiognomy, which had an odd masculine look.

"Pardon me, madame, but can I see Madame Falk, or Mademoiselle Barton?"

"Madame Falk is out! I am Mademoiselle Barton and at your service, madame."

"A thousand thanks! I have the pleasure of knowing Madame Falk, but must present myself to Mademoiselle—Madame Dupont! My son has the honour of your acquaintance."

"Pray, come in! Yes! We have the pleasure of knowing Monsieur Achille," and a gracious smile lit up the grim countenance of Miss Barton; "a charming young man. My cousin will be here very soon; pray, sit down." While she spoke she ushered Madame Dupont through a small vestibule or antechamber, from which several doors opened, to a fairly well-furnished sitting-room, dignified by the title of "salon," which possessed a handsome Japanese cabinet, and one or two good pictures.

A half-open door to the left permitted a peep into a small room, chiefly occupied by a writing-table, on which, as well as on various chairs, were piled newspapers, slips of MS., books, pamphlets, etc., etc. "Yes! Madame Falk is already past her time for returning, as we always have a cup of tea about this hour," and Miss Barton drew forward an arm-chair for her visitor.

"Many thanks, mademoiselle. I shall then wait if it does not derange you."

"You do me a pleasure, madame, though let me remark that my cousin and myself are real partners, and I am free to attend to any matter of business concerning her, as she is herself."

"No doubt, mademoiselle! I admit that, besides doing myself the honour of calling on madame and yourself, I wish to ask her a few questions, if she will