

**LOVELL'S  
WESTMINSTER SERIES. A  
PINCH OF EXPERIENCE**

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Lovell's Westminster Series. A Pinch of Experience by L. B. Walford

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**L. B. WALFORD**

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A PINCH OF EXPERIENCE

# A PINCH OF EXPERIENCE



BY  
L. B. WALFORD

NEW YORK  
JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY  
150 WORTH ST., COR. MISSION PLACE

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# A PINCH OF EXPERIENCE.

## CHAPTER I.

RHODA.

"A boisterous little maid, So gay  
As she'd been laughing all the day  
And half the night."

"Don't see any good of girls going away from home," growled the Squire. "It is nothing but spending money, and picking up tomfoolery. The whole thing is nonsense."

"Still, girls do go," said Mrs. Lupton, "and—" but she was allowed to proceed no further.

"Oh, girls do go, no doubt," retorted her husband, "girls do go—trust them for that. Girls will do any mortal thing, so long as it is only mad enough. The child will come back as vain as a peacock, stuck all over with airs and graces. What were you thinking about to give in to her?"

"I give in to her!" The horrified accents fell on deaf ears.

"Yes, you," proceeded Mr. Lupton obstinately.

"*You made me.* I should never have thought of it; it would have been the last thing in the world I should have given my consent to, the last house I should have cared for Rhoda to go to, if you had not given me to understand that you approved."

"Why, my dear—do be just, my dear." The speaker was the sweetest-tempered woman in the world, but it would have been contrary to human nature not to have entered a protest. She had scarcely been asked, had certainly yielded no manner of consent to an impetuous demand, ere it had been whirled on to the still higher court of appeal. "My dear," she now remonstrated in the mildest of accents, "recollect that Rhoda came running to me—no, running is not the word—came dancing and screaming with delight, to tell me that you said she was to go to London, and had agreed to—"

"Pooh! pooh! that is nothing. That simply proves nothing at all;" but lofty as was the wave of the hand which accompanied the words, Mr. Lupton could not deny the truth of the statement. "We have been as weak as water," he proceeded, shabbily shifting his ground; "the fact is, we always are weak wherever Rhoda is concerned. We let her tread upon our necks, and—you mark my words, Dorothy—we'll rue it yet. Well, she must have her way in this, I suppose; it is too late to put a stop to it now, and—"

"Yes, indeed."

"And I must write her a cheque, and not a penny

of the money but will go into the pockets of thieves and sharpers."

His wife prudently made no disclaimer.

"How much will she want?" proceeded he.

"Oh, that you must judge about, my dear."

"I must judge, must I? That means you think you will get more out of me by leaving it to my honour, as a cabman does, than by fixing an amount," shrewdly. "Will fifty pounds do?" demanded the speaker, after a moment's pause.

Now Mrs. Lupton did not see how by any manner of means a daughter whose outfit was already completed down to the most trifling detail, could contrive to disburse fifty pounds during a short visit to the house of a relation, even though that relation lived in the metropolis—a place which everyone knows has an insatiable maw for pounds, shillings, and pence—but she was one of those far-seeing individuals who never refuse a good offer; she was aware that it was absolutely immaterial to her husband whether five, fifty, or five hundred were the figures he wrote in his comfortable, bulky cheque-book; and she placidly told herself that if Rhoda did not want it at one time she would at another, and that it would only be saving a fresh discussion to have a lump sum in hand for general use.

Wherefore, "That will do very nicely," she said, without raising her eyes from her needlework, and the cheque-book was drawn out.

Does any man, any householder, husband, or