

THE HERIOTS

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The Heriots by Sir Henry Stewart Cunningham

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SIR HENRY STEWART CUNNINGHAM

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BY

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CHAPTER XXXI

THE TROUBLES OF COURTSHIP

'I would that you were all to me,
You that are just so much, no more :
Nor yours nor mine, nor slave nor free !
Where does the fault lie ? What the core
O' the wound, since wound must be ?'

DE RENZI'S courtship was not just now a bed of roses to him. He had begun to feel the first chill gusts of the approaching storm. He was feeling already the inconveniences of an unworldly marriage—his father's cynical disapproval, his mother's ill-concealed disappointment, his sisters' uncomplimentary silence about their future relation, the fancied sneers of kind friends at so interesting a lapse into the sentimental. Olivia's reception by his own relations was, De Renzi felt