

**BEAUMAROY  
HOME  
FROM THE WARS**

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Beaumaroy home from the wars by Anthony Hope

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**ANTHONY HOPE**

**BEAUMARROY  
HOME  
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**BEAUMAROY**  
**HOME FROM THE WARS**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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TALES OF TWO PEOPLE  
THE GREAT MISS DRIVER  
MRS. MAXON PROTESTS  
A YOUNG MAN'S YEAR

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FROM THE WARS**

BY  
**ANTHONY HOPE**

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## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. DOCTOR MARY'S PAYING GUEST . . .	I
II. THE GENERAL REMEMBERS . . .	13
III. MR. SAFFRON AT HOME . . .	27
IV. PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE . . .	39
V. A FAMILIAR IMPLEMENT . . .	53
VI. ODD STORY OF CAPTAIN DUGGLE! . . .	66
VII. A GENTLEMANLY STRANGER . . .	80
VIII. CAPTAIN ALEC RAISES HIS VOICE . . .	94
IX. DOCTOR MARY'S ULTIMATUM . . .	107
X. THAT MAGICAL WORD MOROCCO! . . .	123
XI. THE CAR BEHIND THE TREES . . .	138
XII. THE SECRET OF THE TOWER . . .	151
XIII. RIGHT OF CONQUEST . . .	163
XIV. THE SCEPTRE IN THE GRAVE . . .	178
XV. A NORMAL CASE . . .	192
XVI. DEAD MAJESTY . . .	206
XVII. THE CHIEF MOURNERS . . .	220
XVIII. THE GOLD AND THE TREASURE . . .	234

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# BEAUMAROY HOME FROM THE WARS

## CHAPTER I

### DOCTOR MARY'S PAYING GUEST

“JUST in time, wasn't it?” asked Mary Arkroyd.

“Two days before the—the ceremony! Mercifully it had all been kept very quiet, because it was only three months since poor Gilly was killed. I forget whether you ever met Gilly? My half-brother, you know?”

“Only once—in Collingham Gardens. He had an *excise*, and dashed in one Saturday morning when we were just finishing our work. Don't you remember?”

“Yes, I think I do. But since my engagement I'd gone into colours—oh, of course, I've gone back into mourning now!—and everything was ready—settlements and so on, you know. And rooms taken at Bournemouth. And then it all came out!”

“How?”

## 2 BEAUMAROY HOME FROM THE WARS

" Well, Eustace—Captain Cranster, I mean—  
Oh, I think he really must have had shell-shock,  
as he said, even though the doctor seemed to  
doubt it! He gave the Colonel as a reference  
in some shop, and—and the bank wouldn't pay  
the cheque. Other cheques turned up too; and  
in the end the police went through his papers,  
and found letters from—well, from her, you know.  
From Bogota. South America, isn't it? He'd  
lived there ten years, you know, growing some-  
thing—beans, or coffee, or coffee-beans, or some-  
thing—I don't know what. He tried to say the  
marriage wasn't binding, but the Colonel—wasn't  
it providential that the Colonel was home on  
leave? Mamma could never have grappled with  
it! The Colonel was sure it was, and so were  
the lawyers."

" What happened then? "

" The great thing was to keep it quiet. Now  
wasn't it? And there was the shell-shock—or  
so Eustace—Captain Cranster, I mean—said,  
anyhow. So, on the Colonel's advice, Mamma  
squared the cheque business and—and they gave  
him twenty-four hours to clear out. Papa—I  
call the Colonel papa, you know, though he's  
really my stepfather—used a little influence, I  
think. Anyhow it was managed. I never saw  
him again, Mary."

" Poor dear! Was it very bad? "