

**A GUARDIAN
ANGEL. IN TWO
VOLUMES. VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649040582

A Guardian Angel. In Two Volumes. Vol. II by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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A GUARDIAN ANGEL.



VOL. II.

A

GUARDIAN **A**NGEL.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

"A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM,"

ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
15, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1864.

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250. s. 241.



A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

CHAPTER I.

IN a large and handsomely furnished drawing-room sat a lady richly dressed. In her lap lay a beautiful little dog, with whose silken ears her jewelled fingers were playing. Though no longer young, she bore traces of great personal beauty—that is to say, beauty of feature, for there was *that* in the expression of her face which would render her

claim to beauty, in the opinion of many, very questionable. Leaning with one arm upon the chimney-piece was a gentleman, some ten or twelve years her senior, who appeared to be listening with much interest to what she was telling him.

“Then you would not object to my keeping her, my dear, if she likes to come? She is so very pretty, and I like pretty people about me.”

“Not in the least, my love, if you wish it. Did she say anything about that unfortunate young man?”

“Nothing more than that she was his foster-sister.”

“Have you promised to see her again, to make arrangements about her coming?”

"Yes, she is to come to me again to-morrow."

At this moment a servant entered, bearing a note upon a waiter, which he handed to his mistress.

"Any answer?" she asked.

"The person is waiting to know, ma'am," said the man.

Mrs. Aylmer opened the note, and a hot flush covered her face as she quickly closed it, and said to the man—

"Tell them I'll send."

The man left the room.

"What is it, my love?" asked her husband.

"Oh, nothing—only a little bill."

"Was it not a pity, then, to send them

away, if they want the money?" said Mr. Aylmer.

"Oh, no; I can't be bothered now; it is an inconvenient time to send."

And hastily changing the conversation, she said—

"By the bye, I must see Fred before I go out."

Rising hurriedly, she left the room, dropping as she did so the note she had just received. Mr. Aylmer stooped to pick it up, and with some excusable curiosity glanced at what Mrs. Aylmer had called a little bill. It was as follows:—

"MADAM,

"In consequence of our many previous applications having hitherto remained un-

answered, I have to acquaint you that unless your account to Christmas last, amounting to 230*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.*, be immediately paid, I must request my solicitor to communicate with Mr. Aylmer.

“Your obedient servant,

J. DE CHAMPS.”

Astonished beyond measure at this most unexpected sight, Mr. Aylmer folded the note, and calmly placing it in his pocket, rang the bell.

“My desk, Waltham, from the study, if you please, and then wait; I want you to go out.”

The man soon returned, bearing the desk, and having placed it on the table, waited