

**THE  
VEIL WITHDRAWN:  
A NOVEL**

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The Veilwithdrawn: A Novel by Berton J. Maddux

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**BERTON J. MADDUX**

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VEIL WITHDRAWN:  
A NOVEL**



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A NOVEL

BY

BERTON J. MADDUX



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NEW YORK

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*The Veil Withdrawn.*

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# THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

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## CHAPTER. I.

### MR. WORTHINGTON'S PALATIAL RESIDENCE.

I had a dream which was not all a dream.—BYRON.

IT was a calm, but sultry afternoon about the middle of August, when Mr. Worthington, the district attorney who had been very busily engaged and mentally taxed upon the prosecution of a suit at law, left his city office and counsel rooms for a cool and quiet retreat,—his country home, situated just two miles east of the incorporated limits of the city of C—, Ohio. It was in this elysium, that he found exquisite pleasure and real enjoyment after a day of restless pleading and heated discussion incident to a real attorney's profession. His residence, situated as it was,

in the very heart of nature's beauties, surrounded by long stretches of forests; cool and shady groves; the din of a winding brooklet faintly visible, but plainly audible, in the distance; lawns of superb grandeur, dotted here and there with beds of flowers, filling the evening air with an extreme richness of sweet fragrance rarely experienced.

These, together with other pleasantries, which time forbids me to mention in the relation of this brief narrative, no doubt induced the eminent attorney to return home half an hour earlier, upon this, the closing day of his week's practice.

His coachman, upon approaching within a short distance of this very elaborately furnished residence, was invariably hailed by the childish prattle of two urchins, Mabel and Howard, children of this great lawyer. After being duly admitted into the carriage, and very tenderly greeted by their esteemed father, upon this particular occasion, they were soon wheeled to the front entrance of this grand old home, where upon alighting, the husband and children were always warmly greeted and welcomed by Mrs. Worthington and her daughter Eva, an estimable young lady whose abilities, accomplishments, and sociability had won her many admirers.



J. G. V. M.

*Mr. Worthington's Palatial Residence.* 9

A few minutes after the attorney had entered this time-honored old home, he stepped into his library, and began writing upon some legal matter, when his wife, Mrs. Worthington, came into the room; as she was usually wont to do, in the evening after Mr. Worthington had returned home, and had occasion to visit his library; though never intruding when a client was present. Mrs. Worthington had in her hand a prominent American magazine, from which she had been reading. She took a seat upon a large lounge, which was stationed on the left of the room upon entering and alongside the wall.

On passing a few courtesies upon entering, Mrs. Worthington's attention became deeply riveted upon a certain portion of the contents of the pamphlet, when the attorney, who had been very actively engaged in writing, suddenly looked up and remarked:—"Well Emily dear, you must have something of importance claiming your attention at present. Come, tell me what it is all about;" continuing, after a short pause, during which time he was placing some law books upon an upper shelf of his writing desk, he said: "I am truly glad, Emily, you do not let any thing ruffle the easy tenor of your life, though it may be, you do trouble more than I really think you do."