

**FAIR IN THE FEARLESS OLD
FASHION. A NOVEL. IN
TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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Fair in the Fearless Old Fashion. A Novel. In Two Volumes. Vol. II by Charles Farmlet

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CHARLES FARMLET

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TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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OLD FASHION.

A Novel.

By CHARLES FARMLET.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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FAIR IN THE FEARLESS OLD FASHION.

CHAPTER I.

HATCHING THE PLOT.

Price of many a crime untold,
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE prospect of a profitable piece of business, occurring at such an extremely opportune moment, had quite restored the Baron to his wonted cordiality and good humour.

“Sit down, Emperor, and make yourself at home,” he said, as they entered the small, neatly-furnished drawing-room.

The invitation was wholly superfluous, for Julius had already flung himself at full-length

on the sofa, and was helping himself freely to curaçoa from a liqueur case which stood on a small *guéridon* close to his elbow. After thrice filling and draining his glass, he drew a cheroot from his cigar-case, which he lighted with much deliberation, and, leaning luxuriously back on the cushions, began to smoke complacently.

"Nice little place, this," he remarked, glancing round the room with an approving air.

"Pretty well," replied Ravoli, seating himself in an arm-chair.

"What rent do you pay?"

"What the deuce can it matter to you what I pay?" answered the Baron, rather impatiently. "If you have got anything to say worth listening to, why can't you say it at once, instead of losing time in idiotic questions?"

"*Parbleu, mon cher*, you were not in such a hurry to listen to what I had to say when I

met you just now on the Place Masséna," answered the Emperor, with an ironical laugh.

"Don't be an infernal fool, Emperor," retorted Ravoli, roughly. "If you had met me unexpectedly in Paris, and had fancied that I wanted to borrow money of you when you were hard-up yourself, would you have been overjoyed to see me? *Non, n'est-ce pas?* Then don't waste your breath in talking nonsense; but, if there is any business to be done by which money can be made, and in which you require my help, just speak out plainly, without beating about the bush. Of course I know well enough that you cannot do without my assistance, or you would not be such an ass as to lessen your own profits by handing a portion of them over to me."

"Now, that is what I call plain, solid, good sense," exclaimed Julius Cæsar, with a touch of sincere admiration in his voice. "We Yankees are generally supposed to be tolerably practical people, but, by Jove,