

**THE TENANTS OF
MALORY. A NOVEL, IN
THREE VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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The tenants of Malory. A novel, in three volumes, Vol. II by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu

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JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU

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THREE VOLUMES, VOL. II**

THE
TENANTS OF MALORY.

(Reprinted from the "Dublin University Magazine.")

THE
TENANTS OF MALORY.

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BY
JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU,

AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," "GUY DEVERELL," "THE HOUSE
BY THE CHURCHYARD," ETC. ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE
TENANTS OF MALORY.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE OAK PARLOUR—A MEETING AND PARTING.

"Gossiping place Cardyllian is," said Miss Anne Shockleton, after they had walked on a little in silence. "What nonsense the people do talk. I never heard anything like it. Did you ever hear such a galamathias?"

The young lady walking by her side answered by a cold little laugh—

"Yes, I suppose so. All small country towns *are*, I believe," said she.

"And that good old soul, Mrs. Jones, she does invent the most absurd gossip about every body that imagination can conceive. Wilmot told me the other day that she had given her to understand that your father is a madman, sent down here by London doctors for change of air. I

make it a point never to mind one word she says; although her news, I confess, does amuse me."

"Yes, it is, very foolish. Who are those Ethe-rages?" said Margaret.

"Oh! They are village people — oddities," said Miss Sheckleton. "From all I can gather, you have no idea what absurd people they are."

"He was walking with them. Was not he?" asked the young lady.

"Yes—I think so," answered her cousin.

Then followed a long silence, and the elder lady at length said—

"How fortunate we have been in our weather; haven't we? How beautiful the hills look this evening!" said the spinster; but her words did not sound as if she cared about the hills or the light. I believe the two ladies were each acting a part.

"Yes," said Margaret; "so they do."

The girl felt as if she had walked fifty miles instead of two—quite worn out—her limbs aching with a sense of fatigue; it was a trouble to hold her head up. She would have liked to sit down on the old stone bench they were passing now, and to die there like a worn-out prisoner on a march.

Two or three times that evening as they sat unusually silent and listless, Miss Anne Sheckleton