

**THE OTHER
HOUSE, VOL. II**

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The other house, Vol. ii by Henry James

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HENRY JAMES

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The Other House

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By

Henry James

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Tony went toward his messenger, who, as she saw Rose apparently leaving the garden, pressingly called out: "Would *you*, Miss Armiger, very kindly go over for Effie? She wasn't even yet ready," she explained as she came back up the slope with her friend, "and I was afraid to wait after promising Paul to meet him."

"He's not here, you see," said Tony; "it's he who, most ungallantly, makes you wait. Never mind; you'll wait with me." He looked at Rose as they overtook her. "Will you go and bring the child, as our friend here asks, or is such an act as that also, and still more, inconsistent with your mysterious principles?"

"You must kindly excuse me," Rose said directly to Jean. "I've a letter to write in the house. Now or never—I must catch the post."

"Don't let us keep you, then," Tony returned,

"I'll go over myself—as soon as Paul comes back."

"I'll send him straight out." And Rose Armiger retired in good order.

Tony followed her with his eyes; then he exclaimed: "It's, upon my soul, as if she couldn't trust herself——!" His remark, which he checked, dropped into a snap of his fingers while Jean Martie wondered.

"To do what?" she asked.

Tony hesitated. "To do nothing! The child's all right?"

"Perfectly right. It's only that the great Gorham has decreed that she's to have her usual little supper before she comes, and that, with her ribbons and frills all covered with an enormous bib, Effie had just settled down to that extremely solemn function."

Tony in his turn wondered. "Why shouldn't she have her supper here?"

"Ah, you must ask the great Gorham!"

"And didn't *you* ask her?"

"I did better—I divined her," said Jean. "She doesn't trust our kitchen."

Tony laughed. "Does she apprehend poison?"

"She apprehends what she calls 'sugar and spice.'"

"'And all that's nice?' Well, there's too much that's nice here, certainly! Leave the poor child then, like the little princess you all make of her, to her cook and her 'taster,' to the full rigour of her royalty, and stroll with me here till Paul comes out to you." He looked at his watch and about at the broad garden where the shadows of the trees were still and the long afternoon had grown rich. "This is remarkably peaceful, and there's plenty of time." Jean concurred with a murmur as soft as the stir of the breeze, a "Plenty, plenty," as serene as if, to oblige Tony Bream, so charming a day would be sure to pause in its passage. They went a few steps, but he stopped again with a question. "Do you know what Paul wants of you?"

Jean looked a moment at the grass by her feet. "I think I do." Then raising her eyes without shyness, but with unqualified gravity, "Do *you* know, Mr. Bream?" she asked.

"Yes—I've just now heard."

"From Miss Armiger?"