

**FROM OUT  
OF THE WEST**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649589739

From Out of the West by Henrietta R. Hinckley

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**HENRIETTA R. HINCKLEY**

**FROM OUT  
OF THE WEST**



# From Out of the West.

BY  
HENRIETTA R. HINCKLEY.

UNIV OF  
CALIFORNIA

1905  
MAYHEW PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Boston.

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# THE CONSPIRATORS

## CHAPTER I.

### THE CONSPIRATORS.

"THE ORIENTAL" was the handsomest and most luxurious club house in the city. It was large, beautifully furnished and well ventilated by long windows opening upon a roomy balcony overlooking the park. The privileges and enjoyment of its rooms were extended to only a limited number of wealthy, aristocratic young men. There, one was always sure of meeting congenial companions with whom to pass away idle hours in smoking, drinking, card playing and gossip.

It was about four o'clock of a lovely September day; the air was warm and balmy; just the day to luxuriate in after a long, hot summer. Out on the balcony several men were smoking; just inside, seated around a table on which were wine and glasses, was a group of four young men of that stamp seen in our big cities, fast youths who crowd more excitement and pleasure into one year of their lives than their fathers did in ten. This furious race of vitality and time leaves its impress upon each face, in the sallow complexion, the bleared eyes, and the incessant demand for drink, or smoke, to fan the dying embers into more life.

There was Harold Graham, young in years, but old in vice and dissipation; his life ruined by the handling of thousands of dollars that he had never earned; his greatest ambition to be just a little ahead of the other

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fellows in his extravagances. So his horses, yacht, and lavish expenditure of money were the envy and admiration of his companions. To him this was the greatest satisfaction the world could give.

Wallace Dunlap was younger than Harold, a boyish, fun-loving fellow, who, under the right influence, would have made a fine young man; but with a fond mother, fashionable sisters and a busy father, he was allowed to drift about at his will, and under the influence and tuition of Harold Graham was fast being dragged down to his level.

Then there was DeVere, a Frenchman about thirty-five years of age, with dark, unfathomable eyes and an insinuating, flattering manner that had helped him to gain admittance to "The Oriental", although he was not generally liked; but he was always ready to lend a helping hand when a fellow was "hard up", and even if he did ask high interest for the favor, it was convenient, and the boys often called upon him for temporary loans; therefore, he was looked upon in the light of a necessary evil.

The other young man was a tall, slim youth with a pocketbook of larger dimensions than his brains,—an immaculate dude of the first water, whose greatest agony was to find a wrinkle in his perfectly fitting coat. His name was Adolphus Carlton.

These four young men had been playing cards for a while; but as the pile staked invariably found its way into DeVere's pocket, the game grew monotonous, and they threw down the cards in disgust, called for drinks and lit their cigars.

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"What did you think of the affair at Kimble's last night?" asked Harold Graham, lazily puffing rings of smoke above his head and addressing no one in particular.

"Too much of a jam to suit me," drawled Adolphus. "It musses a fellow up so, don't you know. I lost my carnation and had my glasses knocked off twice before I had been there half an hour. Deuced poor taste to have such a crowd, I say."

"Well," said young Wallace, "I had a tip-top time. There were plenty of pretty girls, and the supper was immense, especially the champagne," and Wallace smacked his lips. "I tell you, Dora was stunning. She knows how to dress to show off those big blue eyes and that golden hair of hers; I couldn't get within speaking distance, she was surrounded by so many admirers. But I was content to bestow my attentions on Rose Hudson; she's a daisy,—or a rose I should say. If she only had brighter prospects of possessing some of this world's goods, I should not seek further for a Mrs. Wallace Dunlap; but one must be discreet in these days and not allow one's heart to run away with one's head," and he threw back his curly head with the air of an old sage.

"Yes," said De Vere, "I noticed how charming Miss Dora was looking last evening. She is a beautiful girl, besides being one of the richest heiresses in the city. No wonder she is surrounded by admirers. But I noticed that they all made way when the young western lion approached, and I also noticed the sparkle of welcome in Miss Dora's blue eyes. How true the old saying is 'To him that hath shall be given.' Now here are