

**BAITING THE TRAP:
A NOVEL; IN THREE
VOLUMES: VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649070800

Baiting the Trap: A Novel; In Three Volumes: Vol. II by Jean Middlemass

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JEAN MIDDLEMASS

**BAITING THE TRAP:
A NOVEL; IN THREE
VOLUMES: VOL. II**

BAITING THE TRAP

J. Hobe!

BY

JEAN MIDDLEMAS

AUTHOR OF "LIL" AND "WILD GEORGIE"



IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY

1875

[All Rights Reserved.]

251. b. 694.

PRINTED BY TAYLOR AND CO.,
LITTLE QUENY STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. "THE RECEIPT OF FERNBRED"	1
II. LANCES IN AMBUSH	19
III. THE FULL-JUICED APPLE AND THE FOLDED LEAF	36
IV. DOUBTS AND FEARS	55
V. WORKED LIKE A HORSE	77
VI. THE LADIES' CLUB	95
VII. CURSES LOUD AND DEEP	117
VIII. FLIGHT	133
IX. THURSDAY AFTERNOON	153
X. POISONED BARRS	176
XI. DISSOLVING VIEWS	196
XII. DARKNESS GATHERS	215
XIII. HEART PROBINGS	233
XIV. FORGET!	249

BAITING THE TRAP.

CHAPTER I.

“THE RECEIPT OF FERNSEED.”

THE library at the old Abbey was a snuggerly. It was a long narrow room carrying date in its oaken dado, its carved black doors, its three heavily-mullioned windows, each with its cluster of lights, and its elaborately ornamented ceiling. Artistically pleasing to the eye were these remnants of a past age, especially combined as they were in the present instance with some of those comfortable adjuncts which this luxury-loving century of ours is perpetually striving to produce. The soft yielding Axminster car-

pet, the easy velvet-covered lounging-chairs, the brilliant blaze from the well-trimmed moderator lamp, all contributed to give an air of cosiness to a room which, notwithstanding its beautiful vestiges of bygone art, had probably been in the days of our ancestors cheerless and bare in its aspect. The bookshelves, which down one entire side of that long room reached from the ceiling to the floor, were well stocked with the works of good old authors, contrasting somewhat strangely with the specimens of a later and less ponderous literature, which lay scattered pell-mell on the various tables in the room, for Lord Avebury had but lately come into possession. His predecessor, who was no book-worm, could never have been accused of wasting his patrimony in adding to the treasures of his library. In fact, he was a man of parsimonious habits, and, considering that he had lived in a state of utter disregard for the artistic and the beautiful, well was it for the present owner that he had preferred to hoard his gold; other-

wise he would probably have used it in demolishing the beauties of the old Abbey, in order that they might give place to the useful. "Intrinsic value" was his one leading idea, and had he not believed that the market-price of his property stood high, on account of its antiquity, Vandal that he was, he would probably have destroyed beauties which time could never reproduce; for in one instance he was actually almost tempted to take down a rare old carved gargoyle and replace it by a leaden pipe, because, forsooth, the village plumber did not understand "how the water from the roof could ever run smooth through that there odd creature's mouth." Still he had improved the estate, and as he did manage to keep his hands from ruthlessly mutilating, no one could find fault with him if he turned his £15 per cent. in manure and invested in Egypt and Spanish to his own advantage and that of his successor; though they might suggest by way of a passing remark, that it was an occupation more fitting to a man who had