

**ON DANGEROUS  
GROUND. A  
NOVEL. VOL. II**

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On Dangerous Ground. A Novel. Vol. II by Edith Stewart Drewry

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**EDITH STEWART DREWRY**

**ON DANGEROUS  
GROUND. A  
NOVEL. VOL. II**



# ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

*A NOVEL.*

BY

EDITH STEWART DREWRY,

AUTHOR OF "A DEATH RING," "SWORN FOES," "BAPTISED  
WITH A CURSE," "TWO FLOWERS," ETC., ETC.

*IN THREE VOLUMES.*

VOL. II.

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
TWO FAVOURITES, . . . . .	1
CHAPTER II.	
A DIAMOND WILL CUT GLASS, . . . . .	18
CHAPTER III.	
HYDRA, . . . . .	27
CHAPTER IV.	
MARIUS, . . . . .	39
CHAPTER V.	
OVER THEIR FIVE O'CLOCK, . . . . .	45
CHAPTER VI.	
THE FANCY AND THE REALITY, . . . . .	52
CHAPTER VII.	
LEICESTER ALBANY EN VOYAGE — NOT ALL SMOOTH SAILING, . . . . .	66
CHAPTER VIII.	
"RECULEUR POUR MIEUX SAUTER," . . . . .	79

	CHAPTER IX.	PAGE
ANTAGONISM, . . . . .		100
	CHAPTER X.	
GABRIELLE BETRAYS DOUGLAS, . . . . .		114
	CHAPTER XI.	
SANDS MAKE THE MOUNTAINS, . . . . .		136
	CHAPTER XII.	
MISTRESS AND MAN, . . . . .		146
	CHAPTER XIII.	
CHOOSING THE PARTS, . . . . .		154
	CHAPTER XIV.	
CROSS CURRENTS, . . . . .		170
	CHAPTER XV.	
THE NEW "OLIVIA," . . . . .		180
	CHAPTER XVI.	
CRUMBLING BENEATH THEIR FEET, . . . . .		195
	CHAPTER XVII.	
THE BALL—THE PLAY, . . . . .		201
	CHAPTER XVIII.	
THE BALL—A BUTTERFLY SINGS ITS WINGS, . . . . .		219





## ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### TWO FAVOURITES.

**T**HERE are some people with whom, as they say in South America, you may "eat a barrel of salt" and not know them, or be less a stranger with them at the end than at the beginning; there are others *au contraire* to whom we are as unerringly drawn by some subtle *rapport*—some chord of sympathy on which a friendship ripens—often too with opposite natures which cannot count its growth

and strength by days or weeks. Such was the friendship between the two Nevilles and the two tenants of the west wing. Certainly a singular conjunction of circumstances had combined at the very outset of the acquaintance to break down and through all the usual barriers which must otherwise have stood for some time. And yet it would have been hard to find two women more dissimilar than Rose Neville and Gabrielle Albany. The one was an absolute embodiment of the words "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men,"—one of those rare beings from whom all evil and temptation seem literally to roll away like oil from water, to whom, indeed, that which to most others was temptation was none to her, simply because there was nothing in her that met it; she had the widest sympathies of truest philanthropy, deep clinging affections, patient, enduring love,—but none of those strong passions and masculine forces which were the very ebb and flow of that

other nature's tides. Neither could any sophistry deceive her, or casuistry blind her, for, though if there was any fallacious hole in it she might not perhaps be always able to intellectually pull it to pieces, her singularly intense moral rectitude would go straight through and through all the network to the right thing as unerringly as the carrier pigeon comes home; it was an instinct. You might puzzle her reason, perhaps, or mentally put her in a fog, but never morally. Many an intellect which dwarfed hers, many a schoolman steeped to the lips in erudition might have sat with advantage, morally—giving the word its widest scope—at the feet of this gentle Gamaliel. That was the elder woman; but the younger was the seething volcano, only with the outward calm and quiet of proud control—none within—fitted to battle with the stern world and a weight of trouble that would have simply laid Rose in her grave. She could not realise, understand,