

**MILLCENT'S CHILDREN:
A NOVEL. IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. III**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649648832

Millicent's Children: A Novel. In Three Volumes, Vol. III by Mrs. Baseley

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

MRS. BASELEY

**MILLICENT'S CHILDREN:
A NOVEL. IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. III**

MILLICENT'S CHILDREN.

A Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

MRS. BASELEY,

Author of "Lady Moreton's Governess," "Winnie's Sister," &c.

VOL. III.



London:

REMINGTON AND CO.,

NEW BOND STREET, W.

1883.

[All Rights Reserved.]

251. 1/2. 182.

19. J. H. Conway and R. K. Guy, *Spherical Designs: An Introduction to the Geometry of Spheres*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1983.
20. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Spherical Codes and Designs*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1988.
21. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Sphere Packings, Lattices and Groups*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1988.
22. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Geometry*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
23. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Number Theory*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
24. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Combinatorics*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
25. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Cryptography*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
26. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Algebra*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
27. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Analysis*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
28. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Probability and Statistics*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
29. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Topology and Geometry*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
30. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Mathematics*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
31. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Physics*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
32. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Chemistry*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
33. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Biology*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
34. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Earth and Planetary Sciences*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
35. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Environmental Science*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
36. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Social and Behavioral Sciences*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
37. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Humanities*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
38. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Arts and Letters*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
39. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in Miscellaneous Topics*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.
40. J. H. Conway and N. J. A. Sloane, *Unsolved Problems in General Mathematics*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1993.

MILLICENT'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I.

It was considerably after seven when Alan reached home. The time had passed so quickly when in Muriel's society that he had been unconscious of its flight, and was greatly surprised on consulting his watch, after leaving her, to find that, hurry home as he might, he would still be late. This knowledge, added to Muriel's inability to visit Stonecourt, did not improve his already vexed state of mind. Things, he decided, were conspiring together to put him out. If his horse was hot and bathed in froth and steam from its rapid gallop across country, no less hot, annoyed, and perplexed was Alan as he rushed up to his dressing-room.

"Has dinner gone in yet?" he inquired of his valet.

"No, sir; and there have been continual inquiries after you. The cook was in a regular fume, and said everything would be spoilt."

"Why did she not send it in then?" asked Alan. "What idiots they must be to wait for me. I cannot control time however much I may wish."

"No, sir," responded the man respectfully.

"Another collar, quick. What is to do with the things?" said Alan, throwing a couple down on the floor. "I must have these matters better looked after."

The man glanced at his master in surprise; his genial-mannered, sunny-tempered master. Had something vexed him?

"Is anything the matter with the collars, sir?"

"Look and see; the cuffs too. Dear, dear, the most haste the less speed. Was that the clock chiming?"

"Yes, sir; it is the half-hour."

Alan's face had not recovered its usual sunshine when he entered the drawing-room. His mother looked very grave.

"You are late, Alan," she remarked.

"I am, mother; I must apologize to you all for keeping you waiting so long."

"We will forgive you," answered Carrie, smiling her best at him.

She was radiant in pale pink. But he did not return the smile.

"Ah, I see a strange face," he said, going towards the piano. "Mrs. Stanhope, when did you come over?"

"I drove here this afternoon, and your mother would make me stay. I wanted to see Nora again; she is, you know, my only daughter."

"True; and a great treasure, I presume. Mrs.

Stanhope, there is the gong. Will you take my arm ?”

The last time he had offered it to any one was to Muriel, three hours ago. It occurred to him at once. The face he loved so well arose clear and distinct in his mind's eye; he saw her again. He remembered how she looked when she had overtaken him. His heart smote him for the bad temper he had displayed. It had not been much—but too much for him.

“How I wish she was here,” he murmured to himself; “how different all things would look.”

Sir Phillip Verdun gave his arm to Mrs. Murray, and Miss Verdun, Carrie, and Nora followed as they could—a nice family party.

“Did some one say you had been over to Astley Park, Mr. Murray?” inquired Mrs. Stanhope, playing with and crumbling her bread.

“Most probably they did; I have been there,” replied Alan.

“Does not Miss Vivian reside with the Duerdons,” continued the lady; “a very plain girl, who had a handsome brother. I saw them twice, and never forgot him.”

“Miss Vivian does live there,” answered Alan in one of his most stand-off tones.

“Is she as plain as ever, or has she improved?”

“You do me honour,” said Alan; “I am no judge of beauty. Even if I were I should be sorry to praise one lady's face to another.”

Mrs. Stanhope's long, thin countenance lighted

up. Evidently Alan, she thought, was not smitten with Miss Vivian. But with a strange persistence and singularly bad taste, she pursued the topic.

"I want to know your opinion," she simpered; "do you think Miss Vivian improved, or do you still think her plain?"

"I never did think her plain," answered Alan, assuming an air of indifference he was far from feeling. "Her face is too expressive to be plain."

"Of whom are you talking," asked Carrie from the other side. "Whose good looks are you discussing?"

"Miss Vivian's," answered Mrs. Stanhope.

"She has none," declared Carrie quickly; "Muriel is one of the plainest girls. She is, however, quite conscious of her deficiency, and never expects any one to admire her."

"I differ from you completely," put in Miss Verdun in her straightforward, blunt style. "Rarely is it I have seen a face that struck me as hers did. It is so refined and intelligent; and her expression varies so constantly, that she entirely enthral's one's attention. I agree that she has not a pretty doll-like style of beauty."

This was a rub for Carrie.

"I think Miss Verdun is right," lisped Nora Stanhope. "Muriel Vivian has an interesting face, and her eyes are so good that no one could call her plain."

Alan looked gratefully at Nora. She caught the glance and blushed. Nora was a nice girl; not

spoilt, though she was an only child, and had a mother who was decidedly not the most sensible of women.

"I think," declared Mrs. Murray from the head of the table, "that it is a pity Muriel is not here. She is a dear, good girl, and an especial favourite of mine. As to her looks, they are well worthy of discussion; she has a face that will bear reading. You will find few gentlemen who will not admire her. She is what is generally styled a gentleman's favourite."

"Oh, Mrs. Murray," uttered Carrie in deprecation, "how can you say so. You should hear what Mrs. Duerdon says about her."

"Sufficient for present thought is the beauty that graces our table," declared Alan gallantly, most anxious was he to give a turn to the conversation.

"But, Mr. Murray, you professed you were no judge," laughed Mrs. Stanhope. "You are caught by your own words."

"I know the style of face that suits me, and that is as much as I require," rejoined Alan.

He could not help glancing at Nora as he spoke. Carrie noticed his look, and turned pale. No intention had Carrie that any one should gain an admiring look from Alan save herself.

"Does any one here remember Norman Vivian?" asked Nora presently. "He had the most beautiful face I ever saw; the most beautiful at times—when he smiled I think it was. Alan, you must recollect him."