

**WHAT IS RIGHT
COMES RIGHT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649732838

What is Right Comes Right by Frances M. Wilbraham

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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FRANCES M. WILBRAHAM

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What is Right, comes Right.

BY

FRANCES M. WILBRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOYAL HEART," "KINGS OF JUDAH," ETC.

LONDON:

J. MASTERS AND CO., 78, NEW BOND STREET.

MDCCCLXXXIV.

1480. f. 187.



PREFACE.

THE story here offered to the public is taken from a class of life not often prominently brought forward in English fiction, where the so-called "middle classes" are far less known to the gentry, than are the absolute poor. In this case, however, both scenes and characters have been studied from the life by one who has had unusual opportunities. Among the events we may mention that she has authority for the fraud, for the effects of the accident, and for the voyage, so that though being on a fictitious thread they may be taken as realities—and there is every reason to hope that they will be read by the public with as much interest as by the present writer.

C. M. YONGE.



WHAT IS RIGHT, COMES RIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

"The best maker of marriages combine your hearts in one."

SHAKESPEARE.

DOES it ever occur to you how surprising it is, that the troublous world in which we live should go on, day after day, as smoothly as it does? When we consider the number of tragical events each newspaper records, when we think that in a hundred years all those who now fill the face of the world will have dropped away, the inference would naturally be, that fear and suffering must daily stare us in the face. But, mercifully, this is not so; a veil is mostly drawn by a loving Providence over the manifold tragedy of life. Placid faces, cheerful greetings, and the laugh which does not always bespeak the vacant mind, meet us at every turn. Each Bank-holiday brings out its troop of happy idlers like day-bees in summer. Startling or unnerving incidents

are rare in the experience of most of us ; let us not forget to be thankful for this gentle ordering.

There are some, living in our old town of Masterton, who will never look back without a shudder to a certain June afternoon ten years ago, of which I will tell you the history. It was a Thursday, chosen out for the wedding of a very pretty and popular Miss Twentyman, only daughter of the principal mercer of the place. The father was a very rich man, one of those lucky people in whose hands everything turns to money ; he was an honest and benevolent man, too, and throve none the worse for many and liberal donations to the Masterton charities. His daughter took after him in open-hearted kindness ; hence it came to pass that one day, contemplating with sparkling eyes her rich and abundant marriage wardrobe, Miss Twentyman's thoughts turned to the workrooms in her father's establishment where those delicate silks and satins had been wrought into shapely raiment. She thought of the aching eyes of the workers, of the incessant hum of treadles under the aching feet of the machinists, of thin fingers in the millinery department stitching at summer bonnets, and suchlike airy fabrics. A keen pang of regret that she had not done more for those poor girls' comfort and improvement shot through her warm heart now she was leaving the home of her own luxurious girlhood. True, Georgie Twentyman had taught many of them in the Sunday School, and assisted many of them in sickness and grief, yet her work among them seemed

in the retrospect poor and half-hearted, and the smile faded from her cherry lips as she sat meditating upon it. Suddenly a bright thought flashed across her.

"Papa will refuse me nothing," said she to herself, "on my wedding-day—indeed, when did he ever refuse me anything, poor dear? I should have been a better girl, a less selfish Georgie, I dare say, if he had snubbed me now and then for my good! Ah well!

'Violets pluck'd, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again,'"

(here a few tears fell from the bright eyes); "the worst of it is, I'm afraid I am likely to have my own way in my married life too; for Frank, poor deluded mortal, thinks I can't do wrong! Ah well! I must try to make my ways good ways; I must try, as our American friend said the other day, to *happify* all I have to do with. These workgirls—they shall have a holiday on the 24th! They shall dine on our lawn; lots of beef and plum-pudding they shall have! an expedition, the whole sixty of them, into the country, and a pic-nic tea, and a drum and fife band and a hop on the grass! Yes, they shall have such a treat as can only be had once in a life-time. I'll go to papa at once about it."

The pony carriage was ordered, for this soliloquy took place at Fairview, Mr. Twentyman's villa in the country, and he himself was busy at his office in Masterton. Georgie's blooming face soon appeared in the counting-house, and a caressing hand was laid lightly on her

father's shoulder as he stooped over his books in deep calculation. She waited silently till the columns were added up, and the puckered forehead smoothed, and the hand put up to the deaf ear, that Mr. Twentyman might the better catch his darling's voice. Her request was soon poured forth, and was granted in full, after a few "a-hems," and clearings of the throat, and hoistings of the eye-brows, at the first unfolding of so large a scheme.

"Have it your own way, my dear," said the kind father, "and do it well while you're about it, as it's once for all. I have no more troublesome lasses to wheedle the money out of my pockets when you are gone. To say the truth, some plan of the sort had been floating in my thick old head, but woman's wit was wanted to put it into a practicable form. Go, my girl, and broach the subject to Miss Spincks—her consent won is half the battle, and you'll not mind a sharp word or two to get that."

A rapturous kiss on his bald forehead rewarded Mr. Twentyman's consent; and with three swimming curtseys Georgie backed out of the office, nearly upsetting a grey-headed clerk who stood unperceived in the doorway with a ledger under his arm.

"Oh, so light of foot,
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint."

A few moments brought Georgie to the workroom-door, at the top of a steep staircase. She paused to recover breath and also, sooth to say, to muster courage