

**SPOKEN IN ANGER,
A NOVEL. IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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Spoken in Anger, a Novel. In Three Volumes, Vol. II by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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VOLUMES, VOL. II**

SPOKEN IN ANGER.

SPOKEN IN ANGER.

A Nobel.

"Aye, they ruled him, those fierce passions."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1877.

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SPOKEN IN ANGER.

CHAPTER I.

CLOWDEN did not stay long at Doolington Hall—about three weeks—and then he and Marion left for Seaton-glyn. They spent the winter there, and the summer on the Continent, so more than a year passed before Lucy saw them again. When they returned to England, Marion wrote, inviting Lucy and Vivien to stay with them in London. It was to please little D'Arcy that she wished Vivien to come; the child had longed strangely for his friend.

Lucy stood with the open letter in her hand. Would it be wise to go? she thought; and her heart reminded her that when he last stayed at the Hall Clowden's manner had been perfectly polite—nothing more; and she had felt a sweet sense of peace. He had forgotten the past, and she might love him without shame, for he would never know it. So she reasoned, so she lulled her heart, and it seemed a bright vista of happiness—the thought of seeing him daily, hearing him speak, and hiding the secret of her love from all eyes. So when Carrie asked her if she had decided on going, it was a very bright face Lucy raised as she said “yes.”

What a tiny thread our fate often hangs on. Could Lucy have looked into the future, that happily spoken “yes” would have been a shuddering negative.

Marion did all in her power to make Lucy as happy as possible during her stay in London, and she was happy. How could she have been otherwise in the constant presence of the man she loved so wholly and perfectly? He was courteous and friendly to her, and Lucy's heart hid its love in happy purity. There was a halo round those days that she looked back to in the after-time, remembering their quiet, perfect happiness with pitiful yearning. So it lived its short day, this calm sweet lull, and then the storm burst.

One evening Lucy sat alone in the drawing-room; Lord Clowden and Marion had gone to a Court ball. She had clasped the glittering family gems on Marion's full throat and firm white arms, receiving a fond kiss for her loving service; she had watched her go, in all the pride of her