

**DULCIE EVERTON,  
IN TWO VOLUMES,  
VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649565849

Dulcie Everton, in Two Volumes, Vol. II by E. Lynn Linton

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**E. LYNN LINTON**

**DULCIE EVERTON,  
IN TWO VOLUMES,  
VOL. II**



1931

F

DULCIE EVERTON

VOL. II.

v.2  
New  
Linton

# DULCIE EVERTON

BY

E. LYNN LINTON

AUTHOR OF

PATRICIA KEMBALL, 'THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS,' ETC.



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1896

G 0

F

## DULCIE EVERTON

### CHAPTER XI.

IT was a thunderbolt—neither more nor less. It destroyed everything—the mother's pretty little Spanish castle of Aston's marriage with Ida Grantley—the father's hope that the sackful of wild oats had been fairly emptied for all time, and that now his vagrant heir would be content to settle down at home as an honest English gentleman should, pending the time when he should make a suitable and sufficing alliance—the sister's dream that her brother's companionship would rouse Martin

to more life, and that perhaps fraternal affection would stimulate, not unwholesomely, conjugal jealousy into some show of special interest. And all these hopes to be shattered in the dust for the sake of an uncertificated interloper with a lovely face and golden hair!

Nothing but the laborious self-discipline of years prevented the father from giving way to an outburst of wrath—prevented the mother from finding a doubtful relief in hysterical tears—kept the sister from the blank confession of despair. It was such a miserable overthrow to all the hopes that had been raised by love and self-delusion!

The announcement of this marriage was almost as tragic as if it had been a death. So sudden as it was—so unheralded by hint or preface of any kind—was it to be wondered

J. G. V. M.



at if the family regarded it with suspicion, and considered it almost a disgrace? Society is made up of more than ultimates and essentials. It has its own code of moralities which also command respect; and those who break its unwritten laws must pay even as those who break the law of the land as established by Act of Parliament. And assuredly it was a grave infraction of those laws, as propounded and endorsed by Society, that the heir to a fine estate in one of the Midland Counties should marry all at once, without warning or introduction, someone absolutely unknown to the world to which he belonged—someone who might be all right, but who also might just as well be all wrong;—and when chances are even, suspicion for the most part weights the scale and charitable judgment kicks the beam.

It was all very well for Aston to say that she herself would be his best excuse for the precipitancy of his marriage. Young men who are in love are always convinced that they have secured the one unrivalled She. When in love 'Arry himself is Don Quixote redivivus, and 'Arriet, loud, vulgar, brainless, is the peerless Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Who has ever seen Love peep through the bandage? Seeing, he is no longer Love. He may be Desire and yet be critical. But Love! His blindness is as essential to his being as its fragrance to the violet—its song to the skylark.

So they said among themselves in the words best suited to each. The thought remained the same, no matter how expressed;—Aston was in love, and the rapturous apology which he gave for his love was

utterly untrustworthy as testimony, and not to be accepted as evidence worth the paper it was written on.

The answer then, written by the father to this letter, which had cost some qualms and more pains to compose, was assuredly not a cordial welcome to this strange undesignated daughter. It was cautious, as befitted the manner of man Mr. Everton was ; cold rather than hostile—the letter of a man in a waiting mood, by no means sympathetic but yet not determinedly adverse.

They would wait and then judge for themselves by their own light of reason. They regretted the precipitancy and the secrecy. Both father and mother felt the manner in which his marriage had been made as a slight to themselves, and arguments to prove the contrary were useless. Still, the thing was