

**LADY BONNIE'S  
EXPERIMENT,  
PP. 1-27**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649236886

Lady Bonnie's Experiment, pp. 1-27 by Tighe Hopkins

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**TIGHE HOPKINS**

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# LADY BONNIE'S EXPERIMENT

BY

TIGHE HOPKINS

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NEW YORK  
PUBLISHED BY  
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

NEW YORK  
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1895

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## CHAPTER I.

### The Story of Glubbe's Bet.

S I stepped ashore at Dover the lady whose cloak I had picked up on the platform at Calais was immediately in front of me.

I have never seen a more elegant figure or a more admirable carriage. She was tall and slender, fair-haired and almond-eyed, and the dreamy expression that she wore agreed with the oval shape of her face.



The passage of the Channel had not discomposed her in the least ; she was as fresh, and her toilet was as scrupulous, as though she were just setting out for a little shopping in Bond Street. The gray silk traveling cloak, that had slipped from her hand as she descended from the train at Calais, was over her arm, and she carried besides a miniature portmanteau of crimson leather, on which were the initials, B. L. C. It struck me that she ought to be called Belinda.

I went to the buffet for a glass of Chanoinesse, which is the best of all restoratives after crossing, and when I made my way back to the train, the last of the passengers, the guard was holding open for me the door of a first-class carriage.

"I have a second-class ticket," I said, putting half a crown into his hand.

"It is a very fine day, as you say, sir," replied the guard, and he shut me in with the Lady Belinda.

She gave me a little smile as she inclined her head, in recognition doubtless of the trifling service I had rendered her two hours earlier.

"I hope you found the passage an easy one," I said, for I took her manner to mean that I might offer her some such conventional courtesy.

"Thank you ; I slept the whole way," said the Lady Belinda.

"I have never yet succeeded in doing so," said I, "but I would have given much to be able to sleep this morning."

"It is a tedious journey from Paris," said the Lady Belinda.

"I have traveled uninterruptedly from Sicily," said I.

"That is a long journey; but the traveling in Italy and Sicily is certainly less fatiguing than it was even a few years ago. To be sure, the express trains are not quite what they might be. The guards, however, have very nice manners."

"The guard of a Sicilian express," I said, "has always the air of being out for a holiday. He seems to conduct the train not so much for the purpose of getting it to its destination within the time set down in the books, as for the opportunities the journey affords him of meeting his friends and acquaintances at the various stations *en route*. He greets every station-master as a long-lost brother. He exchanges compliments with the policeman. He talks a little of politics with the wine and fruit seller at the stall.