

**THE DEMAGOGUE  
AND LADY PHAYRE**

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The Demagogue and Lady Phayre by William J. Locke

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**WILLIAM J. LOCKE**

**THE DEMAGOGUE  
AND LADY PHAYRE**



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**THE DEMAGOGUE  
AND LADY PHAYRE**

**BY THE SAME AUTHOR**

**IDOLS**

**DERELICTS**

**THE USURPER**

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**THE WHITE DOVE**

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**THE BELOVED VAGABOND**

**AT THE GATE OF SAMARIA**

**THE MORALS OF MARCUS ORDEYNE**

*Brown*

**THE DEMAGOGUE  
AND LADY PHAYRE.**

BY  
**WILLIAM J. LOCKE**

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

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# The Demagogue and Lady Phayre

## CHAPTER I

### *THE ETERNAL FEMININE*

"If you are coming my way, Goddard, we may as well walk back together," said the Member, putting on his fur-lined coat.

Mr. Aloysius Gleam, member for Sunington, was a spare, precisely dressed little man on the hither side of forty. He was somewhat bald, and clean-shaven all to a tightly-screwed fair moustache. A gold-rimmed eye-glass added a quaint air of alertness to a shrewd, sharp-featured face.

Goddard acquiesced readily, although on this particular evening his road lay in a different direction. But democrat though he was, he felt flattered by Mr. Gleam's friendly proposal. He was young—eight and twenty, a cabinetmaker by trade, self-taught and consequently self-opinionated, yet humble enough before evident superiority of knowledge or experience. Besides, in coming to take the chair at his lecture on The New Trades

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Unionism, before the Sunington Radical Club, the Member had paid him a decided compliment. A member of Parliament has many pleasanter and more profitable ways of spending a precious spare evening during a busy session.

They formed a singular contrast as they stood side by side in the little knot of committee-men who had remained behind after the audience had left. Goddard was above the middle height, squarely built, deep-chested, large-limbed; his decent workman's clothes hung loosely upon him. His features were dark and massive, chin and forehead square, nose somewhat fleshy, mouth shutting stubbornly with folds at the sides; the lip, on which, like the rest of his face, no hair grew, rather long; altogether it was a powerful face, showing a nature capable of strong passions both for good and evil. The accident of straight black hair generally falling across his forehead, and a humorous setting of his eyes, relieved the face of harshness. At the present moment it was alive with the frankness of youth, and flushed with the success that had attended his lecture.

The group walked slowly down the hall through the chairs, and lingered for a moment at the club-house door. It was a new quarter of London. Mr. Aloysius Gleam had lived in the neighbourhood most of his life, and had seen it spring up from fields and market-gardens into a bustling town, with arteries fed from the life-stream of Oxford Street and the Strand. Its development had been dear to him. There was strong local