

**FRANK AMOR: A
NOVEL, IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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Frank Amor: A Novel, in Three Volumes, Vol. II by Jajabee

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JAJABEE

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FRANK AMOR.

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I Nobel.

BY

F. J. J. J. J.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"Love hath no wherefore."



London :

SAMUEL TINSLEY,
10 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

1876.

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FRANK AMOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE scene which I took part in at this time was, indeed, a very impressive one, and will, to my certain affliction, haunt my memory for ever. The lamplight had grown feeble, and served to make dimly visible the two malevolent faces, staring with deeply wicked interest upon me; while, crowding the tables in the gloom-oppressed chamber, the ever-present dead company of uncouth birds and beasts, with fixed, glistening eyes, seemed to glare with a ghostly, intelligent wonder. They seemed to protest the vanity of life. While I was under the dread influence of that memorable scene, I imagined those live-seeming effigies silently expressing to each other marvel that man, with all his high intelligence and moral discrimination, should yet continue to go on hoodwinking himself with the utterly

vain hope that he may succeed in increasing his happiness by means of unrighteousness.

My two ill-wishing companions were now evidently at a loss to determine what step to take towards me, and I was about to challenge them to openly declare their intention, in regard to the calumnious charge which they had brought to bear upon me, when the room door was pushed open, and in the gloomy space appeared the hunchback, who, in harsh accents, announced that the police officers had completed their task, and desired a short interview with my uncle.

"Let them come in here," returned my uncle, nervously.

"Then I shall go out," cried the Captain. "I have already declared my disapproval of the way in which your delicate bit of business is being carried on. Now, seeing you still disposed to invite police interference in the matter, I shall take my leave of you, with the intimation that I shall not trouble you again until the present difficulty between you and your crack-brained nephew is amicably settled."

The prudent man of war upon this announcement was proceeding to effect his instant retreat, and had nearly reached the door, when

he stopped short on hearing my uncle shriek out that he believed the deserter was actuated to flight solely by pusillanimous personal considerations.

I laughed heartily, despite my doleful case, to see the curious effect produced by my uncle's taunt upon the retreating Captain. Upon the instant of receiving the insult of his ungenerous ally, he stood still for a few seconds, as if estimating its full import. Wheeling round, with every feature distorted with wrath, he strode back, and, bending over my uncle, roared,—

“Mark my words, friend Gall, never again presume to take with me the liberty you have done now, for if you do so you will, I promise you, bitterly regret it. You, sir, like the most of your brother-scholars, take your ideas of the world after the manner of some old spider in a dusty web, which, having successfully tackled a few poor flies, flatters himself into the belief that he is fit to cope with any other insect out, and only finds out his mistake when he rushes at a strong wasp, and gets probed for his ignorant impertinence.”

“Oh, don't, Captain!” quailed my relative, in dire alarm, glancing fearfully at his warner's uplifted hand, with the thought, no doubt, that

a practical illustration was about to be given of the parable advanced.

"I warn you once again to amend your present line of conduct," continued the Captain, impressively, slapping his open palm forcibly down upon the arm of the shrinking creature's chair. "Sowing the wind is the game you are playing now, and that, let me remind you, leads to reaping of the whirlwind."

"Alas!" piteously whined my unhappy relative, "I have not a friend in the world to help me in my present need."

The Captain, looking contemptuously upon the complaining, spiritless creature, addressed to him these harrowing words,--

"It would almost appear that to befriend you is to quarrel with Heaven."

At this time Stoat again entered the room, accompanied by the two police officers. On the appearance of the official intruders, the Captain, I remarked, immediately withdrew to a side of the chimney-piece which was enveloped in semi-darkness, where he stood resting his elbow upon the shelf, with the evident desire of remaining perfectly neutral in the forthcoming interview. My uncle was now, I could plainly perceive, suffering keenly in his nervous system, and my professional experience