

**PUT TO THE PROOF.  
A NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. III**

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Put to the Proof. A Novel. In Three Volumes, Vol. III by Caroline Fothergill

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**CAROLINE FOTHERGILL**

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# PUT TO THE PROOF.

A NOVEL.

BY

CAROLINE FOTHERGILL.

"Fair, kind and true."

SHAKESPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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## PUT TO THE PROOF.

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### CHAPTER I.

“Griefs and fears, nursed in silence, grow like  
Titan infants.”

WHEN the summer came round again, Angela claimed the fulfilment of Margaret's promise, that she would spend a part, at least, of her holiday at Bleak Moor.

Margaret renewed her promise, and even fixed a time for going; and when she had done so, she hardly knew whether she was going willingly or unwillingly. She was most averse to leaving London at the



present time. Though through all the dreary months she had waited there in mingled hope and fear, no news had come of Oswald. She felt that were she to go away, if only for a week, news would certainly come in her absence; and she could not bear the thought that Oswald should come to her house, and she not be there to receive him.

At the same time, she felt unequal to remaining in town alone through the dust and heat of August, waiting and watching for what might never come. Philip was going into Scotland with some friends; Angela was going home; and though Margaret knew that a word from her would have kept Angela at London with her, she would not speak the word.

"You must make up your mind to a very dull visit," said Angela. "I expect

I am very selfish to ask you to come at all: we have absolutely no attractions at Bleak Moor, when you get there. You must make up your mind to exchange life for vegetation existence, whatever you like to call it."

"I am not afraid," said Margaret, smiling.

"I have no friends. I do not suppose you will be asked to go out anywhere all the time you are with me; I expect you will die of stagnation."

"Not in your company."

"You are vastly amiable. But forewarned is forearmed; you can never say I led you to Bleak Moor under false pretences. You shall come back to London any day you like."

Angela went home at the end of July, and it was arranged that Margaret should follow her a week later.

It soon became known at Bleak Moor that Angela Darling was expecting a friend to stay at Bleak Meadows. The news created quite a sensation; no one had ever heard of Angela having a friend. People wondered what she would be like. Angela was not popular in her native village, and the speculations concerning her friend were carried on in no very charitable spirit.

It was late one beautiful August afternoon when Margaret arrived. The sun had spent the fiercest of his strength, and long shadows lay on the purple moors. It was a very quiet country station at which Margaret left the train, and she saw Angela on the platform waiting for her.

"I am horribly disgusted," began Angela, when the first greetings were over; "but there is no cab for you.