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"NO INTENTIONS."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Veronique," etc.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

And on either side the mirror are displayed photographs in frames: young men and maidens; old men and children: "Dear Lord X—," and the Hon. Richard A—, and Lady Viola." To set Mrs. Quekett off on the subject of her photographs, is to hear her talk "Court Circular" for at least an hour, and finish with the intelligence that, with the exception of his poor dear father, she has never "bemeaned" herself by living in an untitled family before Colonel Mordaunt's.

Miss Mordaunt addresses her timidly:

"How are you this morning, Quekett?—is your head better?"

"Well, miss, I can hardly say before I get up and move about a bit. It's very cold—isn't it?"

"Bitterly cold; the wind is due north."

"Ah! I thought so. I don't think I shall be

"I WANT TO PUT A QUESTION TO YOU, COLONEL."

down just yet. Will you give the cook directions about the luncheon, Miss Mordaunt?—I shall be in time to see to the dinner."

"But the tradesmen will want their orders, Quekett."

"Well, the cook can come up to me for that. I suppose the Colonel won't be home to luncheon."

"I don't know—I can't say. I didn't ask him—but perhaps—I should think—"

"Oh, it's no good thinking, miss. If he hasn't left directions, he must put up with the inconvenience. Were there any gentlemen to breakfast this morning?"

"Well, Quekett, there were one or two—three or four, perhaps; but no one could help it—at least, I'm sure Philip didn't ask them; for Mr. Rogers rode up just as we sat down, and—"

"It could be helped well enough, if the Colonel had a grain of sense. A pack of fellows to eat him out of house and home, and nothing to show for it. I warrant they've cut my new ham down to the bone. And which of 'em would give the Colonel a breakfast before he sets out hunting, I should like to know."

"Oh, Quekett! Philip does dine with them sometimes: it was only last week he received invitations from the Capels and the Stewarts."

"And what's the good of that? Gives everything, and takes nothing in return. And, by-the-way, is it true, miss, that there's talk about Master Oliver spending his Easter here again?"

"I'm sure I don't know. You had better ask Philip, Quekett. I have nothing to do with Master Oliver. I daresay it's a mistake. Who told you about it?"

"That don't in the least signify; but things can't go on like this, and so I shall tell the Colonel. There are some people I can't live in the same house with, and Master Oliver's one. And it won't be the better for him, I expect, if I have to leave through his means."

Miss Mordaunt is trembling all over.

"Oh, Quekett! it will never come to that.

You know how anxious Philip is to make you comfortable, or to do anything to please you, that—that—is reasonable."

"Reasonable, Miss Mordaunt! Well, I'm not likely to ask anything as is not reasonable. I was fifteen years in the service of the Colonel's father, and came to Fen Court, as every one knows, much against my own interests, and only to please those as had a sort of claim on me. And then to be told that Mr. Philip will do anything to please me as is reasonable, is rather too much to put up with." And here Mrs. Quekett shows symptoms of boiling.

"Oh, pray don't say that, Quekett! I daresay my brother never thought of having Master Oliver here; and, if he did, that he will put off his visit to a more convenient opportunity."

"Well, I hope so, I'm sure; for I've no wish to see him hanging about here for a month. And I think, miss, that if this is all you have to say to me, perhaps I'd better be getting up and looking after the house matters myself; for I don't suppose there'll be a bit left in the larder, now that the Colonel has been feeding a pack of wolves at breakfast."

Miss Mordaunt, making no pretence of resentment, flies as though she had been ordered to disappear.

At noon, Mrs. Quekett descends to the house-keeper's room, which—by means of furniture cribbed from other apartments, hot luncheons and suppers, and friends to partake of them whenever she feels disposed to issue her invitations—is as comfortable and convivial a retreat as any to be found in Fen Court. Mrs. Quekett, too, presents an appearance quite in accordance with the presiding deity of a servants' feast. Tall, well-formed, and well-dressed, with a face that has been handsome and a complexion that is not entirely guiltless of aid, she looks fitted to hold a high position among menials—and she holds it a trifle too highly. Her dominant, overbearing temper makes her at once feared and hated in the servants' hall, and each do-

