

## Our New Serial Story.

### "THE MONEY MOON."

BY JEFFERY FARNOL.

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#### CHAPTER I.

WHICH BEING THE FIRST, IS VERY PROPERLY, THE SHORTEST CHAPTER IN THE BOOK.

WHEN Sylvia Marchmont went to Europe, George Bellew being, at the same time, desirous of testing his newest acquired yacht, followed her, and mutual friends in New York, Newport, and elsewhere, confidently awaited news of their engagement. Great, therefore, was their surprise when they learnt of her approaching marriage to the Duke of Ryde.

Bellew, being young and rich, had many friends, very naturally, who, while they sympathized with his loss, yet agreed among themselves, that, despite Bellew's millions, Sylvia had done vastly well for herself, seeing that a duke is always a duke—especially in America.

There were, also, divers ladies in New York, Newport, and elsewhere, and celebrated for their palatial homes, their jewels, and their daughters, who were anxious to know how Bellew would comport himself under his disappointment. Some leaned to the idea that he would immediately blow his brains out; others opined that he would promptly set off on another of his exploring expeditions, and get himself torn to pieces by lions and tigers, or devoured by alligators; while others again feared greatly that, in a fit of pique, he would marry some "young person" unknown, and therefore, of course, utterly unworthy.

How far these worthy ladies were right, or wrong in their surmises, they who take the trouble to turn the following pages, shall find out.

#### CHAPTER II.

HOW GEORGE BELLEW SOUGHT COUNSEL OF HIS VALET.

THE first intimation Bellew received of the futility of his hopes was the following letter which he received one morning as he sat at breakfast in his chambers in St. James Street, W.

MY DEAR GEORGE—I am writing to tell you that I like you so much that I am quite sure I could never marry you it would be too ridiculous. Liking, you see George, is not love, is it? Though, personally, I think all that sort of thing went out of fashion with our great-grandmother's hoops, and crinolines. So George, I have decided to marry the Duke of Ryde. The ceremony will take place in three weeks' time at St. George's, Hanover Square, and everyone will be there, of course. If you care to come too, so much the better. I won't say that I hope you will forget me, because I don't; but I am sure you will find someone to console you because you are such a dear, good fellow, and so ridiculously rich.

So good-bye, and best wishes,  
Ever yours most sincerely,  
SYLVIA.

Now under such circumstances, had Bellew sought oblivion and consolation from bottles, or gone headlong to the devil in any of other numerous ways that are more or less inviting, deluded people would have pitied him, and shaken grave heads over him; for it seems that disappointment (more especially in love) may condone many offences, and cover as many sins as Charity.

But Bellew, knowing nothing of that latter-day hysteria which wears the disguise, and calls itself "Temperament," and being only a rather ordinary young man, did nothing of the kind. Having lighted his pipe, and read the letter through again, he rang instead for Baxter, his valet.

Baxter was small, and slight, and dapper as to person, clean-shaven, alert of eye, and soft of movement,—in a word, Baxter was the cream of gentlemen's gentlemen, and the very acme of what a valet should be, from the very precise parting of his glossy hair, to the trim toes of his glossy boots. Baxter as has been said, was his valet, and had been his father's valet, before him, and

as to age, might have been thirty, or forty, or fifty, as he stood there beside the table, with one eye-brow raised a trifle higher than the other, waiting for Bellew to speak.

"Baxter."

"Sir?"

"Take a seat."

"Thank you sir." And Baxter sat down, not too near his master, nor too far off, but exactly at the right, and proper distance.

"Baxter, I wish to consult with you."

"As between Master and Servant, sir?"

"As between man and man, Baxter."

"Very good, Mr. George, sir!"

"I should like to hear your opinion, Baxter, as to what is the proper, and most accredited course to adopt when one has been—er—crossed in love?"

"Why sir," began Baxter, slightly wrinkling his smooth brow, "so far as I can call to mind, the courses usually adopted by despairing lovers, are, in number, four."

"Name them, Baxter."

"First, Mr. George, there is what I may term, the Course Retaliatory,—which is Marriage."

"Marriage?"

"With—another party, sir,—on the principle that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out, and—er—pebbles on beaches, sir; you understand me, sir?"

"Perfectly, go on."

"Secondly, there is the Army, sir, I have known of a good many enlistments on account of blighted affections, Mr. George, sir; indeed, the Army is very popular."

"Ah?" said Bellew, settling the tobacco in his pipe with the aid of the salt-spoon, "Proceed, Baxter."

"Thirdly, Mr. George, there are those who are content to—merely disappear."

"Hum!" said Bellew.

"And lastly sir, though it is usually the first,—there is dissipation, Mr. George, Drink, sir,—the consolation of bottles, and—"

"Exactly!" nodded Bellew. "Now Baxter," he pursued, beginning to draw diagrams on the table-cloth with the salt-spoon, "knowing me as you do, what course should you advise me to adopt?"

"You mean, Mr. George,—speaking as between man and man of course,—you mean that you are in the unfortunate position of being—crossed in your affections, sir?"

"Also—heart-broken, Baxter."

"Certainly, sir!"

"Miss Marchmont marries the Duke of Ryde,—in three weeks, Baxter."

"Indeed, sir!"

"You were, I believe, aware of the fact that Miss Marchmont and I were as good as engaged?"

"I had—hem!—gathered as much, sir."

"Then—confound it all, Baxter!—why aren't you surprised?"

"I am quite—over-come, sir!" said Baxter, stooping to recover the salt-spoon which had slipped to the floor.

"Consequently," pursued Bellew, "I am—er—broken-hearted, as I told you—"

"Certainly, sir."

"Crushed, despondent, and utterly hopeless, Baxter, and shall be, henceforth, pursued by the—er—Haunting Spectre of the Might Have Been."

"Very natural, sir, indeed!"

"I could have hoped, Baxter, that, having served me so long,—not to mention my father, you would have shown just a—er shade more feeling in the matter."

"And if you were to ask me,—as between man and man,—why I don't show more feeling, then, speaking as the old servant of your respected father, Master George, sir—I should beg most respectfully to say that regarding the lady in question, her conduct is not in the least surprising, Miss Marchmont being a beauty, and aware of the fact, Master George. Referring to your heart, sir, I am ready to swear that it is not even cracked. And now, sir—what clothes do you propose to wear this morning?"

## COOKERY COLUMN

### Cocoa Wafers

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons milk
- 7 tablespoons flour
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract
- 5 tablespoons pulverized sugar
- 2 tablespoons Cowan's Cocoa
- 1 tablespoon chopped nuts

Method:—Add the milk, drop by drop, to creamed sugar and butter, stirring constantly. Add slowly the flour mixed with cocoa. Brush pan with butter. Drop from end of spoon and sprinkle with nuts. Dust with cinnamon. Bake in a slow oven until brown.



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