


# FORGING THE FETTERS

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## CHAPTER I

“ HIS carriage is engaged, sir.”

The speaker was a stout, elderly lady, with a florid complexion, piercing black eyes, and very white hair. She was well dressed in a travelling costume of black serge, and had an air of importance and decision.

“I beg your pardon,” said the intruder, with a glance at the rugs, books, baskets, scent-bottles, and newspapers which strewed the seats, indicating that the compartment had been for some time in possession of the occupants.

“I beg your pardon,” and he tried to open the door with the intention of retreating ; but the lock