
New Nonsense Novels

of her eyebrows, and the courageous girl was ready.

Lord Wynchgate and his companions—for they it was, that is to say, they were it—sat below in the sitting room looking at the albums. “Woman,” said Lord Wynchgate to the landlady with an oath, “let her hurry up. We have seen enough of these. We can wait no longer.”

“I am here,” cried a clear voice upon the threshold, and Winnifred stood before them. “My lords, for I divine who you are and wherefore you have come, take me, do your worst with me, but spare, oh spare! this humble companion of my sorrow.”

“Right-oh!” said Lord Dogwood, with a brutal laugh.

“Enough,” exclaimed Wynchgate, and seizing Winnifred by the wrist he dragged her forth out of the house and out upon the street.

But something in the brutal violence of his behaviour seemed to kindle for the moment a spark of manly feeling, if such there were, in the breasts of his companions.

“Wynchgate,” cried young Lord Dogwood,