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My Lady Cinderella

By Mrs. G. N. Williamson

Author of "My Friend the Chauffeur," "Lady Betty Across the Water," Etc., Etc.

Again the elder man interrupted: "I feel bound to introduce myself, under the unpleasant aspersions which this lady has been misguidedly enough to— But a few words will make everything plain, I bear her no malice; she is only mistaken. Until half an hour ago we were strangers. She came here believing this to be Holland Park House. I was in the act of going out when I heard her inquiring for an acquaintance of mine living almost next door. Seeing that she was bitterly disappointed when I was able to inform her that the lady was away, and fancying her tired and ill, I determined to arrange that she should, after all, spend the night at my friend Mrs. Leatherby-Smith's house.

"My right hand being lame, I suggested that she should write a proposed letter to the housekeeper for my signature. She consented, but hardly had she sat down at the desk in my study when I saw that she was on the point of fainting. I hurried into the adjoining room for some eau de Cologne, which I sprinkled over her, unfortunately without avail. I then called the janitor, and requested him to procure a four-wheeled cab, intending to drive the lady to my physician's, not far off, as I had never seen a woman faint before, and dared not take the responsibility of restoring her. Fearing to be seen in a ridiculous position by some of the other tenants of this house, I hastily carried the lady, apparently still unconscious, out of doors into the shadow of the porch, to wait until the cab should arrive.

"The rest you know, and though I fall to comprehend why the young lady I tried to benefit should accuse me—as a would-be murderer, I suppose hysterical women are not responsible for their hallucinations."

"He drugged me!" I stammered weakly, in self-defense, astounded at the plausible manner in which he had turned the story. His version sounded so probable—mine so wildly impossible. "He pressed a handkerchief wet with chloroform over my face. I kept myself from breathing the fumes as I could, but I was dazed. Even now everything seems far away and strange."

"You dreamed it all," asserted Mr. Wynnstay. "Quite natural. I have no heard feelings toward you—though it is a little disconcerting when a man tries to do a kind action to be rewarded by such accusations. What motive could a staid old fellow like me have had, my dear madam, for attempting to drug you?"

"I don't know," I faltered.

"Ah, I thought so. You will presently, I am sure, admit that you have done me a further injustice. Denby, you heard and saw everything that took place between this young lady and me. Perhaps you will kindly add your testimony to mine."

"Certainly, sir," promptly responded the janitor, pleased to be called upon as a witness. "It's all true what Mr. Wynnstay says. He was most kind to the young lady, whom he'd evidently never set eyes on before tonight. When she went into his study for the letter to be written the door was open, and Mr. Wynnstay particularly ast me to stop in the hall a few minutes till she should want to be shown out. I did stop, and I could easily have seen everything that went on in the study. It wasn't much about five minutes, I should think, before Mr. Wynnstay (one of our oldest tenants, I may say) called out to me that the lady'd fainted. I was scared, though not, when I came to think of it, surprised, for she was as white as a ghost, and shaky like, when I opened the front door for her; and I thought she'd've dropped when I told her Mrs. Leatherby-Smith didn't live here. Mr. Wynnstay followed me out, and I'd just begun to whistle the four-wheeler when your hansom drove in."

"I've often heard my friends in the flat next mine speak of Mr. Wynnstay," remarked a new voice, which I had not heard before.

"It was that of the other man, who had come in the cab with Sir George Seaforth. Sir George Seaforth! What association did that name call up? I asked myself. I could not remember; my head ached blindly, and I felt too ill for further mental effort. But I knew that this was the man who, near Lady Sophie de Grettton's house, had pulled me out from among the horses and set me safe on the pavement again. Today seemed full of coincidences; but I was to learn that this meeting was not a coincidence. Rather, it was a direct result of an earlier incident.

The other man, who had testified last to the immaculate Mr. Wynnstay's integrity, I had never seen before. I felt no curiosity regarding him—only a slight sense of resentment that he should defend my enemy seemingly at my expense.

Sir George Seaforth looked at me, and I met his eyes appealingly, fearful lest Mr. Wynnstay and his backer had alienated him from my cause. But there was no stern incredulity visible on the brown face, though I searched the semi-darkness to find it. The hansom had driven away now, the cabman paid (I indistinctly remembered seeing) by Sir George Seaforth's companion.

"You oughtn't to be standing out here in the rain," said Sir George Seaforth to me, without answering his friend.

Curiously, even in that moment, there was room in my mind for triumph that his first thought after all he had heard, was still of my welfare.

"You look awfully ill. What would you like to do? Will you go at once to your friend's house?"

"I can't go now," I answered. "They are away, now."

"But you can still have the introduction to the housekeeper I promised," benevolently interrupted Mr. Wynnstay. "I said, I bear you no malice, poor child, for the illusion of a temporarily disordered brain. I'm certain that by this time you are ready to see common sense, and laugh at your former suspicions. Come, now, to prove you regret your injustice, better let me escort you to Mrs. Leatherby-Smith's. We won't trouble any further about the letter; and Holland Park House is only a few steps from here."

"No—no!" I ejaculated.

"What? You don't mean to say that you still believe me a—er—a villain out of melodrama?" Mr. Wynnstay laughed jovially.

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knowing the cause? I was so dazed, so bewildered, so utterly at a loss, that I could only stare at him, and then, as he looked at me, I saw that he was indeed, as I had thought, a man of a different type from the other two.

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