

**MAD: A STORY OF DUST
AND ASHES, IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. III**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649641369

Mad: A Story of Dust and Ashes, in Three Volumes, Vol. III by George Manville Fenn

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

**MAD: A STORY OF DUST
AND ASHES, IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. III**

M A D.

A STORY OF DUST AND ASHES.

BY

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF "BENT, NOT BROKEN," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



LONDON :

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18 CATHERINE ST. STRAND.

1868.

[The right of translation and reproduction is reserved.]

250. w. 44.

LONDON:
ROBSON AND SON, GREAT NORTHERN PRINTING WORKS,
FANCRAE ROAD, E.W.

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

| CHAP. | PAGE |
|---|------|
| I. THE BREAKING OF A BARRIER | 1 |
| II. SNUFF | 13 |
| III. MR. JARKEK'S TRAITS | 23 |
| IV. LUCY'S TROUBLE | 42 |
| V. MATT'S DISCOVERY | 49 |
| VI. WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH | 61 |
| VII. A MERTING AND ITS RESULT | 75 |
| VIII. WASTE-PAPER | 89 |
| IX. BY NIGHT | 107 |
| X. BY DAY | 134 |
| XI. MR. JARKEK IS WANTED | 143 |
| XII. WHAT MA MERE KNEW | 160 |
| XIII. PEACE | 176 |
| XIV. IN THE RAT'S HOLE | 184 |
| XV. TAKEN | 197 |
| XVI. WORN OUT | 215 |
| XVII. "MY SOLICITORS, SIR!" | 231 |
| XVIII. THE LARK UNCAJED | 243 |
| XIX. MAD | 255 |

M A D.



CHAPTER I.

THE BREAKING OF A BARRIER.

It was about this time that Aunt Fanny, in the large room at Surrey-street, took to complaining of her neck, and wore a narrow strip of flannel beneath the stiff white-muslin kerchief, while night and morn her servant had to rub the said neck with hartshorn and oil. And truly the old dame's neck was stiff, and cold might have had some share in producing the stiffness; but undoubtedly it was principally caused by the many sage shakes she gave her head when pondering over her nephew's state; for in spite of all the medicaments which he patiently allowed her to admin-

ister, the old lady effected no cure, and was in consequence sorely troubled in her own mind.

But she was not so sorely troubled as the object of her interest, who angered himself in vain because of the chaotic state of his mind. Battle, battle—ever the same useless struggle, till he was ashamed of his weakness and want of self-control. To-day victor, to-morrow vanquished; now reviling himself for his want of faith and cruel suspicions, which he owned were almost baseless; the next day a slave to duty, and forbidding his heart to harbour further thoughts of her he now called his enemy. Work seemed the only refuge, and he toiled on. Study he could not; but he visited from house to house in the fold of Bennett's-rents, where the tainted sheep of his flock were gathered; and hiding from himself his real feelings—a shallow pretence—he knew the while how anxious he was respecting that little ewe-lamb.

But he drew a mask over his face, telling himself it was his true countenance; and with a calmness that was but on the surface, he called frequently to see the invalid mother, timing,

however, his visits that they might be made while Lucy was absent—for duty's sake (and he now knew pretty well when she was likely to visit the warehouse); while, when he had visited the Rents, and returned without seeing her, he credited duty largely, and praised his own self-denial. All steps, he flattered himself, towards the final conquest which he would achieve; but though casting out the weak thoughts, he told himself that it was his duty to satisfy his heart concerning the doubts which so constantly tormented him.

How often the hours came when he scorned his dissimulation, and tore off the mask, none knew; but his face grew more pale and livid, and the gray hairs that sprinkled his temples were thicker than of old.

It happened one day, though, when he and Lucy had not encountered since he saw her bending over the child from Mrs. Jarker's room, that, visiting from house to house and room to room, Mr. Sterne stood in front of Mrs. Sims'; but that lady was from home; so hearing the merry voice