

**WOODED AND MARRIED:
A NOVEL; IN THREE
VOLUMES; VOL. II**

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Wooded and married: a novel; in three volumes; Vol. II by Rosa Nouchette Carey

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ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY

**WOODED AND MARRIED:
A NOVEL; IN THREE
VOLUMES; VOL. II**

WOOD AND MARRIED.

A Novel.

BY

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

AUTHOR OF

"NELLIE'S MEMORIES," "WEE WIPPIE," "BARBARA HEATHCOTE'S TRIAL,"
AND "ROBERT OGD'S APONEMENT."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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WOODED AND MARRIED.

CHAPTER I.

HONOR'S INTERCESSION.

WOODSIDE, as Mr. Grey's house was called, lay in a little hollow scooped out of the main road, and forming a sort of dingle, beside which flowed the trout-stream; the garden ascended at the back, and led by a gate into a small pine-wood, which looked deliciously shady by day, but somewhat sombre by night, the house being perfectly lonely, with the exception of two cottages lower down the road.

Dym thought the steep garden beautiful, and longed to explore it; but on nearer view it was somewhat wild and uncultivated, weeds grew in the garden-paths, and roses and lilies bloomed amid cabbages and tall straggling heads of asparagus; the ivy that covered the house was graceful in its negligence, but sadly required cropping and training; and two boys and a girl, looking equally uncared for, were playing at horses before the gate. They rushed up to Honor at once, and

the leader—a pretty little dark-eyed thing—exclaimed :

“ Oh, I am so glad you’ve come, Miss Nethcote ! Now mamma wont cry any more to-day.”

“ If mamma is ill, you should not have left her, Amy,” returned Honor reprovingly. And the child hung her head.

“ Mother said we might go out and play, as she wasn’t well enough to hear us our lessons,” shouted the driver—a sturdy bright-faced boy of nine.

“ Never mind, Rupert, you shall do your Latin with me,” observed Miss Nethcote consolingly. And as the young student looked anything but gratified, she added : “ I have some fine pears for some good children, but they must be fairly earned first.”

“ Oh, I’ll come in and do my sums !” called out Edgar, the second boy.

“ Mayn’t I hem my duster ?” pleaded Amy.

Honor smiled, and then bade them all come in quietly by-and-bye. She only wanted to introduce a new friend to their mother, and then she would attend to them.

The outside of the house had prepared Dym for the total want of comfort and even cleanliness in the inside ; but, as Miss Nethcote observed in a low voice—

“ How was a woman with bad health, and six children, and only one servant, to keep a place tidy and comfortable ?”

Dym thought she would have managed better when she saw the living-room of the family. The

muslin curtains were torn and soiled ; the table-cover spotted with ink ; lesson-books strewn hither and thither ; a Noah's ark was on the floor ; and a sickly-looking child lay fast asleep with a box of tin soldiers beside her, and a headless doll hugged tightly in her arms. Honor picked her up, by way of beginning, and nearly crushed a farmyard and half a dozen ducks and geese ; two or three trees crackled crisply under her feet.

Mrs. Grey lay on a couch at the end of the room, with a piled-up basket of mending beside her. A great boy of three was fretfully trying to clamber up in her lap, and a beautiful infant lay fast asleep in an old-fashioned cradle with rockers. Honor deposited the sleeping child carefully on the couch at the mother's feet ; and lifting the boy into her arms, and rocking the cradle at the same time, quietly introduced Dym.

"Now, Esther, you must cheer up ; for I have brought Miss Elliott to talk to you."

"You have brought her into a sad untidy place, I am afraid ; but I am very glad to see you, Miss Elliott, all the same. A new face is rather a treat in these parts : I never see any one but Honor—never."

"Except Mrs. Chichester and Mrs. Fortescue now and then, you mean. And you forget how kind Mrs. Trevor was last summer."

"Yes ; but she has not been for a long time. I was only saying so to Edward this morning ; but, as I told him, what inducement can any