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MY LORD AND MY LADY BY MRS. FORRESTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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By the same Author,

VIVA . . . . .	2 vols.
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ROY AND VIOLA . . . . .	2 vols.

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BY  
MRS. FORRESTER,  
AUTHOR OF "VIVA," "ROY AND VIOLA," ETC.

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LEIPZIG  
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1882.

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# MY LORD AND MY LADY.

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## CHAPTER I.

“You really think he will?”

“I feel quite sure of it.”

“And what shall you say?”

“Mamma!!!”

There is infinite expression in the intonation of that single word. It implies, “Can you doubt me? Am I in possession of my senses? Is there any answer possible but one?”

The mother gazes at her lovely daughter with a look of fondest affection; of deepest admiration.

“Of course, my darling. But,”—with faint hesitation—“there is just this to think of—might you not do better?”

The girl shakes her head. It is a beautifully shaped little head, which genius has forborne to mar by any bumps or excrescences: she has not even indicated the self-esteem that Dorothea St. George has so large a share of.

"That is the way," she answers, with a pretty air of wisdom, "by which so many girls spoil their chances; waiting for something better. It is much wiser, when you get a good offer, to close with it at once. Just think how many pretty girls we know, of three or four and twenty, who have waited, and are not in the least likely to marry anyone worth having now. You see, Mamma dear, I shall be twenty next month!"

"Yes," says Mrs. St. George, with a little sigh. "But Lord Belhaven is plain and *gauche*, and not so very rich, after all. And"—looking at her daughter with the intense admiration that she has never thought it wise or prudent to disguise—"you might marry *anyone*."

"He has twelve thousand a year," returns Dorothea, "and he is not deformed, nor unsightly in any way."

"But, dearest child," (a trifle anxiously), "do you care for him at all?"

"No," says beautiful Dorothea, making a little *moue*, "there is nothing in him to care about. One cannot have everything!"

Mrs. St. George sighs. She thinks her lovely darling ought to marry a Duke with a thousand pounds a day, and the handsomest person in England. Even then it would be His Grace who would benefit by the alliance.