
Cousin Julia

Flandrau Grace

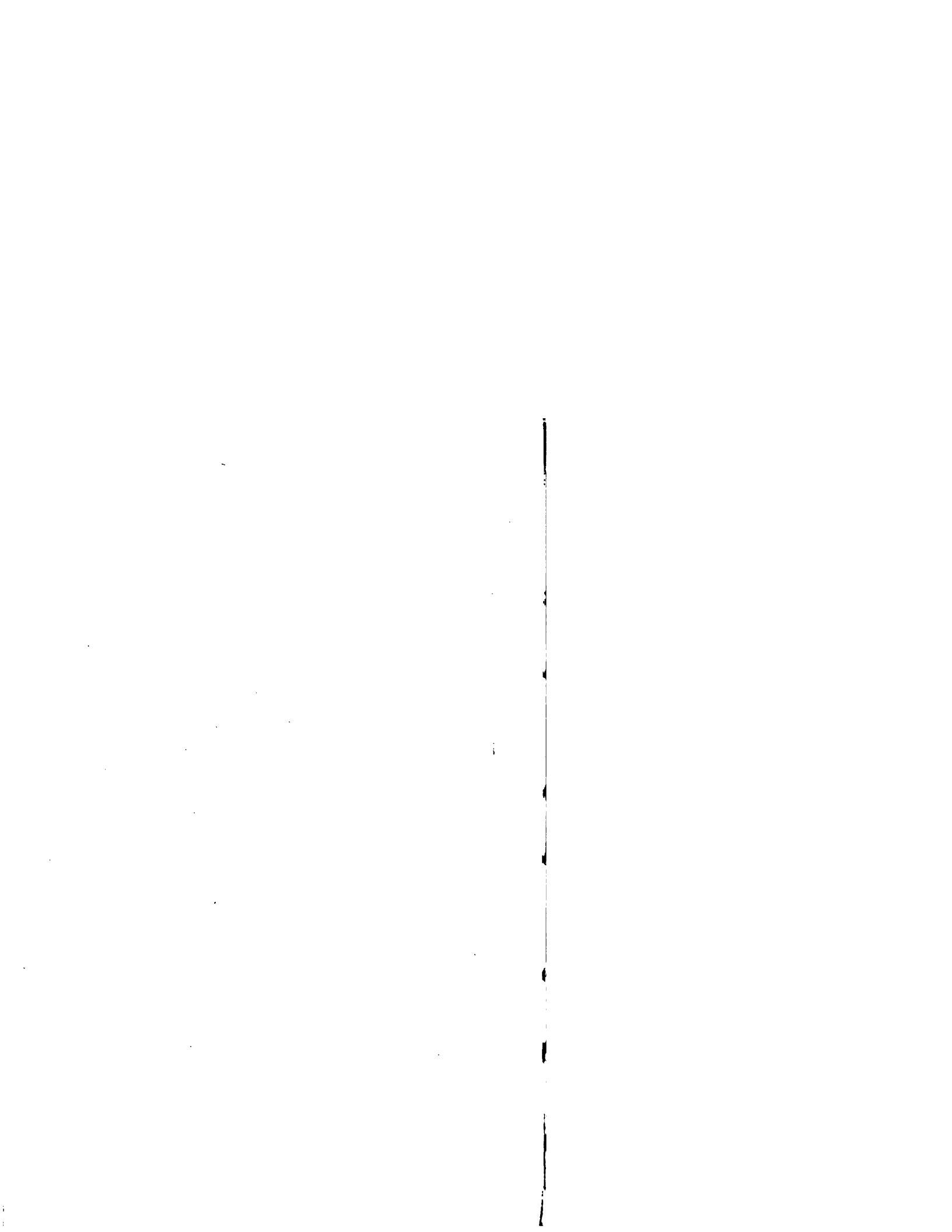
Title: Cousin Julia

Author: Flandrau Grace

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COUSIN JULIA



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BY
GRACE HODGSON FLANDRAU



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TO
C. M. F.

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PART I
THE THRESHOLD

I

THEIR name is Bradford, as I've told you a dozen times, Violet, not Bradley or Bradskey, or Brandon, I beg of you, but Bradford—J. C. Bradford, Cousin Jim to us, you understand, and Cousin Julia.”

“I loathe the name of Julia. Julie, in the French way, is quite pretty, but Julia—!”

“Call her Cousin Julie, then; I've no doubt she'll prefer it. She's nothing if not progressive, I believe.”

“The only Julia I ever knew I detested. She was such a stupid horror.”

“Look here, whose Julia are we going to talk about, yours or mine?”

“Mine! I haven't got a Julia, thank heaven! I was just saying—”

“Never mind what you were just saying, Violet. I'm trying to talk about something important.”

“So sorry, Bob. It simply occurred to me at the moment how stupid Julia Mal—”

Her husband threw up his hands with a gesture of impotent exasperation.

“Never *mind* her! And let me tell you one thing: the Julia in question is not stupid by any means, so please, Violet, try to remember what we're here for, and be decent to everybody.”

Violet glanced at her husband for an instant with a look of calm appraisal. It was a look he detested and which made him uncomfortable.