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Julia Quinn
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Simpson snorted. Not even at church. Simpy leveled a shrewd gaze at the younger woman. And to the county ball last year. And whenever we receive guests. I have at least five in my closet, thank you very much. Oh, and I also wear them to town. It fell squarely in, and she let out a whoop of pride. But the truth is, I like myself just fine. They had rollers — virtually gliding along. And wherever they went, a dozen besotted men followed. Henry would wistfully stare at this entourage, imagining them mooning after her. Then she laughed. Simpson said, leaning forward. Dunford arrives. Henry shook her head and sighed. What if he wants to take an interest in Stannage Park? Or worse — what if he wants to take charge?

Simpson shaped the dough into a loaf and then set it aside to rise. Henry hopped down from her perch on the counter, planted her hands on her hips, and began to pace across the kitchen. Dunford, then. Henry shrugged. We need guardians to guide us. Henry smiled sheepishly. It was true that she and the housekeeper were much closer than one would expect. She absently twirled her fingers around a lock of her long brown hair, one of her few concessions to vanity. Besides, it was her habit to wind it around her fingers while she was thinking hard about a problem, as she was doing now.

Simpson narrowed her eyes. We shall be politeness personified. But we shall endeavor to point out that he is not suited for country life. He could learn to love the role of absentee landlord. Especially if I send him quarterly profits. Henry twirled her finger in her hair. Simpson looked over at a clock. Simpson retorted. Henry shot her a cheeky grin. Simpson was right. She smelled rather unsavory.

But then, what could one expect after a morning overseeing the construction of a new pigpen? It had been messy work, but Henry had been glad to do it. Or rather, she admitted to herself, to supervise it. Getting knee deep in muck was not exactly her thing. She stopped suddenly on the stairs, her eyes lighting up. It was not her thing, but it was just the thing for the new Lord Stannage. She could even bring herself to get more actively involved in the project if it meant convincing this Dunford fellow that this was what country lords did all the time. Feeling much enthused, she bounded up the rest of the stairs to her bedroom.

It would be several minutes before the tub was filled, so she picked up her hairbrush and walked over to the window to look out. She untied the ribbon; it would be easier to wash detangled. As she pulled the brush through her hair, she stared out over the green fields surrounding the house. The sun was just beginning to set, tinting the sky like a peach. Henry sighed with love. Nothing had the power to move her like these lands.

Then, as if timed just to spoil her perfect moment, something glinted on the horizon. Glass from a carriage window. Damn and blast — he was early. Pressing closer to the window, she peered down at the carriage that was now rolling down the drive. It was quite elegant. Dunford must have been a man of some means even before inheriting Stannage Park. Either that or he had wealthy friends willing to loan him a conveyance. Henry stared at the scene quite unabashedly, brushing her hair all the while. Two footmen dashed out to unload the trunks. She smiled proudly. She had this house running like clockwork. Then the carriage door opened. Without realizing it,

she moved even closer to the glass of her window. A booted foot emerged. A rather nice, manly boot, Henry observed, and she knew her boots.

Then it became apparent that the boot was attached to a leg that was every bit as manly as its footwear. Then the owner of the leg hopped out, and she saw him in his entirety. He was beautiful. No, not beautiful, she corrected, for that would imply some sort of effeminate quality, and this man certainly had none of that. He was tall, with a firmly muscled body and broad shoulders. His hair was thick and brown, slightly longer than was fashionable. And his face... Henry may have been looking down at him from fourteen feet up, but even she could see that his face was everything a face ought to be.

His cheekbones were high, his nose straight and strong, and his mouth finely molded with a slight wry quality to it. Henry groaned. She was going to have to be very crafty indeed to fool this one. With a sigh, she reached down for her hairbrush and walked back to her bath. As Dunford was quietly inspecting the front of his new home, a movement in an upstairs window caught his eye.

The sun was glinting off the glass, but it appeared to be a girl with long, brown hair. That was odd. No servant would be standing idle by a window at this time of day, especially with her hair unbound. He wondered briefly who she was, then let the thought drift from his mind. Right now he had more important things to attend to. The entire staff of Stannage Park had assembled in front of the house for his inspection.

There were about two dozen altogether — a small number by ton standards, but then again Stannage Park was a fairly modest home for a peer of the realm. The butler, a thin man named Yates, was taking great pains to make the process as formal as possible. Dunford tried to humor him by adopting a slightly austere manner; it seemed to be what the servants expected of the new lord of the manor. It was hard to suppress a smile, however, as maid after maid bobbed a curtsy in his honor. He had never expected a title, never expected lands of his own or a household to go with it.

His father had been a younger son of a younger son; God only knew how many Dunfords had had to die to put him in line for this inheritance. After the last maid had bobbed up and down, Dunford returned his attention to the butler.

Yates, who had never acquired the stone-faced facade that was a prerequisite among London butlers, flushed with pleasure. Yates gulped. He should have called her Miss Barrett. Simpson had pulled him aside and whispered that particular tidbit in his ear not ten minutes ago. It was so hard to think of her as anything but Henry. Simpson, who was assuring him that she had been at Stannage Park for over twenty years and knew everything about the estate, well, at least about the house, and if he needed anything....

Dimly he sensed that she was nervous. That was probably why she was rattling on like a... like a something. A flash of movement in the stables caught his eye and he allowed his gaze to wander in that direction. He waited a moment. Oh, well, he must have imagined it. He turned back to the housekeeper. She was saying something about Henry. Who was Henry? He was mesmerized by the sheer ludicrousness of the situation.

The creature was hurtling across the lawn moving faster than any pig had a right to. It was an enormous porcine beast — surely that was all one could call it — this was no ordinary swine. Dunford had no doubt it would feed half the ton if taken to a proper butcher. The pig reached the assembly of servants, and the maids shrieked, running in every possible direction. The pig, stunned by the sudden movement, stopped, raised its snout, and let out a hellish squeal. And then another, and another, and.... Henry did a double-take, impressed in spite of herself. She had dashed downstairs the minute she saw the pig emerge from the stables and had arrived in the front drive just as the new Lord Stannage was trying out his new lordly imperiousness on barnyard animals.

But she took far too much pride in Stannage Park not to try to salvage the disaster in some way. A farmhand ran up, took the pig from her, and led it back to the stables. Henry straightened, suddenly aware of the way every last servant was gaping at her, and wiped her hands on her breeches. She glanced over at the darkly handsome man standing across from her. Strings are compared according to alphabetical order. This article shows how to use DAX and conditional formatting together to highlight the minimum and maximum values in a matrix in Power BI.

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She loved Stannage Park as much as anybody and had firm ideas as to how it should be run. For the last six years she had been not only the lady of the manor but the lord as well, universally accepted as the person in charge. And she liked her life just fine. But Carlyle had died, and the estate and title had passed on to some distant cousin in London who was probably a fop and a dandy. Simpson asked, her capable hands kneading dough for bread. Newcomers to the aristocracy usually do. Henry sighed and took another bite of her apple. Simpson smiled and forebore to point out that Cornwall was indeed a part of England. Henry was so devoted to the region that she could not think of it as belonging to any greater whole.

You could marry one of them. Henry scoffed. Besides, no one would have me. Simpson replied quickly. Simpson snorted. Not even at church. Simpy leveled a shrewd gaze at the younger woman. And to the county ball last year. And whenever we receive guests. I have at least five in my closet, thank you very much. Oh, and I also wear them to town. It fell squarely in, and she let out a whoop of pride. But the truth is, I like myself just fine.

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