

THREE

FEATHERS



WILLIAM
BLACK

PR4144

.T4

E92

WILLIAM BLACK



1020023271



Narraway

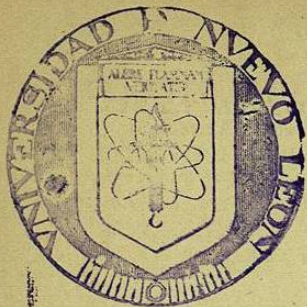




THREE FEATHERS



13332



BIBLIOTECA

PR 4144
.T4
E92

823
B.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

CA 4898

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I.—MASTER HARRY	1
II.—JIM CROW	9
III.—RES ANGUSTA DOMI	16
IV.—THE LAST LOOK BACK	32
V.—THROWING A FLY	44
VI.—THE ——— AMONG THE TAILORS	49
VII.—SOME NEW EXPERIENCES	58
VIII.—WENNA'S FIRST TRIUMPH	65
IX.—THE RING OF EVIL OMEN	70
X.—THE SNARES OF LONDON	78
XI.—THE TWO PICTURES	86
XII.—THE CHAIN TIGHTENS	93
XIII.—AN UNEXPECTED CONVERT	100
XIV.—"SIE BAT SO SANFT, SO LIEBLICH"	104
XV.—A LEAVE-TAKING OF LOVERS	111
XVI.—SPRING-TIME	120
XVII.—ONLY A BASKET OF PRIMROSES	129
XVIII.—CONFIDENCES	137
XIX.—THE FIRST MESSAGE HOME	142
XX.—TINTAGEL'S WALLS	148
XXI.—CONFESSION	163
XXII.—ON WINGS OF HOPE	171
XXIII.—LOVE-MAKING AT LAND'S END	177
XXIV.—THE CUT DIRECT	189
XXV.—NOT THE LAST WORD	196
XXVI.—A PERILOUS TRUCE	202
XXVII.—FURTHER ENTANGLEMENTS	213
XXVIII.—FAREWELL!	216

CHAP.	PAGE
XXIX.—MABYN DREAMS	227
XXX.—FERN IN DIE WELT	238
XXXI.—"BLUE IS THE SWEETEST"	246
XXXII.—THE EXILE'S RETURN	252
XXXIII.—SOME OLD FRIENDS	262
XXXIV.—A DARK CONSPIRACY	277
XXXV.—UNDER THE WHITE STARS	287
XXXVI.—INTO CAPTIVITY	296
XXXVII.—AN ANGRY INTERVIEW	304
XXXVIII.—THE OLD HALF-FORGOTTEN JOKE	311
XXXIX.—NEW AMBITIONS	318
XL.—AN OLD LADY'S APOLOGY	327

THREE FEATHERS.

CHAPTER I.

MASTER HARRY.

"You are a wicked boy, Harry," said a delightful old lady of seventy, with pink cheeks, silvery hair, and bright eyes, to a tall and handsome lad of twenty, "and you will break your mother's heart. But it's the way of all you Trelyons. Good looks, bad temper, plenty of money, and the maddest fashion of spending it—there you are, the whole of you. Why won't you go into the house?"

"It's a nice house to go into, ain't it?" said the boy, with a rude laugh. "Look at it!"

It was, indeed, a nice house,—a quaint, old-fashioned, strongly-built place, that had withstood the western gales for some hundred and fifty years. And it was set amid beautiful trees; it overlooked a picturesque little valley; and from this garden-terrace in front of it you could catch a glimpse of a tiny harbour on the Cornish coast, with its line of blue water passing out through the black rocks to the sea beyond.

"And why shouldn't the blinds be down?" said the old lady. "It's the anniversary of your father's death."

"It's always the anniversary of somebody's death," her grandson said, impatiently flicking at a standard rose with his riding-switch. "And it's nothing but snivel, snivel from morning till night, with the droning of the organ in the chapel, and the burning of incense all about the place, and everybody and everything dressed in black, and the whole house haunted by parsons. The parsons about the neighbourhood ain't enough,—they must come from all