

**A JUNE
ROMANCE**

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A June Romance by Norman Gale

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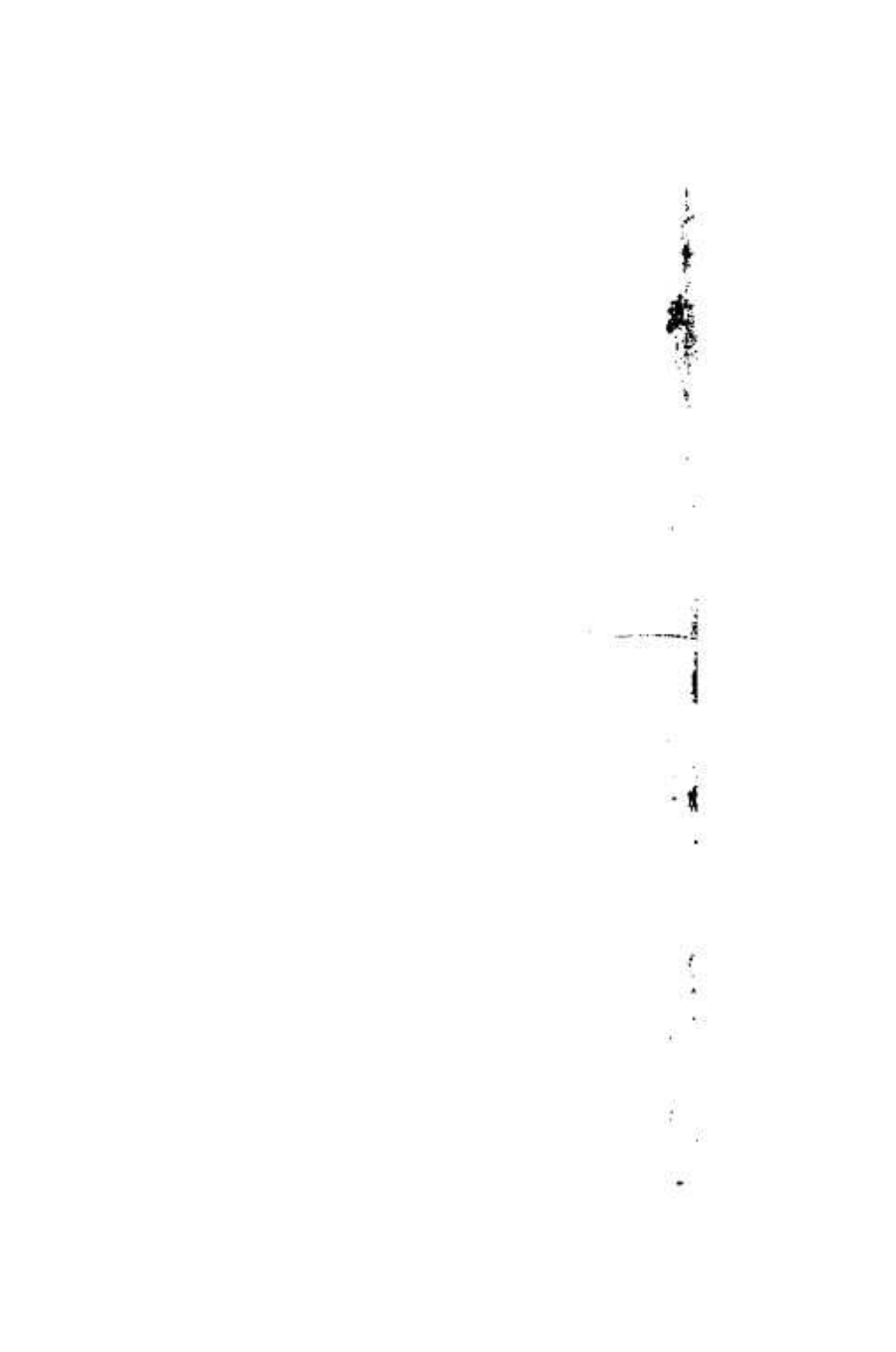
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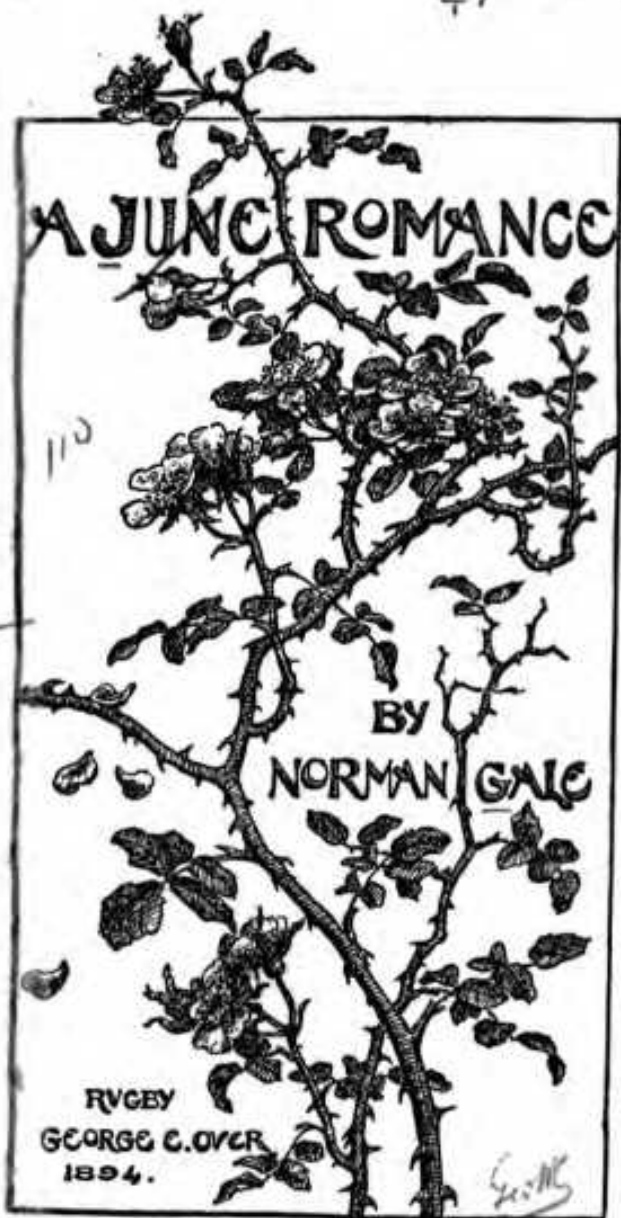
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NORMAN GALE

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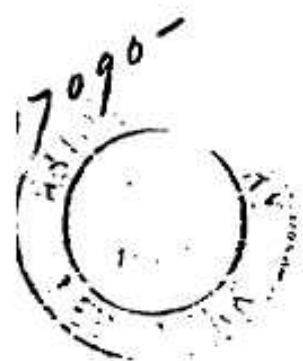
BY
NORMAN GALE

RUGEY
GEORGE C. OVER
1894.

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Smith





THE DIARY.

June the First.

The Major has kept me somewhat late talking over the educational delinquencies of his son and heir, and he has somewhat staggered my reasoning powers by a stronger jorum of whisky and water than harmonises with my head. Certainly the cigar was beyond criticism. I wonder how many of these my salary will include? What with the journey, the jorum and the hard labour of listening I grow near to gaping protractedly; but I must not neglect my Diary. Here I am, then, Private Tutor to Charlie Ellaby. Rising twenty-four, not quite sure how many hands high, but, in plainer lingo, six feet one. Broad to boot, of a here-to-day-and-there-to-morrow temperament; with the lark one hour, the mole the next;

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with a passion for sun-burn, cricket, tennis, cats, idling and music; Nature my mother, my wife and sweetheart. Would pipe in the reeds next Pan if that were the fashion of song in these times, for I practise melody in words. I put this down in my diary that those who find it when I am clean gone may impute some of my bearishnesses to the (greatly diluted) blood of Apollo that is in me. Left London (Euston) by the five o'clock express; reached Rugby at seven. The Major's dogcart, driven by a very civil descendant of Jehu, soon bowled me to Falconhurst. The Major is of the fine men, built up well at the shoulders; has eyes that look as if they could pierce the smoke of battle; is touched with gray just above the ears and at the nape of his neck. Can tell a tale, too. Has brains. Mrs. Ellaby will emphatically do. I shall love her soon, if I have not arrived at that stage at first sight. I never saw so benign a face, and its Autumn beauty is of the most gracious. Alice Ellaby I have not seen. She was in her own room. Charlie, if I may judge so soon, is rather dull mentally, but he is a rare upstanding animal and high-mettled. He and I

shall scour the country together. The house is old and comfortable. The lawns delight me, and there is a garden of roses should draw Pan away from the forget-me-nots. And the birds! Charlie says there are teal, herons, wild duck and peewits down at the lake, but nearer the house are living songs flitting from lilac to laurel, laurel to lilac. How shall a teal rival a thrush? As well might a springbok fear that the prize for elegance would be awarded to the elephant! Ralph Anderson, you have a goodly heritage and your lot has fallen in a fair place.

June the Second.

Rose early. Just about to view the farther fields of the Major's estate when Charlie came down. Charlie has theories on rabbits. Of course I was led captive to discuss the points of the Belgian hares, creatures which fail to interest me in any one particular. They live in an old Railway Carriage from which the seats have been removed. It used to be a smoking compartment.