

**THE LITTLE BLIND  
GOD A-WHEEL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649637089

The Little Blind God A-Wheel by Sidney Howard

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**SIDNEY HOWARD**

**THE LITTLE BLIND  
GOD A-WHEEL**



THE  
LITTLE BLIND GOD  
A-WHEEL.

BY  
SIDNEY HOWARD.



F. TENNYSON NEELY,  
PUBLISHER,  
LONDON. NEW YORK.

**"What shall arrive with the cycle's change?  
A novel grace and a beauty strange."**

**—ROBERT BROWNING.**

## THE LITTLE BLIND GOD A-WHEEL.

---

### I.

"But I can't ride, my dear."

"Learn, then."

"Impossible."

"Why?"

"Why—it is."

"Everybody rides now, Aunt Evelyn. All the people you'd expect it of, and all the people that you wouldn't. It won't be long before we hear that Victoria herself has foresworn her donkey cart and taken to a wheel."

"But I'm not great enough, mentally or physically, to justify me in any such undertaking. Fancy me, a woman of forty with a sixteen-year-old son, riding off on one of those tipsy affairs! What would your uncle say?"

"He's abroad and needn't be told."

"Deceitful girl! And how could I ever maintain my moral ascendancy over Richie, after letting him see me topple over a few times?"

Dorothy Alden planted her elbows on the

table, rested her chin in her hands and gazed reproachfully at her aunt.

"Aunt Evelyn," she said slowly; "this is the first time I have known you to be deliberately selfish, and I greatly deplore the fact. For the considerations of your own dignity, of your own safety, of your own ascendancy in your own family circle, you are willing to destroy the happiness of five young people of whom you have always professed to be extremely fond."

"Five?"

"Yes, five of us, Roy and I, Helen and the Merricks. Truly, auntie, you must go. Mrs. Eastman and mamma have put their heads together, and you are the only condition on which they'll let us go. It would be such an ideal trip, and we all are longing for it."

"But I should break my neck," Mrs. Perry protested feebly.

"Not if you were properly taught. You've plenty of time, for Roy won't be at home for two weeks, and any way we don't want to start till after the Fourth."

"Who'll teach me? You can't."

"Of course not. You must go to Vatican Hall; all the best people in town are taking lessons there. Make an appointment, to-morrow, and have a lesson every day. By the time we start, you'll be an expert."



"I!" She smiled scornfully. "I haven't any wheel."

"Hire one."

Mrs. Perry slowly shook her head. She felt that one by one her objections were being overruled. She was fond of young people, and such a trip as Dorothy was proposing would have been quite to her liking. The party would be a pleasant one, and she had no settled plans for the summer. A month of vagrant wandering would be a charming experience for them all. It was only the means of locomotion to which she objected.

"Why not make it a coaching party?" she suggested. "Then we could go so much more comfortably."

"A coaching party!" Dorothy's nose gathered a series of little wrinkles across the bridge. These wrinkles and the curve of her lips were indicative of the scorn she felt at the suggestion. "Aunt Evelyn, don't you see? The whole charm of the idea consists in its being a bicycle trip. We girls all have ridden these same old roads for a year, and we're tired of them. Ride we must, and you are the only human being who can make it possible for us to explore new territory."

"What about Richie?" asked Mrs. Perry.

"Take him too."

"Dolly, he'd tease the life out of you. You know what an irrepressible youngster he is. I won't answer for his good behavior."

"I will," Dorothy replied valiantly. "Richie has always been my good friend and most obedient slave. If you will take him, I'll engage to keep him in order."

Mrs. Perry laughed.

"You little know what you are promising, Dorothy. Richie's ways are past finding out, and his pranks are remarkable chiefly for their unexpectedness."

"But you will really go?"

"Dolly dear, I don't know what to say. You see, you have absolutely taken my breath away, bursting in on me so suddenly."

Dorothy rose and came around the table, to perch on the arm of her aunt's chair.

"Poor little auntie! I didn't mean to astonish you so. You see, Roy and Helen and I have been dreaming of this thing for a year; but it was only last week that we girls plucked up our courage to speak to our mothers about it. They have had endless conferences, and we began to despair of their coming to a decision before cold weather sets in; but to-day they said they had made up their minds to let us go, if you would agree to chaperon us."

Mrs. Perry's eyes suddenly flashed with a naughty idea. Her sister-in-law, twelve years older than herself, always assumed that they were coeval, and equally removed from the fads and follies of youth.

"I begin to comprehend," she said, as she passed her arm around the slender waist of her niece. "They were so sure I would never ride that they felt safe in making the sole condition that of my going. The idea of my riding is preposterous, Dolly; and yet, I'll ponder upon the matter."

"Not an hour," the girl said merrily, for she felt that her cause was already gained. "Delay is fatal; I must have your answer at once. Truly, auntie, it is nothing to learn. It isn't as if you were as old as mamma."

Dorothy Alden could be artful, when she chose. She had struck the right note.

"And you say I may take Richie?"

"Of course."

"And you'll see about engaging my lessons?"

"Yes. I'll go down to Vatican Hall, the first thing in the morning."

"And you'll go with me, the first time?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I'll try the lessons and see."

"Oh, you dear little auntie!" Dorothy em-