

**QUEEN AMETHYST;  
OR, THE  
LIPS OF SNOW**

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Queen Amethyst; Or, the Lips of Snow by Henry Blunt

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QUEEN AMETHYST



"The bird lit on his shoulder with a tiny wreath of the sweetest myrtle  
bloom."—p. 23.

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OR

## The Lips of Snow

By HENRY BLUNT

*WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS*



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## QUEEN AMETHYST.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### PRINCE EYEBRIGHT.

LONG ago, in a happy little kingdom—happy, because the people's hearts were knit as one round the good old king; and so little, that the king at his best and strongest had known nearly every face in it,—in this happy little kingdom lived a young and handsome prince. *The* Prince he was, his father's only child and heir. You would certainly have called him handsome, had you seen him in the modest dark-green suit he always wore, with just a little silver lace, which seemed to have grown in its proper place by nature. This humble attire the laws compelled the king's sons

to wear. But how well it sat on the Prince, with his short dark locks curling over a pale brow, and a dark eye, keen as his father's used to be, but sad withal, and weary at times. Sad and weary seemed the eyes when at rest, and worn and thin the pale delicate features of the beardless face; for the Prince was very young, though his royal cares and the burden of greatness had made him old and thoughtful enough, even without the special sorrow of the sad doom that lay upon him. Old and thoughtful?—nay, right fatherly and wise you would have said, had you heard his grave, brotherly counsel to young Lady Elidore. A bright, black-eyed girl she was—shall I say a trifle bold and saucy?—no. Brave, we will say—and oh, so sweet! But—well, well, it *was* said among the ladies at the court that she was—for shame!—wooing the young Prince.

They were a foolish people in that kingdom, and had a bad habit of saying plainly what they meant. The old king was no better than the rest, and it had cost the people a sharp little war two years before. But they never gave up the bad habit, yet were a happy little