

WRECKAGE: SEVEN STUDIES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649359240

Wreckage: seven studies by Hubert Crackanthorpe

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

HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE

**WRECKAGE:
SEVEN STUDIES**

WRECKAGE
SEVEN STUDIES

BY
HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE

LONDON
MDCCCXIII

WILLIAM HEINEMANN
BEDFORD STREET W.C.

PR4515
C45W7

All rights reserved.

*“Que le roman ait cette religion que
le siècle passé appelait de ce large et
vaste nom : ‘Humanité’ ;—il lui suffit
de cette conscience ; son droit est là.”*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PROFILES	1
A CONFLICT OF EGOISMS	55
THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE	107
DISSOLVING VIEW ; ; ;	113
A DEAD WOMAN ; ; ; ; ;	125
WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK	195
EMBERS	215

PROFILES

I

IT was one of the first warm afternoons of the year ; the vigorous rays of the sun lent the young leaves, whose delicate green suffused the wood, an exquisite transparency.

All was still ; the rushes clustered immobile on the banks of the little stream ; no breath of wind ruffled its surface.

Alone a water-rat splashed, and gently rippling the water, swam across.

On the bank a girl was sitting, her white cotton dress rucked about her knees, displaying a small pair of muddy boots, which dangled close to the water's surface. Her body was thrust forward in a cramped position, as with both hands she held a long, clumsy-looking fishing-rod. She was watching

Wreckage

intently the movements of a fat, red float, which bobbed excitedly up and down.

She was bareheaded, and her crisp, auburn hair was riotously tumbling about her ears and neck.

Quite pale was her skin, but pale, transparent, soft; exquisite was the modelling of her fresh, firm lips.

There were great possibilities of beauty in the face; but now an all-absorbing look filled it, the forehead puckered over the eyebrows, the lips set tight together.

A little way off, on the grass, a young man, in a grey flannel suit, was lying on his back, his face shaded by her big-brimmed straw hat, inside the ribbon of which were tucked some bunches of primroses; one hand thrust in the armhole of his waistcoat, the other thrown back over his head—the limp abandon of his pose betrayed that he was asleep.

Down darted the fat, red float. Awkwardly the girl tugged at the rod; the line tightened, swaying about from side to side.