

**PRETTY
NAN HARTIGAN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649365241

Pretty Nan Hartigan by Marion Miller Knowles

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

MARION MILLER KNOWLES

**PRETTY
NAN HARTIGAN**

Books by the same Author

The Little Doctor

Humor and Pathos Pleasantly Blended.
Second Edition. Cloth, 4/6.

Pierce O'Grady's Daughter

A Charming and Interesting Novel.
Nicely Bound. Cloth, 5/-.

Meg of Minadong

A Romance of Maidenhair Creek, Victoria.
Nicely Bound in Cloth, 6/-.

Barbara Halliday

A Mining Tale of Wood's Point Gold
Diggings.
Fourth Edition. 3/6.

The House of the Garden of Roses

A. French—Australian Idyll.
2/-.

Songs from the Hills

Fourth Edition. 3/6.

Love, Luck and Lavender

Poems, 1/9.

Roses on the Windowsill

Poems, 2/-.

Xmas Bells of Verse

Poems, 1/6.

Pretty Nan Hartigan

BY

MARION MILLER KNOWLES



Registered by the Postmaster-General
for transmission through the post as
a book printed in Australia.

Wholly set up and printed in Australia by

PELLEGRINI & CO.

297 Elizabeth St.
MELBOURNE

543 George St.
SYDNEY

370 Queen St.
BRISBANE

Dedicated to
My Valued Friend .
MRS. ESSIE C. CANNON

PR
6021
K757p

Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE.
I.—NAN HERSELF	7
II.—AT THE GATES OF "RAPHOE"	12
III.—THE TREVANION FAMILY	17
IV.—"A NOD, BUT NEVER A WORD"	27
V.—A FRIENDLY SPAR	34
VI.—"WHEN THE TIME CAME ROUND"	39
VII.—THE INTERVENTION OF ISOLDE	44
VIII.—DERMOT SETS OUT FOR NOWHERE	49
IX.—THE SPECTRE OF THE PAST	56
X.—THE MEETING	62
XI.—A FACE ABOVE THE FENCE	74
XII.—THE WOMAN BY THE WAYSIDE	80
XIII.—A RING WITHOUT A JEWEL IN IT	86
XIV.—"PLAIN DONALD MCTAVISH"	92
XV.—MARK APPEARS UNEXPECTEDLY	100
XVI.—FAIRY WATERFALLS	105
XVII.—AN ANGRY FATHER	108
XVIII.—MISUNDERSTANDING'S MANY MAZES.. .. .	115
XIX.—A TREASURE OF A HUSBAND	121
XX.—THE THICKENING IN THE STEW	132
XXI.—THE RIDER RETRIBUTION	138
XXII.—RECOGNITION	146
XXIII.—THE RIDER OF "OTHELLO"	153
XXIV.—WHEN THE MOON WAS OBSCURED	163
XXV.—DERMOT HEARS THE NEWS	170
XXVI.—A PAIR OF "CINDERELLAS"	181
XXVII.—IN THE OPEN DOORWAY	189
XXVIII.—FROM THE TURRET WINDOW	194
XXIX.—"DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM"	200
XXX.—OF BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS	207

Pretty Nan Hartigan



CHAPTER I.

NAN HERSELF.

"Sweet as the flowers in her arms,
And dowered with a thousand charms."

"She's too young for the like of you, Danny avic! Too young by a long chalk, man. 'Tis a fine, strapping woman over thirty year of age that yourself needs for a wife; an' you getting closer up to the two-score every day. Not that you look it, Danny! No offence meant. You know that?"

Dan McGrath answered never a word. So Andy Hartigan saw no reason why he should not go on discoursing, especially as the subject under discussion was of exceptional importance to him and his.

"Never was there a better neighbour to a man than your own good self, McGrath; but what's come over you at all these days to be seized with a fancy for a bit of a wildflower thing like our Nan? Why, bless her, there's not a serious thought in that shining little head of hers! Everything is but come-day and go-day with her; an' she's fitting here and there as gay an' simple as if the grass grew for nothing but her own feet. Nan? There's ne'er a girl less fitted for being brought home a wife! Look otherwhere, man dear, an' may the best of good luck go with you."

McGrath, whose gaze had been bent upon the ground, while Hartigan talked on, now looked up, meeting the older man's twinkling blue eyes with such a depth of dogged

determination in his own deep-set brown ones, that Andy mechanically took his pipe from his mouth and stared at him in startled surprise.

"I'm not as young as I might be, certainly, Andrew Hartigan," he said, slowly and bitterly, "and that's a fact hard to swallow—under present circumstances. And 'tis true, too, that I have left it late in the day to look for a wife, but you know well enough, and to spare, how that came to pass! Who was it but yourself pointed out to me, years back, what my duty was to the old people, and one tied to his chair for life that was but a living death? And if the hour has come when I'm free to think for myself at last, it is you would be wanting—to hinder me, and yet let a Trevanion pass the time of day with your daughter as often as it pleases his high-and-mightiness to pull up his horse, and she in the paddocks gathering flowers. I may not be as young and good-looking as he is, Andrew Hartigan, but I'd guarantee you peace of mind had I the legal right to be looking after the girl, who is a child no longer in any other man's eyes but your own."

And then, as if sorry he had said so much to his companion, Dan, jamming his old felt hat closer down on his thick dark hair, faced the breeze from the hills with a gruff good-bye to Hartigan.

But his departure, desired before, did not now suit Andy, who laid a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"Steady man, Danny, steady! It's well yourself knows I'll have none of old Mark Trevanion's sons fooling away the time of any daughter of mine. Much good a Trevanion would mean to a Hartigan, an' myself an' the old man at daggers drawn this many a long day past! I give you leave to stand between the likes of any of that lot of young blackguards and my girl, morn, noon, or night, an' my blessing with it! But that's not giving you leave to moither the girl

with attentions that may turn her against you entirely. There's always a welcome when you come to the door, and a dish of tea when you feel inclined, but don't tie up the horse too often, for young hearts soon tire. Take that tip from me, an' you'll find it a good one, McGrath. So long."

"So long," said the other, a sudden smile brightening his face and rejuvenating it wonderfully.

Andrew Hartigan watched him until he was hidden from sight by the trees of his own orchard, noting for the first time in their mutual acquaintanceship the proud and independent carriage of the man's sturdy figure.

"There's real sperrit in the broad shoulders of him," he mused, approvingly, "an' by the same token, 'twas the obstinate divil of a sperrit that looked out of the clear eyes of him ten minyits ago! He won't be easy daunted, more power to him. The girl might do worse than have him as a husband, and he with a nice tidy place of his own, and his cattle the best in the market. But, isha, what is Nan but a childeen in her heart for all her eighteen years?"

At that very moment the childeen came into sight—Anna Grace by baptism, but "pretty Nan" Hartigan by general consent of the inhabitants of picturesque Yerraberra, of pastoral fame.

Andy's "bluebell bit of a girsha," as he was fond of terming her, had more of the rosebud about her than the fragile wildflower of the hills.

Pink-cheeked, hazel-eyed, red-lipped, her soft masses of hair one burnished glow in the summer light, her slender figure all grace and vivacity, she was as fair a vision as the heart of man could desire to see on this old earth of ours.

With a sudden pang, Andy realised at last, now that his fond father's eyes had been opened by his friend McGrath, that the days of Nan's happy childhood were indeed over, and that her feet had crossed the borderland and reached