

**ANDRE
HARVEY'S WIFE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649053292

Andre Harvey's Wife by L. T. Meade

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

L. T. MEADE

**ANDRE
HARVEY'S WIFE**



"Happy dreams were visiting her."—Page 11.

ANDREW HARVEY'S
WIFE

BY

L. T. MEADE

AUTHOR OF "A DWELLER IN TENTS," "MOU-SETSE,"
"SCAMP AND I," ETC., ETC.



LONDON
WM. ISBISTER, LIMITED
56, LUDGATE HILL

1880

251. g. 166.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.,
PRINTERS,
69 & 70, DEAN STREET, SOHO, LONDON (W.)

CONTENTS.

	CHAPTER I.	PAGE
UNDER A LAMP-POST		I
	CHAPTER II.	
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.		3
	CHAPTER III.	
JOHN MORGAN		10
	CHAPTER IV.	
HER OWN PEOPLE.		18
	CHAPTER V.	
WHAT HARVEY THOUGHT OF NESTER'S PEOPLE		30
	CHAPTER VI.	
SIR ANDREW HARVEY		37
	CHAPTER VII.	
NESTER'S CASTLE IN THE AIR		42
	CHAPTER VIII.	
THE STORY OF THE CHILDREN'S HOUR		53
	CHAPTER IX.	
AN INVITATION TO ALICE		61
	CHAPTER X.	
HOW ALICE SANG "MY QUEEN"		67
	CHAPTER XI.	
THE LITTLE RIFT		76
	CHAPTER XII.	
A FALSE STEP		81
	CHAPTER XIII.	
ITS IMMEDIATE RESULT		86
	CHAPTER XIV.	
SIR ANDREW'S RESOLVE		94
	CHAPTER XV.	
SIR ANDREW'S COUNSEL		100

	CHAPTER XVI.	PAGE
BLUE SKIES		114
	CHAPTER XVII.	
CLOUDY SKIES		117
	CHAPTER XVIII.	
A PROMISE		122
	CHAPTER XIX.	
WHAT IT INVOLVED		130
	CHAPTER XX.	
"WHAT MADE ALL THE MUSIC MUTE"		140
	CHAPTER XXI.	
MOTHER AND CHILD		147
	CHAPTER XXII.	
THE YEARS THAT WERE GONE		151
	CHAPTER XXIII.	
THE YEARS THAT WERE GONE (<i>continued</i>)		158
	CHAPTER XXIV.	
HESTER'S BOY		163
	CHAPTER XXV.	
LITTLE ANDREW WON'T PROMISE		171
	CHAPTER XXVI.	
AMERICAN PONIES		177
	CHAPTER XXVII.	
HOW THE DEVIL CAN TEMPT A MAN		184
	CHAPTER XXVIII.	
"THE BETTER LAND"		192
	CHAPTER XXIX.	
"I HEAR THREE SPEAK OF A BETTER LAND"		195
	CHAPTER XXX.	
HER OWN PEOPLE		202
	CHAPTER XXXI.	
IN THE THICK DARKNESS		206
	CHAPTER XXXII.	
A LETTER AND ITS STORY		209
	CHAPTER XXXIII.	
BY THE SEA		218
	CHAPTER XXXIV.	
WAVES THAT BEAT ON THE BETTER LAND		222



ANDREW HARVEY'S WIFE.



CHAPTER I.

UNDER A LAMP-POST.

CERTAINLY the night was a wretched one; rain fell, not in clean, refreshing showers, but in a cold, drizzling mist. Accompanying the mist was a fog—a London fog. The hour was eight o'clock, the month November. Such being the night, those who were out in it, exposed to its discomforts, had a certain right to the misery they wore in their faces. Thinly clad women looked a shade thinner than usual; pale faces, as they were reflected in the gas-lamps, appeared ghastly; oaths and foul language, coming in muffled tones through the fog, sounded horrible, and the bitter cry of pain and want rang cruelly through the night air. But there are circumstances when even a London fog will not depress, and there are moments when the sun (metaphorically speaking) will shine, even though the hour be a late evening hour and the month November.

Yes, the night was a wretched one; but there were two people out in it, quite impervious to its miseries.

A man and a woman stood under a lamp-post, at the corner of a long, quiet street. The place where they stood was nearly deserted, and the fog settled round them gloomily; but they noticed neither the gloom nor the stillness; they stood under one umbrella, and the man held the woman's left hand very firmly in his right. As I said the sun of happiness will shine, whatever the state of the weather, and it was blessing this pair now with a thousand glittering rays. The two faces, the one looking up, the other down, were young, handsome, radiant.

"It is all settled, then, Hester," said the man, "and I will call to-morrow night."

"Yes," she answered.

"Good night; farewell till then," he said, not kissing her, but pressing the hand he still held a trifle more firmly; then they parted, he hurrying Citywards, she hastening down the humble street where was her home.

