

**MRS. ANNIE GREEN:  
A ROMANCE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649328307

Mrs. Annie Green: a romance by Opie P. Read

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)

**OPIE P. READ**

**MRS. ANNIE GREEN:  
A ROMANCE**



# Mrs. Annie Green

*A Romance*

By  
Opie P. Read.



UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA

Chicago and New York:  
Rand, McNally & Company,  
Publishers.

955  
R284  
mis

---

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY RAND, McNALLY & Co.

---

Little Green

TO VINU  
AIRFOULIAO

MRS. ANNIE GREEN.

---

CHAPTER I.

We were all perplexed, I especially. I have never had the patience to find pleasure in the contemplation of a mysterious person; and, when a woman—I say woman, for I never bother myself at all about a man—assumes an air of mystery, I can not help but feel that she owes me an explanation, if not an apology. I don't suppose that this will be read by very many people who have heard of me, for the better part of my life has been spent in the editorial rooms of a large daily newspaper. I am James Cardison Barker, the man who wrote many articles

(s)

M130308

for which Colonel Henry Brown, editor of a great paper, received credit. I had taken, as newspaper men always say, a much-needed and well-earned "lay-off," and was spending my time at Blue Rock Springs, an out-of-the-way summer resort. Shortly after my arrival, there came a woman about whom, I soon discovered, there was an air of mystery. Her name was Mrs. Annie Green, the wife—so our landlord informed me—of old S. H. Green, the millionaire. There were very few boarders at the Blue Rock House, and I soon received an introduction to Mrs. Green. She bowed, with overwrought unconcern, and, laconically answering a question, turned and left me. That evening, when I entered the parlor where Mrs. Green and several young ladies were singing, Mrs. Green arose and left the room. I was annoyed. She was not so



pretty that she should hide her beauty. At the supper table I sat near her.

"Delightful weather we are having," said I. She made no reply, did not even raise her eyes. One of the boarders, known as Clam Benson, snorted, and an impertinent boy, noticing my embarrassment, said:

"Yes; it's good weather now, but it rained yesterday."

After supper, while I was sitting on a bench, smoking a cigar, Benson joined me, and said:

"That Mrs. Green is a queer piece."

"Yes," I answered, "and she carries her queerness to the outer boundary line of politeness."

"She needn't be so skittish," Benson said. "I met her down at the spring this morning, and offered to hand her a dipper of water, but she declined the courtesy;

then, when I had put down the dipper, she took it up and waited on herself. So far as I am concerned, she may take care of herself."

"Which she seems disposed to do," I rejoined.

"What is your idea of her?" Benson asked.

"I hardly know. It can not be that she is deficient in good breeding, nor can it be that she is naturally shy."

"No; and that's why I think there's something wrong about her."

"I don't suppose that it is any of our business," said I, "but I must confess that she annoys me. Probably, if she had shown a disposition to cultivate my acquaintance, I should have thought nothing of her."

I could not keep my mind off the woman. She was very young. Her eyes—

I had once got a good look at them—were brown, soft, and full of expression. At night, as I lay in bed, her face came up before me. "Confound the woman!" I muttered, as I turned over and tried to sleep. At breakfast, the next morning, I sat opposite Mrs. Green. She was talking as I approached the table, but, when I sat down, she ceased to speak. Again I caught sight of her eyes. She blushed, I thought.

"What a fool I am," I mused, as I strolled along the mountain side. "Why do I allow that woman, a married woman, to disturb me? I have lost patience with her." A comforting reflection, surely. What cared she whether or not I had lost patience with her? When I returned to the house, I saw her playing with several children. She laughed gleefully, and I thought that I had never before heard