

**GOLD AND
INCENSE: A WEST
COUNTRY STORY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649398317

Gold and Incense: A West Country Story by Mark Guy Pearse

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.

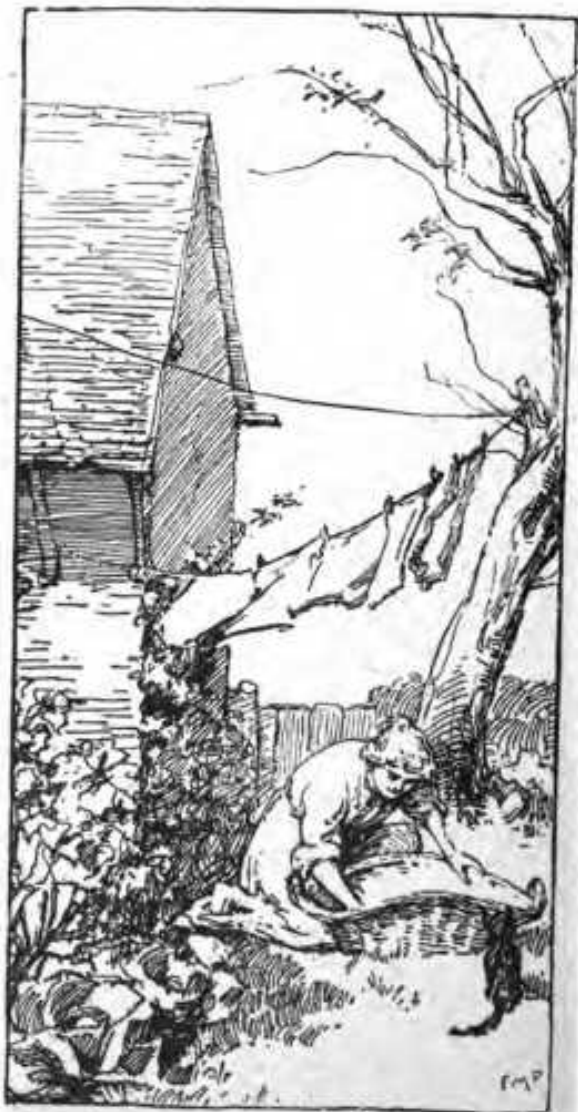
Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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

MARK GUY PEARSE

**GOLD AND
INCENSE: A WEST
COUNTRY STORY**



GOLD AND INCENSE

A WEST COUNTRY
STORY

BY

MARK GUY PEARSE

AUTHOR OF "DANIEL QUORN AND HIS RE-
LIGIOUS NOTIONS," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. MABELLE PEARSE



NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON
CINCINNATI: CRANSTON & CURTIS
LONDON: HORACE MARSHALL & SON
MDCCCXCV

It may add to the interest of my story if I state that it is perfectly true.

GOLD AND INCENSE:

A West Country Story.

CHAPTER I.

DO think it is Jennifer Petch of whom I am going to tell—little Jennifer. How she would laugh if she only knew of it, that shrill, silvery laugh of hers. It was her great gift. Jennifer was a philosopher in the matter of laughing; and philosophy is mostly a matter of knowing how to laugh and when.

And the village itself would wonder almost as

Gold and Incense

much as Jennifer herself,
for very few of them could
see anything to write
about in her. Vil-



lage people do
not see much in
what they see al-
ways, and Jen-
nifer had lived
among them all her days.
There was a time when
some of the younger folks
thought they owed her
a little bit of a grudge.
For Sam Petch was the tall-
est, and straightest, and
handsomest of the village
lads; and the maidens who

Gold and Incense

strolled down the lane on a summer's evening would go home with fluttering hearts and delicious dreams if Sam had chanced to come that way, as somehow he generally did; and if he had loitered laughing with them in the lane, as he never minded doing.

There was Phyllis, light of hair and blue of eye, light of step and light of heart, and light of hand, as her butter showed—not one of the lads had any chance with her so long as Sam was free.

There was Chloe, she of the loose sunbonnet, with gypsy face and gypsy eyes, who handled the rake so daintily, and drew the sweet