

**THE GYPSY
BREYNTON SERIES:
GYPSY BREYNTON**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649598335

The Gypsy Breynton Series: Gypsy Breynton by E. Stuart Phelps

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

E. STUART PHELPS


**THE GYPSY
BREYNTON SERIES:
GYPSY BREYNTON**

THE GYPSY SERIES.

GYPSY BREYNTON.

E. STUART (PHELPS)

NEW YORK:
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.



ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1866, BY
GRAVES & YOUNG, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE FOR THE
DISTRICT COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS,

COPYRIGHT, 1894,
BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

GYPSY BREYNTON.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH INTRODUCES HER

“**G**YPSY BREYNTON. Hon. Gypsy Breynton, Esq., M. A., D. D., LL. D., &c., &c. Gypsy Breynton, R. R.”

Tom was very proud of his handwriting. It was black and business-like, round and rolling and readable, and drowned in a deluge of hair-line flourishes, with little black curves in the middle of them. It had been acquired in the book-keeping class of Yorkbury high school, and had taken a prize at the end of the summer term. And therefore did Tom lean back in his chair, and survey, with

intense satisfaction, the great sheet of sermon-paper which was covered with his scrawlings.

Tom was a handsome fellow, if he did look very well pleased with himself at that particular moment. His curly hair was black and bright, and brushed off from a full forehead, and what with that faint, dark line of moustache just visible above his lips, and that irresistible twinkle to his great merry eyes, it is no wonder Gypsy was proud of him, as indeed she certainly was, nor did she hesitate to tell him so twenty times a day. This was a treatment of which Tom decidedly approved. Exactly how beneficial it was to the growth within him of modesty, self-forgetfulness, and the passive virtues generally, is another question.

The room in which Tom was sitting might have been exhibited with profit by Mr. Baruum, as a legitimate relic of that chaos and

Old Night, which the poets tell us was dispelled by the light of this order-loving creation.

It had a bed in it, as well as several chairs and a carpet, but it required considerable search to discover them, for the billows of feminine drapery that were piled upon them. Three dresses, — Tom counted, to make sure, — one on the bedpost, one rolled up in a heap on the floor where it had fallen, and one spread out on the counterpane, with benzine on it. What with kerosene oil, candle-drippings, and mugs of milk, Gypsy managed to keep one dress under the benzine treatment all the time; it was an established institution, and had long ago ceased to arouse remark, even from Tom. There was also a cloak upon one chair, and a crocheted cape tied by the tassels on another. There was a white tippet hanging on the stove-pipe. There was a handbox up in one corner with a pretty hat lying on

the outside, its long, light feather catching the dust; it was three days now since Sunday. There were also two pairs of shoes, one pair of rubbers, and one slipper under the bed; the other slipper lay directly in the middle of the room. Then the wardrobe door was wide open, — it was too full to stay shut, — upon a sight which, I think, even Gypsy would hardly want put into print. White skirts and dressing-sacks; winter hoods that ought to have been put up in camphor long ago; aprons hung up by the trimming; a calico dress that yawned mournfully out of a twelve-inch tear in the skirt; a pile of stockings that had waited long, and were likely to wait longer, for darning; some rubber-boots and a hatchet.

The bureau drawers, Tom observed, were tightly shut, — probably for very good reasons. The table, at which he sat, was a curiosity to the speculative mind. The cloth

was two thirds off, and slipping, by a very gradual process, to the floor. On the remaining third stood an inkstand and a bottle of mucilage, as well as a huge pile of books, a glass tumbler, a Parian vase, a jack-knife, a pair of scissors, a thimble, two spools of thread, a small kite, and a riding-whip. The rest of the table had been left free to draw a map on, and was covered with pencils and rubber; compasses, paper, and torn geography leaves.

There were several pretty pictures on the walls, but they were all hung crookedly; the curtain at the window was unlooped, and you could write your name anywhere in the dust that covered mantle, stove, and furniture.

And this was Gypsy's room.

Tom had spent a longer time in looking at it than I have taken to tell about it, and when he was through looking he did one of those things that big brothers of sixteen long