

REST AND UNREST

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Rest and unrest by Edward Thomas

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EDWARD THOMAS

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AND UNREST**

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By

Edward Thomas

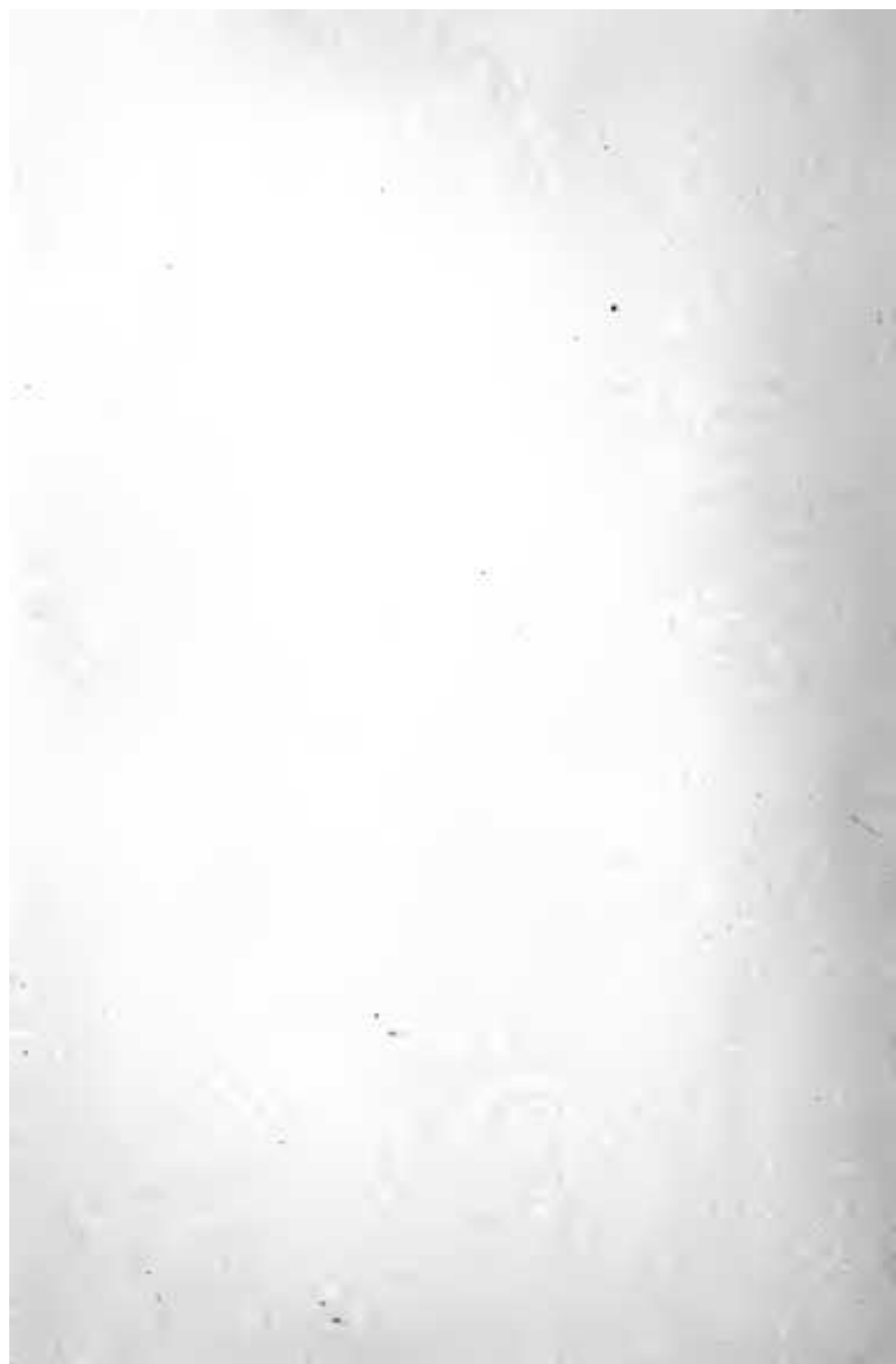


London

Duckworth & Co.

3 Henrietta Street, W.C.

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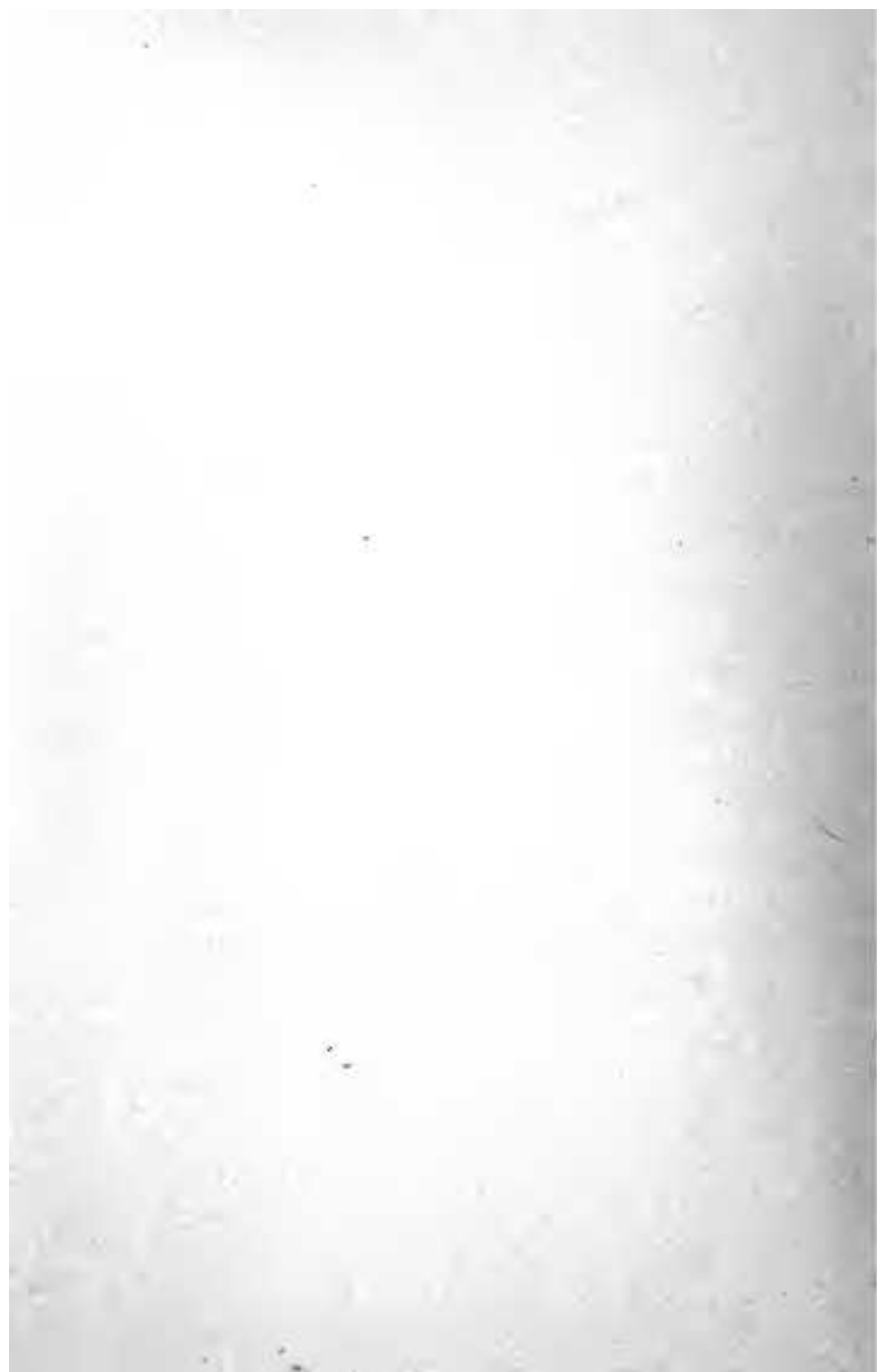
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The First of Spring

ALICE LACKING had reached an age when already one man had confided in her his admiration for one of her friends scarcely younger than herself, one of those friends who already called her a dear old thing. In comment she allowed herself one of those faintly twitching smiles which seems to most people exquisitely tender, resigned, and sweet. Though but thirty-one years old she was one of the goddesses of twilight, pensive—restful—dim; at least, she gave others rest. She was tall but stooped; her hair was black and noticeable only for its sharp edge against her pale face, which was bony and a little askew; her dark eyes were ardent, and constantly rebelling against the tired expression which her white eyelids tended to give by slipping down. She talked little, but most of all