

# **PATTY THORNE'S ADVENTURES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649668472

Patty Thorne's Adventures by Mrs. H. B. Paull

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

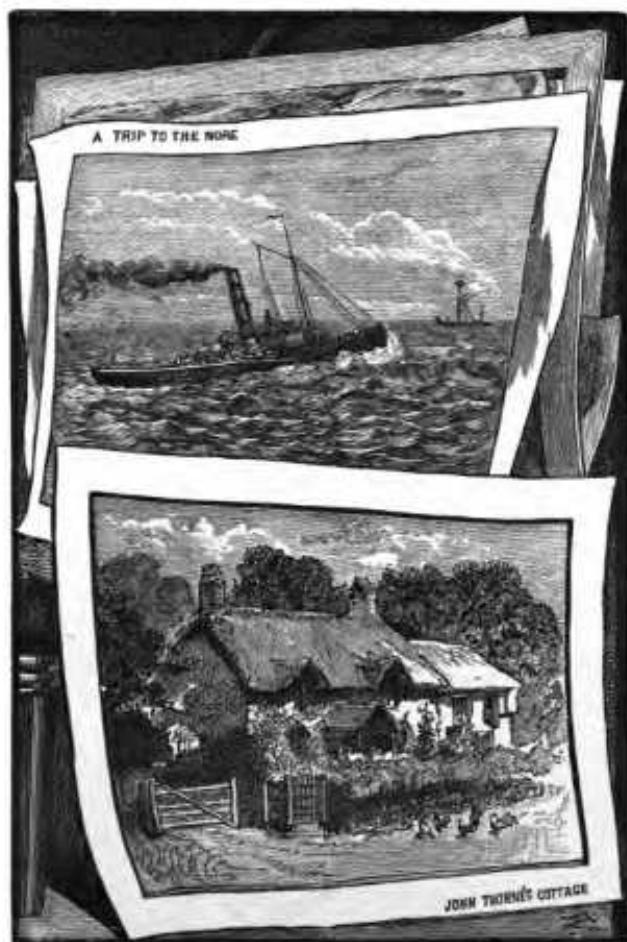
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**MRS. H. B. PAULL**

**PATTY THORNE'S  
ADVENTURES**





A TRIP TO THE NORTH

JOHN THORNE'S COTTAGE

# PATTY THORNE'S ADVENTURES.

BY

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'MINATOO; OR, LITTLE FRANK'S BEARDS,' ETC.

LONDON:

T. WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.;  
AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1885.

2537. e. 55.



MORRISON AND GINN, EDINBURGH,  
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.



## CONTENTS.

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CHAP.	PAGE
I. PATTY AND HER FATHER . . . . .	7
II. FRED'S NEW JACKET . . . . .	16
III. WHAT HAS HAPPENED ! . . . . .	25
IV. A SAD MISTAKE . . . . .	34
V. THE MIDNIGHT BOAT RACE . . . . .	41
VI. SIR EDWARD HEARS SAD NEWS . . . . .	54
VII. THE NEW LANDLORD . . . . .	63
VIII. PATTY'S NEW HOME . . . . .	78
IX. A LETTER FROM PARIS . . . . .	91
X. THE DREADFUL ROOM . . . . .	101
XI. MADAME CHRISTOPHE . . . . .	115
XII. POOR LITTLE FANNY . . . . .	126
XIII. LADY WENTWORTH . . . . .	136
XIV. THE TWO DESKS . . . . .	148






## PATTY THORNE'S ADVENTURES.



### CHAPTER I.

#### PATTY AND HER FATHER.

 MOTHER, do you think it will be fine to-morrow?' And as she spoke, a bright, rosy girl of ten bounded out through the little garden, and stood for a few moments at the gate, looking up into the blue sky, as if she expected to find there an answer to her inquiry.

'Are you looking for clouds, Patty?' said a pleasant voice at her side; 'the haymakers might perhaps be glad of one or two by and by.'

'O mother, I do hope, if the clouds are coming at all, that they will come to-day instead of to-morrow, so that it may be fine for our treat.'

## 8 *PATTY THORNE'S ADVENTURES.*

'I hope so too, Patty,' replied Mrs. Thorne; and then, placing her arm round her child's shoulders, she added, 'Looking for clouds will not keep them away; and, besides, breakfast is ready, so come in at once, for I shall want you to stay with your dear father while I go to market this morning; you know he cannot be left alone.'

The bright, rosy face became clouded at these words, and Patty seated herself at the homely table and ate her breakfast in silence. Although the blue sky on this June morning might be cloudless, yet a heavier cloud hung over the dwellers in that pretty rustic cottage. John Thorne, the husband and father, was dying of consumption; his dear wife had only for a few moments thrown off the gloom, which not even the lovely summer weather could disperse, to sympathize with her child's delighted anticipation of a happy day on the morrow. Patty too well understood that at her father's death she would be fatherless and her mother a widow; but, with the hopefulness of childhood, she soon threw off the dread of his death, as an event not perhaps likely to happen yet, especially while the weather continued so fine and warm. She was also happy in the knowledge that on this summer day her father appeared much better; and when her mother started on her marketing expedition, she had

perfect confidence in her child's careful attention to the father so dearly loved.

Perhaps a more worthy specimen of an honest, industrious working man did not exist within twenty miles of the village of Prittlewell, in Essex, than John Thorne. His wife also, in their humble cottage home, merited in every respect to be ranked among the number of Solomon's notable women. For many years of their married life John and Sarah Thorne had known few sorrows, save the loss of three infant children. Patty was now their only child, and had been trained and cherished with the tenderest care; perhaps a little too much indulged, especially by her father, whose devoted love she returned with all the warmth of her loving heart.

At the time of his marriage with Sarah Martin, John Thorne had been under-gardener on the estate of Sir Edward Wentworth, who owned a beautiful seat not far from the village of Prittlewell, and near the flourishing town of Southend-on-Sea, now becoming a seaside watering-place of some celebrity. Sir Edward greatly valued the services of his honest, upright, and industrious gardener; and, when John married, he not only increased his wages, but gave the young people a pretty white cottage on his estate, and several useful articles of furniture. Sarah, who