MADGE O' THE POOL. THE GYPSY CHRIST AND OTHER TALES

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Madge O' the Pool. The Gypsy Christ and Other Tales by William Sharp

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WILLIAM SHARP

MADGE O' THE POOL. THE GYPSY CHRIST AND OTHER TALES

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Madge o' the Pool The Gypsy Christ

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AND OTHER TALES

BY

WILLIAM SHARP

Westminster

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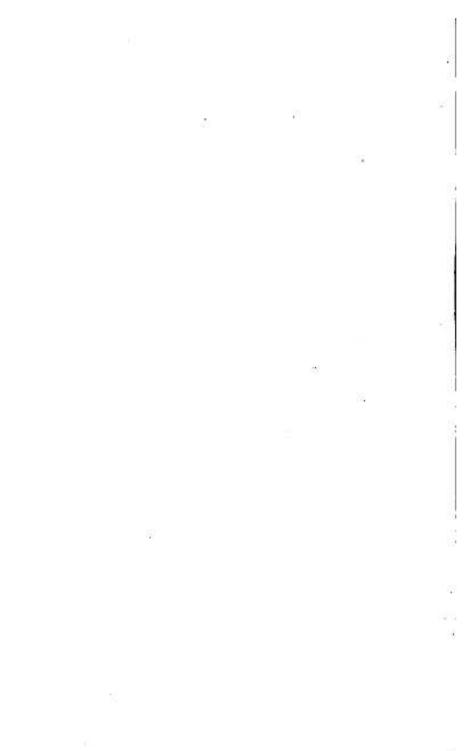
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A THAMES ETCHING

I

WHEN the January fog hangs heavy upon London it comes down upon the Pool as though it were sluiced there like a drain, or as a mass of garbage shot over a declivity in a waste place. The Pool is not a lovely spot in winter, though it has a beauty of its own on the rare days when the sun shines in an unclouded frosty sky, or when a north-wester comes down from the distant heights of Highgate and Hampstead, and slaps the incoming tide with short splashes of waves washed up by the downward current, till the whole reach of the Thames thereabouts is a jumble of blue and white and of gleaming if dirty greys and greens. On midwinter nights, too, when the moon has swung up out of the smoke, like a huge fire-balloon adrift from the Lambeth furnaces, and when the stars glint like