

**THE WOMAN
IN THE BAZAAR**

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The woman in the bazaar by Alice Perrin

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ALICE PERRIN

**THE WOMAN
IN THE BAZAAR**

THE WOMAN IN THE BAZAAR

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

The Happy Hunting Ground

The Anglo-Indians

The Charm

Idolatry

A Free Solitude

The Waters of Destruction

Red Records

East of Suez

Late in Life

The Spell of the Jungle



14. The woman in the picture is the famous dancer, Dewar Mills, who is the only woman in the world who has danced in the city of London.

The Woman in the Bazaar

BY
ALICE PERRIN

WITH A FRONTISPIECE BY
J. DEWAR MILLS

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London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne

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THE WOMAN IN THE BAZAAR

CHAPTER I

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER

SUMMER-TIME at Under-edge compensated, in a measure, for the trials and severities of winter—for winter could be grim and cruel in the isolated little Cotswold village approached by roads that were almost perpendicular. Why such a spot should ever have been fixed upon for human habitation seemed difficult to comprehend, save that in old and dangerous days its very inaccessibility may have been its chief attraction; most of the villagers were descendants of gypsies, outlaws, and highwaymen. Now, at the close of the nineteenth century, no one, unless held by custom and tradition, or by lack of means, remained permanently at Under-edge; for communication with the world in the valley below was still conducted by carrier, postal arrangements were awkward and uncertain, water very often scarce, and existence

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during winter-time a long-drawn period of bleak and hard monotony.

But when the vast fields, bounded by rough stone walls, grew green and luscious, and the oaks put forth new foliage the colour of a young pea-pod, and the elm trunks sprouted feathery sprays that likened the trees to gigantic Houdan fowls, life in Under-edge became at least endurable. Even the dilapidated vicarage looked charming, wistaria draping the old walls in mauve cascades, and white montana creeper heaped above the porch; roses and passion flower climbed and clung to broken trellis-work, and outside the dining-room window the magnolia tree, planted by a former vicar many years ago, filled the air with lemon scent from waxen cups. Though the garden was unkempt, the grass so seldom mown, and the path unweeded, hardy perennials brightened the neglected flower-beds, and lilac, syringa, laburnum, flourished in sweet luxuriance. It was a paradise for birds, whose trilling echoed clear from dawn to sunset in this safe retreat.

Rafella Forte, the vicar's daughter, came out of the house this summer morning in a blue cotton frock that matched her eyes, wearing no hat on her yellow head. A coarse market basket was slung on her arm, and she carried a light pronged fork, since her object was not to cut flowers for