

**ROSE HARTLEY, AND
HER CHRISTMAS
WAYMARKS**

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Rose Hartley, and Her Christmas Waymarks by Christian Redford

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CHRISTIAN REDFORD

**ROSE HARTLEY, AND
HER CHRISTMAS
WAYMARKS**



" 'This is our sister Rose, Mr. Markwell,' said Eliza, with no little pride."—Page 9.

ROSE HARTLEY,
AND
HER CHRISTMAS WAYMARKS.

A Tale for Girls Teaching School.

BY
CHRISTIAN REDFORD,
AUTHOR OF "THE KINGDOM," ETC.

Written after reading Mr. Edward Whymper's "Scrambles Amongst the Alps," and A. L. O. E.'s "Crown of Success."

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

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ROSE HARTLEY.

CHAPTER I.

GOOD-BYE TO SCHOOL-DAYS.

"YES, Miss Sayce."

"And you will not forget, dear?—or give up at the first feeling of distaste which comes over you?"

"No, certainly not, Miss Sayce."

"You have been under my care in so many ways, and for so many years, your dear mother having died when you were such a child," the lady went on, half musingly, as it seemed, "that I cannot help taking a more than usual interest in you; and especially also as your father and two stepsisters appear to look upon you as a plaything rather than a re-

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sponsible being to be fitted for the duties of life."

The young girl looked up, smiling brightly.

"Eliza and Ann are both so much older than I am, you see, Miss Sayce."

"Yes. Well, good-bye, my dear. You will come and see me sometimes?"

"Oh yes, Miss Sayce."

And then Rose tripped lightly over the way home. She was very fond of Miss Sayce and of her schoolfellows; but just now joy at the freedom that was to be hers was the predominating feeling.

School *had* been, in a sense, all in all to her—her little world. What "the girls" thought, and said, and did, had hitherto been all-important; and "Miss Sayce" was her oracle, quoted on all occasions. But now this crude state of things had at length arrived at a conclusion, and—

"How delightful!" was Miss Rose's comment.

It was a cold day. She soon reached home, and throwing her books and portfolio of music

on to one chair, and her hat and cloak and muff into another, she seated herself at the table ready for tea.

Her sisters, Eliza and Ann, were both there before her. They were staid ladies on the shady side of forty, being the daughters of Mr. Hartley's first wife by a former marriage, so that Rose and they were only sisters by courtesy.

"I shall never have to start out on wet, disagreeable mornings to go to *school* again! Or give up delightful parties or invitations for stupid lessons!" exclaimed Rose, eyeing Eliza, who was meanwhile making the tea; and presently looking at Ann, who was cutting some slices of thin bread-and-butter—"I shall not want any bread-and-butter, you know, Ann. You said I should have as much cake as I liked to-night."

"Oh, very well!" smiled Ann. "And how do you feel, Rose? Not *quite* wild, I hope?"

"No, but very nearly;" laughed Rose. And then she drew herself up suddenly, and added, with a demure little shake of her head,—“But I