

**RALPH DENHAM'S  
ADVENTURES IN  
BURMA: A TALE OF  
THE BURMESE JUNGLE**

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Ralph Denham's adventures in Burma: a tale of the Burmese jungle by G. Norway

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**G. NORWAY**

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A groan burst from the white lips of the men as the seething ruin that had been their home for so many weeks disappeared slowly from view (*p.* 43).

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*A TALE OF THE BURMESE JUNGLE*

BY  
G. NORWAY

AUTHOR OF "TREGARTHEN," "A DANGEROUS CONSPIRATOR,"  
"LOSS OF JOHN HUMBLE," ETC.



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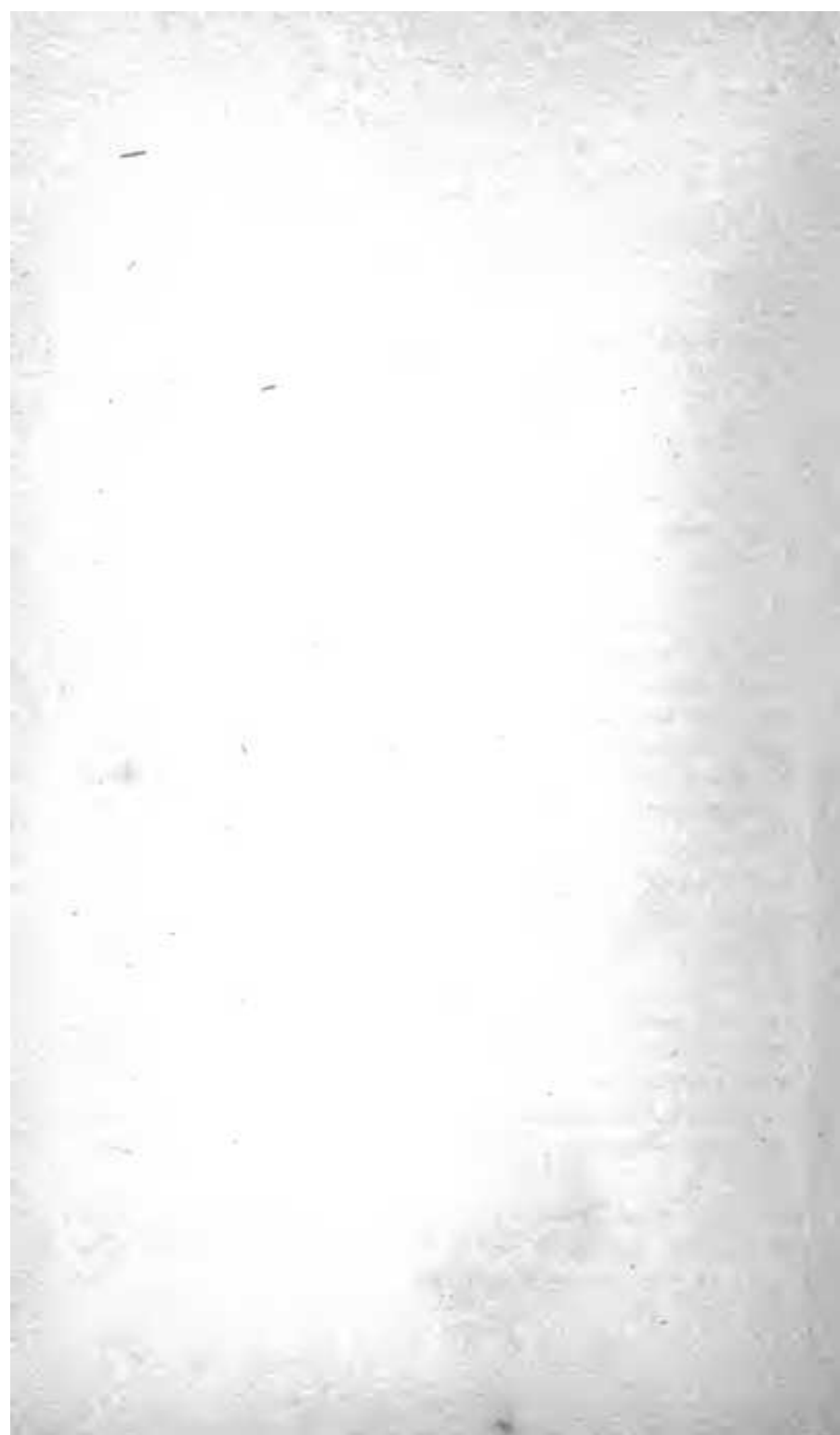
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# RALPH DENHAM'S ADVENTURES IN BURMA

## CHAPTER I

### RALPH STARTS UPON HIS VOYAGE

Mrs. DENHAM sat in her parlour, a two years old baby boy asleep upon her lap, and an anxious, mournful expression upon her face. She wore the dress of a widow,—a dress so new in its folds that it was evidently but a short time since the Dread Messenger had paused at her threshold to bear away its master and bread-winner.

The room was a shabby one; the fire but a handful of dusty ashes; rain fell without in the dreary street; it was growing dusk, and a soul-depressing cry of "Want chee-e-ep? Do ye want chee-c-eps?" arose ever and anon, as the ragged Irish chip boy wandered up and down.

It was a street of cheap houses in the suburbs of Liverpool, where the misery of poor gentility is perhaps more without alloy than in any other town.

But the door burst open, and a bright-faced, rosy, blue-eyed boy entered, with the freshness of out-of-doors upon him.

"All alone, mother?" said he. "Where's Agnes? Where are the little ones? Why, what a scurvy fire you have! let me cheer it up a little."

He began piling lumps of coal upon the embers in a scientific manner, to which a blaze quickly responded; when he swept up the hearth, and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction as he bent to kiss his mother's face.

"It requires a man to make up a fire," said he. "Where are all the others?"

"Agnes is giving the little ones their tea in the kitchen," replied Mrs. Denham. "I asked her to keep them out of the way for a while, because I want to talk to you, Ralph dear."

"All right, mother mine, fire away," said the boy, throwing himself down on the hearthrug, and resting one arm upon her knee.

"Ralph dear," resumed she, "your uncle Sam has come home; he has been here this afternoon."

"Uncle Sam? How jolly! When did the *Pelican* come in, mother? I did not know that she was even off Holy-head."

"The *Pelican* was docked last night, dear, upon the evening tide," said she; "and your uncle has been here a long time this afternoon."

"Was he not very sorry to hear about father?" asked Ralph in a low voice.

"Yes, dear; but he was prepared for the news by my last letter. He is a very kind brother; he has been giving my affairs his careful consideration all the way home, and has already offered some prospect of help; but this depends upon you, Ralph."

"Upon me, mother? I would be so proud to help. You may reckon upon me; but what can I do?"

"What it is a bitter pill for me to swallow, my boy, yet it would be such a help that I do not know how to refuse it."

"What is it, mother?"