

**A BUSINESS VENTURE
IN LOS ANGELES; OR,
A CHRISTIAN OPTIMIST**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649034574

A Business Venture in Los Angeles; Or, A Christian Optimist by Z. Z.

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

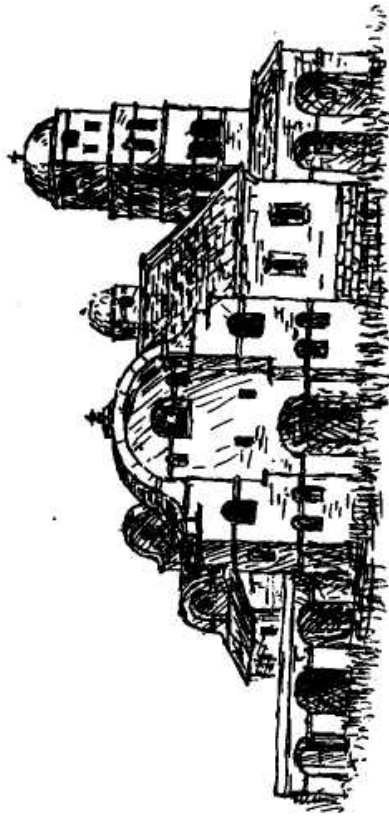
Z. Z.

**A BUSINESS VENTURE
IN LOS ANGELES; OR,
A CHRISTIAN OPTIMIST**

A Business Venture in Los Angeles

or

A Christian Optimist



OLD CALIFORNIA MISSION (RESTORED)

A Business Venture
In Los Angeles

or

A Christian Optimist

BY

Z. Z.

Illustrated by

PHILIP HUBERT FROHMAN

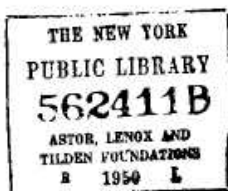


CINCINNATI

THE ROBERT CLARKE COMPANY

1899

MRB



COPYRIGHT, 1899,

BY

THE ROBERT CLARKE COMPANY.

A Business Venture in Los Angeles;

OR,

A CHRISTIAN OPTIMIST.

CHAPTER I.

"I really can not see what we are to do," remarked Gladys Grayston, as she helped her sister to clear away the few dishes they had used for their luncheon. "I have not the slightest idea of what is to become of us."

She spoke in her usual calm, dignified manner, as though she might have been commenting upon the state of the weather.

"Neither have I," assented Edna, in a doleful tone, contrasting strangely with her rosy, smiling countenance.

Then, their work ended, both seated themselves—Gladys with an unopened book in hand, Edna near the window, out of which she glanced idly from time to time.

The sisters were living in a room on the first floor of a modest-looking two-story house in the city of Los Angeles. Upon a small plot directly in front of their window, partially hiding the street from view, was a palm tree, while opposite it, upon a similar grass plot, stood an evergreen whose spreading branches

nearly reached the ground. About a dozen Calla lilies reared their snowy heads in a narrow bed, where a few other plants were struggling against the combined influences of too much shade and too little water. The day was an ideal one in early November.

"If only," continued Gladys, musingly, "we had been brought up to do any one thing thoroughly—in fact, if we had had the progressive style of training of the present day! I used to think how lovely it was for a woman to have an all-around sort of education; to combine in one—to a moderate degree, of course—author, artist, musician, linguist, etc., together with all the grace and elegance necessary to adorn the whole. But now—"

"Behold the finished result!" Edna laughingly interrupted, as she pointed to her sister.

"Yes," Gladys coolly replied; "Eudora and I are pretty fair specimens of that style of training—as far as it went! You were not old enough to progress very—"

"And never would, if I lived to the age of Methuselah," again interrupted Edna.

"You are probably right, Ducksie; I really think you never would. But, behold the result, as you say. We are absolutely useless, as far as anything practical is concerned. Matters might have been different if our dear mother had lived to direct our education; but Mademoiselle was hardly capable of developing the qualities necessary for battling against the storms of life. We are admirably adapted for basking in the sunshine; the trouble is, the sun is not always shining, as we have been rapidly finding out of late. Of

course if—if everything had gone on smoothly, we should have had no necessity for struggling. As matters are, a more practical training would find us in an entirely different position."

Tears filled Edna's eyes.

"O, Gladys, it sounds as if you were blaming dear father, and I am sure he did his very best for us. It was not his fault that we are left with only a few hundreds of dollars instead of some hundreds of thousands, as would have been the case if he had not died so suddenly"—sobs choked her voice.

"Of course it was not his fault," replied Gladys, in the cold tone peculiar to her when annoyed. "No one dreams of accusing him of such a thing, Edna. I do beg of you occasionally to rein in that lively imagination of yours. He had us educated in precisely the manner in which his own sister was educated; and he always considered her a model of all that was admirable in woman."

"Well, Aunt Julia *is* lovely," returned Edna, who had already recovered her composure. "Just as sweet and charming as can be."

"Certainly, Edna. No one disputes that fact. But if, for example, she were suddenly placed in the position we are in, she is not one particle better fitted to make her way through life than we are. By the bye, I wonder whether our letters ever reached them, traveling about, as they do, in such outlandish places. Even allowing for delay, we surely ought to have received an answer by this time. Poor Eudora! What a shock to her! I am glad her year of foreign travel was nearly over before this sorrow came."