# FORGE AND FURNACE: A NOYEL

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Forge and Furnace: A Novel by Florence Warden

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## FLORENCE WARDEN

# FORGE AND FURNACE: A NOVEL



## FORGE AND FURNACE

A NOVEL

BY

# Florence Warden preside if

Author of The House on the Marsh, A Prince of Darkness, Scheherazade

James, Morence Chica ( 1)



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ASTOR, LENOX AND TRUDEN FOUNDATIONS, 1907

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### CONTENTS

CHAPTER	2	402
I.	A PAIR OF BROWN EYES	5
II.	CLAIRE	13
m.	Something Wrong at the Farm	18
IV.	CLAIRE'S APOLOGY	21
v.	Bram's Rise in Life	31
VI.	MR. BIRON'S CONDESCRISION	38
VII.	Bram's Dismissal,	46
VIII.	ANOTHER STEP UPWARD	54
IX.	A CALL AND A DINNER PARTY	61
X.	THE FINE EYES OF HER CASH-BOX	70
XI.	BRAM SHOWS HIMSELF IN A NEW LIGHT -	80
XII.	A Model Father	86
XIII.	AN ILL-MATCHED PAIR	102
XIV.	THE DELUGE	111
XV.	PARENT AND LOVER	118
XVI.	THE SONGS OF DESPISED LOVE	126
XVII.	Bram Spraks His Mind	134
XVIII.	PACE TO FACE	143
XIX.	SANCTUARY	151
XX.	By the Furnace Fires	159
XXI.	THE FIRE GOES OUT	168
XXII.	CLAIRE'S CONFESSION	173
XXIII.	FATHER AND DAUGHTER	184
XXIV.	Mr. Biron's Repentance	190
XXV.	Мис	200
XXVI.	THE GOAL REACEED	206



#### A LIST OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS

"Oh, father, don't, don't! You'll hu					l hur	art him."			Frontispiece.			
"Ah, Mr. Co	rothy	vaite,	sure	ly the	re's i	no sig	ht in	the	world	to		
beat thi	s."	(3)	•:	*		100	٠	$\odot$	(•)	•	10	
For a mome	nt he	stoo	d, sav	w in h	and,	looki	ng a	her .	with	out		
speaking		0.		*		0.00	*	**	200	*0	52	
"A wedding	, sir i	*	Bran	's fac	e clo	uded	with	perp	lexity	ı	70	
An exclama	tion e	scape	ed his	s lips,	Sh	e ran	pan	ting	towa	rds		
him.		15	100 mm		4		•	1.	•	•	86	
With an imp	ulse	of ind	lomit	able	rage	she .	stepp	ed b	ack a	ind		
flung so	meth	ing in	his	face,			•	٠	•	•	134	
He took off l	his ov	ercea	at and	d cov	red l	her w	ith it	very	gen	tly.	156	
"Oh, Claire,	Clair	e, my	y littl	e Cla	ire, a	re yo	u goi	ng to	die ?		200	



### FORGE AND FURNACE;

#### THE ROMANCE OF A SHEFFIELD BLADE.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### A PAIR OF BROWN EYES.

Thun, thud. Amidst a shower of hot, yellow sparks the steam hammer came down on the glowing steel, shaking the ground under the feet of the master of the works and his son, who stood just outside the shed. In the full blaze of the August sunshine, which was, however, tempered by such clouds of murky smoke as only Sheffield can boast, old Mr. Cornthwaite, acclimatized for many a year to heat and to coal dust, stood quite unconcerned.

Tall, thin, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones, with a fresh-colored face which seemed to look the younger and the handsomer for the silver whiteness of his hair and of his long, silky moustache, Josiah Cornthwaite's was a figure which would have arrested attention anywhere, but which was especially noticeable for the striking contrast he made to the rough-looking Yorkshiremen at work around him.

Like a swarm of demons on the shores of Styx, they moved about, haggard, gaunt, uncouth figures, silent amidst the roar of the furnaces and the whirr of the wheels, lifting the bars of red-hot steel with long iron rods as easily and unconcernedly as if they had been hot