

DR. PAUL

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649565580

Dr. Paul by Ethel Penman Hope

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

ETHEL PENMAN HOPE

DR. PAUL

DR. PAUL

BY

ETHEL PENMAN HOPE

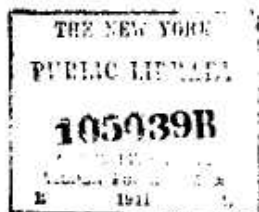
AUTHOR OF "A HILLSIDE CHRISTMAS," ETC.

5

NEW  YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

1918

90



*Copyright, 1918,
By George H. Doran Company*

PROPERTY
OF THE
NEW YORK
SOCIETY LIBRARY

Printed in the United States of America

37113

Aug 18/19

II

TO
MY MOTHER

DR. PAUL

DR. PAUL

CHAPTER I

A LITTLE group of people stood huddled together on the beach. They were looking away out beyond the breaking billows to where two swimmers, mere specks on the water, aided by the incoming tide, slowly but surely made their way towards the shore. A woman in black stood a little apart from the group, her whole attitude suggestive of intense anxiety, and she seemed to be holding herself in control by some master will power. Not a muscle of her face relaxed as she kept her field glasses fixed upon the two dark objects as they rose and fell with the waves. In the east clouds were rolling up in huge banks of blackness, while the grey warning of an approaching storm overspread the whole line of the vision.

The huge crested billows swept by the rising wind into ever-increasing fury, dashed and spent themselves upon the firm white bosom of the shore, and in all the tumult of their anger lashed and sprayed the rocks which here and there jutted out into the sea.