

**MARION**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649493593

Marion by Florence Taylor Haselden

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**FLORENCE TAYLOR HASELDEN**

# **MARION**

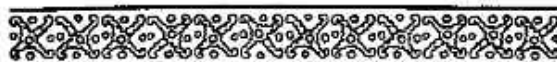


# MARION



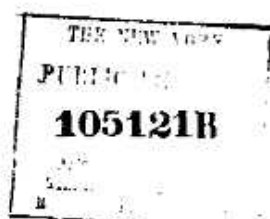
BY

*.Florence Taylor Haselden.*



BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY  
835 Broadway, ☼ ☼ New York

1908  
60



COPYRIGHT, 1908

BY

FLORENCE TAYLOR HASELDEN

*All Rights Reserved*



## MARION.

The Oaks, Mr. Vernon's beautiful country home, was famed for its magnificent oak trees. It was quite common for visitors to come from a great distance for the sole purpose of seeing them. They formed a pretty avenue from the house to the public road, and threw their abundant shade in all directions. The Oaks was one of these old time rambling houses, large and airy, and supplied with every convenience. There were several broad piazzas, covered with graceful, drooping vines, large, comfortable chairs scattered here and there, and flowers galore. And yet with this beautiful home and all its surroundings, the owner was a lonely and unhappy old man. Mr. Vernon had been prosperous from his first start in life, and now at the age of sixty-five he was very wealthy. He had not been like some men, miserly, but instead, had always been willing and glad to help any one in need. No one had ever begged alms of him and gone away disappointed. At the time of this story, he was the sole occupant of the Oaks with the exception of a few faithful old servants. He had lost his last loved one, his daughter, Sybil, eleven years ago. Her health had failed shortly after her marriage and she had gone abroad with her husband, John Heath, hoping

that the change would benefit her. They had been away four years when her husband died, and Sybil decided to go back to her father. After writing and telling him when to expect her and her baby girl, three years old, she started on her homeward journey. But she never reached home. A week or so later Mr. Vernon received a notice of her and her child's death, saying they had been buried at sea. They had died while on their way across the Atlantic.

Just about a mile below the Oaks, facing the big road, is situated a picturesque little cottage. This is the home of Mrs. Janet Clyde, Mr. Vernon's nearest neighbor. This household consists of Mrs. Clyde, her son, Philip, and a little girl, Marion, whom Mrs. Clyde claims as her niece. Mrs. Clyde has very little affection in her nature: love and the little attentions that most women value so highly, are not essential to her happiness. Her son has her whole love, that is, all the love that a nature like hers is capable of giving. Philip is a lad of sixteen. High spirited, but tender and loving as any girl. He seems to delight in teasing; especially Marion. She is fourteen years old; a child in years, but a little woman in many respects. A woman's loving heart beats in her little body.

It is the first day of June. Mrs. Clyde is busy with her dusting brush, moving about from chair to chair to make sure that every little particle of dust is removed. Marion is leaning over a table in the kitchen, wiping the last of the breakfast dishes before putting them away. Her face is flushed from the heat, her long brown curls are



tucked up to keep her neck cool, her sleeves are rolled up above the elbows, showing a pretty, plump pair of arms. She has a long apron on that completely covers her dress. There is a tired expression on her sweet face, a longing in the depths of the violet eyes—a longing for something better than to be a drudge, a longing for something better and brighter in life. Sad thoughts are fitting through her little head, when suddenly she hears a sharp voice calling her name, "Marion, Marion, what in the world is the matter with you? I called you twice. Come here this minute."

"Yes, aunty," answered Marion, "I am coming now. I was just trying to finish wiping these dishes. But I am through now." Then putting her hand to her head, she said, "I feel so tired this morning, Aunt Janet. What is it you want me to do now?"

"Tired!" exclaimed Mrs. Clyde in a sneering voice; "you are always tired when there is any work to be done. You are a good-for-nothing, lazy girl! No, I know what's the matter with you. You want to sit and dream all day, for that is all you are fit for, or else to spend all your time poring over those silly books that Philip brings home; filling that head of yours with all kinds of nonsense. Go get that pan of apples off the pantry shelf and pare them, and I want no idling, mind you."

Without a word Marion walked away and did her aunt's bidding. She carried the apples out to the back steps and sat down, and went to work diligently. Her thoughts kept time with

her fingers. She was a great thinker, this little girl, and she received many a scolding for what her aunt called dreaming.

"I am lazy, good for nothing and idle, so Aunt Janet says," murmurs Marion to herself. "I am neither lazy nor idle, but I am tired, tired of this kind of life and everything in it. And how often she tells me I am ungrateful! Well, perhaps I am; but I cannot see that I have anything to be grateful to her for. She gives me nothing, not even a kind word now and then; and goodness knows I work hard enough to pay for the little I eat and wear; I never have pretty clothes like the other children I see. Sometimes I feel like I would like to run away. I wouldn't care where I went, so long as I was away from aunty's harsh voice."

Just at this moment a fine looking boy bounces up the steps and takes a seat by Marion, thus putting an end to her thoughts. The first thing he does is to snatch the hair-pins that Marion had tucked her curls up with, causing her hair to fall about her shoulders.

"Don't twist your hair up like that again, lady bird," exclaimed Philip, for it is he that has interrupted Marion's thoughts. He has always been fond of the girl, and at times has felt a great pity for her, but each time that he questioned his mother about Marion's parents, he had received short answers, and was told never to mention the subject again.

"Well, ladybird," giving her curls a pull, "what are you pouting about this morning?"

Marion keeps her eyes on her apples and

works on as though she isn't aware of his presence.

"O, you have lost your tongue, have you? Well, I want some of those apples," and with that he picks out two of the prettiest red ones he can find, and commences to eat them. Marion is on her feet in a minute.

"You hateful thing! You just put those apples back. You know Aunt Janet will blame me. Go away and leave me. I don't like you!" said Marion in quite a temper.

"There, there, don't get in a tantrum. I just wanted to make sure that you had a tongue. You shall have your apples back."

Philip put the apples back in the pan, but before doing so took a big bite out of one.

"My, but you don't look pretty when you are mad. You mustn't spoil your good looks by getting so vexed. You are to be my wife some day, you know, and I want you to keep as pretty as you are now." He watches her face in amusement, for he takes a keen delight in teasing her.

"I shall never marry you, Philip Clyde, for you are too hateful. As soon as I am grown I am going to leave here, and work for my own living, and I shall go where you will never find me."

"You can't ever hide from me. I am going to be a detective, and I shall find you wherever you are."

For answer, Marion puts out her under lip in a scornful way, but otherwise ignores his last assertion.