

**THREE FEATHERS: A
NOVEL, IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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Three feathers: a novel, in three volumes, Vol. II by William Black

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WILLIAM BLACK

**THREE FEATHERS: A
NOVEL, IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

THREE FEATHERS.

A Novel.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF

"A PRINCESS OF TUULE," "A DAUGHTER OF NETH," ETC.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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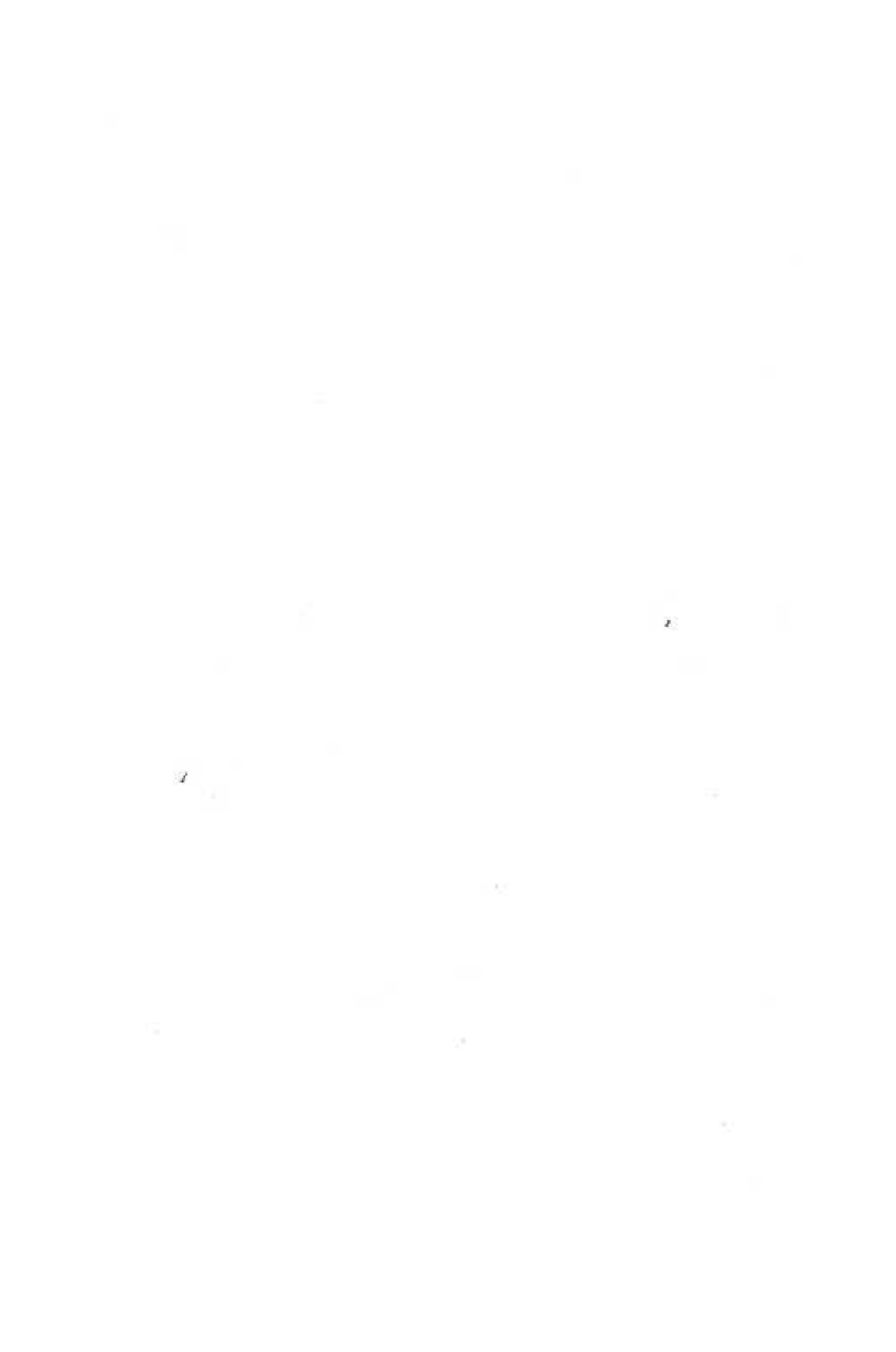
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THREE FEATHERS.



CHAPTER I.

THE FAIR SPRING-TIME.

THE spring-time had indeed arrived—rapidly and imperceptibly; and all at once it seemed as if the world had grown green, and the skies fair and clear, and the winds sweet with a new and delightful sweetness. Each morning that Wenna went out brought some further wonder with it—along the budding hedgerows, in the colours of the valley, in the fresh warmth of the air, and the white light of the skies. And at last the sea began to show its

deep and resplendent summer blue, when the morning happened to be still, and there was a silvery haze along the coast.

“Mabyn, is your sister at home? And do you think she could go up to the Hall for a little while, for my mother wants to see her? And do you think she would walk round by the cliffs—for it is such a capital morning—if you came with her?”

“Oh yes, Mr. Trelyon,” said Mabyn, readily, and with far more respect and courtesy than she usually showed to the young gentleman, “I am quite sure Wenna can go; and I know she would like to walk round by the cliffs—she is always glad to do that—and I will tell her to get ready instantly. But *I* can’t go, Mr. Trelyon—I am exceedingly busy this morning.”

“Why, you have been reading a novel!”

“But I am about to be exceedingly busy,” said Mabyn, petulantly. “You can’t expect people to be always working

—and I tell you I can't go with you, Mr. Trelyon."

"Oh, very well," said he carelessly; "you needn't show your temper."

"*My* temper!" said Maby; but then recollecting herself, and smiling derisively, went away to fetch her sister.

When Wenna came outside into the white sunlight, and went forward to shake hands with him, with her dark eyes lit up by a friendly smile, it seemed to him that not for many a day—not certainly during all the time of her engagement with Mr. Roscorla—had he seen her look so pleased, happy, and contented. She still bore that quiet gravity of demeanour which had made him call her the little Puritan, and there was the same earnestness in her eyes as they regarded any one; but there was altogether a brighter aspect about her face that pleased him exceedingly. For he was very well disposed to this shy and yet matter-of-