

MAIDS IN A MARKET GARDEN

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649641697

Maids in a Market Garden by Clo. Graves & Maurice Greiffenhagen

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

CLO. GRAVES & MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN

MAIDS IN A MARKET GARDEN

MAIDS IN A
MARKET GARDEN.

BY

CLO. GRAVES.

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

LONDON:
W. H. ALLEN & CO., LIMITED,
13, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.
1894.

WYMAN AND SONS, LIMITED,
PRINTERS,
LONDON AND REDHILL.

955
G-776
mai

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
LADY JANE PROGRAM SAT AT THE CENTRE-TABLE WITH THE LEDGER AND DAY-BOOKS OF THE DEFUNCT BUSINESS BEFORE HER	3
AUNT ROSANNA JOB	14
A VEHICLE . . . CAME INTO SIGHT	17
ROSEVEAR TRELAWNEY WAS THE FIRST TO RUN ACROSS THE LITTLE WOODEN DRAWBRIDGE	23
CARRYING HIS WHIMPERING BURDEN	27
"WOULD TH' LADIES BE WANTING ANY FISH, THINKY?" ...	39
A PILE OF CABBAGES LAY AT THE ANCIENT'S FEET	44
RICHARD TROTTED DOWN THE LANE	47
TO EACH YOUNG WOMAN HER OCCUPATION WAS ASSIGNED	51
PORTHOPORRA... ..	59
ROSEVEAR BEGAN TO WALK AWAY, BACKWARDS	75
ONE OF THEM CARRIED A PITCHFORK, THE OTHER A BILLET OF WOOD	83
OCTAVIA WENT ABOUT WITH A PRUNING-HOOK	89
"HIM BE NOTHING FRIDY TO LOOK AT, FOR SURE" ...	101
"TH' NECK, TH' NECK, TH' NECK!" CHANTED DICKY ...	113
SWELLED HER DEEP CHEST AND SANG	117
THE KNITTING WOMEN LOOKED UP FROM THEIR WORK ...	127
"YOU'M GOT A FISH ON YOUR LINE, MA'AM"	134
PUT IT GENTLY OUT OF THE WINDOW BEFORE SHE EX- TINGUISHED HER CANDLE	144

	PAGE
FARMER POLWHEAL... ..	147
ROSEVEAR WETTED THE YOUNG MAN'S PALLID LIPS AND TEMPLES WITH THE BRANDY... ..	163
IT WAS ALL THE FAULT OF SAHARA	169
"NAW, LAD, THER MUN BE NO MORE WALKIN' TOGETHER AFTER THIS"	177
"IT HA' COME--IT HA' COME! FALLEN FROM HEAVEN, LIKE TH' DEW ON PARCHIN' EARTH!"	195
SHE TOSSED THEM INTO LADY JANE'S LAP	201
"AW DEARY ME! HE BE KILLING O' I"	211
THE SAILORS AND FISHERMEN WORKED LIKE HEROES	223
"LOOK OUT THERE, A MILE AND A HALF TO SEA"... ..	229
THEY WERE GONE INTO THE RAGING HELL OUT YONDER	237
THAT FOR WHICH SHE HAD WATCHED AND WAITED WAS BROUGHT TO HER	241



IT was a bright, warm afternoon in the month of July. High Street, Kensington, was at its busiest, and although it was neither a Thursday nor a Saturday, the pimply-faced errand boy was putting up the shutters of the United Gentlewomen's Work Emporium. Within, the Emporium presented a denuded aspect. If the truth must be told, the business, after dragging on a precarious existence for a period of eighteen months, had somewhat suddenly collapsed, and its promoters were at that moment engaged in winding-up affairs, in the shallow little show parlour on the first-floor front, over a funereal cup of five o'clock tea.

Lady Jane Pegram sat at the centre-table with the ledger and day-books of the defunct business before her. She wore a frowning aspect. The other members of the company were scattered about the room in various attitudes, expressive of different degrees of limp depression, and a plausible person in black

silk raiment—the irreproachably respectable lady manageress, under whose auspices the United Gentlewomen's Work Emporium had first opened its shutters: those shutters now sealed for ever upon Kensington High Street—was in the act of taking a final leave.

"I fear," she remarked suavely, indicating the volumes over which Lady Jane, with a puzzled brow, was poring, "that you will find them difficult to understand. You are probably unacquainted with the Rules of Bookkeeping."

"Perhaps so," returned Lady Jane, grimly. "Only I know a muddle when I see one. Good day to you."

The door opened, and closed behind the departing lady-manageress. Lady Jane drew herself erect and looked round upon the United Gentlewomen assembled. She sniffed a sniff that was pregnant with suspicious meaning, and smote the table smartly with her clenched hand.

"Oh, are you really sure, you know?" cried Fanny Dormer. Lady Jane nodded an awful nod.

"Unimpeachable references," she commented "Experienced in business, and widow of a surgeon with half-a-dozen letters dangling after his name. She has got five to hers—R.O.G.U.E., spells Rogue, and a rogue you are, my sugary friend in black silk."

"If she has cheated us, can't it be brought home to her?" This came from Clara Currey.



LADY JANE PEGRAM SAT AT THE CENTRE-TABLE WITH THE LEDGER
AND DAY-BOOKS OF THE DEFUNCT BUSINESS BEFORE HER.