NANCY DRAKE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649140725

Nancy Drake by Aimée Ingersoll

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AIMÉE INGERSOLL

NANCY DRAKE

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BY

AIMÉE INGERSOLL

"It is a question, after all, whether the little frequent joys of life do not total a better sum of satisfaction than the rare ecstasies which make so great a demand upon our human limitations, and leave such void behind."

MELBOURNE:

T. C. LOTHIAN, 49 ELIZABETH STREET

1907

COPVRIGHT.

First Impression, August, 1907

The Wayside Press, Fitzroy, Melbourne

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CHAPTER I.

THE UNEXPECTED.

Not as the congs of other lands, Her song shall be; Where dim, her purple shoreland stands, Above the sca!

George Essex Evans.

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Drake's cottage—just Drake's cottage —nothing more, and so it will be known for many long years to come!

Drake's cottage, with the poplars standing on guard, planted when Drake built his cottage some thirty odd years ago; still they stand on by the house and the little white bridge by the river. This autumn evening, the sun is taking farewell of the day, throwing long shadows of the golden poplars on the river below.

Drake, the old skipper, who has made his home in this sweet spot, must have had the artistic sense born in him, and not obliterated all those years when his home was on the rolling deep, nay, rather cultivated, for who can live with Nature without becoming a lover of her, and