

**THE LITTLE ROOM
AND
OTHER STORIES**

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The Little Room and Other Stories by Madelene Yale Wynne

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MADELENE YALE WYNNE

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BY
MADELENE YALE WYNNE



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Decorations by the Author

ROY W. WAY
CLERK
YR. 1881

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for permission to reprint "The Little Room" from the
number for August, 1886.]

THE LITTLE ROOM.



OW would it do for a smoking-room ?'

'Just the very place ! only, you know, Roger, you must not think of smoking in the house. I am almost afraid that having just a plain, common man around, let alone a smoking man, will upset Aunt Hannah. She is New England—Vermont New England—boiled down.'

'You leave Aunt Hannah to me ; I'll find her tender side. I'm going to ask her about the old sea-captain and the yellow calico.'

'Not yellow calico—blue chintz.'

'Well, yellow *shell* then.'

'No, no ! do n't mix it up so ; you won't

know yourself what to expect, and that's half the fun.'

'Now you tell me again exactly what to expect; to tell the truth, I did n't half hear about it the other day; I was wool-gathering. It was something queer that happened when you were a child, was n't it?'

'Something that began to happen long before that, and kept happening, and may happen again; but I hope not.'

'What was it?'

'I wonder if the other people in the car can hear us?'

'I fancy not; we do n't hear them — not consecutively, at least.'

'Well, mother was born in Vermont, you know; she was the only child by a second marriage. Aunt Hannah and Aunt Maria are only half-aunts to me, you know.'

'I hope they are half as nice as you are.'

‘Roger, be still ; they certainly will hear us.’

‘Well, do n’t you want them to know we are married ?’

‘Yes, but not just married. There’s all the difference in the world.’

‘You are afraid we look too happy !’

‘No ; only I want my happiness all to myself.’

‘Well, the little room ?’

‘My aunts brought mother up ; they were nearly twenty years older than she. I might say Hiram and they brought her up. You see, Hiram was bound out to my grandfather when he was a boy, and when grandfather died Hiram said he “s’posed he went with the farm, ‘long o’ the critters,” and he has been there ever since. He was my mother’s only refuge from the decorum of my aunts. They are simply workers. They make me think of the Maine woman who wanted her epitaph