

**IN TWO YEARS'
TIME, IN TWO
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

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In Two Years' Time, in Two Volumes, Vol. I by Ada Cambridge

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ADA CAMBRIDGE

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IN TWO YEARS' TIME.

BY
ADA CAMBRIDGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.



LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1879.

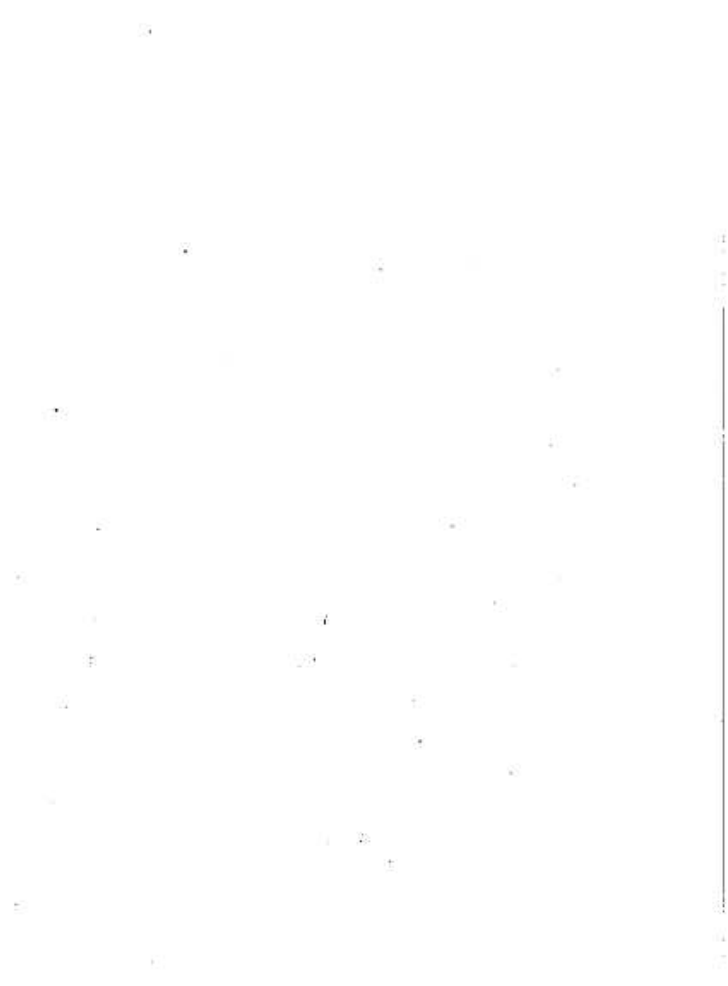
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IN TWO YEARS' TIME.

CHAPTER I.

NARRAPORWIDGEE.

“SEVEN o'clock!” exclaimed father, throwing his hat (with a very dirty puggaree on it) upon the drawing-room sofa. “Isn't that confounded boy back yet?” Mother looked up from a low chair with her gentle face of reproof. She had a great objection to strong language, and, to do him justice, father seldom used it; but he was hot and tired, poor man, after drafting sheep all day in a north wind, and, moreover, the boy in question had gone to post for the

English letters, and was half an hour beyond his usual time for returning.

"He started late," said mother. "Pat Malony wanted him to help to put out a fire in the lake paddock. Go and change your dress, my dear, and we'll have dinner. I think the wind is turning; it is not quite so hot as it was."

Father obediently took himself off, puffing and blowing and wiping his forehead vigorously, his dirty puggaree flapping against his dirty grass-cloth coat (I don't think he would have presented himself to us in that costume if it had not been mail day). Mother folded up her work and laid it neatly in her basket. I rushed out upon the verandah to consult the stable weather-cock, and, finding that it indicated a blessed south sea-breeze coming round, flourished up all the blinds and flung open all the

windows, which had been tight shut since early morning from the oven heat outside.

"Gently, my dear!" called mother after me, as the tail of my thin dress whisked round a rough bole of grape vine clasping a verandah post, and the bottom flounce parted with half a yard of lace. "I wish you would move more quietly, Kitty."

"I wish I could, mother, but this lovely air is intoxicating," I responded, tucking up my tail and dancing down upon the lawn and back again, with my hands stretched out. "I believe it will be *cold* by bed-time, really."

The dinner bell rang, and I went indoors through the dining-room window, and took my seat at table. Father, spruce and fresh after a bath and change of clothes, stood up over a pair of boiled fowls, and shut his