

**A STORY OF THREE  
SISTERS; IN TWO  
VOLUMES; VOL. II**

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A story of three sisters; in two volumes; Vol. II by Cecil Maxwell

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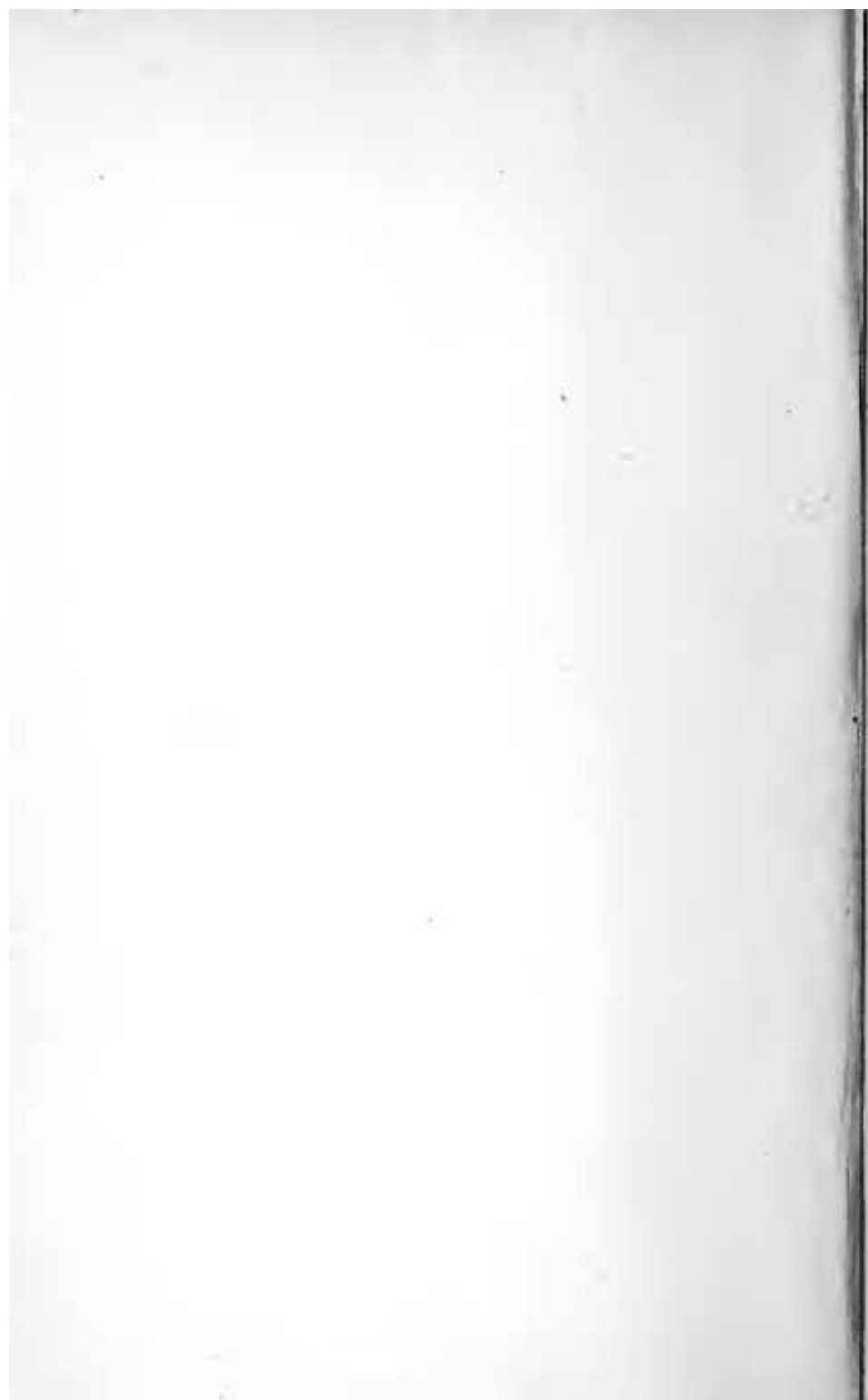
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**CECIL MAXWELL**

**A STORY OF THREE  
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A STORY OF THREE SISTERS.



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BY  
CECIL MAXWELL.

*IN TWO VOLUMES,*  
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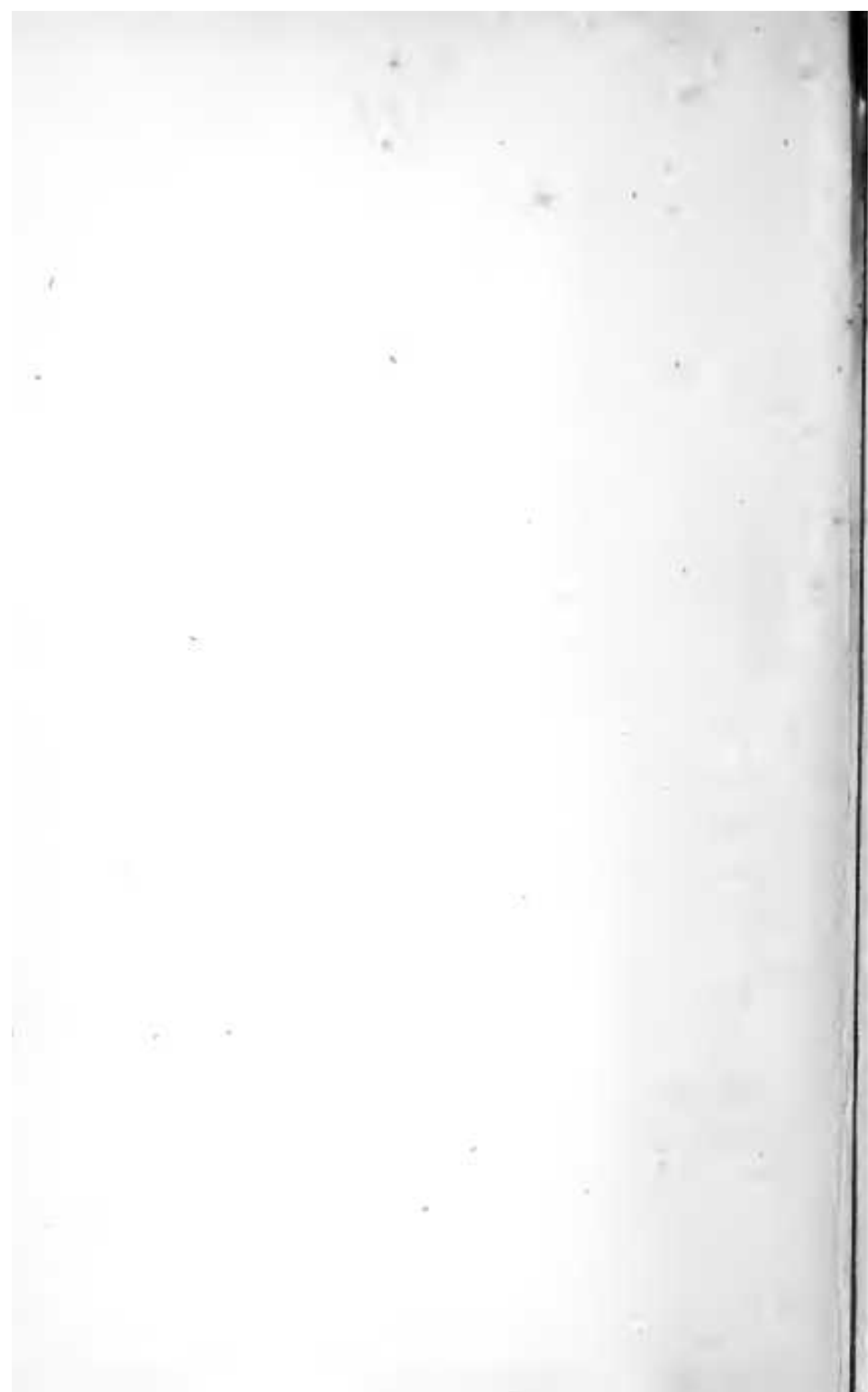
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"Like the wild hyacinth flower which on  
the hills is found,  
Which the passing feet of the shepherds for  
ever tear and wound,  
Until the purple blossom is trodden into  
the ground."



# A STORY OF THREE SISTERS.

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## CHAPTER I.

*"Love who may—I still can say,  
Those who win heaven, blest are they."*

ONE sweet, spring morning, when the primroses were shaking off the dew that had gathered on their closed blossoms, and the larks were singing over the great grass meadows round Rose Hall, Pamela got up with a little cloud of sadness on her face. Over the garden wall she could see far away into the green country, as she bent out of her open window. In one place a bit of the road shone whitely in the sun, the road leading out into the world which she had so often longed to travel herself, but which looked hard and unfriendly now, when she