

**THE LIGHT OF THE
STAR: A NOVEL**

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The light of the star: a novel by Hamlin Garland

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HAMLIN GARLAND

**THE LIGHT OF THE
STAR: A NOVEL**



1507 P. 25

"HE WAS A NOTICEABLY HANDSOME FIGURE AS HE SAT
ALONE IN THE BOX."

THE
LIGHT OF THE STAR

A Novel

BY

HAMLIN GARLAND

AUTHOR OF "HESPER"
"THE CAPTAIN OF THE GRAY-HORSE TROOP"
ETC. ETC



NEW YORK
CALIFORNIA

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TO THE
ANNALS
OF THE

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THE LIGHT OF THE STAR

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE LIGHT OF THE STAR



I

AFTER the appointment with Miss Merival reached him (through the hand of her manager), young Douglass grew feverishly impatient of the long days which lay between. Waiting became a species of heroism. Each morning he reread his manuscript and each evening found him at the theatre, partly to while away the time, but mainly in order that he might catch some clew to the real woman behind the shining mask. His brain was filled with the light of the star—her radiance dazzled him.

I

THE LIGHT OF THE STAR

By day he walked the streets, seeing her name on every bill-board, catching the glow of her subtle and changeful beauty in every window. She gazed out at him from brows weary with splendid barbaric jewels, her eyes bitter and disdainful, and hopelessly sad. She smiled at him in framework of blue and ermine and pearls—the bedecked, heartless coquette of the pleasure-seeking world. She stood in the shadow of gray walls, a grating over her head, with deep, soulful, girlish eyes lifted in piteous appeal; and in each of these characters an unfathomed depth remained to vex and to allure him.

Magnified by these reflections on the walls, haloed by the teeming praise and censure of the press, she seemed to dominate the entire city as she had come to absorb the best of his own life. What her private character really was no one seemed to know, in spite of the special articles and interviews with her managers which fed the almost universal adulation of her dark and changeful face, her savage