# 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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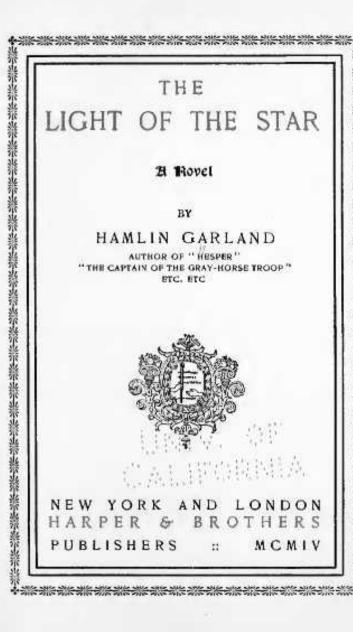
## HAMLIN GARLAND

# THE LIGHT OF THE STAR: A NOVEL





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





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## THE LIGHT OF THE STAR





## THE LIGHT OF THE STAR



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Miss Merival reached him

A (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.

### 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 yex 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