

**BOLANYO**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649075805

Bolanyo by Opie Read

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**OPIE READ**

# **BOLANYO**



110-111  
12 11149

# BOLANYO

BY  
*Perceval*  
OPIE READ

AUTHOR OF

"JUDGE ELBRIDGE," "IN THE ALAMO," "THE WATERS OF CANEY  
FORK," "AN ARKANSAS PLANTER," "UP TERRAPIN  
RIVER," "A YANKEE FROM THE WEST,"  
"MRS. ANNIE GREEN," ETC.

"We'd like to involve the whole community in it."



CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:  
RAND, McNALLY & COMPANY,  
PUBLISHERS.

RMC



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
50833A  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
R 1922 L

Copyright, 1897, by Way & Williams.  
Copyright, 1922, by Rand, McNally & Co.

NY 5083  
33A

## CONTENTS.

---

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I—ON THE RIVER, . . . . .	9
II—IN THE AIR, . . . . .	18
III—THE BLACK GIANT, . . . . .	24
IV—THE SENATOR, . . . . .	30
V—A MOMENT OF FORGIVENESS, . . . . .	37
VI—INTRODUCED TO MRS. ESTELL, . . . . .	49
VII—THE NOTORIOUS BUGG PETERS, . . . . .	63
VIII—THE STATE TREASURER, . . . . .	77
IX—PUBLIC ENTERTAINERS, . . . . .	91
X—MR. PETTICORD, . . . . .	106
XI—THE CHARM OF AN OLD TOWN, . . . . .	118
XII—A MATTER OF BUSINESS, . . . . .	137
XIII—THE PLACE OF THE GOBLINS, . . . . .	146
XIV—OLD JOE VARK, . . . . .	153
XV—OLD AUNT PATSEY, . . . . .	165
XVI—THE PLAY, . . . . .	178
XVII—A SLOW STEP ON THE STAIRS, . . . . .	192
XVIII—TO MEET THE MANAGER, . . . . .	197
XIX—BURN THE JUMPER, . . . . .	203
XX—GLEASING THE FIELD, . . . . .	210
XXI—THE WORK OF A SCOUNDREL, . . . . .	219
XXII—IN THE THICKET, . . . . .	225
XXIII—THE RINGING OF THE BELL, . . . . .	234
XXIV—MAGNOLIA LAND, . . . . .	243
XXV—DOWN A DARK ALLEY, . . . . .	252
XXVI—CONCLUSION—IN THE GARDEN, . . . . .	259







# BOLANYO

## CHAPTER I.

### ON THE RIVER.

**O**N the night of the 26th of April our company closed an engagement at the St. Charles Theater in New Orleans; and before the clocks began to strike the hour of twelve, our bags and baggage had been tumbled on board a steamboat headed for St. Louis. The prospects of the National Dramatic Company had been bright; competent critics had pronounced our new play a work of true and sympathetic art, before production, but had slashed at our tender vitals when the piece had passed from rehearsal to presentation. The had beginning in the East had not truthfully

foretold a good ending in the South. The people had failed to sympathize with our "Work of Sympathetic Art." Hope had leaped from town to town; was always sure to fall, but always quick to rise again; and, now, three nights in St. Louis would close the season, and doubtless end the career of the National Dramatic Company. The captain of the Red Fox, a dingy, waterlogged and laborious craft, had kindly offered to let us come aboard at half his usual rate. He assured our manager that this concession afforded a real pleasure; that he held a keen interest in our profession, having years ago done a clog dance as a negro minstrel. Necessity oozed oil upon this unconscious sarcasm, and with grateful dignity the captain's offer was accepted.

By two o'clock we were creaking and churning against the current, and, alone in a begrimed cubby-hole, with a looking-glass shaking against the frail wall, I lay down with a sigh to take stock of myself. Hope had been agile, but now it did not bound with so light a spring. Could it be that I had begun to question my ability as an actor? It was true that the critics had slit me with their knives, but the people had frequently applauded, and, after all, the people deliver the verdict. The judge may charge,

but the jury pronounces. I knew then, as I know now, that there must be a reserve force behind all forms of art; that one essential of artistic expression is to create the belief that you are not doing your best, that you are not under a strain. And I thought that I had accomplished this, but the critics had said that my restraint was weak and my passion overwrought. I had not come out as a star. As a stock comedian I had been granted a kindly mention, and had accepted the place of leading man, but this had given offense and had called forth an unjust tirade of censure. Perhaps I had assumed a little too much, but the man who is not ready to assume will never accomplish anything, and from a lower station must be content to contemplate the success of those who were less delicate.

When morning came I looked out upon the canefields, green to the edge of the horizon. The breakfast bell rang, but I hung back, not for lack of appetite, but for the reason that the other members of the company had ceased to be companionable. Even a meager applause can excite, if not envy, a certain degree of contempt; and the small stint of approbation which, like a mere crumb, had fallen to me could not have aroused the jealousy, but surely