

**THE
PINES OF LORY**

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The Pines of Lory by J. A. Mitchell

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J. A. MITCHELL

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PINES OF LORY**



“ It is no gardener's cottage ”

U of M

THE PINES OF LORY

By

J. ^{ohn} A. ^{mes} Mitchell

*Author of "Amos Judd," "That First Affair"
"Gloria Victis," etc.*

DECORATIONS BY ALBERT D. BLASHFIELD



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TO
ALL LOVERS OF LOVERS
AND LOVERS OF OUT-OF-DOOR THINGS
AND MILDER FORMS OF
FOLLY
THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

1917

181754



UoP M



I

A RELIC FROM AFRICA

THE *Maid of the North* was ready for sea.

Only the touch of the engineer was wanting to send her, once again, on a homeward voyage to the St. Lawrence. Meanwhile, in solemn undertones, she was breathing forth her superabundant steam.

Behind the wharf lay the city of Boston.

A score of passengers, together with friends who had come aboard to see them off, were scattered about the little steamer. Among them, on the after deck, indifferent to the hot June sun, moved a gentleman of aristocratic mien. His raiment was above reproach. He gave the impression of being a distinguished person. But this impression was delusive, his distinction being merely social. He was too

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well provided for, too easily clever and in too many ways, to achieve renown in any field requiring serious labor.

He inhaled the salt air as it came in from the sea, took out his watch, scanned the wharf, picked a thread from his sleeve, and twirled, somewhat carefully, the ends of a yellow moustache. His glance moved indifferently over various passengers and things about him until it rested on a man, not far away. The man was leaning against the railing of the deck watching the scene upon the wharf below.

The extreme attenuation of this person had already rendered him an object of interest to several passengers. His clothing hung loosely from his shoulders. Both coat and vest were far too roomy for the body beneath, while the trousers bore no relation to his legs. But the emaciated face, deeply browned by exposure, told a story of hardship and starvation rather than of ordinary sickness. Two thin, dark hands that rested on the ship's rail seemed almost transparent.

The aristocratic gentleman regarded this person with increasing interest. He approached the railing himself and furtively studied the stranger's profile. Then, with an expression in