Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649030842

The Purple Stockings by Edward Salisbury Field

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.

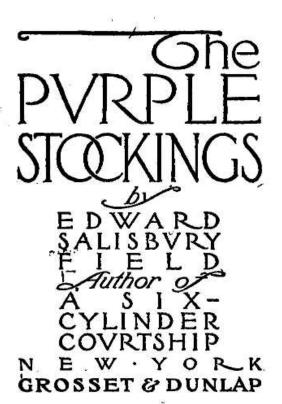
www.triestepublishing.com

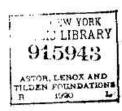
EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD

THE PURPLE STOCKINGS









Copyright, 1911, by W. J. WATT & COMPANY

Published September

CHAPTER I

R. WILLIAM BETTS was pretending to study the articles displayed behind one of the huge plate-glass windows of Parker and Munn's Department Store on Twenty-third Street. It was only pretense, for, suddenly realizing the nature of the display, Mr. Betts blushed and moved hastily to another window, and so to the main entrance of the store, where he stood for some time, irresolute and ill at ease, hoping vainly that among the many feminine patrons entering and leaving Parker and

Munn's he might spy an acquaintance, preferably some woman of discreet years and ready good nature. Convinced at last that he must rely on himself in the matter that had brought him to this singularly alarming neighborhood, he squared his shoulders, and, setting his hat more firmly on his head, marched past the doorman, to find himself in a strange and forbidding city whose narrow, aisle-like streets were thronged with women. There was, however, one man in sight, a hatless, pleasing person in a frock-coat, who waved a graceful hand now and then. Toward him Mr. Betts made his way.

"Something you wished, sir?" asked the man.

"I'm looking for—" Mr. Betts began.
"I'm looking for—"

"Yes?"

"For stockings," said Mr. Betts hoarsely.

"Ladies' or gents'?"

"Er-ladies'."

100

"Ladies' hosiery department, third aisle to your left."

"He needn't have said it so loud," thought Mr. Betts, conscious of the amused glances of several women who happened to be standing near. "Third aisle to the left; this must be it."

It was a very long aisle, and the shelves behind the counters on either side seemed to contain everything in the world except stockings: silks, laces, gloves, and—and—ah, there it was! But, hang it all, half the women in New York were buying stockings! It was uncommonly thoughtless of Rosalie to burden him with so awkward an errand.

Deciding to wait for a lull in the stocking trade, Mr. Betts continued down the aisle, pausing at last before a harmlesslooking counter that displayed an endless variety of articles-combs, buttons, hooks and eyes, needles, pins. This wasn't so bad; here one could keep an eye on the hosiery department, and at the same time grow accustomed to one's surroundings. Then, too, the young woman behind the counter looked rather friendly. Seating himself on a little plush-covered stool, Mr. Betts replied gravely, in answer to the young woman's question as to how she could serve him, that he would like to look at some pins.

"Any particular kind of pins?"
"No," said Mr. Betts; "just pins."

It proved remarkably easy to buy pins. Who would have imagined that one could