

**EFFIE OGILVIE: THE STORY
OF A YOUNG LIFE. IN
TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649388868

Effie Ogilvie: the story of a young life. In two volumes. Vol. II by Mrs. Oliphant

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Cover @ 2017

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MRS. OLIPHANT

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PUBLISHED BY
JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS, GLASGOW.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LONDON AND NEW YORK.

London, . . . - Hamilton, Adams and Co.

Cambridge, . . . - Macmillan and Bowes.

Edinburgh, . . . - Douglas and Foulis.

MDCCLXXXVI.

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BY

MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," ETC.

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GLASGOW:
JAMES MACLEHOSE & SONS,

Publishers to the University.

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO.

1886.

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CHAPTER XIII.

EFFIE came towards him smiling, without apprehension. The atmosphere out of doors had not the same consciousness, the same suggestion in it which was inside. A young man's looks, which may be alarming within the concentration of four walls, convey no fear and not so much impression in the fresh wind blowing from the moors and the openness of the country road. To be sure it was afternoon and twilight coming on, which is always a witching hour.

He stood at the corner of the byeway

waiting for her as she came along, light-footed, in her close-fitting tweed dress, which made a dim setting to the brightness of her countenance. She had a little basket in her hand. She had been carrying a dainty of some kind to somebody who was ill. The wind in her face had brightened everything, her colour, her eyes, and even had, by a little tossing, found out some gleams of gold in the brownness of her hair. She was altogether sweet and fair in Fred's eyes — a creature embodying everything good and wholesome, everything that was simple and pure. She had a single rose in her hand, which she held up as she advanced.

“We are not like you, we don't get roses all the year round; but here is one, the last,” she said, “from Uncle John's south wall.”

It was not a highly-cultivated, scentless rose, such as the gardens at Allonby produced by the hundred, but one that was full of

fragrance, sweet as all roses once were. The outer leaves had been a little caught by the frost, but the heart was warm with life and sweetness. She held it up to him, but did not give it to him, as at first he thought she was going to do.

“I would rather have that one,” he cried, “than all the roses which we get all the year round.”

“Because it is so sweet?” said Effie. “Yes, that is a thing that revenges the poor folk. You can make the roses as big as a child’s head, but for sweetness the little old ones in the cottage gardens are always the best.”

“Everything is sweet, I think, that is native here.”

“Oh!” said Effie, with a deep breath of pleasure, taking the compliment as it sounded, not thinking of herself in it. “I am glad to hear you say that! for I think so too—the clover, and the heather, and the haw-