

GOLDEN GRAIN

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649594955

Golden Grain by Leigh Younge

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

LEIGH YOUNGE

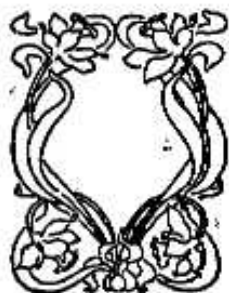
GOLDEN GRAIN

711-17
7

Golden Grain

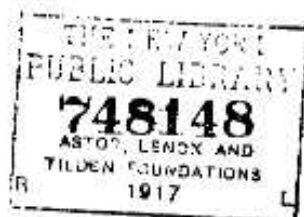
BY
LEIGH YOUNGE

[Sara Lee Young]



CINCINNATI
MONFORT & COMPANY
1915

Hman



There be those who husband the golden
grain,
There be those who fling it to the wind
like rain. —Omar Khayyam.

(Copyrighted, 1915, by Sara L. Young.)

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
AN ODDS-AND-ENDS GIRL.....	5
CHAPTER II.	
"NOT A RED CENT".....	27
CHAPTER III.	
CANFIELD CORNERS.....	38
CHAPTER IV.	
THE BUTTERFLY COLLAR.....	49
CHAPTER V.	
AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.....	60
CHAPTER VI.	
THE BLUE TIN BOX.....	71
CHAPTER VII.	
"THE LOAN EXHIBIT".....	82
CHAPTER VIII.	
PRISONERS OF PAIN.....	94

	PAGE.
CHAPTER IX.	
"EYES AND NO EYES".....	107
CHAPTER X.	
"EACH IN HER LITTLE CORNER".....	115
CHAPTER XI.	
"A CONSULTATION".....	127
CHAPTER XII.	
THE GIFT-BEARING GREEK.....	138
CHAPTER XIII.	
A CHRISTMAS BURGLARY.....	148
CHAPTER XIV.	
"THE OTHER ONE".....	159
CHAPTER XV.	
"THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER".....	175
CHAPTER XVI.	
THE COMING OF THE SPRING.....	192
CHAPTER XVII.	
"THE STILL, SMALL VOICE".....	206

GOLDEN GRAIN

CHAPTER I.

AN ODDS-AND-ENDS GIRL.

"Have they come, Williams?" asked a bright-faced girl, as she entered the hall of a great house on Fifth Avenue, and paused, breathless, from her run up the broad steps.

"No, Miss Brenton," was the answer of the stately butler who opened the door, "Mr. Randolph telegraphed that the train was two hours late, and lunch was to be held back. But there comes Dr. Randolph now," and he opened the door again as the honk of an approaching motor was heard.

Madge Brenton ran down the steps as the car came to a standstill in front of the door and a young man in fur cap and ulster sprang out.

"Just in time," he exclaimed.

"Yes," she said, "and all out of breath for fear I would be too late for the home-coming. I gave myself plenty of time, but old Mrs. Johnson slipped on the car step

and, of course, I had to help her home, and then wait until the doctor came; so I almost ran all the way up here."

"Victimized as usual for some one in trouble," said Dr. Francis Randolph, with a twinkle in his eye; "but Williams has told you of the accident to the train?"

"No, he did not; he only said Uncle Ralph had telegraphed they would be two hours late, but he said nothing of an accident; no one hurt, I hope," and a shade of anxiety eclipsed the bright look on her face.

"No, no one hurt, was the message; hot boxes, or something of that sort. But the delay was providential for me, as otherwise I could not have met them; we had such a press at the hospital this morning. But you are just in time to go with me to give the travelers a welcome; and, of course, you are coming to lunch with us afterwards?"

"I shall be delighted," she answered; "and now you see what a reward I have for helping Mrs. Johnson, for I would have spent the two hours all by my little lonely, instead of having a ride down the avenue on this brilliant day, with—who shall I say—the leading medical light in the city."

And with a teasing little laugh, and a light in the merry brown eyes, she hummed: "Oh, cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' spruce."

"Humph!" was the response; "much you care for either. You would rather be helping a lame dog over a stile any day than riding in the handsomest Renaud to be found."

"Judging me by yourself?" she asked, merrily.

"No; judging you by *yourself*, for I have seen you tried many a time."

"Well, I am glad I am not being tried this time, then, for I am afraid I should be found wanting, if I was weighed in the balance to-day. The air has gotten into my head like wine, and I feel all ready for an adventure into an unknown country."

"Then—" and he leaned forward eagerly, with a sudden light in his eye. But the drawing up to the curb of the machine stopped the words on his lips and, with an impatient exclamation, he glanced up at the station clock.

Madge, who had not noticed his quick movement, followed his eye, and cried, "Why, we have not a moment to spare," and springing out of the car they made their way through the throngs that were