

**A ROSE OF A
HUNDRED LEAVES;
A LOVE STORY**

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A rose of a hundred leaves; a love story by Amelia E. Barr

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AMELIA E. BARR

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HUNDRED LEAVES;
A LOVE STORY**



A ROSE
OF A
HUNDRED LEAVES

A Love-Story

BY

AMELIA E. BARR

AUTHOR OF "FRIEND OLIVIA," "THE BOW OF ORANGE
RIBBON," "JAN VRDDER'S WIFE," ETC.



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A ROSE OF A HUNDRED LEAVES.

CHAPTER I.

THE WILD ROSE IS THE SWEETEST.



I TELL again the oldest
and the newest story
of all the world, —
the story of Invincible
Love!

This tale divine — an-
cient as the beginning
of things, fresh and
young as the passing
hour — has forms and
names various as hu-
manity. The story of
Aspatia Anneys is but

one of these, — one leaf from all the roses in the world, one note of all its myriad of songs.

Aspatria was born at Scat-Ambar, an old house in Allerdale. It had Skiddaw to shelter it on the northwest; and it looked boldly out across the Solway, and into that sequestered valley in Furness known as "the Vale of the Deadly Nightshade." The plant still grew there abundantly, and the villagers still kept the knowledge of its medical value taught them by the old monks of Furness. For these curious, patient herbalists had discovered the blessing hidden in the fair, poisonous amaryllis, long before modern physicians called it "belladonna."

The plant, with all its lovely relations, had settled in the garden at Scat-Ambar. Aspatria's mother had loved them all: the girl could still remember her thin white hands clasping the golden jonquils in her coffin. This memory was in her heart, as she hastened through the lonely place one evening in spring. It ought to