

A SOUTHERN HERITAGE

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A southern heritage by Wm. Horace Brown

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WM. HORACE BROWN

**A SOUTHERN
HERITAGE**



SHE WENT DOWN TO THE VERANDA, WHERE SHE FOUND MR. DARRELL AND HER MAMMA, AND SAT FOR AN HOUR GAZING DOWN THE ROAD THAT LED TO THE STABLE.

A SOUTHERN HERITAGE

BY

WM. HORACE BROWN

AUTHOR OF "THE SLAVES OF FOLLY," ETC.

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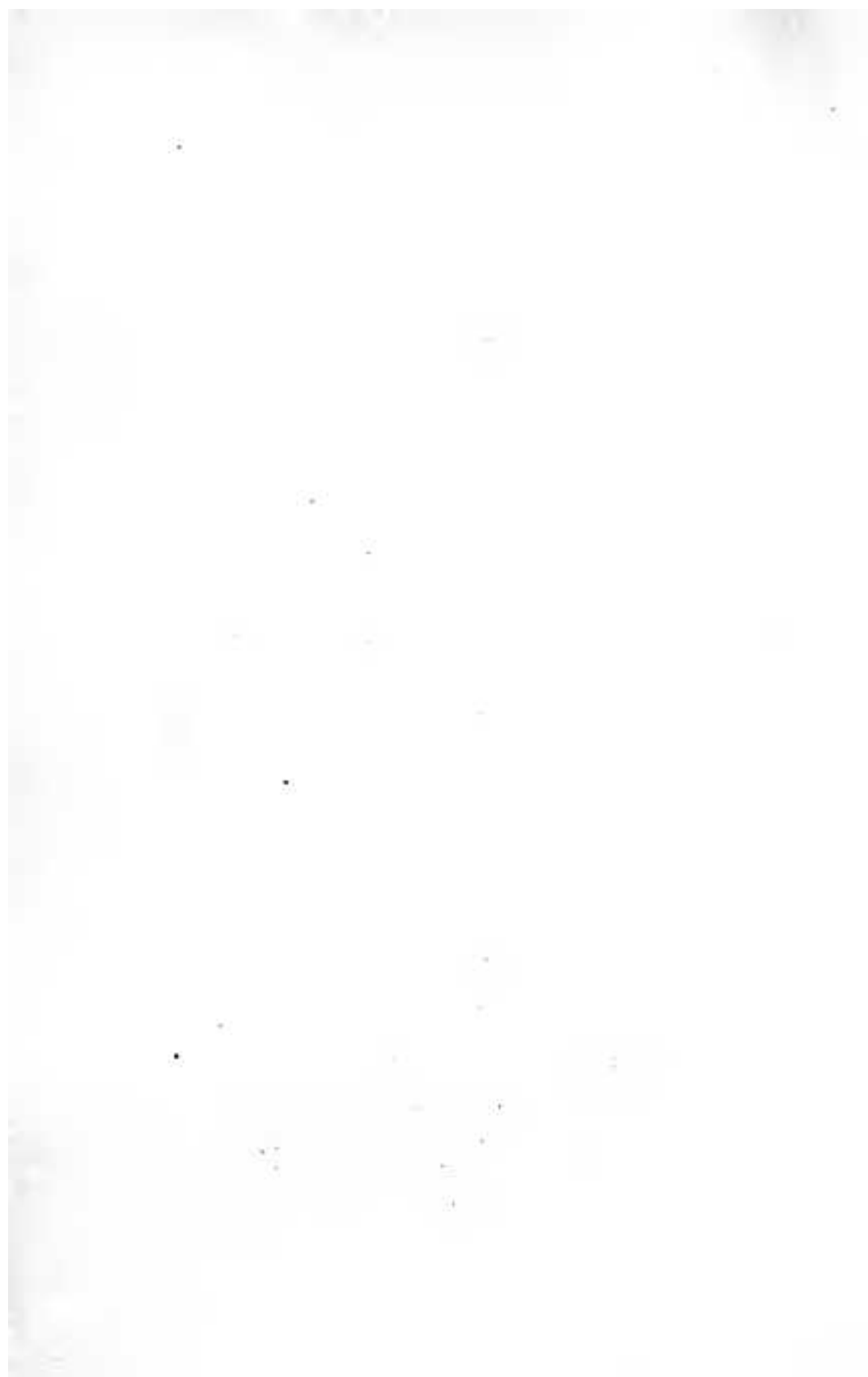
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A SOUTHERN HERITAGE.

CHAPTER I.

INTERRUPTIONS AND REMINISCENCES.

"MY friend, you're becoming an anchoret—stop dreaming and—"

"This is the retirement of drudgery—not indolence."

It was Howard Estill's room. Floyd Claycourt had bustled in unceremoniously—a way he had of doing pretty much everything. He began talking before he got inside the door and, although what he said was of trifling consequence, kept busily at it.

"What are you doing—small fiction?—heavy articles?—it's dreaming, all the same. Ha, ha, pardon my audacity—you seem so solitary here—not enough sunlight in the room—such floods of light outside—you ought to get out and bask in it!"

"I can't throw off the harness."

"Really busy, eh? Well, don't want to put you out," Claycourt apologized, "but I hadn't seen you for such an age, thought I'd look up your hiding-place."

"Much work and steady application interfere with sociability."

"That's evident. Bad habit to fall into. You ought to break it up at once. Come, I'll lend you a hand—"

"Impossible—I'm not at liberty to adopt the occupation of an idler."

"But you can't scribble away in this den day and night without end? Upon my word, I believe you do! And it's making you look paler—blood growing thin. Ought to take a tonic—or what's better, shut your desk, and come into the country with me. You'll grow wrinkled and ugly if you don't—symptoms visible now—"

"Hush! Going to the country may be a good way to acquire color, but it's not a specific for anxiety."

"Why, what's upsetting you now? Girl in it?"

"Not particularly," Estill replied; "perhaps not one thing more than another. But you know there are some creatures that the Fates seem to combine against; I'm in their class."

"Now that's worse nonsense than most of mine," Claycourt rejoined, incredulously. "Get out of that smoking-jacket—where did you ever