

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Descartes Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Darwin Dickens Schopenhauer Bebel Proust
Wolfram von Eschenbach Bronner Melville Grimm Jerome Rilke George
Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Strachwitz Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Gibbon Tschchow
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus Moltke
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo
Nestroy Marie de France Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Nietzsche Nansen Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz
Marx vom Stein Lawrence Irving
von Ossietzky May Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Liebermann Korolenko
Sachs Poe de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin



The publishing house **tredition** has created the series **TREDITION CLASSICS**. It contains classical literature works from over two thousand years. Most of these titles have been out of print and off the bookstore shelves for decades.

The book series is intended to preserve the cultural legacy and to promote the timeless works of classical literature. As a reader of a **TREDITION CLASSICS** book, the reader supports the mission to save many of the amazing works of world literature from oblivion.

The symbol of **TREDITION CLASSICS** is Johannes Gutenberg (1400 – 1468), the inventor of movable type printing.

With the series, **tredition** intends to make thousands of international literature classics available in printed format again – worldwide.

All books are available at book retailers worldwide in paperback and in hardcover. For more information please visit: www.tredition.com



tredition was established in 2006 by Sandra Latusseck and Soenke Schulz. Based in Hamburg, Germany, **tredition** offers publishing solutions to authors and publishing houses, combined with worldwide distribution of printed and digital book content. **tredition** is uniquely positioned to enable authors and publishing houses to create books on their own terms and without conventional manufacturing risks.

For more information please visit: www.tredition.com

**Mr. Pat's Little Girl A Story of the
Arden Foresters**

Mary Finley Leonard

Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

Author: Mary Finley Leonard

Cover design: toepferschumann, Berlin (Germany)

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg (Germany)

ISBN: 978-3-8491-7125-4

www.tredition.com

www.tredition.de

Copyright:

The content of this book is sourced from the public domain.

The intention of the TREDITION CLASSICS series is to make world literature in the public domain available in printed format. Literary enthusiasts and organizations worldwide have scanned and digitally edited the original texts. tredition has subsequently formatted and redesigned the content into a modern reading layout. Therefore, we cannot guarantee the exact reproduction of the original format of a particular historic edition. Please also note that no modifications have been made to the spelling, therefore it may differ from the orthography used today.



Mr. Pat's Little Girl.
to
A.E.F.
in loving memory
this story is lovingly dedicated
by her niece





"HOW SWEET THE BREATH BENEATH THE HILL OF SHARON'S LOVELY ROSE."



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER

- I. Things Begin to Happen
"A magician most profound in his art."
- II. On the Other Side of the Hedge
"Give me leave to speak my mind."
- III. Friendship
"True it is that we have seen better days."
- IV. An Unquiet Morning
"You amaze me, ladies!"
- V. Maurice
"The stubbornness of fortune."
- VI. Puzzles
"How weary are my spirits."
- VII. The Magician Makes Tea
*"If that love or gold
Can in this place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed."*
- VIII. "To Meet Rosalind"
"Put you in your best array."
- IX. The Lost Ring
"Wear this for me."
- X. Celia
"One out of suits with fortune."
- XI. Making Friends
"Is not that neighborly?"
- XII. The Gilpin Place
"This is the Forest of Arden."
- XIII. In Patricia's Arbor
"O, how full of briers is this working-day world."
- XIV. The Arden Foresters

- "Like the old Robin Hood of England."
- XV.** A New Member
"In the circle of this forest."
- XVI.** Reciprocity
"Take upon command what we have."
- XVII.** A New Comrade
"I know you are a gentleman of good conceit."
- XVIII.** An Imprisoned Maiden
*"The house doth keep itself,
 There's none within."*
- XIX.** Old Acquaintance
"And there begins my sadness."
- XX.** The Spinet
"Though art not for the fashion of these times."
- XXI.** "Under the Greenwood Tree"
"Must you then be proud and pitiless?"
- XXII.** Circumstantial Evidence
"I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not."
- XXIII.** The Detective
"'Twas I, but 'tis not I."
- XXIV.** At The Auction
"Assuredly the thing is to be sold."
- XXV.** Questions
"They asked one another the reason."
- XXVI.** The President
"— And good in everything."
- XXVII.** Old Enemies
"Kindness nobler ever than revenge."
- XXVIII.** Better Than Dreams
"I like this place."
- XXIX.** At the Magician's

XXX. *"I would have you."*
 Oak Leaves
 "Bid me farewell."



ILLUSTRATIONS.

"How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's lovely rose"

"Do you know Miss Betty?"

"Looking up, he discovered his visitors"

"They crossed over to speak to her"

"She chose a chest of drawers"



Mr Pat's Little Girl



CHAPTER FIRST.

THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN.

"A magician most profound in his art."

It was Sunday afternoon. The griffins on the doorstep stared straight before them with an expression of utter indifference; the feathery foliage of the white birch swayed gently back and forth; the peonies lifted their crimson heads airily; the snowball bush bent under the weight of its white blooms till it swept the grass; the fountain splashed softly.

"By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows,"

Rosalind chanted dreamily.

Grandmamma had given her the hymn book, telling her to choose a hymn and commit it to memory, and as she turned the pages this had caught her eye and pleased her fancy.

"It sounds like the Forest of Arden," she said, leaning back on the garden bench and shutting her eyes.

"How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's lovely rose."

She swung her foot in time to the rhythm. She was not sure whether a rill was a fountain or a stream, so she decided, as there was no dictionary convenient, to think of it as like the creek where it crossed the road at the foot of Red Hill.

Again she looked at the book; skipping a stanza, she read:—

"By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly pass away."

The melancholy of this was interesting; at the same time it reminded her that she was lonely. After repeating, "Must shortly pass away," her eyes unexpectedly filled with tears.

"Now I am not going to cry," she said sternly, and by way of carrying out this resolve she again closed her eyes tight. It was desperately hard work, and she could not have told whether two minutes or ten had passed when she was startled by an odd, guttural voice close to her asking, "What is the matter, little girl?"

If the voice was strange, the figure she saw when she looked up was stranger still. A gaunt old man in a suit of rusty black, with straggling gray hair and beard, stood holding his hat in his hand, gazing at her with eyes so bright they made her uneasy.

"Nothing," she answered, rising hastily.

But the visitor continued to stand there and smile at her, shaking his head and repeating, "Mustn't cry."

"I am not crying," Rosalind insisted, glancing over her shoulder to make sure of a way of escape.

With a long, thin finger this strange person now pointed toward the house, saying something she understood to be an inquiry for Miss Herbert.

Miss Herbert was the housekeeper, and Rosalind knew she was at church; but when she tried to explain, the old man shook his head, and taking from his pocket a tablet with a pencil attached, he held it out to her, touching his ear as he uttered the one word "Deaf."

Rosalind understood she was to write her answer, and somewhat flurried she sat down on the edge of the bench and with much deliberation and in large clear letters conveyed the information, "She is out."

The old man looked at the tablet and then at Rosalind, bowing and smiling as if well pleased. "You'll tell her I'm going to the city to-morrow?" he asked.

There was something very queer in the way he opened his mouth and used his tongue, Rosalind thought, as she nodded emphatically, feeling that this singular individual had her at an unfair advantage. At least she would find out who he was, and so, as she still held the tablet, she wrote, "What is your name?"

He laughed as if this were a joke, and searching in his pocket, produced a card which he presented with a bow. On it was printed "C.J. Morgan, Cabinet Work."

"What is your name?" he asked.

Rosalind hesitated. She was not sure it at all concerned this stranger to know her name, but as he stood smiling and waiting, she did not know how to refuse; so she bent over the tablet, her yellow braid falling over her shoulder, as she wrote, "Rosalind Patterson Whittredge."

"Mr. Pat's daughter?" There was a twinkle in the old man's eye, and surprise and delight in his voice.

Rosalind sprang up, her own eyes shining. "How stupid of me!" she cried. "Why, you must be the magician, and you have a funny old shop, where father used to play when he was little. Oh, I hope you will let me come to see you!" Suddenly remembering the tablet, she looked at it despairingly. She couldn't write half she wished to say.

Morgan, however, seemed to understand pretty clearly, to judge from the way he laughed and asked if Mr. Pat was well.

Rosalind nodded and wrote, "He has gone to Japan."

"So far? Coming home soon?"

With a mournful countenance she shook her head.

Morgan stood looking down on her with a smile that no longer seemed uncanny. Indeed, there was something almost sweet in the rugged face as he repeated, "Mr. Pat's little girl, well, well," as if it were quite incredible.

Rosalind longed to ask at least a dozen questions, but it is dampening to one's ardor to have to spell every word, and she only nodded and smiled in her turn as she handed back the tablet.

"I wish father had taught me to talk on my fingers," she thought, feeling that one branch of her education had been neglected. "Perhaps Uncle Allan will, when he comes."

She watched the odd figure till it disappeared around a turn in the trim garden path, then she picked up the big red pillow which had fallen on the grass, and replacing it in one corner of the bench, curled herself up against it. The hymn book lay forgotten.

"I believe things are really beginning to happen," she said to herself. "You need not pretend they are not, for they are," she added, shaking her finger at the griffins with their provoking lack of expression. "You wouldn't make friends with anybody, not to save their lives, and it seemed as if I were never to get acquainted with a soul, when here I have met the magician in the most surprising way. And to think I didn't know him!"

The dream spirit was abroad in the garden. Across the lawn the shadows made mysterious progress; the sunlight seemed sifted through an enchanted veil, and like the touch of fairy fingers was the summer breeze against Rosalind's cheek, as with her head against the red pillow, she travelled for the first time in her life back into the past.

Back to the dear old library where two students worked, and where from the windows one could see the tiled roofs of the university. Back to the world of dreams where dwelt that friendly host of story-book people, where only a few short weeks ago Friendship, too, with its winding shady streets and this same stately garden and the griffins, had belonged as truly as did the Forest where that other Rosalind, loveliest of all story people, wandered.

Friendship was no longer a dream, and Rosalind, her head against the red pillow, was beginning to think that dreams were best.

"If we choose, we may travel always in the Forest, where the birds sing and the sunlight sifts through the trees."

These words of Cousin Louis's in his introduction to the old story pleased Rosalind's fancy. She liked to shut her eyes and think of the Forest and the brave-hearted company gathered there, and always

this brought before her the fair face of the miniature on her father's desk and a faint, sweet memory of clasping arms.

When the doctor with a grave face had said that only rest and change of scene could restore Cousin Louis's health, and when Rosalind understood that this must mean for her separation from both her dear companions, it was to the Forest she had turned.

"I'll pretend I am banished like Rosalind in the story," she had said, leaning against her father's shoulder, as he looked over the proofs of "The Life of Shakespeare" on which Cousin Louis had worked too hard. "Then I'll know I am certain to find you some-time."

Her father's arm had drawn her close, — she liked to recall it now, and how, when she added, "But I wish I had Celia and Touchstone to go with me," he had answered, "You are certain to find pleasant people in the Forest of Arden, little girl." And putting aside the proofs, he had talked to her of her grandmother and the old town of Friendship.

She had been almost a week in Friendship now, and — well, things were not altogether as she had pictured them. Silver locks and lace caps, arm-chairs and some sort of fluffy knitting work, had been a part of her idea of a grandmother, and lo! her own grandmother was erect and slender, with not a thread of gray in her dark hair, nor a line in her handsome face.

She was kind — oh, yes, but so sad in her heavy crepe. Aunt Genevieve in her trailing gowns was charming to behold, but no more company for Rosalind — at least not much more — than the griffins. Miss Herbert was not a merry, comfortable person like their own Mrs. Browne at home. The house was very quiet. The garden was beautiful, but she longed to be outside its tall iron gates; and she longed — how she longed — for her old companions!

Cousin Louis had given her her favorite story in a binding of soft leather, delicious to hold against one's cheek, and her father had added a copy of the beautiful miniature. With these treasures she had set out upon her journey. But she had begun to feel as if in the great Forest she had lost her way, when the friendly face of the magician reassured her.

The sound of sweeping draperies broke in upon her thoughts. It was Aunt Genevieve, and she had not learned her hymn. Picking up her book, she stole swiftly across the grass till she was hidden by some tall shrubbery. Before her was a high hedge of privet; beyond it, among the trees, the chimneys of a red brick house.

Walking back and forth, Rosalind began to study in earnest. Looking first at her book and then up at the blue sky, she repeated:—

"Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod.
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God."

CHAPTER SECOND.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HEDGE.

"Give me leave to speak my mind."

There was another garden on the other side of the hedge; not so large, nor so beautifully kept perhaps, but a pleasant garden, for all that. The red brick house to which it belonged was by no means so stately as the one whose doorstep the griffins guarded, yet it had an importance all its own. On week days, when the heavy shutters on the lower front windows were open, *The National Bank of Friendship* was to be seen in gilt letters on the glass; on Sundays, however, when they were closed, there was little to suggest that it was anything more than a private dwelling. It was a square, roomy house, and the part not in use for bank purposes was occupied by the cashier, Mr. Milton Roberts, and his family.

While Rosalind, curled up on the garden seat, was thinking of home, Maurice Roberts lay in the hammock under the big maple near the side porch, where his mother and Miss Betty Bishop sat talking. He held a book, but instead of reading was allowing himself the lazy entertainment of listening to their conversation.

From his position, a little behind the visitor, he had an excellent view of her as she sat erect in the wicker chair, her parasol across her lap. Miss Betty was plump and short, and had a dimple in her chin. Her hair, which was turning gray, waved prettily back from her forehead into the thickest of braids, and altogether there was a pleasant air of crispness about her; though something in the keenness of her glance, or the firmness with which her lips met, suggested that on occasion she might be unyielding. "The Barnwell stubbornness," she herself would have explained, with the same complacency she manifested when displaying her grandmother's tea-set.

Mrs. Roberts, Maurice's mother, was a gentle person, with large, soft eyes and a quiet manner.

The preliminary conversation had not been interesting, pertaining chiefly to flowers and the weather, and Maurice gave a sigh of satisfaction when, after a moment's pause, Miss Betty straightened herself and remarked, "Well, I hear the will is certain to be sustained."

"Then the property will have to be sold?" questioned Mrs. Roberts.

"Yes, and I may as well say good-by to the cream-jug and sugar-dish that Cousin Anne always said should be mine. Still, I never shall believe Cousin Thomas was out of his mind when he made that last will, it was too much like him. Dear knows it ought to be broken, but not on that ground. It was a case of pure spite."

"Oh, Betty!"

Maurice smiled to himself at his mother's tone.

"I assure you it was. I knew Cousin Thomas. Didn't Cousin Anne tell me dozens of times in his presence, 'Betty, this is your cream-jug and sugar-dish, because they match your teapot'?"

"I should think you had enough silver, Betty; still it was a shame Miss Anne left that list unsigned," said Mrs. Roberts.

"If you knew Cousin Anne at all, Mrs. Roberts, you knew how hesitating she was. She couldn't decide whether to leave the Canton china to Ellen Marshall or to Tom's wife. She changed her mind any number of times, but she was always clear about my cream-jug and sugar-dish. If Cousin Thomas had had any decency, he would have considered her wishes. Think of my own grandmother's things put up at public auction!"

"Most of Mr. Gilpin's money goes to the hospital, I suppose," remarked Mrs. Roberts.

"Pretty much everything but the real estate in and around Friendship, and the contents of the house, all of which will have to be sold and divided among his first cousins or their heirs. The only bequests made besides the money to the hospital are to Celia Fair and Allan Whittredge. Celia is to have the spinet, and Allan that beautiful old ring, if ever it comes to light again. I wish Cousin Thomas had left Celia some money. She was one person for whom he had a little affection."

Maurice wished so too. He admired Miss Celia Fair, and felt it was too bad she should get only an antiquated piano.

"Are the Fairs related to the Gilpins?" his mother asked. Not being a native of Friendship, she had difficulty in mastering the intricacies of its relationships.

It was ground upon which Miss Betty was entirely at home, however. "They were kin to Cousin Thomas's wife," she explained. "Mrs. Fair's grandmother was half-sister to Cousin Emma's mother, and raised Cousin Emma as her own child. Of course it is not very near when it comes to Celia. The spinet belonged to old Mrs. Johnson, — Celia's great-grandmother, you know, — whose name was also Celia. Saint Cecilia, they used to call her, because she was so good and played and sang so sweetly. It is right the spinet should go to Celia, but that would not have influenced Cousin Thomas a minute if he had not wished her to have it."

"And the ring has never been heard of?" Mrs. Roberts asked, as her visitor paused for breath.

"I doubt if it ever comes to light. It is nearly three years now since it disappeared," was the reply. Miss Betty looked up at the vines above her head, and her lips curled into a sort of half smile. "I should like to hear Cousin Ellen Whittredge on the will," she added. "I don't think she cares much about the money, however; it is more that old feeling against Dr. Fair. You remember he testified to Mr. Gilpin's sanity."

"And her son?" asked Mrs. Roberts.

"Allan? It is hard to find out what Allan thinks, but there is no bitterness in him. He is like his father, poor man! What I am curious to know is, what Cousin Thomas meant by saying in his will that Allan knew his wishes in regard to the ring. That strikes me as a little sensational. I asked Allan about it the last time I saw him, but he only laughed and said he'd have to get it before he could dispose of it."

Miss Betty now made some motions preliminary to rising, but as if on second thought, she laid her parasol across her knees again and asked, "Have you heard that Patterson's daughter is here?"

"Yes, I think I saw her in the carriage with her grandmother yesterday," was Mrs. Roberts's reply.

This was news to Maurice, and he listened with interest.

Miss Betty shook her head. "I am surprised," she said. "That marriage of Patterson's was a dreadful blow to Cousin Ellen."

"It seems to me she was unreasonable about it. I am glad she sent for him before his father died." Mrs. Roberts spoke with some hesitation. She did not often array her own opinions against those of her friends.

"I don't blame her as some do. A person of that sort, and Patterson the very light of her eyes! How would you feel if Maurice some day should do a thing like that?"

Maurice laughed softly. His thoughts were not much occupied with marriage. His mother ignored the question, and in her turn asked, "Did Mrs. Whittredge ever see her daughter-in-law?"

"No, indeed. This child was not more than three when she died."

"Poor little thing!" Mrs. Roberts sighed.

"Such a name! I detest fancy names. Rosalind!" Miss Betty rose.

"A good old English name and very pretty, I think. Was it her mother's?"

"I suppose so, but I don't know. Yes, I must go; Sophy will think I am lost. Good-by," and Miss Betty stepped briskly down the path.

The gate had hardly closed when Maurice heard some one calling him. Looking over his shoulder, he saw his sister Katherine beckoning.

"Maurice, Maurice, do come here; I want you to see something."

Her tone impressed him as unduly mysterious. "What is it?" he asked indifferently.

"Come, and I'll show you."

"I sha'n't come till you tell me," he persisted.

"Oh, I think you might, because if I stop to tell you she may be gone."