The troll garden

Cather Willa
Title: The troll garden

Author: Cather Willa

This is an exact replica of a book. The book reprint was manually improved by a team of professionals, as opposed to automatic/OCR processes used by some companies. However, the book may still have imperfections such as missing pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. that were a part of the original text. We appreciate your understanding of the imperfections which can not be improved, and hope you will enjoy reading this book.

Book Renaissance
www.ren-books.com
THE TROLL GARDEN

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

A FAIRY PALACE, WITH A FAIRY GARDEN;
INSIDE THE TROLLS DWELL, WORKING AT THEIR MAGIC FORGES, MAKING ALWAYS THINGS RARE AND STRANGE

CHARLES KINGSLEY

NEW YORK
McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.
MCMV
To
Isabelle McClung
CONTENTS

FLAVIA AND HER ARTISTS ........................................... 1
THE SCULPTOR'S FUNERAL ........................................ 55
THE GARDEN LODGE ................................................. 85
"A DEATH IN THE DESERT" ........................................ 111
THE MARRIAGE OF PHÆDRA ....................................... 155
A WAGNER MATINEE ................................................. 193
PAUL'S CASE .......................................................... 211
FLAVIA AND HER ARTISTS
FLAVIA AND HER ARTISTS

As the train neared Tarrytown, Imogen Willard began to wonder why she had consented to be one of Flavia's house party at all. She had not felt enthusiastic about it since leaving the city, and was experiencing a prolonged ebb of purpose, a current of chilling indecision, under which she vainly sought for the motive which had induced her to accept Flavia's invitation.

Perhaps it was a vague curiosity to see Flavia's husband, who had been the magician of her childhood and the hero of innumerable Arabian fairy tales. Perhaps it was a desire to see M. Roux, whom Flavia had announced as the especial attraction of the occasion. Perhaps it was a wish to study that remarkable woman in her own setting.

Imogen admitted a mild curiosity concerning Flavia. She was in the habit of taking people rather seriously, but somehow found it im-
possible to take Flavia so, because of the very vehemence and insistence with which Flavia demanded it. Submerged in her studies, Imogen had, of late years, seen very little of Flavia; but Flavia, in her hurried visits to New York, between her excursions from studio to studio — her luncheons with this lady who had to play at a matinée, and her dinners with that singer who had an evening concert — had seen enough of her friend’s handsome daughter to conceive for her an inclination of such violence and assurance as only Flavia could afford. The fact that Imogen had shown rather marked capacity in certain esoteric lines of scholarship, and had decided to specialize in a well-sounding branch of philology at the Ecole des Chartes, had fairly placed her in that category of “interesting people” whom Flavia considered her natural affinities, and lawful prey.

When Imogen stepped upon the station platform she was immediately appropriated by her hostess, whose commanding figure and assurance of attire she had recognized from a distance. She was hurried into a high tilbury and Flavia, taking the driver’s cushion beside her, gathered up the reins with an experienced hand.

“My dear girl,” she remarked, as she turned