The love of Landry

Dunbar Paul Laurence
THE LOVE
of LANDRY

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Author of "LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE," "FOLKS FROM DIXIE," "POEMS OF CABIN & FIELD," etc.

NEW YORK · DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY · MDCCCC
To my Friend

MAJOR WILLIAM COOKE DANIELS

IN MEMORY OF SOME PLEASANT DAYS
SPENT OVER THIS LITTLE STORY
The Love of Landry

CHAPTER FIRST

For a time, at least, the Osborne family circle was to be broken up. There were only three of them in the big old house in Gramercy Park: John Osborne, the father, and Helen and Mildred, the daughters. The mother had died when Mildred was less than ten, and since then the three had never been separated for long at a time. Even when they were away for the summer, the father managed to join them every week or two if they were near New York, or, if far away, to spend several weeks with them at the end of the season. But now Mildred, who was a slight
THE LOVE OF LANDRY

girl, had contracted a cough, and the doctor had ordered her away from New York.

"There is, at present, nothing the matter with her lungs," said old Dr. Van Pelt. "Nothing, except a tendency. But a tendency, my dear sir, is a thing that should always be stopped. By all means, always stop a tendency."

"But, Heavens, doctor!" exclaimed Osborne, "where shall I send the child?"

He was usually a very placid old gentleman until something came near one of his doves. Then he was apt to become nervous, and lose his repose.

"Oh, there's the south of France, southern California, Colorado,—oh, a dozen places; but for my part," he added, shaking his pince-nez thought-