
The Glade in the Forest and Other Stories

Gwynn Stephen Lucius

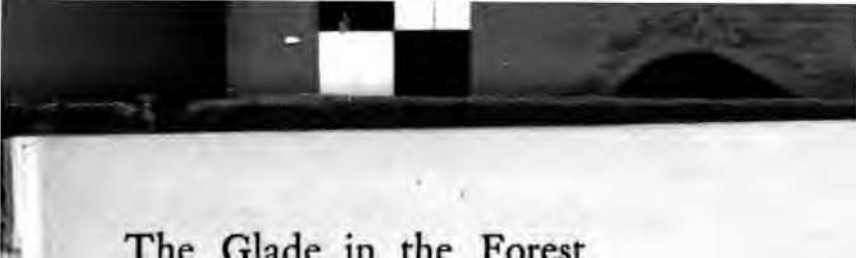
Title: The Glade in the Forest and Other Stories

Author: Gwynn Stephen Lucius

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The Glade in the Forest
And Other Stories



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

The Fair Hills of Ireland.

To-day and To-morrow in Ireland.

A Lay of Ossian and Patrick.

The Old Knowledge.

John Maxwell's Marriage.

Fishing Holidays.

Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim.

**The Glade in the Forest
And Other Stories. By
Stephen Gwynn**

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Prefatory

All the stories in this book have been published in some periodical, and my thanks are due to the editors concerned—more particularly to the editor of The Cornhill, for leave to reprint The Glade in the Forest and Splendide Mendax, and to the editor of Blackwood for the same courtesy in regard to The Grip of the Land and St. Brigid's Flood. The latter of these has already been included in a book of mine, Fishing Holidays; but since that volume is now almost out of print, I have decided to put this story in its more appropriate place—in this collection of what I should wish to preserve out of the various short stories that I have written in the last ten or twelve years.

As to The Grip of the Land—it was written and in type before I saw my friend Padraic Colum's play, "The Land," where the same subject is handled in a manner that would set it out of all comparison with mine, even if it lacked the genius of Mr. W. G. Fay's acting. But since my story was written, let it stand for another view of the possibilities; though unhappily no one who knows Ireland will dispute that all the probability lies with the man who represents America as winning in the struggle between town life and country life to win and to hold the hopes and ambitions, whether of boy or girl.

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THE GLADE IN THE FOREST.

I.

THE fencing school in Little Titmarsh Street changed its character on Sundays and became the head-quarters of a club which was to all swordsmen what the Serpentine is to skaters. Admission was not merely a question of social fitness or of interest in the game; the candidate for membership had to satisfy an exacting committee in a trial of skill. Jules Barillon, the little Frenchman who kept the school, generally attended, but he attended as an honorary member. This afternoon he was there, but not in his fencing kit; severe and tightly pinched in a braided frock coat, he was talking to two ladies in the gallery which looked down upon the fencing school itself. There were a good many women there, for this was the first Sunday in August, and on the first Sunday of every month members had the right of admitting their lady friends to see what was to be seen. But the attention of a knot of men gathered together on the floor of the school plainly centred on one of the ladies with Barillon. They looked at her, scarcely making a pretence to watch the pair who were fencing on the boarded floor.

"Are you sure that's the woman?" said the youngest in the group, a subaltern of two-and-twenty.