

Chapter 1 : The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid - Thomas Hardy - E-kirja - BookBeat

A fine-framed dark-mustachioed gentleman, in dressing-gown and slippers, was sitting there in the damp without a hat on. With one hand he was tightly grasping his forehead, the other hung over his knee.

A milkmaid, Margery, encounters a mysterious foreigner and perhaps prevents him from committing suicide. In gratitude, the man offers her any reward she can name. She tells him she wants to go to a ball. From there the story continues because of course, a lot happens after the ball. She happens to already have an engagement to a local lad but his hold over her seems to grow of its own accord. This Hardy story may not end the way you wish, but that is often true of stories by this master writer. How does All You Can Books work? The service works on any major device including computers, smartphones, music players, e-readers, and tablets. You do not know all; but your presence was a miraculous intervention. Now to more cheerful matters. I have a great deal to tellâ€”that is, if your wish about the ball be still the same? What I have found out is something which simplifies matters amazingly. In addition to your Yeomanry Ball at Exonbury, there is also to be one in the next county about the same time. Now I find I could take you there very well, and the great advantage of that ball over the Yeomanry Ball in this county is, that there you would be absolutely unknown, and I also. But do you prefer your own neighbourhood? Read More Community Reviews 4. Volevo avvicinarmi al suo stile con un romanzo breve e ho provato con questo. Ci sono tutti gli elementi per renderlo interessante The eponymous milkmaid, Margery, encounters a mysterious foreigner and perhaps prevents him from Un magico incontro tra I

Chapter 2 : The Romantic Adventures Of A Milkmaid by Thomas Hardy

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A dense white fog hung over the Valley of the Exe, ending against the hills on either side. But though nothing in the vale could be seen from higher ground, notes of differing kinds gave pretty clear indications that bustling life was going on there. This audible presence and visual absence of an active scene had a peculiar effect above the fog level. Nature had laid a white hand over the creatures ensconced within the vale, as a hand might be laid over a nest of chirping birds. The noises that ascended through the pallid coverlid were perturbed lowings, mingled with human voices in sharps and flats, and the bark of a dog. A hush followed, the atmosphere being so stagnant that the milk could be heard buzzing into the pails, together with occasional words of the milkmaids and men. You can be back again by skimmingtime. The bartongate slammed again, and in two or three minutes a something became visible, rising out of the fog in that quarter. The shape revealed itself as that of a woman having a young and agile gait. Her face was of the hereditary type among families down in these parts: Her eyes were of a liquid brown. On her arm she carried a withy basket, in which lay several butterrolls in a nest of wet cabbageleaves. The dampness was such that innumerable earthworms lay in couples across the path till, startled even by her light tread, they withdrew suddenly into their holes. She kept clear of all trees. There was no danger of lightning on such a morning as this. But though the roads were dry the fog had gathered in the boughs, causing them to set up such a dripping as would go clean through the protecting handkerchief like bullets, and spoil the ribbons beneath. The beech and ash were particularly shunned, for they dripped more maliciously than any. In less than an hour she had traversed a distance of four miles, and arrived at a latticed cottage in a secluded spot. An elderly woman, scarce awake, answered her knocking. Instead of returning to the light labours of skimmingtime, she hastened on, her direction being towards a little neighbouring town. Before, however, Margery had proceeded far, she met the postman, laden to the neck with letter bags, of which he had not yet deposited one. The postman turned up a sidepath, and the young girl, as though deciding within herself that if she could not go shopping at once she might as well get back for the skimming, retraced her steps. The public road home from this point was easy but devious. By far the nearest way was by getting over a fence, and crossing the private grounds of a picturesque old countryhouse, whose chimneys were just visible through the trees. As the house had been shut up for many months, the girl decided to take the straight cut. She pushed her way through the laurel bushes, sheltering her bonnet with the shawl as an additional safeguard, scrambled over an inner boundary, went along through more shrubberies, and stood ready to emerge upon the open lawn. Before doing so she looked around in the wary manner of a poacher. It was not the first time that she had broken fence in her life; but somehow, and all of a sudden, she had felt herself too near womanhood to indulge in such practices with freedom. However, she moved forth, and the housefront stared her in the face, at this higher level unobscured by fog. It was a building of the medium size, and unpretending, the facade being of stone; and of the Italian elevation made familiar by Inigo Jones and his school. There was a doorway to the lawn, standing at the head of a flight of steps. The shutters of the house were closed, and the blinds of the bedrooms drawn down. Her perception of the fact that no crusty caretaker could see her from the windows led her at once to slacken her pace, and stroll through the flowerbeds coolly. A house unblinded is a possible spy, and must be treated accordingly; a house with the shutters together is an insensate heap of stone and mortar, to be faced with indifference. On the other side of the house the greensward rose to an eminence, whereon stood one of those curious summer shelters.

Chapter 3 : ProSe: Short Story Review: "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid" By Thomas Hardy

*The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid [Thomas Hardy] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid is a classic romance novel by Thomas Hardy and a romantic and comedic tour de force.*

He hastened down towards the stables, and she went on as directed. It seemed as if he must have put in the horse himself, so quickly did he reappear with the phaeton on the open road. Margery silently took her seat, and the Baron seemed cut to the quick with self-reproach as he noticed the listless indifference with which she acted. He drove along furiously, in a cloud of dust. There was much to contemplate in that peaceful Sunday morning--the windless trees and fields, the shaking sunlight, the pause in human stir. Yet neither of them heeded, and thus they drew near to the dairy. His first expressed intention had been to go indoors with her, but this he abandoned as impolitic in the highest degree. And, Margery, my last request to you is this: Promise solemnly, my dear girl, that any such request shall be unheeded. Out of sight he pulled rein suddenly. He stood up in the phaeton, and by this means he could see over the hedge. Margery still sat listlessly in the same place; there was not a lovelier flower in the field. Meanwhile Margery had not moved. If the Baron could dissimulate on the side of severity she could dissimulate on the side of calm. He did not know what had been veiled by the quiet promise to manage matters indoors. Rising at length she first turned away from the house; and, by-and-by, having apparently forgotten till then that she carried it in her hand, she opened the case, and looked at the locket. This seemed to give her courage. She turned, set her face towards the dairy in good earnest, and though her heart faltered when the gates came in sight, she kept on and drew near the door. On the threshold she stood listening. The house was silent. Decorations were visible in the passage, and also the carefully swept and sanded path to the gate, which she was to have trodden as a bride; but the sparrows hopped over it as if it were abandoned; and all appeared to have been checked at its climacteric, like a clock stopped on the strike. Till this moment of confronting the suspended animation of the scene she had not realized the full shock of the convulsion which her disappearance must have caused. It is quite certain--apart from her own repeated assurances to that effect in later years--that in hastening off that morning to her sudden engagement, Margery had not counted the cost of such an enterprise; while a dim notion that she might get back again in time for the ceremony, if the message meant nothing serious, should also be mentioned in her favour. But, upon the whole, she had obeyed the call with an unreasoning obedience worthy of a disciple in primitive times. The simple affairs of her and hers seemed nothing beside the possibility of harm to him. A well-known step moved on the sanded floor within, and she went forward. What be you here for? I was sent for this morning early. Jim had put all ready for you, Jim had called at your house, a-dressed up in his new wedding clothes, and a-smiling like the sun; Jim had told the parson, had got the ringers in tow, and the clerk awaiting; and then--you was GONE! No; let her look elsewhere for a husband. She had a place of refuge in these cases of necessity, and her father knew it, and was less alarmed at seeing her depart than he might otherwise have been. The devious way she pursued, to avoid the vicinity of Mount Lodge, was tedious, and she was already weary. But the cottage was a restful place to arrive at, for she was her own mistress there--her grandmother never coming down stairs--and Edy, the woman who lived with and attended her, being a cipher except in muscle and voice. The conditions of the gift were unfulfilled, and she wished it to go back instantly. Perhaps, in the intricacies of her bosom, there lurked a greater satisfaction with the reason for returning the present than she would have felt just then with a reason for keeping it. To send the article was difficult. In the evening she wrapped herself up, searched and found a gauze veil that had been used by her grandmother in past years for hiving swarms of bees, buried her face in it, and sallied forth with a palpitating heart till she drew near the tabernacle of her demi-god the Baron. She ventured only to the back-door, where she handed in the parcel addressed to him, and quickly came away. Now it seems that during the day the Baron had been unable to learn the result of his attempt to return Margery in time for the event he had interrupted. Wishing, for obvious reasons, to avoid direct inquiry by messenger, and being too unwell to go far himself, he could learn no particulars. He was sitting in thought after a lonely dinner when the parcel intimating failure as brought in. The footman, whose

curiosity had been excited by the mode of its arrival, peeped through the keyhole after closing the door, to learn what the packet meant. Directly the Baron had opened it he thrust out his feet vehemently from his chair, and began cursing his ruinous conduct in bringing about such a disaster, for the return of the locket denoted not only no wedding that day, but none to-morrow, or at any time.

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Clearly, The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid fails to conform to one of the most common expectations of a short story, namely that it is of such a length that it may be read at a single sitting. In its initial American publication, in Harper's, it is obviously a short novel or novella, running in seven instalments from June 23rd to August 4th.

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LibriVox recording of The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid by Thomas Hardy. Read in English by Alisson Veldhuis; Eleanor Howard; Beth Thomas A milkmaid, Margery, encounters a mysterious foreigner and perhaps prevents him from committing suicide.

Chapter 9 : Read The Romantic Adventures Of A Milkmaid Light Novel Online

Within this superb collection of stories, written by Hardy between and , is a truly fascinating tale of near-novella length titled The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid. Hardy wrote this story while living in Wimbourne in Dorset, and it first appeared in a special 'summer edition' of the Graphic literary journal.