

Chapter 1 : The hesitation of Miss Anderson, by Sara Jeannette Duncan : Chapter

Read "The Hesitation of Miss Anderson" by Sara Jeannette Duncan with Rakuten Kobo. Sara Jeannette Duncan (22 December - 22 July) was a Canadian author and journalist.

The Hesitation of Miss Anderson. When it became known that Madeline Anderson had finally decided to go abroad for two years, her little circle in New York naturally talked a good deal, in review, about her curious reason for never having gone before. So much that happened afterward, so much that I am going to tell, depends upon this reason for not going before, that I also must talk about it and explain it; I could never bring it out just as we went along. It would have been a curious reason in connection with anybody, but doubly so as explaining the behaviour of Miss Anderson, whose profile gave you the impression that she was anything but the shuttlecock of her emotions. Shortly, her reason was a convict, Number , who, up to February in that year, had been working, or rather waiting, out his sentence in the State penitentiary. So long as he worked or waited, Madeline remained in New York, but when in February death gave him his quittance, she took her freedom too, with wide intentions and many coupons. Earlier in his career Number had been known in New York society as Mr. Frederick Prendergast, and for a little while he was disapproved there on the score of having engaged himself to a Miss Anderson, Madeline Anderson, whom nobody knew anything about. There was her own little circle, as I have said, and it lacked neither dignity nor refinement, but I doubt whether any member of it was valeted from London, or could imply, in conversation, a personal acquaintance with Yvette Guilbert. The best so often fails to include the better. It may be accepted that Madeline Anderson and her people were of these, and that she wondered sometimes during the brief days of her engagement what it would be like to belong to the brilliant little world about her that had its visiting list in London, Paris, or St. Petersburg, and was immensely entertained by the gaucheries of the great ones of the earth. She came leaning on the arm of a brother, the only relative she had in the world, and so brilliant was the form of these young people that it occurred to nobody to imagine that it had the most precarious pecuniary foundation, must have faded and shrivelled indeed, after another year or two of anything but hospitality as generous as that of New York. Well-nourished and undimmed, however, it concealed for them admirably the fact that it was the hospitality they were after, and not the bracing climate or the desire to see the fascinating Americans of London and Paris at home. New York found them agreeable specimens of high-spirited young English people, and played with them indefinitely. Miss Forde, when she sat imperturbably on a cushion in the middle of the floor after dinner and sang to a guitar the songs of Albert Chevalier, was an anomaly in English decorum that was as pleasing to observe as it was amusing to criticize. The Americans she met delighted in drawing her out " it was a pastime that took the lead at dinner-parties, to an extent which her hostess often thought preposterous " and she responded with naivete and vigour, perfectly aware that she was scoring all along the line. Frederick Prendergast was unacquainted with the popular pictures I have mentioned, having a very reasonable preference for the illustrated papers of his own country; otherwise " there is no telling " he might have observed the resemblance and escaped the State prison, whither he assuredly never would have gone had he married Madeline Anderson " as he fully intended to do when Miss Forde came over. This at all events was how her attitude expressed itself practically; and the upshot was that Miss Anderson lost them. There came a day when Frederick Prendergast, in much discomfort of mind, took to Violet the news that Madeline had brought their engagement to an end. She, with what both the others thought excellent taste, persuaded her mother and sister to move to Brooklyn; and so far as the thoroughfares and social theatres of New York were concerned, the city over the river might have been a nunnery which had closed its gates upon her. It would be painful, in view of what we know of Frederick Prendergast, to dwell upon what Madeline Anderson undeniably felt. Besides her emotions were not destructively acute, they only lasted longer than any one could have either expected or approved. She suffered for him as well; she saw as plainly as he did the first sordid consequences of his mistake the afternoon he came to solicit her friendship, having lost other claims; and it was then perhaps, that her responsibility in allowing Violet Forde to spoil his life for him began to suggest itself to her. Up to that time she had thought of the matter differently, as she would have said, selfishly. He

was not permitted to come again; but he went away lightened, inasmuch as he had added his burden to hers. The case dragged on through appeal, and the decision of the lower courts was not reversed. He went to prison with hardly more than one lung, and in the most favourable physical condition to get rid of the other. Prendergast wept a little over the installation, and assured Frederick that it was perfectly absurd; they were certain to get him out again; people always got people out again in America. She took him grapes and flowers once a week for about a month, and then she sailed for Europe. Her affection, pricked on by remorse, had long satisfied itself with the duties of her ministry. Her patience lasted through six years, which was four years longer than any doctor had given Frederick Prendergast to live; but when one last morning she found an empty bed, and learned that Number had been discharged in his coffin, she rose from the shock with the sense of a task fully performed and a well-developed desire to see what else there might be in the world. She announced her intention of travelling for a year or two with a maid, and her family expressed the usual acquiescence. She went at last in March; and found herself down with fever at Benares in the middle of one particularly hot April, two months after the last of her fellow travellers had sailed from Bombay, haunted on her baking pillow by pictorial views of the burning ghat and the vultures. The station doctor, using appalling language to her punkah-coolie, ordered her to the hills; and thus it was that she went to Simla, where she had no intention of going, and where this story really begins. Brookes has always declared that Providence in sending Miss Anderson to Simla had it in mind to prevent a tragedy; but as to that there is room for a difference of opinion: How can I explain to you elderly gentlemen, whose faces express daily electric communications with the Secretary of State, playing tennis violently every single afternoon in striped flannels – writing letters of admonition to the Amir all day long, and in the evening, with the assistance of yellow wigs and make-up sticks from the Calcutta hair-dresser, imagining that they produce things, poor dears, only a LITTLE less well done than is done at the Lyceum? Nothing is beyond them. The effect of remoteness from the world, I suppose, and the enormous mutual appreciation of people who have watched each other climb. For to arrive officially at Simla they have had to climb in more ways than one. It is all so hilarious, so high-spirited, so young and yet, my word! That is typical of the place. All the honours and dignities – and a perambulator to put them in – or a ridiculous little white-washed house made of mud and tin, and calling itself Warwick Castle, Blenheim, Abbotsford! This matter of precedence is a bore for an outsider. The red eyelids alone. Hauksbee every day when neither of us are having it anywhere else. Isaacs, too, the other day. He used to be a diamond agent among the native princes when Crawford knew him. When I saw him he was auctioning off his collection of curios and things. She was much struck, on arriving, by an apparent anomaly in nature. She touched upon almost every feature, from Mrs. I should like to quote more of her letters, but if I did I should find nothing about Colonel Horace Innes, who represented – she often acknowledged to herself – her only serious interest. Miss Anderson took the world at its own light valuation as it came; but she had a scale of recognitions and acceptances, which she kept apart for the very few, and Innes had claimed a place in it the first time they met. It seems a trifle ungrateful that she should have left him out, since it was he who gave her a standard by which to measure the frivolity of Simla. He went to gymkhanas – if he knew she was going – but he towered almost pictorially above them; and when he talked to Madeline his shoulders expressed a resentment of possible interruptions that isolated him still further. I would not suggest that he was superior by conviction; he was only intent, whereas most of the other people were extremely diffused, and discriminating, while the intimacies of the rest were practically coextensive with Government House list. Neither, for his part, would he admit that the tone of Simla was as wholly flippant as I have implied. They often talked about it; he recognized it as a feature likely to compel the attention of people from other parts of the world; and one afternoon he asked her, with some directness, if she could see no tragedies underneath. The emotion is so ephemeral! A woman came to tea with me three days ago, and made me her confessor. She was so unhappy that she forgot about the rouge, and it all came off on her handkerchief when she cried. The man likes somebody else better this season. Well, I gave her nougat and cheap cynicisms, and she allowed herself to be comforted! Why, the loves of kitchen-maids are more dignified. The deodars stood thick above them, with the sunlight filtering through; a thousand feet below lay the little square fields, yellow and green, of the King of Koti. The purple-brown Himalayas shouldered the eye out to the horizon, and there the Snows lifted

themselves, hardly more palpable than the drifted clouds, except for a gleam of ice in their whiteness. A low stone wall ran along the verge of the precipice, and, looking down, they saw tangled patches of the white wild rose of the Himalayas, waving and drooping over the abyss. That poor lady suffered, I suppose, to the extent of her capacity. You would not have increased it. I was thinking more of the "separations. His face was impassive; he was watching mechanically for a chance to slay a teasing green spider-fly. Time does the rest, time and the aridity of separations. How many men and women can hold themselves together with letters? The mind could accustom itself to expect that, and so forestall the blow, if it really would be a blow, which I doubt. If they lived together the illusion would go, I suppose, but custom and comfort would step in to prevent a jar. There never would be that awful revelation of indifference. But, of course, it is the wife who suffers most. Shall we canter on? She could not let this be the last word; he must not imagine that she had seen, through the simple crystal of his convictions, the personal situation that gave them to him. You must have observed this that you speak of it; it sounds only too probable. And I confess it makes my little impression very vulgar and superficial. What do you think I heard a woman say the other day at a tiffin-party? She thought of the matter again that evening before her little fire of snapping deodar twigs, thought of it intently. She remembered it all with perfect distinctness; she might have been listening to a telephonic reproduction. It was the almost intimate glimpse Innes had given her of himself, and it brought her an excitement which she did not think of analyzing. Then she went to bed, preferring not to call Brookes, with the somewhat foolish feeling of being unable to account for her evening. Her last reflection before she slept shaped itself in her mind in definite words. She must have left him after that first six months in Lucknow, because of a natural antipathy to the country "and when she condescended to come out again for a winter he met the different lady he thinks about. With little hard lines around the mouth and common conventional habits of thought, full of subservience to his official superiors, and perfectly uninterested in him except as the source of supplies. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Innes, travelling at the moment with the mails from London to Bombay, was hastening to present to Miss Anderson features astonishingly different. Jack Owen and the rest "were giving a tea in the hotel pavilion. They had the band, the wife of the Commander-in-Chief, the governess from Viceregal Lodge and one little Viceregal girl, three A. The Pavilion overhung the Mall; looking down one could see the coming and going of leisurely Government peons in scarlet and gold, Cashmiri vendors of great bales of embroideries and skins, big-turbaned Pahari horse-dealers, chaffering in groups, and here and there a mounted Secretary-sahib trotting to the Club. Beyond, the hills dipped blue and bluer to the plains, and against them hung a single waving yellow laburnum, a note of imagination. Madeline Anderson was looking at it when Mrs. Gammidge came up with an affectionate observation upon the cut of her skirt, after which Mrs. Mickie harked back to what they had been talking about before. But she gives people a good deal of latitude for speculation.

Chapter 2 : An intermittent 'stumble' could be the spark plugs - racedaydvl.com

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Another day had come without them. To write and tell Innes, to write to tell Violet, to go away and leave the situation as she found it; she had lived and moved and slept and awakened to these alternatives. At the moment she slept. It was early, very early in the morning. The hills all about seemed still unaware of it, standing in the greyness, compact, silent, immutable, as if they slept with their eyes open. Nothing spoke of the oncoming sun, nothing was yet surprised. The hill world lifted itself unconscious in a pale solution of daylight, and only on the sky-line, very far away, it rippled into a cloud. The flimsy town clinging steeply roof above roof to the slope, mounting to the saddle and slipping over on the other side, cut the dawn with innumerable little lines and angles all in one tone like a pencil drawing. There was no feeling in it, no expression. It had a temporary air in that light, like trampled snow, and even the big Secretariat buildings that raised themselves here and there out of the huddling bazaar looked trivial, childish enterprises in the simple revelation of the morning. A cold silence was abroad, which a crow now and then vainly tried to disturb with a note of tentative enterprise, forced, premature. It announced that the sun would probably rise, but nothing more. At the tonga terminus, below the Mall, a couple of coughing syces, muffled in their blankets, pulled one of these vehicles out of the shed. They pushed it about sleepily, with clumsy futility; nothing else stirred or spoke at all in Simla. Nothing disturbed Miss Anderson asleep in her hotel. A brown figure in a loin-cloth, with a burden, appeared where the road turned down from the Mall, and then another, and several following. They were coolies, and they carried luggage. The first to arrive beside the tonga bent and loosed the trunk he brought, which slipped from his back to the ground. The syces looked at him, saying nothing, and he straightened himself against the wall of the hillside, also in silence. It was too early for conversation. Thus did all the others. When the last portmanteau had been deposited, a khaki-coloured heap on the shed floor rose up as a broad-shouldered Punjabi driver, and walked round the luggage, looking at it. Here is work for six tongas! What reason is there in this? A rickshaw was coming down from the Mall, and the memsahib was in it. Ten minutes later the ponies stood in their traces under the iron bar, and the lady sat in the tonga behind Ram Singh. Her runners, in uniform, waited beside the empty rickshaw with a puzzled look, at which she laughed, and threw a rupee to the head man. The luggage was piled and corded on three ekkas behind, and their cross-legged drivers, too, were ready. The little procession clanked and jingled along the hillside, always tending down, and broke upon the early grey melancholy with a forced and futile cheerfulness, too early, like everything else. It was all behind her. The lady looked out as the ponies galloped up to the first changing-place, and, seeing a saddled horse held by a syce, cramped herself a little into one corner to make room. The seat would just hold two. Ram Singh salaamed, getting down to harness the fresh pair, and a man put his face in at the side of the tonga and took off his hat. His smile was as conscious as his words were casual. Everything else is either here or in the ekkas. You can pick up another at Bombay. Ram Singh again unquestioningly took up the reins. We might just as well have started together. Beastly awkward if there had been anybody. Then, with the effect of turning to the business in hand, she bent her eyes upon him understandingly and smiled in frank reference to something that had not been mentioned. He smiled in response and put his hand upon her firm, round arm, possessively, and they began to talk. Ram Singh, all unaware, kept his horses at their steady clanking downward gallop, and Simla, clinging to the hilltops, was brushed by the first rays of the sun. It came a gloriously clear morning; early riders round Jakko saw the real India lying beyond the outer ranges, flat and blue and pictured with forests and rivers like a map. The plains were pretty and interesting in this aspect, but nobody found them attractive. Sensitive people liked it better when the heat mist veiled them and it was possible to look abroad without a sudden painful thought of contrasting temperatures. We may suppose that the inhabitants of Paradise sometimes grieve over their luck. Even Madeline Anderson, whose heart knew no constriction at the remembrance of brother or husband at some cruel point in the blue expanse, had come to turn her head more willingly the other way, towards the

hills rolling up to the snows, being a woman who suffered by proxy, and by observation, and by Rudyard Kipling. On this particular morning, however, she had not elected to do either. She slept late instead, and was glad to sleep. I might as well say at once that on the night before she had made up her mind, had brought herself to the point, and had written to Mrs. She was very much ashamed of herself, poor girl; she was aware that, through her postponement, Horace Innes would now see his problem in all its bitterness, make his choice with his eyes wide open. If it had only happened before he knew anything about her! She charged herself with having deliberately waited, and then spent an exhausting hour trying to believe that she had drifted unconsciously to the point of their mutual confession. Whatever the truth was, she did not hesitate to recognize a new voice in her private counsels from that hour, urging her in one way or another to bring matters to an end. When she tried to think of the ethical considerations involved she saw only the chances. The air seemed to throb with them all night; she had to count them finally to get rid of them. Brookes was up betimes, however, and sent off the letter. It went duly, by Surnoo, to Mrs. Madeline woke at seven with a start, and asked if it had gone, then slept again contentedly. So far as she was concerned the thing was finished. There was only one scrap of news. Adele mentioned in a postscript that poor Mr. She will be here within an hour. I shall have this to tell her, too. How pleased she will be! She will come into it all, I suppose if she is allowed. No reasonable purpose would be served by Mrs. She would require the satisfaction of the verbal assurance; she would hope to extract more details; she would want the objectionable gratification of talking it over. In spite of any assurance, she would believe that Madeline had not told her before in order to make her miserable a little longer than she need be; but, after all, her impression about that did not particularly matter. I must try to remember to fine him two pice. The pad of his bare feet sounded along the veranda almost immediately, and the look in his Pahari eyes was that of expected reproach, and ability to defend himself against it. One was addressed to Madeline in Mrs. Surnoo explained volubly all the way along the veranda, and in the flood of his unknown tongue Madeline caught a sentence or two. Clearly he could not deliver a letter to a memsahib who was not. More I do not know, but it appears that the memsahib has gone to her father and mother in Belaat, being very sorrowful because the Colonel-sahib has left her to shoot. The letter would tell her what? She glanced about her with dissatisfaction, and sought the greater privacy of her bedroom, where also she locked the door and drew the muslin curtain across the window. She laid the letter on the dressing-table and kept her eyes upon it while she unfastened, with trembling hands, the brooch at her neck and the belt at her waist. She did one or two other meaningless things, as if she wanted to gain time, to fortify her nerves even against an exhibition before herself. Then she sat down with her back towards the light and opened the letter. It had a pink look and a scented air. Even in her beating suspense Madeline held it a little farther away from her, as she unfolded it, and it ran: I am all packed up, and long before this meets your eye we shall have taken the step which society condemns, but which I have a feeling that you, knowing my storm-tossed history, will be broad-minded enough to sympathize with, at least to some extent. That is the reason I am writing to you rather than to any of my own chums, and also of course to have the satisfaction of telling you that I no longer care what you do about letting out the secret of my marriage to Frederick Prendergast. Any way you look at it, I do not see that I am much to blame. But he has never been able to evoke the finer parts of my nature, and when this is the case marriage is a mere miserable fleshly failure. Val has eight hundred a year of his own, so it is perfectly practicable. Of course, he will send in his papers. We both think it wrong and enslaving. I have nothing more to add, except that I am depending on you to explain to Simla that I never was Mrs. If you see him you might try and smooth him down. Then quietly and deliberately she lay down upon the bed, and drew herself out of the control of her heart by the hard labour of thought. When she rose, she had decided that there were only two things for her to do, and she began at once to do them, continuing her refuge in action. She threw her little rooms open again, and walked methodically round the outer one, collecting the odds and ends of Indian fabrics with which she had garnished it. As the maid came in, she looked up from folding them. No, it is not bad news, but important. I will go now and see about the tonga. We must start tomorrow morning. Madeline looked at her watch.

Chapter 3 : The hesitation of Miss Anderson / Sara Jeannette Duncan

The Hesitation of Miss Anderson. Chapter 1. When it became known that Madeline Anderson had finally decided to go abroad for two years, her little circle in New York naturally talked a good deal, in review, about her curious reason for never having gone before.

Your sense of analyzing life is stronger. You are known as a reasonable person. N You have a great common sense and a higher ability in life. You see thing much before they happen. D You enjoy life and having fun. Actually you are addicted to them. Without fun you can not breath. E You have a very complicated emotional world. You can be sad and happy at the same time and never ever recognise it. R You have always been an indecisive person and you will be in the future. Hesitation is the biggest part of your life. S You like to imagine and when you do you have great fun. This wont scare you even if you do this too much! O You are a very closed person. You like keeping secrets and enjoy your privacy. You do not want to explain yourself to people. Yes you can name your baby Anderson! List Of Celebrities With First Name Anderson We looked for the celebrities whose first name is Anderson and the definitions which contains the name Anderson or similar to it. You can find the results below. Anderson or Andersson may refer to: Anderson Hays Cooper born June 3, is an American journalist, author, and television personality. Anderson da Silva Portuguese pronunciation: The population was in It is the county seat. Anderson in Arabic Writing If you want to see your name in Arabic calligraphy below you can find Anderson in Arabic letters.

Chapter 4 : Baltimore Sun - We are currently unavailable in your region

The hesitation of Miss Anderson, by Sara Jeannette Duncan Chapter A week later Colonel Innes had got his leave, and had left Simla for the snow-line by what is facetiously known as 'the carriage road to Tibet.'

Chapter 5 : Sam Waterston - Wikipedia

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Chapter 6 : Anderson: What Is The Meaning Of The Name Anderson? Analysis Numerology Origin

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Chapter 7 : Song for Juli - Wikipedia

Sara Jeannette Duncan (22 December - 22 July) was a Canadian author and journalist. She also published as Mrs. Everard Cotes among other names. First trained as a teacher in a normal school, she published poetry early in her life and aft.

Chapter 8 : Amy Rees Anderson's Blog

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Chapter 9 : Summer vacation book list (nah, just kidding) €" fibre space

"I have abandoned my intentions and my dates. I mean to drift for a while." - Sara Jeanette Duncan, The Hesitation of

Miss Anderson //.