

**THE FIRST STEP: A
NOVEL, PP. 4-195**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649584161

The First Step: A Novel, pp. 4-195 by Eliza Orne White

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ELIZA ORNE WHITE

**THE FIRST STEP: A
NOVEL, PP. 4-195**

By Eliza Orne White

NOVELS

THE FIRST STEP.
THE WARES OF EDGEFIELD.
JOHN FORSYTH'S AUNTS.
LESLEY CHILTON.
WINTERBOROUGH.
THE COMING OF THEODORA.
MISS BROOKS.
A LOVER OF TRUTH.
A BROWNING COURTSHIP, AND OTHER STORIES.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN.
BROTHERS IN FUR.
A BORROWED SISTER.
AN ONLY CHILD.
WHEN MOLLY WAS SIX.
A LITTLE GIRL OF LONG AGO.
EDNAH AND HER BROTHERS.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

The First Step

The First Step

A NOVEL

By

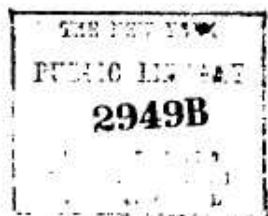
Eliza Orne White



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

1215-42

1 11/18



COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ELIZA ORNE WHITE

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Published March 1914

TO ALL THOSE
WHO HAVE TAKEN "THE FIRST STEP"
TOWARDS MAKING AN OLD HOUSE AS GOOD AS NEW
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
WITH SYMPATHY AND APPRECIATION

92 83141 000
FEB 26

The First Step

comes from absolute confidence in one's self: and so it has been a surprise to me in coming back here after fourteen years to find that Maria's face is full of lines of discontent. Why should she be discontented, when she is so self-satisfied? I should not be surprised if she sometimes seemed sad, although it is many years since her husband died, but discontent has always seemed to me the mark of a shallow nature, and whatever Maria's faults are, she certainly is not shallow.

“Isabel, are you never going to get a new handle for the secretary?” said Maria.

“Give me time,” I murmured. “It is n't quite three weeks since I got settled, and at first I thought the missing handle would turn up.”

Cornelia, meanwhile, had taken the arm-chair with that sureness of aim which marks all Cornelia's actions where her own comfort is concerned. She sank into it with a somewhat sulky expression. Cornelia can chatter like a magpie when we are alone together, but tonight her mother had evidently taken her away from some expected counter-attraction at home.