

**MADGE'S MISTAKE:  
A RECOLLECTION  
OF GIRLHOOD**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649641499

Madge's Mistake: A Recollection of Girlhood by Annie E. Armstrong

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ANNIE E. ARMSTRONG**

**MADGE'S MISTAKE:  
A RECOLLECTION  
OF GIRLHOOD**



MADGE'S MISTAKE.





MADON WORKS OUT AN IDEA.

# MADGE'S MISTAKE:

A

RECOLLECTION OF GIRLHOOD.

BY

ANNIE E. ARMSTRONG,

Author of "Ethel's Journey to Strange Lands," "Prince  
Narcissus," &c. &c.

*ILLUSTRATED.*



LONDON:

BLACKIE & SON, 49 & 50 OLD BAILEY, E.C.;

GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, AND DUBLIN.

1884.

2537. e. 12.

## CONTENTS.

---

Chap.	Page
I. CUT ROSES, - - - - -	9
II. A SKETCH OF OUR FAMILY, - - - - -	28
III. AN EARLY MORNING'S DRIVE, - - - - -	42
IV. BREAKFAST WITH FATHER, - - - - -	59
V. THE MISSING KEY, - - - - -	77
VI. BREAKFAST WITHOUT FATHER, - - - - -	91
VII. THE ROSE-SHOW, - - - - -	118
VIII. TINY'S ADMIRER, - - - - -	127
IX. THE RESULT OF THE ROSE-SHOW, - - - - -	146



11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

45

46

47

48

49

50

51

52

53

54

55

56

57

58

59

60

61

62

63

64

65

66

67

68

69

70

71

72

73

74

75

76

77

78

79

80

81

82

83

84

85

86

87

88

89

90

91

92

93

94

95

96

97

98

99

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123

124

125

126

127

128

129

130

131

132

133

134

135

136

137

138

139

140

141

142

143

144

145

146

147

148

149

150

151

152

153

154

155

156

157

158

159

160

161

162

163

164

165

166

167

168

169

170

171

172

173

174

175

176

177

178

179

180

181

182

183

184

185

186

187

188

189

190

191

192

193

194

195

196

197

198

199

200

201

202

203

204

205

206

207

208

209

210

211

212

213

214

215

216

217

218

219

220

221

222

223

224

225

226

227

228

229

230

231

232

233

234

235

236

237

238

239

240

241

242

243

244

245

246

247

248

249

250

251

252

253

254

255

256

257

258

259

260

261

262

263

264

265

266

267

268

269

270

271

272

273

274

275

276

277

278

279

280

281

282

283

284

285

286

287

288

289

290

291

292

293

294

295

296

297

298

299

300

301

302

303

304

305

306

307

308

309

310

311

312

313

314

315

316

317

318



## MADGE'S MISTAKE.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### CUT ROSES.

“**T**HE fact is, it is quite time Madge went to school. She was twelve years old yesterday, and her sisters, or at all events some of them, were sent when younger than she is.”

So says my aunt.

The state of the case is this. I have been distinguishing myself as usual, and am now standing beside Mother's sofa, looking down ruefully at a large bunch of roses (many of them newly blown) which I have just been cutting in the hot-house with a slashing pair of scissors (Aunt's cutting-out scis-

sors), without thinking of their probable destiny.

"Your father will be nicely upset when he hears of it," continues my aunt, as she gives an angry little shake to her work and takes up her needle again; "however, you'd better tell him yourself when he comes in, for I'm tired of begging you off, as I am constantly doing, and perhaps it will be a lesson for you." Two great tears which have been blinding me for the last minute or so now fall flop on the carpet, and after shining there for an instant sink into the soft pile.

"Come here, Madge, dear!" says Mother, as she holds out her poor, thin hand towards me; "did you not know that your father had been rearing these particular flowers for the great rose-show at M—— next week?"

"No!" I say abruptly. "I knew he was bothering and fussing about them; but I thought they were for you, of course, and I know you like to have them before they are