

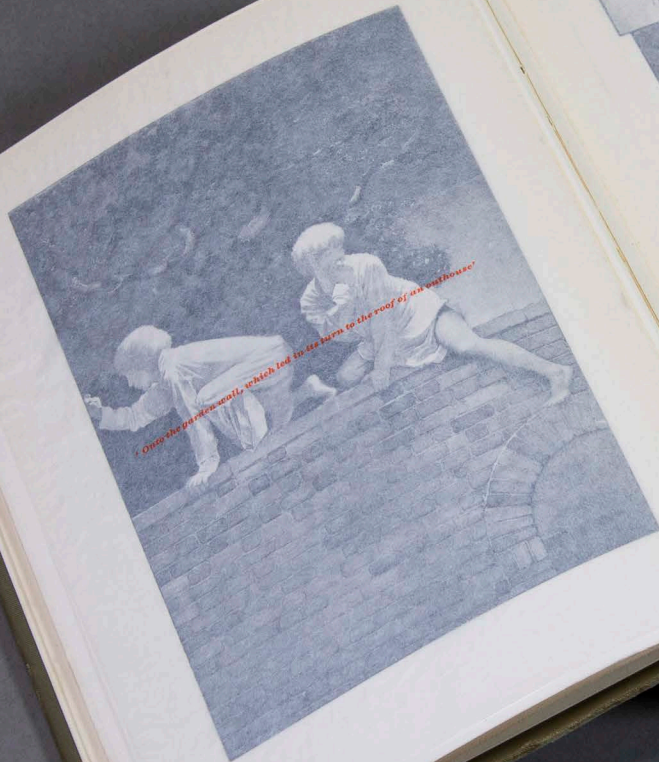
# THE GOLDEN AGE

KENNETH GRAHAME

ILLUSTRATED BY MAXFIELD PARRISH







*'Once the warren wall, which led to the barn to the roof of the out-house'*



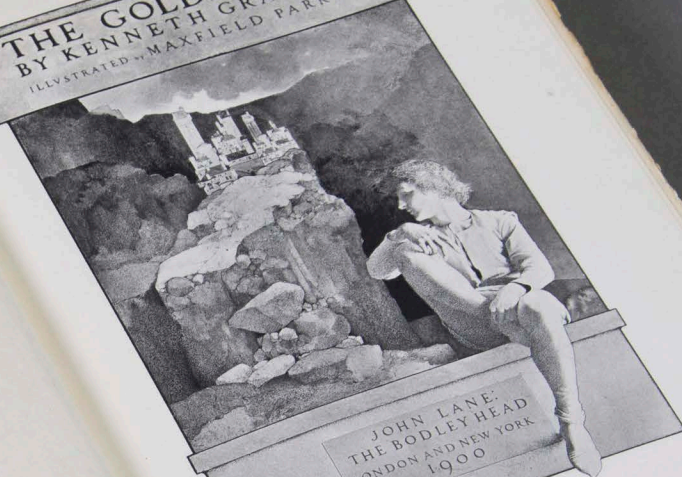
THE GOLDEN AGE  
BY KENNETH GRAHAME  
(ILLUSTRATED BY MAXFIELD PARRISH)

*'The Golden Age'*

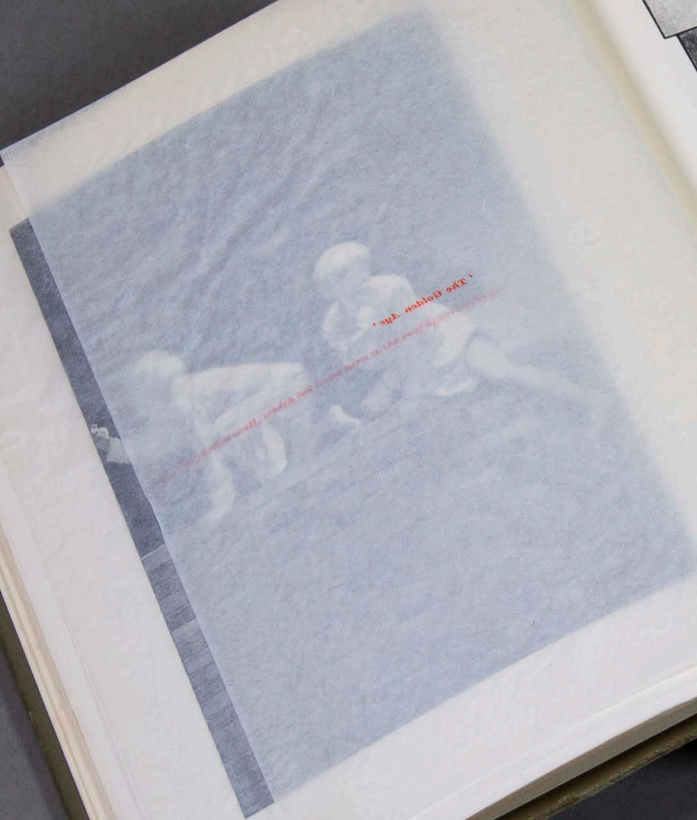
JOHN LANE  
THE BODLEY HEAD  
LONDON AND NEW YORK  
1900



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## GOLDEN AGE

hand from the pocket of his  
displayed on a dirty palm  
— four half-crowns! We  
— tranced, breathless, mute.  
of us seen, in the aggregate, so  
efore. Then Harold told his tale.  
old fellow to the station, he said,  
went along I told him all about the  
er's family, and how I had seen the  
ing our housemaid, and what a nice  
was, with no airs or affectation about  
anything I thought would be of  
; but he did n't seem to pay much  
on, but walked along puffing his cigar,  
nce I thought—I'm not certain, but I  
ght—I heard him say, "Well, thank God,  
t's over!" When we got to the station he  
pped suddenly, and said, "Hold on a min-  
te!" Then he shoved these into my hand in  
a frightened sort of way, and said, "Look here,  
youngster! These are for you and the other  
kids. Buy what you like—make little beasts  
of yourselves—only don't tell the old people,  
mind! Now cut away home!" So I cut.





## THE GOLDEN

some other jolly  
th under the genial  
the friendly well, in its old  
the lane. Hither the  
folk were wont to come  
g buckets; when the  
s of wet in the thick d  
y had flat wooden crosses  
ich floated on the top and  
ructed) served to prevent the  
lopping over. We used to  
magic this strange principle  
first invented the crosses, and  
a peerage for it. But indeed the  
centre of mystery, for a hornet's  
somewhere hard by, and the very  
fearsome. Wasps we knew well  
storming them in their fastnesses.  
great Beasts, vested in angry  
stings from which—so 't was  
kill a horse, these were of a different  
and their dreadful drone suggested  
and retreat. At this time neither  
hornets encroached on the stillness





### THE GOLDEN AGE

'What rot are you playing at now?' he demanded sternly.

Harold flushed up, but stuck to his pig-trough like a man. 'I'm Jason,' he replied defiantly; 'and this is the Argo. The other fellows are here too, only you can't see them; and we're just going through the Hellespont, so don't you come bothering.' And once more he pried the wine-dark sea.

Edward kicked the pig-trough contemptuously. 'Pretty sort of Argo you've got!' said he. 'I can't help

Harold began to get annoyed. 'It's the best sort of Argo I can manage, and it's all right if you only pretend to go to Troy.' 'But you know it's not real, pretend to go to Troy.' 'It's all right if you only pretend to go to Troy.'

Edward reflected. 'Look here,' he said presently. 'Why should n't we get hold of Farmer Larkin's boat, and go right away up the river in a real Argo, and look for Medea, and the Golden Fleece, and everything? And I'll tell you what, I don't mind your being Jason, as you thought of it first.'

Harold tumbled out of the trough in the





