

Chapter 1 : Harness Betting | Online Betting on Harness Racing

*Harness in the parlour: A book of early Canadian fact and folklore [Audrey I Armstrong] on blog.quintoapp.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Book by Armstrong, Audrey I.*

Wilmott, Penn National chief executive. Like an expectant father getting a healthy baby. The commission will conduct similar deliberations this spring, as it awards resort casino licenses in the Greater Boston region and Western Massachusetts. The third casino license, in Southeastern Massachusetts, is on a later timetable. Advertisement Even as work gets underway on the slots parlor, Penn will conduct live harness racing at Plainridge this year, ensuring that the sport and the jobs it supports will continue uninterrupted. The racing season starts in mid-April, Penn said. He said the vote benefits stable workers, farms across the state that raise horses, people who work as farriers, large animal veterinarians, and grain merchants. Now we have a life. Penn found a friendlier political climate in Plainville after the company swooped in on short notice, negotiated an option to buy the track and revived slot machine plans at the struggling racecourse. I grew up here and want my children to be able to raise their families here. This is a huge, huge win. Raynham Park, which has long engaged in fierce competition with Plainridge for racing customers, was effectively eliminated at this point, receiving no votes. Stebbins, however, initially sounded less firm than the other Penn votes. Commissioner James McHugh and commission chairman Stephen Crosby backed the Leominster project, suggesting that Cordish is an innovative company and that the development would do the most good for its region. The debate evolved into a point-counterpoint, pitting Zuniga and Cameron against Crosby and McHugh, as the four commissioners dug in their heels and sounded unlikely to change their minds. The pro-Cordish commissioners realized they needed to flip Stebbins to win the vote; the Penn supporters were eager to keep Stebbins in their camp. During a lunch break, Stebbins, clearly the target of the intense debate, seemed at ease, breezily conferring with staff. He did not look like a man agonizing over a tough decision. The debate continued into the afternoon, until Crosby asked Stebbins if he wanted to hear more, or was he ready to vote? Stebbins said later that he never wavered during debate. Paul DeBole, assistant professor of political science at Lasell College and a specialist on gambling regulation, said the commission made the right choice with the suburban site. The commission attached a set of conditions to the license and gave Penn a day to review them. If Penn accepts the conditions and no major problems are expected the commission will take another vote Friday to formally award Penn the license. Opponents are seeking a court ruling to put a repeal of the state casino law on the November ballot. Globe correspondent Ellen Ishkanian contributed to this report. Mark Arsenault can be reached at marsenault@globe. Follow him on Twitter [bostonglobemark](#). He is the chief operating officer of Penn National Gaming.

Chapter 2 : Audrey I. Armstrong (Author of Harness In The Parlour)

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An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces. The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister. When the short days of winter came, dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses, where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street, light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner, we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed, and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body, and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side. Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood. Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears I could not tell why and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires. One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to Araby. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar; she said she would love to go. While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps, and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease. I wished to annihilate the tedious

intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word Araby were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised, and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly: I felt the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me. When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and, when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high, cold, empty, gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress. When I came downstairs again I found Mrs Mercer sitting at the fire. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs Mercer stood up to go: When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically: He said he believed in the old saying: When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt. I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name. I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girded at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognized a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open.

Chapter 3 : First Massachusetts slot parlor approved for Plainridge Racecourse - The Boston Globe

Harness in the parlour: A book of early Canadian fact and folklore by Audrey I Armstrong. Musson Book Co. Paperback. VERY GOOD. Light rubbing wear to cover, spine and page edges.

Chapter 4 : Pinehurst Harness Track - All You Need to Know BEFORE You Go (with Photos) - TripAdvisor

Audrey I. Armstrong is the author of Harness In The Parlour (avg rating, 0 ratings, 0 reviews).

Chapter 5 : After long decline, harness racing receives jolt from Plainville casino - The Boston Globe

K9 parlour did such a good job on Joey, I struggle to manage his forever malting fur and Alisha did a fab job and he loved it too! Jolene Jones October 29,

Chapter 6 : Plainridge Park Casino - Wikipedia

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Chapter 9 : Harness | Define Harness at blog.quintoapp.com

Plainridge Park Casino is a harness racing track and slot machine parlor in Plainville, Massachusetts, owned and operated by Penn National Gaming.