

"I will not go away until you stop fighting, and I am none afraid of your dog;" and she chirruped to the fierce brute, and called him to her.

That Bully, after a moment's consideration, left his own private quarrel and went to the girl with a shamefaced air was a miracle that affected Sam beyond all arguments. He stood gazing stupidly at the girl, rubbing his eyes as if he doubted their truth, and then said angrily: "This bangs a' I iver seed! Goa tu t' pit now, Todd; I'll finish thy licking again."

Then Sam moved off the other way and called his dog to follow him. But the animal was under the charm of the girl's eyes and hand, and he hesitated, upon which Sam gave him a furious kick. He had not calculated upon any further interference; and when the girl blazed into a sudden scornful anger, and called him "a cowardly fellow," he had never in all his life been in such an uncomfortable, perplexing position.

In fact, he was conquered as well as his dog, and he walked away wondering and angry at this new power over him. Among the blazing furnaces, and in the midst of scarcely human toil, he felt the influence of those clear, searching eyes, and the touch of that soft, firm hand. What did it mean?

At the noon hour, when the men sat down to eat their bread and bacon, Sam contrived to get next to Ben Boocock. Ben was a fervent Methodist, and Sam thought him the likeliest person to feel interested in the suppression of a fight. Besides Ben, before his conversion, had been a great admirer of Sam's special accomplishments, and since it, indeed, had often risked a blow in order to induce his old hero to "come tu t' chapel." So he was well pleased to listen to Sam's tale, and to humour his interest in the girl who had so unexpectedly put a stop to the thrashing he was giving Todd.

"Eh! she wor a spunky 'un, that wor she. Thar isn't a lad in t' shire would hae dared Sam Naylor that gate," said Ben. "I'll be bound it wor our new preacher's lile lass. I hearn tell she wor a rare 'un. What wor she like, now, Sam?"

Sam had a very vivid memory of a grave, pretty face, with bands of brown hair brushed across a broad white brow; but his vocabulary of words suitable for such a conversation as this was a very meagre one. He could only say:

"She wor just bonnie, Ben, wi' a masterful way wi' her. I'll lay thee a pound she wor t' preacher's lass, for she said summat about her fayther. It's good for him he sent t' lass, an' didn't potter himsel' i' my affairs."

"He only came three days gone by. They say he axed Con-