## That Lass o' Lowrie's

A STORY OF THE LANCASHIRE COAL MINES

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER VI

JOAN AND THE CHILD.

To the young curate's great wonder, on his first visit to her after the advent of Liz and her child. Joan changed her manner towards him. She did not at tempt to repel him, she even bade him welcome in a way of her own. Deep in Joan's heart was hidden a fancy that when she gave Liz her word that she perhaps the work of this young fellow with such as Liz, and those who, like Liz. bore a heavy burden.

"If yo' can do her any good," she said. "come and welcome. Come every day. childfor whom Liz felt nothing but vague canna help theirsens i' trouble-an' Liz

Truly Liz was one of these. She less misery. When she had work to do, from Liz's careless hold when it was restshe made weak efforts at doing it, and less, so easily carried to and fro as she of coming back to shame and jeers after her strong arms, and Liz was always lover had cared for her, and she had felt When she was at home it was rarely out the morrow, and was almost a lady. her, knees, when she sat down by the fire somewhat aggrieved. But now all that was over. She had to rest; she learned in time a hundred come to the bitter dregs of the cup. She gentle woman's ways through its presbody helped her but Joan, nobody called plums. Everything would be even far the roughness of their surroundings. harder and more unpleasant than it had clothed and taken care of when she and troubling day and night. She almost blamed the baby for everything. Perhaps she would not have lost her lover if it had not been for the baby. Perhans he know what a trouble it would came, and that was why he had gone and told Liz to sit down and rest, and had sat down herself with the small obs, and slipped down upon the floor at her feet, hiding her wretched, pretty

then as th' toime ud come when he'd just a touch of contempt.

face upon her friend's knee.

a-be.

ha' done it.'

er Joan asked her a question.

away wi,' Liz," she said. "I ha' a reasax, but fur a' that, if yo' dunnot want to This was in his feeling for Anice.

Liz was silent a moment.

tell vo'. Joan ?"

Mester Landsell-Mester Ralph." "I thout as much," said Joan, her that groove."

face darkening.

She had had her suspicions from the mon to be preached, or a commonplace place i'th' world. I dunnot wonder as I ha, is settlin' i'my moind what th' an argument, he had been known to having a brush with that scoundrel Lowfirst when Mr. Ralph Landsell had come piece of work to be done, it was handed th' queen lives theer. I wur happy aw world 'ill do when I turn up my toes to lead him to the counter of "th' Public," rie, and I believe something has hapto Riggan with his father, who was one over to Grace, with a few tolerant words th' toime I wur theer. I nivver were so the daisies, an' how the government 'll and bestow nectar upon him in the form pened to my wrist." of the mining company. He was a of advice or comment, and as common- happy i'my life. I-I canna hardly mak' up their moinds who shall ha'th' of "sixpenny." But of Lowrie, even the He made an effort to raise his left graceful, fair-faced young fellow, with place work was rather the rule than the bear to think on it—it gi'es me such a honour o' payin' for the moniment." n open hand and the air of a potentate, exception, the Reverend Paul's life was wearyin' an' longin'; I wish I could go In Mr. Craddock's opinion his skill in munity predominating in Riggan, could so intense that it forced an exclamation and his grandeur had pleased Liz. She not idle. Anice's manner towards her back, I do"- ending with a sob. was not used to flattery and "fine Lon- father's curate was so gentle and earnest "Don't think about it any more than lems was only equalled by his aptitude and revengeful, -ready to fight, but 'I thought it was a sprain." he said, don ways," and her vanity made her an so frank and full of trust in him, that it you can help," said Anice gently. "It in managing the weaker sex. He never not ready to forgive. He had been when he recovered himself, but is a job measy victim.

"He wur allus after me," she said, with fresh tears. "He nivver let me be till I an' cruel, as it should come to this!" And she wailed and sobbed until she

But Joan bore with her, and never

showed impatience by word or deed. Childish petulances and plaints fell upon her like water upon a rock-but now and then the strong nature was rasped beyond endurance by the weak one. She had taken no small task upon herself would shield her. Only after a while, work upon Liz's protectress. The child for whom there seemed no place in the world, or in any pitying heart-the about the room that the little creature's too much to do?" eyes would follow her in a way something "Rather too much of a dull kind," and cryin'; I dunnot know what to do bits o' duds fur thysen. Tha'rt reet.

been before. And then, the baby? The Keverend rau, in his visits to accord with the house, observed with tremor the sub-What could she do with it?—a creature the house, observed with tremor the sac was regard.

What could she do with it?—a creature the changes wrought in her. Catching at with questioning, was for him to begin could not take care of herself, always tangible excuse. He had a sensitive man who thrived under encouragement, in the way, always crying and wailing dread of intruding even upon the poor and sank at once before failure; failure be, and wanted to be rid of her before it she lay upon his mind. Every day his himself rather badly used. So it was, away. The night Joan had brought her want of success with her. And yet how of Anice's, that Grace, to his surprise, creature in her arms, and after watching found himself watching her as she moved for the temporary relief. her for a while, Liz had broken out into to and fro-watching her as Liz and the child did

But "th' parson was "th' parson" to her still. A good-natured, simple little Anice went to see Liz. Perhaps if the "I canna abide the sight o' it," she fellow, who might be a trifle better than truth were told, she went to see Joan fortably conscious now and then that thing worse. He leaned over the table ment, Fergus Derrick standing above cried. "I canna see what it wur born other folks, but who certainly seemed more than to visit Joan's protegee, fur, mysen, I wish I'd deed when I weaker; a frail little gentleman in specthough her interest extended from the wur i' Lunnon-when he cared fur me. tacles, who was afraid of her, or was at one to the other. But she did not see He wor fond enow o' me at th' first. least easily confounded, who might be of Joan, she only heard of her. Liz met He wor fond enow o me at the first. least easily confounded, who might be of Joan, she only neard of her. Liz met her visitor without manifestations of en
He wor fond enow o me at the first. least easily confounded, who might be of Joan, she only neard of her. Liz met her visitor without manifestations of en
her visitor without manifestations of en
light cheek mun tak' it, I'm too owd a light cheek sight. I nivver wur so happy i' my life better in his way than his master in his; thusiasm. She was grateful, but grati- his chair, and going to the mantelpiece, as I wur then. Aye! I did na think but still a person to be regarded with tude was not often a powerful emotion took down a tobacco jar of red and yel-

house, and his position with regard to of her dress with some degree of in- tha art generally either goin to th' Pubits inhabitants was necessarily familiar, terest. "I would na tell ivverybody," she said. Mr. Barholm did not spare his curate: "I would na tell inverybody, "she said. Wr. Barholm did not spare his curate; she ventured, wistfully touching the morn till neet fooking after other folkses muscle," in Riggan parlance, but he had Accordingly, he made his appearance "I would na tell nobody but yo'. It he was ready to delegate to him all would do na good, an' I dunnot care to labour in which he was not specially innoan sich i' Riggan."

Accordingly, he made his appearance business. It's well for th' toun as that's never been such a man as Lowrie. His in the parlour, somewhat startling his do harm. Yo'll keep it to yo'rsen, if I terested himself, or which he regarded noan sich i' Riggan." as scarcely worthy of his mettle.

"Aye," Joan answered, "as long as it "Grace makes himself very useful in baby's hand cling to her fingers. "I out any appearance of disturbance. needs be kept to mysen. I am na one some cases," he would say; "a certain bought it in London." "Well," said Liz, with a sob, "it do himself justice in it. He is a worthy the wistfulness in her touch crept up to pits stop workin' aw because I had na "tak' a punse" at an offending individual feeling rather dubious about his strength, wur Mester Landsell I went wi'-young enough young fellow in a certain groove, her eyes, mingled with a little fretful- attended to em'm, an' gi'en th' mesters a but he had always been equally ready to all at once. but it is always best to confine him to ness.

was not to be wondered at that each day is very hard I know; don't cry, Liz."

only fixed her more firmly in his heart. "I canna help it," soobed Liz; "an' I might be sarcastic, he was sometimes it, when it had been forgetten by other fresh tears. "He nivver let me be till I nothing of his conscientious labour was promised to go. He said he would make a lady o' me, an' he wur allus givin' me things. He wur fond o' me at givin' me things. He wur fond o' him. In inver seed no one loike him afore. In inver seed no one loike him afore.

Nothing of his conscientious labour was can no more help thinkin' on it, than severe in his retorts, but he was never in his retorts, but he will have violent. In any one de but Mr. Craddock, such conduct much have been dock, such conduct much have been of sammy Craddock, such conduct much have been of sammy Craddock and accordingly he was not a fevourite of sammy craddock, such conduct much have been of sammy Craddock and accordingly he was not a fevourite of sammy craddock, such conduct much have been of Oh! it's hard, it is oh! it's bitter hard hesitated to carry any little bewilderchamber of her heart.

Notwithstanding her knowledge of her sights. inability to alter his position, Anice still managed to exert some slight influence over her friend's fate.

"Do you not think, papa, that Mr. Grace has a great deal to do?" she sug- Perhaps if it lives, it may be a comfort who was "good enow fur a parson," lay in a few weeks, a new influence began to gested once, when he was specially over- to you some day." burdened.

clung to Joan in a hopeless, childish way like its mother's, as if with appeal to her answered Anice. "Dull work is tiring, wi' it half th' toime." as her only comfort. She could do superior strength. She fell gradually and he has a great deal of it on his hands. nothing for herself, she could only obey into the habit of giving it more attention. All that school work, you know, papa— down upon a low wooden stool, held it ted the old dame, driven to desperation. th' Davys this mornin' I thout happen Joan's dictates, and this she did in list- It was so little and light, so easily taken | if you could share it with him, I should gently, looking at its small round face. "I'm tired o' hearkenin' to thee. Get

when she had none she sat and held the went about her household tasks. She ed, "if Grace had my responsibility to the baby promise of it. Anice stooped na set th' horse-ponds affre as tha goes goes no further. child upon her knee, her eyes following had never known much about babies uncarry on his shoulders—but I do not and kissed it, her heart stirred by the by'em.' her friend with a vague appeal. The til chance had thrown this one in her leave my responsibilities to him. In my feebly-strong clasp of the tiny fingers. discomfort of her lot, the wretchedness path; it was a great novelty. It liked opinion he is hardly fitted to bear them a brief season of pleasure and luxury, ready to give it up to her, feeling only a dubious look on the delicate face op-

But Anice made no further comment; was thrown on her own resources—no- ence. Her step became lighter, her left it to fructify, experience teaching her voice softer—a heavy tread, or a harsh that this was her best plan. It was one of her pretty and praised her ways. She tone might waken the child. For the the good Rector's weaknesses to dislike was not to be a lady after all; she must child's sake she doffed her uncouth to find his course disapproved even by a work for her living, and it must be a poor working-dress when she entered the wholly uninfluential critic, and his one too. There would be no fine clothes, house; for the child's sake she made an daughter was by no means an uninfluen. effort to brighten the dullness and soften tial critic. He was never exactly comfortable when her views did not strictly The Reverend Paul, in his visits to accord with his own. To find that the straw of her negative welcome, he to falter a trifle inwardly, however testiwent to see Liz whenever he could find a ly rebellious he might feel. He was a privacy of the "lower orders," and he was unpleasant, and he rarely contended could rarely bring himself to the point long against unpleasantness; it was not a of taking them by storm as a mere matter "fair wind and no favour" with him, he of ecclesiastical routine. But the often- wanted both the fair wind and the er he saw Joan Lowrie, the more heavily favour, and if either failed him he felt conscience smote him more sorely for his through this discreetly exerted influence could he make way against her indiffer- found some irksome tasks taken from ence? He even felt himself a trifle his shoulders at this time. He did not spell-bound in her presence. He often know that it was Anice he had to thank

## CHAPTER VII. ANICE AT THE COTTAGE.

After a while, when the girl was quiet ways ready to detect his mood, and wait in her own beauty, that such outward his wife between long indrawn puffs, for him to reveal himself; or when Grace | charms were the strongest of charms to "I'm goin'-to th' Public." "You niver told me who yo' went looked up at his friend's entrance with a her. She forgot to be abashed and mison fur wantin' to know, or I would na specially sympathised with his friend. tes, Anice came to her and bent over the given. child as it lay on her knee. She even

"Yes answered Anice, letting the

kind of work suits him, and he is able to Liz touched it again, and this time that. It ud be a bad thing to ha'th amiability. He had never hesitated to

So, when there was an ordinary ser. non," she said. "It's the grandest position i society. Th' biggest trouble closed a companion's eyes in the heat of doubt I look as I feel. I have been

agen." ment to him, or to speak to him openly upon any subject. Small marvel, that she whimpered like a child. The sight household furniture. But Mr. Crad-see what tha's getten to say fur thysen, were herself out, and wearied Joan to he found it delicious pain to go to the of the silk dress had brought back to house day after day, feeling himself so her mind her lost bit of paradise as noth-tagonists was tolerated. It was pretty near to her, yet knowing himself so far ing else would have done—her own well known that Mrs. Craddock had a Craddock and his companion had time to from any hope of reaching the sealed small store of finery, the gaiety and temper, and since he could manage her reach the open window, and he had method.

Anice knelt down upon the flagged floor, still holding the child's hand.

Anice took it from her lap, and sitting think it would make it easier for him."

It was a pretty little creature, pretty thee gone to th' Public, or we'st ha' th' ud gi' yo' a chance. But happen agen with Liz's own beauty, or at least, with world standin' still; an' moind tha do'st yo're one o' th' soart as sticks to gab an'

they are not in his line;" but seeing a sat holding the child on her knee, and ful for th' sake o' th' town. was what crushed her. So long as her weak bewilderment at her fancy for it. posite him—"but if you think the fellow But she made no attempt to bring Liz to has really too much to do. I will try to what Mr. Barholm had called "a fitting riving at the Crown, he found a discuss- I've said my say. Tha were goin' to no fear of hunger or cold, or desertion, of her arms. It was no source of wearishe had been happy—happy because she ness to her perfect strength. She carried myself. I am equal to a good deal of fully settled in her opinion as to what ways being carried on there, in fact, but hear on it, wert tha? Tha wert goin to could be idle, and take no thought for it here and there, she cradled it upon hard work,"—evidently feeling himself Liz's "fitting sense" would be. So she this time it was not Craddock's particu- keep thy eye on me, an' report when th' simply made an effort to please her, and lar friends who were busy. There were toime come, wert tha? Well, th' toime awaken her to interest, and she succeed- grades even among the visitors at the has na come yet, and now I'm goin' to ed very well. When she went away, Crown, and there were several grades gi' thee a thrashin'. the girl was evidently sorry to see her below Sammy's. The lowest was com-

> Joan said yo' would na." "I will come again," said Anice.

much of Joan. She seemed to like to to Lowrie with black looks, and toward felt forbearance to be no virtue. Brute talk of her, and certainly Anice had them Sammy glanced as he came in. force could best conquer brute nature been quite ready to listen.

'She is na easy to mak' out," said of a friend. Liz, "an' p'r'aps that's th' reason why "Summat's wrong at th' pit," was the He put forth all his strength in an effort folks puts theirsens to so much trouble answer. "I canna mak" out what that awakened the crowd-which had to mak' her out."

When he passed the cottage on the Knoll Road in going home at night, Fergus could not help looking out for Joan. Sometimes he saw her, and with another sidelong glance at the de- "Get thee unto it! Tha'rt shapin' reet sometimes he did not. During the baterswarm weather, he saw her often at the door, or near the gate; almost always summat ill too, I'll warrant. He's not goin' to mill Dan Lowrie! with the child in her arms. There was th' reet soart, that Lowrie." she stood and calmly watched him out of now, scowling as he spoke.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE WAGER OF BATTLE with her. But Anice began to attract low delf, and proceeded to fill his pipe | Window, Jock, and water who passes.

I'll punse that lad into the middle o' in his wrath, than most men would have cast me out i' th' road. He had no reet The confidence established between her somewhat before she had been in with solemn ceremony. It was a large, to do it," her voice raising hysterically. Grace and his friend Fergus Derrick, the house ten minutes. Liz found, first, deep clay pipe, and held a great deal of "He had no reet to do it, if he wur a leading to the discussion of all matters that she was not one of the enemy, and tobacco-particularly when filled from the gentleman; but it seems gentlefolk can do connected with the parish and parishion- did not come to read a homily to her store of an acquaintance. "It's a good owt they please. If he did na mean to ers, led naturally to the frequent disconcerning her sins and transgressions, enow pipe to borrow wi," Sammy was stick to me, why could na he ha' let me cussion of Joan Lowrie, among the rest. having her mind set at ease thus far, she wont to remark. In the second place, Over tea and toast in the small parlour found time to be interested in her. Her Mr. Craddock drew forth a goodly por-"That is na gentlefolks' way," said the two men often drew comfort from visitor's beauty, her prettiness of toilet, tion of the weed, and pressed it down Joan, bitterly, "but if I wur i' yo're each other. When Derrick strode into a certain delicate grace of presence, with ease and precision into the top of place, Liz, I would na hate th' choild. the little place and threw himself into were all virtues in Liz's eyes. She was the foreign gentleman's turban which It has na done yo' as much harm as yo' his favorite chair, with knit brows and so fond of pretty things herself, she had constituted the bowl. Then he lighted weary irritation in his air, Grace was al- been wont to feel such pleasure and pride it with a piece of paper, remarking to

ax, but fur a' that, if yo' dunnot want to the lad the courage to regard the material art. When tha art na fillin' thy belly th' lock-ups."

lost his temper with a woman. He known to bear a grudge, and remember for a surgeon. It is broken.

Nothing of his conscientious labour was can no more help thinkin' on it, than severe in his retorts, but he was never people. His record was not a clean one the poker and tongs, chairs, or flat-irons, novelty of London sounds and it was not worth while to criticise the stopped the passer-by, who paused to

"Tha'rt an owd yommer-head." said Mrs. Craddock, as oracularly as if she knee," "I'm dom'd if it is na th' Lunnor "Don't cry," she said again. "Look had never made the observation before, engineer chap." at the baby, Liz. It is a pretty baby. "Tha deserves what tha has na getten." "Aye, that I do," with an air of ami-"May !it wunnot;" said Liz, regarding once i' thy loife, Th' country has na him trouble enough already, should in-"A great deal to do?", he said. it resentfully. "I nivver could tak' no done its duty by me. If I'd had aw I terfere with his very progress in the Well, he has enough to do, of course, comfort in it. It's nowt but a trouble, deserved I'd been th' Lord Mayor of street, was too much for his high spirit to my dear, but then it is work of a kind I dunnot loike it. I canna. It would Lunnon by this toime, an' tha'd a been bear. I dunnot know much about such like dislike and resentment—the child laid that suits him. I never leave anything be better if it would na live. I canna th' Lady Mayoress, settin' up' thy parmysen, yo' ha' a way o' helpin' folk as its light but powerful hand upon Joan. very important to Grace. You do not tell wheer Joan Lowrie gets her patience lour w' a goold crown atop o' thy owd Once or twice she noticed as she moved mean, my dear, that you fancy he has fro.' I ha' no patience with the little head, sortin' out thy clothes fur th'

> enow." "Go thy ways to th' Public." retor-

During the remainder of her visit, she Sammy, taking his stick. "I'll be keer-

He made his way towards the village ale-house in the best of humours. Arposed of the most disreputable of the which would have flung to the earth any "I dunnot often want to see folk colliers-men who with Lowrie at their man who had not possessed the thews twice," she said, looking at her shyly, head were generally in some mischief. and sinews of a lion. Derrick managed "but I'd loike to see yo. Yo're not loike It was these men who were talking to to preserve his equilibrium. After the th' rest. Yo' dunnot harry me wi' talk. gether loudly this evening, and as usual, first blow, he could not control himself. Lowrie was the loudest in the party. Naturally, he had longed to thrash this They did not seem to be quarrelling. fellow soundly often enough, and now During her visit, Liz had told her Three or four sat round a table listening that he had been attacked by him, he

mysen. Summat about one o'th' mes- speedily surrounded them, Owd Sammy owd lad?

such times, no vestige of the clumsy con- ly, sometimes ferocious, expression, that Lowrie had met his match. Findsciousness usually exhibited by girls of Drink made a madman of him, and ing it necessary to defend himself. Derher class. She met his glance with a among his companions he ruled supreme rick was going to do something more grave quietude, scarcely touched with through sheer physical superiority. The The result was that the breathless interest, he thought; he never observed man who quarrelled with him might be struggle for the mastery ended in a that she smiled, though he was uncom- sure of broken bones, if not of some- crash, and Lowrie lay upon the pave-

"I'll ha' no lads meddlin' an' settin' th' mesters agen me," Craddock heard about him, in a white heat, "and rememhim say, "Them on yo' as loikes to ber that the fellow provoked me to it. my crop. Look thee out o' that theer away. window, Jock, and watch who passes. He had been far more tolerant, even next week, as sure as he goes by."

panions, "aw I've gotten to say is, as on the kerbstone, and the blood tha'll be loike to ha a punse on it, fur he's a strappin' 'youngster, an' noan so panions crowded near, and raised him. easy feart.

?" demanded Lowrie fiercely. "Nay-nay, mon," was the pacific and ""Tha's getten what the deserved, owd

rather hasty reply. "Nowt o' th' soart. lad," he said in an undertone. "An' I on'y meant as it was na ivvery mon as thaist getten no more. I'st owe th' Lun-"Aye, to be sure !" said Sammy testily bit o' work as I'd ha' takken i' hond my-

to his friend. "That's th' game, is it? sen long ago, if I'd ha' been thirty years The good woman did not receive the Theer's a feight on hand. That's reet younger, an' a bit less stiff i' th' hinges." heavy, pained look on his face, Derrick erable, when, after talking a few minuheavy pained look on his face, Derrick erable, when, after talking a few minuintelligence as amicably as it had been my lads, lay in thy beer, an' mak' dom'd

Fergus had not escaped without hurt fool o' thysens, an' tha'lt get a chance to himself, and the first angry excitement "Aye," she said, "I'll warrant tha sleep on th' soft side o' a paying-stone i' over, he began to feel so sharp an achein

> lic or comin' whoam. Aw Riggan ud go in his young days, and had prided him- before going home. It would be wise to "Yo'n getten that theer i' Lunnon," to ruin if the wert neat th' Public fro' self particularly upon "showing his know the extent of his injury. comparatively gentlemanly encounters friend, who was at supper. Sammy puffed away at his pipe, with- with personal frieds had always been fair and square, and in many cases had laid 'How excited you look!' "Aye," he consented dryly, "it is, the foundation for future toleration, even bit o' encouragement. Tha sees mine's shake hands when all was over, and in 'Do I' he said, with a faint smile. "Ivverything's fine as comes fro' Lun- whatth' gentlefolk ca' a responsible some cases, when having temporarily 'Don't be alarmed, Grace, I have no the solution of political and social prob- not speak so well. He was "ill-farrant," from him.

A short time atterward somebody

"Theer he is !" he exclaimed. "No

He was out in the street almost before confront him haugtily.

"Why!" cried Sammy, slapping his

Fergus Derrick stood before his enemy with anything but a propitiatory air able regret. "Tha'rt reet theer fur That this brutal fellow who had caused

"I comn out here." said Lowrie. "to see if tha had owt to say to me." "Then, replied Fergus, "you may go marred thing mysen-allus whimperin' weshwoman i' stead o' dollyin' out thy in again, for I have nothing.

Lowrie drew a step nearer to him. "Art the sure o' that ?" he demanded "Tha wert so ready wi' thy gab about tha'd loike to say summat more if a mon

Derrick's eyes blazed, he flung out his "I'll be keerful, owd lass," chuckled open hand in a contemptuous gesture. "Out of the way." he said, in a suppressed voice, "and let me pass."

But Lowrie only came nearer. "Nay, but I wunnot," he said, until

"What's up in them fellys?" he asked He felt that he would rather die a thousand deaths than be conquered himself.

ters as they're out wi'. What'll tha tak', among the number-to wild admiration. "Get thee unto it, lad," cried the old "A pint o' sixpenny." And then sinner in an ecstasy of approbation, I see. Why, I'm dom'd," slapping his "They're an ill set, that lot, an' up to knee as usual—"I'm dom'd," slapping his

To the amazement of the bystanders. no awkward shrinking in her manner at Lowrie was a burly fellow with a sur- it became cyident in a very short time, him pale, flerce and panting.

"Look to him," he said to the men

been, but he had disposed of his enemy "Well," commented one of his com- effectually. The fellow lay stunned upstreamed from the wound when his com-Owd Sammy Craddock offered no as-"Da'st ta mean to say as I conna do sistance; he leaned upon his stick, and looked on with grim satisfaction.

non chap one fro' this on. He's done a his wrist, that he made up his mind to He had been a fighting man himself rest for a few minutes at Grace's lodgings

'My dear Fergus!' exclaimed Paul.

Derrick flung himself into a chair,

And so it p then Derrick shock which h desperate eff Grace called and stood by bandaging wit suffering as 1 a trifle more. going home th he should rem 'I can sleep protested. 'A liged to leave

assure you I s 'Where are 'To the Rec a message an to see me upo Fergus agr Grace was on room, he turn You are go say?' he remai

'Do you thin 'It is very p 'I merely th to mention thi rick. The cur pression at the well that his shadow of bev upon it and the 'You think-Well, I tho

shock or alarm 'She might fan very well. [то DUNG

Annual Exhibi the Ashfield a The annual gricultural Sociage of Dungar

was fairly succ particularly go

Hugh Girvin, Mutch and ot Thos. Anders. J. H. Gardner showing, and stockyards of erford, Huzh in the prize lis R. Wilson, Leicesters wer pens of J. O. S Gaunt, and W to any apprec mer's drought and it was in t was not up the the ladies' and some of tl In car Goderich, and non were th produce and good quality kindly invited 1st prize artic tors was larg faction was m townsman, M plows, which griculturists thanks are du J. M. Roberts er officers of extended dur

> Brood mare 1 Harvey Ho Two year o Two year of head, 2 W C Thos Anders One year of head, 2 H Foal of 18 Howell. Span carris

Rich Sprong Span gene 1 Chas Youn Buggy hor Young. Milch cov Anderson, 2 Two year One year of sr., 2d Thos

Anderson. Herd of th prize a beau ploma, Thos Girvin, sr., Rutherford. Two year 2d Hugh Ru

Bull calf,

One year Bull calf Heifer cal ford, 2d Cha Fatted ox Girvin. Fatted co sr., 2d D M

Yoke wor Brien, 2d