

# JUDITH MOORE.

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## CHAPTER I.

“Behold a sower went forth to sow.”

ANDREW CUTLER, with his graceful and melancholy red Irish setter at his heels, walked swiftly across his fields to the “clearing” one morning late in spring.

He was clad in the traditional blue jeans of the countryman, and wore neither coat nor vest; a leathern belt was drawn about his middle. His shirt, open a bit at the throat, and guiltless of collar and tie, displayed a neck such as we see modelled in old bronzes, and of much the same colour; for Andrew Cutler was tanned to the point of being swart. His head had a somewhat backward pose, expressive of an independence almost over-accentuated.

His hair was cropped short, and was of a sunburnt brown, like his long moustache. His eyes were blue-grey, that softened to hazel or hard-