

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

CHAPTER I

MISS TEMPERANCE TRIBBEY stood at the back door of the old Lansing house, shading her eyes with one hand as she looked towards the gate to discover why Grip, the chained-up mastiff, was barking so viciously.

The great wooden spoon, which she held in her other hand, was dripping with red syrup, and showed that Temperance was preserving fruit. To the eyes of the initiated there were other signs of her occupation. Notably a dangerous expression in her eyes. The warmth of the stove was apt to extend to Miss Tribbey's temper at such times.

Sidney Martin, coming up the avenue-like lane to the farm-house, did not observe Miss Tribbey standing at the back door, although she saw him; and, therefore, much to his own future detriment and present prejudice in Miss Tribbey's eyes, he went