SASH

### By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

God knows it was a hard question he had asked of the man who loved him; but this man did not hesitate to answer

"Come, sit down and I will tell you," he said, with a pallid face. Derrick obeyed his gentle touch with

are as gentle as a woman, Grace."

The curate standing up before him. slight, not at all heroic figure in his well I was not so much to blame." worn, almost threadbare garments, smiled in return.

## CHAPTER XXII. MASTER LANDSELL'S SON.

Joan said to Anice, speaking of Liz. "Sometimes she is i' sich sperrits that she's fairly flighty, an' then again, she's Th' choild seems to worrit her to death."

again. She had not thought of danger. tears. wanted variety and excitement.

and evidently enjoying the balmy cool- my lass, what ails o'?" person was well-dressed, and young, dress. the man to see that the half-frightened I met summat as feart me. face she lifted was pretty and youthful. Let me go and look what it wur, surely have recognized more, for he art tremblin aw o'er, Lizzie. made a quick backward step.

"Liz!" he said. "Why Liz. my girl!" ly. Ann Liz stood still. She stood still, great wild leap, and, in a minute, more, go, Joan, dunnot.' she was trembling all over with a strange | And Joan was fain to remain. irritation at seeing her and finding that the next moment burst into tears.

"Hush," he said. "Don't cry. What that way."

from his detaining hand, but it was useless. Light as his gras; was, it held her.

when-when I wur i' trouble."

shabby, Liz, but I was obliged to bolt as ness, came tremulous high spirits and Jud's eyes fell upon a book which lay on I did. I hadn't time to stay and explain. feverish fits of gaiety. The governor was down on us. and There came a day, hawever, when illustrations depicting the adventures and rest on it," answered Jud in enthusiasm. a fellow.

But Liz would not listen.

na do it, an' left me to tak' care o' mysen ing gossip. She had no visitors, and she in realms of romance, known only in thee th' place, an' let's hear summat

it as freely as if he had had no thought fond of Liz as such a man could be. remarked a pit woman one morning. through the story of the footprint on that he was signing the death-warrant of But she had been a trouble to him in all hopes for himself. Grace went to the end, and he had barely escaped, up loike a tailor's dummy, an' looks as if then spokehim and laid a hand upon his broad through his cowardly flight, from being he'd steepped reet square out o' a bandopenly disgraced and visited by his box. He's a son o' owd Landsell's." father's wrath.

"If you had not gone away in such a hurry, you would have found that I did not mean to treat you so badly after all.' 'I am too fiery and tempestuous, and he said. "I wrote to you and sent you you want to cool me," he said. "You money, and told you why I was obliged to leave you for the time, but you were gone, and the letter was returned to me. "Th' blame did na fa' on vo'." said

Liz. "I tell yo I wur turnt out, but-"I want to answer your question." he it-it does na matter now," with a sob. said, "and my answer is this: When a Now that she was out of his reach, he man loves a woman wholly, truly, purely discovered that she had not lost all her world, and nothing should lead to its from her curly hair, the tears in her eyes sacrifice,-no ambition, no hope, no made them look large and soft, and gave her face an expression of most pathetic helplessness, -and he really felt that hewould like to defend, if not clear himself. So, when she made a movement, "I dunnot know what to mak' on her anxious to detain her.

"You are not going !" he said. "You won't leave a fellow in this way, Lizzie?" into a low cry.

The old tone, half caressing, half re"Oh, Joan! Joan! dunnot blame me severe mental comments upon the con The old tone, half caressing, half reaw fretted an' crossed with everything. proachful, was harder for the girl to withstand than a stronger will could coom, an'-an' I canna bear it." "That lass o' Lowrie's has made a bad comprehend. It brought back so much bargain, i' takin' up wi' that wench." to her,—those first bright days, her poor her mind it was quite natural that such seasoned newspaper. Sammy shook his said a townswoman to Grace. "She's brief little reign, her childish pleasures, a cry of pain should be wrung from the head ominiously over the peppery renoan one o' th' soart as'll keep straight. his professed love for her, all her weak heart. Her hand lost its steadi-She's as shallow as a brook i midsummer lost delight. If she had been deliberately ness as she touched the soft, tangled What's she doin' leavin' th' young un to bad, she would have given way that in- hair more tenderly than before. Joan, and gaddin' about wi' ribbons i stant, knowing that she was trifling on "He wur th' ghost as yo' seed i' th' her bonnet? Some lasses would na ha' the brink of sin once more. But she lane." she said. "Wur na he?" The truth was that the poor weak wavering. The tone held her one na tell yo'. It seemit loike it tuk away

change. If she had seen the end she and before he had time to utter another |- I did fur sure." would have shrunk from it before she word, she had turned and fled down the

ness of the summer evening. It was She threw herself down upon the floor again. just light enough for her to see that this and hid her face in the folds of Joan's

and with a certain lazily graceful way of "I-ha'-I ha' seed a ghost, or-sumnoving, and it was just light enough for mat," she panted and whimpered. "I- The night school gained ground stea-

But Liz only clang to her more close-

because, for the moment, she lost the shall na go. I'm feart to be left-an'power of motion. Her heart gave a an I dunnot want yo' to go. Dunnot

dreadful emotion. It seemed as if long. She did not go out into the village for terrible months were blotted out, and she several days after this, Joan observed. forehand to resent what I am going to was looking into her cruel lover's face, as She stayed at home and did not even say. It is most unpleasant. Grace has piece, thet theer's him.' she had looked at it last. It was the leave the cottage. She was not like been working among them so long that, man who had brought her to her great- herself, either. Up to that, time she I suppose, they are used to his methods; est happiness and her deepest pain and had seemed to be forgetting her trouble, he has learned to place himself on a misery. She could not speak at first: and gradually slipping back into the enbut soon she broke into a passion of joyments she had known before she had they listen to, and seem to understand cles. tears. It evidently made the young man gone away. Now a cloud seemed to be him. The fact is, I have an idea that uncomfortable—perhaps it touched him upon her. She was restlessand nervous, sort of thing is Grace's forte. He is not a little. Ralph Landsell's nature was or listless and unhappy. She was easily a brilliant fellow, and will never make that chap i' Riggan! What's the felly not unlike Liz's own. He was invariably startled, and now and then Joan fancied any particular mark, but he has an odd getten on? swayed by the passing circumstance, - that she was expecting something unuonly, perhaps, he was a trifle more easily sual to happen. She lost color and apmoved by an evil impulse than a good petite, and the child's presence troubled I think. He has dropped into the right else to wear. one. The beauty of the girl's tearful her more than usual. Once, when face, too. overbalanced his first feeling of it set up a sudden cry, she started, and he was in a difficult position. Then he "Why, Liz!" said Joan, almost ten-

mean to say you did not know what a resume her visits to her acquaintances, the unconscious transgression. mess I was in : I'll own it looked rather Then, alternating with fretful listless- During a visit to the Rectory one day,

there'd have been an awful row. Don't Joan gained a clue to the meaning of vicissitudes of a furturate unfortunate, "Theer's a mon ca'd Friday, an' a lot of be hard on a fellow, Lizzie. You're- this alteration, though never from her whose desertisland has been the paradise fellys as eats each other-cannybles they you're too nice a little girl to be hard on first recognition of it, until the end came, of thousands; whose goatskin habiliments ca' emdid she comprehend it fully. Perhaps have been more worthy of enry than "Look tha here," interposed Craddock she was wholly unconscious of what nar- kingly purple; whose hairy cap has been his curiosity and interest getting the "Yo' went away an' left me wi'out a rower natures experience. At least, her more significant of monar by than any better of him. "Sit thee down and read and I she said: "ye" went away an' left unconsciousness was a noble one. Then, crown For the man who were these a bit. That's something as I nivve

when I could ma do it, an' had na was kept much at home with the child, their first beauty to boyhood's ecstatic about th' cannybles if tha has na th strength to howd up agen th' world. I who was not healthy, and who, during belief. wur turned out o' house an' home, an' if the summer months, was constant's fee- Jud put out his hand, and drawing it had no been fur th' hospytal, I might ble and alling. Grace, hearing nothing the gold and crimson snare toward him,

"Joan stopped a moment at her work. "Are 'yo' sure o' that?" she asked upon to redeem her promise. anxiously.

towd me hissen." This was Liz's trouble then.

had failed her. Liz looked up with park. traces of tears in her eyes, when Joan came in. Joan did not hesitate. She Craddock, Jud, I shall be much obliged. only thought of giving her comfort. She she said; "and please tell her that I will went and sat down in a chair near by- drive out to see her to-morrow." and to her highest honour, - such a love old attractions for him. She was pretti- she drew the curly head down upon her Jud accepted the mission readily. is the highest and noblest thing in this er than ever,—the shawl had slipped lap, and laid her hand on it caressingly. With Nib at his heels, and "Robinson ha' been afeared to tell me.'

and then a stillness.

as if to leave him, he was positively o' trouble. It brings it back, Liz, I sacrificed at the the prospect of being daresav.'

-dunnot. It wur na my fault as he duct of Parliament, then in session, o

Even then Joan had no suspicion. To ing an account in a small but highly

was not bad, only emotional, weak and "Aye," wept Liz, "he wur, an' I dare his head. child was struggling feebly in deep water moment and then she burst into fresh my breath, an' aw my heart owt o' me. Nivver yo' blame me, Joan-nivver yo'

She had only been tired of the monotony of her existence, and had longed for a "I wunnot listen to yo'. I wunnot," hard enow. I thow I wur safe wi' yo' cel; "Miss Anice sent me wi' it." "An' yo' are safe," Joan answered. had taken her first step. She wanted lane back towards Joan's cottage, like "Dost tha think I would turn agen her in the back kitchen." no more trouble and shame, she only some hunted creature fleeing for life. | thee? Nay, lass; tha'rt as safe as th'

Joan, sitting alone, rose in alarm, choild is, when I hold it i'my breast. I came back again to the front room She was going down a by-lane leading when she burst open the door and rushed ha' a pain o' my own, Liz, as'll nivver Mrs. Craddock had hospitably provided to the Maxys' cottage, and was hurrying in. She was quivering from head to heal, an' I'd loike to know as I'd held him with a huge sandwich of bread and through the twilight, when she brushed foot, panting for breath, and the tears out my hond to them as theer is healin' fur. I'd thank God fur th' chance-poor pectant eyes. against a man who was lounging care-were wet upon her cheeks.

fur. I'd thank God fur th' chance—poor lessly along the path, smoking a cigar, "What is it?" cried Joan. "Lizzie, lass—poor lass—poor lass!" And she

## CHAPTER XXIII.

dily. The number of scholars was con stantly on the increase, so much so, in. he answered. But, having seen this much, he must said Joan: "Was it i' th' lane? Tha deed, that Grace had his hands inconveniently full.

"They have dull natures, these peo-"Nay-nay, she protested. "Tha ple," said the Reverend Harold; "and in the rare cases where they are not ation stoutly; "he is na." dull, they are stubborn. Absolutely, I find it quite trying to face them at times, and it is not my fortune to find it difficult to reach people, as a rule. They seem to have made up their minds beperseverance which carries him along with a certain class. Riggan suits him, groove.

did not want her to run away and perderly. "Yo' mun be ailin', or yo' han- had extended to Grace. Grace's friend- he doin' a casting hissen on a dessert haps betray him in her agitation so he not getten o'er yo're fright yet. Yo're ly toleration of Nib had done much for put out his hand and laid it on her not yoresen at aw. What a simple little him. Nib always appeared with his "He wur shipwrecked," triumphantly. lass yo'are to be feart by a boggart i master, and his manner was composed "Th' sea drifted him to the shore, an' he and decorous, as rats were subjects built hissen a hut, an' gettin' goats an' a poor little goese you are. Somebody "I dunnot know what's the matter wi' foreign to his meditations. His part it birds, an'-an' aw sorts-an'-it's the me." said Liz, "I dunnot feel reet, some- was to lie at Jud's feet, his nose between graidliest book tha ivver seed. Miss The girl made an effort to free herself how. Happen I shall get o'er it i' his paws, his eyes twinkling sagaciously Anice gave it me." behind his shaggy eyebrows, while oc- "I read it hersen?" But though she recovered herself casionally, as a token of approval, he "Let me a-be," she cried, sobbing somewhat, she was not the same girl petulantly. "Yo' ha no reet to held again. And this change in her it was a fifful slumber, he had been known to somewhat. me. Yo' wur ready enow to let me go that made Joan open her heart to Anice. give vent to his feelings in a sharp bark, She saw that something was wrong, and but he never failed to awaken imme-"Trouble!" he repeated after her. noted a new influence at work, even af-"Wasn't I in trouble, too!" You don't ter the girl began to go out again and deepest abasement and confusion; at

Anice's table. It was full of pictures-

ha' deed i' th' street. Let me go. I dunnot want to ha' awt to do wi' yo'. I niver wanted to see yore face again.

Leave me a-be. It's ower now, an' I dunnot want to get into trouble again.''

He drew his hand away, biting his lip and frowning boyishly. He had been as found for managers stayin' at th' Queen's Arms,' fond of Liz as such a man could be. But she had been a trouble to him in But she had been and a tribut to the gold and crimson to the to the more after the first hint of suspicion, was opened it. When Anice came into the trouble to him poring ever it. His trouble to this peak at the gold and crimson to the touch the stay in the gold and crimson to the the sub this to the stay of the gold and crimson to the trouble admit to the gold and crimson to the trouble to but the gold and crimson to the trouble and crimson to the trouble and crimson "He's a foine young chap too-dresses the sand. Anice waited a moment, and

> I will give you 'Robinson Crusoe. In less than six months she was called

"Sure he's Mester Landsell's son? dock had been established at the lodgeat Aye, to be sure it's him. My mester the Haviland gates. The day Anice At noon Joan wens home full of self- and when the boy came for the book, reproach because sometimes her patience she employed him as a messenger to the "If you will take these things to Mrs.

"Lizzie, lass," she said, "yo' need na Crusoe" under his arm, three miles were a trival matter. He trudged off, whist-There was a quick little pant from Liz, ling with keen delight. As he went along he could fortify himself with an "I heard about it to-day," Joan went occasional glance at the hero and his on, "an' I did na wonder as yo' wur full man Friday. What would he not have

daresay." cast with Nib upon a desert island?

The pant became a sob—the sob broke "Owd Sammy" sat near the chimney corner smoking his pipe, and making whose erratic proceedinge he was read ports, but feeling it as well to reserve his opinions for a select audience at the Crown, allowed Mrs. Craddock to perform her household tasks unmolested.

Hearing Jud at the door, he turned "It's yo', is it?" he said. "Tha con

oom in. What's browten?" 'Summat fur th' missis fro' th' Rec-

"Tak' it to th' owd lass, then," said Sammy. "Tak' it to her. Tha'lt find

Having done as he was bidden, Jud cheese, and Nib followed him with ex-

"Sit thee down, lad," said Sammy bent down, and kissed her again and condescendingly. "Sit thee down, tha'st getten a walk both afore and behind thee. What book'st getten under

> Jud regarded the volume with evilent pride and exultation. "It's Robyson Crus oe, that theer is,

Sammy shook his head dubiously. "Dunnot know as I ivver heard

him. He's noan scripter, is he "No," said Jud, repelling the insinu-

"Hond him over, an' let's ha' a look at him.

And advanced. "Theers's picters in it." he commente! eagerly. "Theer's one at the front, That theer un," pointing to the frontis-

Sammy gave it a sharp glance, then another, and then held the book at arm's It checks falling of the hair immedilength, regarding Robinson's goatskin ately, and causes a new growth in all habiliments over the rims of his specta-

"Well, I'm dom'd," he exclaimed: "I'm dom'd, if I would na loike to see

"He's dressed i' goatskins. He wur cast upon-a desert island, an' had na owt

"I thowt he niust ha' been reduced i' Jud Bates and "th' best tarrier i' Rig- circumstances, or he'd nivver ha' turned gan" were among the most faithful attendants. The lad's fancy for Anice comfort than appearances. What wur

"Aye, it wur her as telt me most on

Sammy turned the yolume over, and looked at the back of it, at the edges of the leaves, at the gilt-lettered title.

"I would na be surprised," he observed with ocular amiability. "I would na be surprised--if that's th' case--as theer's summat in it." "That as I'v towd thee is nowt to th

toime to do no more.

TO BE CONTINUED

the sand. Anice waited a moment, and the Kidneys and Urinary difficulties. We know whereof we speak, and can "Jud," she said, "when you can read "full," say, give them a trial. Sold at fifty cents a bottle, by all druggists .-

This occurred a few weeks after Craddock had been established at the lodgeat the Haviland gates. The day Anice gave Jud his well-earned reward, she had a package to send to Mrs. Craddock, for Goderich.

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