

That Lass o' Lowrie's,

A STORY OF THE LANCASHIRE COAL MINES. 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 it as freely as if he had had no thought that he was signing the death-warrant of all hopes for himself.

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

CHAPTER XXII.

MASTER LANDELL'S SON.

"I dunnot know what to mak' on her Joan said to Anice, speaking of Liz. "Sometimes she is i' sich spirits that she's fairly flighty, an' then again, she's awfretted an' crossed with everything."

"That lass o' Lowrie's has made a bad bargain, i' takin' up wi' that wench," said a townsman to Grace. "She's noan one o' th' soart as'll keep straight."

"Liz!" he said, "Why Liz, my girl!" Anice said still. She stood still, because, for the moment, she lost the power of motion.

"Hush," he said, "Don't cry. What a poor little goose you are. Somebody will hear you."

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na do it, an' left me to tak' care o' mysen when I could na do it, an' had na strength to hoid up agen th' world. I wur turned out o' house an' home, an' if it had na been fur th' hospital, I might 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.

"I want to answer your question," he said, "and my answer is this: When a man loves a woman wholly, truly, purely and to her highest honour, - such a love is the highest and noblest thing in this world, and nothing should lead to its sacrifice, - no ambition, no hope, no friendship."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"CANNYBLES."

The night school gained ground steadily. The number of scholars was constantly on the increase, so much so, indeed, that Grace had her hands inconveniently full.

"They have dull natures, these people," said the Reverend Harold; "and in the rare cases where they are not 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 beforehand to resent what I am going to say. It is most unpleasant. Grace has been working among them so long that, I suppose, they are used to his methods; he has learned to place himself on a level with them, so to speak. I notice they listen to, and seem to understand him. The fact is, I have an idea that sort of thing is Grace's forte. He is not a brilliant fellow, and will never make any particular mark, but he has an odd perseverance which carries him along with a certain class. Riggan suits him, I think. He has dropped into the right groove."

Jud Bates and "th' best tarrier i' Riggan" were among the most faithful attendants. The lad's fancy for Anice had extended to Grace. Grace's friendly tolerance of Nib had done much for him. Nib always appeared with his master, and his manner was composed and decorous, as rats were subjects foreign to his meditations. His part it was to lie at Jud's feet, his nose between his paws, his eyes twinkling sagaciously behind his shaggy eyebrows, while occasionally, as a token of approval, he wagged his tail. Once or twice, during a fitful slumber, he had been known to give vent to his feelings in a sharp bark, but he never failed to awaken immediately, with every appearance of the deepest abatement and confusion, at the unconscious transgression.

During a visit to the Rectory one day, Jud's eyes fell upon a book which lay on Anice's table. It was full of pictures—illustrations depicting the adventures and vicissitudes of a fortunate, unfortunate, whose desert island has been the paradise of thousands; whose goatskin habiliments have been more worthy of envy than kingly purple; whose hair, curling in more significant of manner than any crown, has been more precious than the crown itself.

There came a day, however, when Joan gained a clue to the meaning of this alliteration, though never from her first recognition of it, until the end came, did she comprehend it fully. Perhaps she was wholly unconscious of what narrower nature's experience. At least, her unconsciousness was a noble one. Then, she said, "I'll go to the doctor."

Derrick marched into the parlor, and said, "I'll go to the doctor."

ing gossip. She had no visitors, and she was kept much at home, with the child, who was not healthy, and who, during the summer months, was constant in her fits and ailing. Grace, hearing nothing more after the first hint of suspicion, was so far relieved that he thought it best to spare Joan the pain of being stung by it. But there came a piece of news to Joan that troubled her.

"There's a young sprig o' one o' th' managers stayin' at th' Queen's Arms," remarked a pit woman one morning. "He's a foine young chap too—dresses up loike a tailor's dummy, an' looks as if he'd stepped reet square out o' a band-box. He's a son o' owd Lansell's."

"Aye," she said, "he's a fine young chap too—dresses up loike a tailor's dummy, an' looks as if he'd stepped reet square out o' a band-box. He's a son o' owd Lansell's."

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in realms of romance, known only in their first beauty to boyhood's ecstatic belief. Jud put out his hand, and drawing the gold and crimson snare toward him, opened it. When Anice came into the room she found him poring over it. His ragged cap lay with Nib, at his feet, his face was in a glow, his hair was pushed straight upon his head, both elbows were resting on the table. He was spelling his way laboriously, but excitedly, through the story of the footprint on the sand. Anice waited a moment, and then spoke—

"Jud," she said, "when you can read I will give you 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

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these th' place, an' let's hear summat about th' cannibals if th' has na th' toime to do no more." [TO BE CONTINUED]

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