

LIBRARY

Brigham Young University
RARE BOOK COLLECTION

Vault


Ms355

#8 113

746

Original MS by Mary St. Leger Haman
daughter of Charles Kinsley
under the pseudonym of "Lucy Mallet"

(1911)



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Brigham Young University

I
out

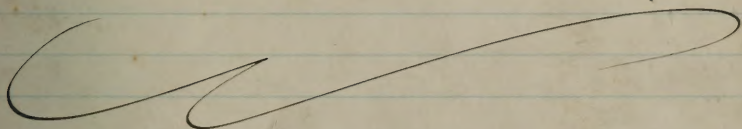
Little Peter

a Christmas Favourite for children of any age

By

Lucas Malet

author of 'Colonel Malet's wife' etc.



Paul & Co.

1844

Little Peter

Chapter I.

Which deals with the opinions of a cat, and the sorrows of a charcoal burner.

The pine forest is a wonderful place. The pine-trees stand in ranks like the soldiers of some vast army, side by side, mile after mile, in companies and ~~both~~ regiments and battalions, all dressed in a sober uniform of green and grey. But they are unlike soldiers in this, that they are of all ~~various~~ sizes and sizes. Some so small that the rabbits surely jump over them in their play; and ~~some~~ so tall and stately that the fall of them is like the falling of a high tower. And the pine-trees are put to many different uses. They are made into masts for the gallant ships that sail out and away to distant ports and sweep the great ocean. Others are sawed into planks, & used for the building of sheds; for the rafters of barns, and clap-boards, & wood-work of our houses; for railway sleepers, and scaffolding, & boarding. Others are ~~partly~~ polished & fashioned into articles of furniture. Turpentine ~~is~~ comes from them; which the ~~artisans~~ artist uses to varnish with his colours, and the doctor in his medicines, which is used ~~to~~ too, in the cleaning of stoves & in a hundred different ways. While the pine-cones and women-banched and waste wood make high crackling fire by which to warm ourselves on a winter's day.

But

But there is something more than just that I
would like you to think about in ~~the~~
connection with the piece - forest. For it, like
everything else that is fair and noble in
nature, has a strange and peculiar secret
of its own.

You may learn the many uses of the
tree, when men have cut them down or
gnawed them up, or pushed holes in their
four sides to let the termites run out, in
your school books. But you can only learn
the secret of the forest itself by listening
humbly and reverently in it to speak ^{to you}, for
Nature is a very great lady, ~~grand~~
grand and more magnificent than all
the queens who have lived in ~~gorgeous~~
sumptuous palaces and reigned over famous
kingdoms, since the world began: and though
she will be very kind and gracious to
children she comes to ask her questions ~~not~~
modestly and quietly, and will show them
the most lovely sights & tell them the most
delicious fairy tales that ~~ever were~~ ^{ever were} seen or
heard, she makes very short work with con-
ceited and independent persons. She covers their
eyes and stops their ears so that they can never
see her wonderful treasures or hear her charming
stories; but live, all their lives long, shut up
in the dark justly reprobate of their own
ignorance, and stupid self-love and self-
satisfaction, thinking they know all about
everything as well as if they had made it
themselves, when they don't really know any-
thing at all. And because you & I dislike
justice.

Justly applauded and because we want to have
 something and everything that Nature in her
 wonderful enough to teach us we will
 listen to begin with, to show the pure forest
 was to be.

Then the rough winds are up and all
 day, and the pine-trees about and sing
 together in a mighty chorus while the hoarse
 voices of trees in like the roar of the sea
 upon a rocky mountain coast, then you may
 know the secret of the forest. — It sings
 first of the winded seeds; and then of the
 "birds" of the ~~wood~~ ^{living} tree; of ~~the~~ ^{the} sun and
 moon, and the tranquil warmth of noon-
 day, and of the soft exhilarating rain, — the
 kindly, nourishing earth and of the white
 moon-light, and pale, moist garments of
 the mist, all helping the trees to grow up
 tall and straight, to strike roots deep and
 spread wide in green branches. It sings too,
 of the winter frost and the still, dumb snow,
 and the mysterious storm all ~~passing~~
~~thing~~ and ~~in~~ ^{the} trees to persevere in their
 grand form and show a brave face in their
 so dark and terrible. Then it sings of the
 and happy sunny times when the forest is
 quivered about with a band of flowers
 like the jeweled words of a twilight;
 2. ~~When~~ The birds' notes and ~~own~~ call to each
 other among the high branches; and the
 squirrel helps in with its noise and
 nest for the little brown squirrel-baiter
 that is to be; and the doe nice walk up
 from their long winter sleep, and sit in the

sunshine

and with their whirring with their dainty
little hands. And then the forest swigs of
noise, - how he comes with the axe and saw,
and hammer - iron wedges, and lays out
the altar of the children; and binds them
with ropes and chains, and hauls them
away to be his bond servants and slaves. And
but of all, it swigs gentle and very gentle of
God's eye and death and death; of the seeds
that fall on the hands, dry places and never spring up; of
the tree that is broken by the tempest or
scattered on the high-mountain path, and stands
bare and barren and insignificant; - swigs how,
in the end, all things flourish and crumble,
and how the dust of them ~~in manifold~~ returns
and is mingled with the fruitful soil
from which, at first, they came.

That is the song of the pure forest.
And hence it goes man learns their lessons, that
the life of the tree, and of beast and birds
are subject to the same three great laws
as the life of man: - the law of ^{an iron} ~~the~~ ^{the}
obedience and of self-sacrifice. And he who
sees you are older, if you take care to
avoid that spirit of conceit and impudence
which, as we have already said, sets
people into such trouble with nature, you
may come to see that these three laws are
after all but one, bound together forever to
be kept by the golden cord of love.

Once upon a time, just on the
edge of the pure forest, there lived a little
boy. He lived in a big, brown, wooden house
with overhanging eaves, and a ^{very} deep
roof.

and it is ^{the} white sweep down from the high
 middle gable like the window as seen covering
 the chimney. The ~~wooden~~ road leads
 and hay barn, and the stable where the
 brown-red, neat, red-tiled roof was at night,
 and the beam, well done, and the cheese
 room with its heavy frames were all under
 their same wide sheltering roof. Behind the
 house, a meadow with the rich soil thatched
 down to a stream, the ^{meadow} ~~meadow~~ along over
 rocky ledges, or slipped away over flat
 sandy ^{and} places where you might see the
 little golden *Glaucium* at side and seek or
 find in the corner among the light pebbles
 at the bottom. While on the narrow narrow
 paddles by the stream side, where to get me
 - up, and look - lines, and rather good, the
 water - spiders would dance quick silver and
 gurg, and reeds all day long in the sunshine,
 and the frog would croak by hundreds in
 the still spring evening when the sunset
 was red behind the pine-trees to the west. And
 in this pleasant place little Peter lived
 as long, once upon a time with his father
 and mother ^{and his two brothers,} ~~and his two brothers,~~ ^{and} his
 the ~~two~~ servant - maid, and ^{Sustanus} ~~his~~ ~~two~~
~~the~~ the cow herd.

He was ~~born~~ ~~in~~ the youngest ^{of}
 the ^{children} ~~sons~~ in a number of years, and was
 much as small child to his ~~brother~~ Susan
 Sepage, his mother, could make him ~~carpenter~~
 quite a smart horse and sailor of ten years old
 to Anthony's cart of garments, when when all
 the patches - this place had been out of.

He had a ^{brown} ~~black~~ curly head, and very round
 eyes - for many things surprised him, and
 surprised makes the eyes grow round as they
 look round, - and as dark, little, red mouth
 that was used to ring, and nice fat cheeks,
 - which began to look rather cold and blue
 in the way as he stood on the street with one
~~hand~~ ^{hand} ~~holding~~ ^{holding} about Christman time, with
 Anicin water, the old, babler, Tom-cats, under
 his arm. He was waiting a ~~hardly~~ ^{hardly}
~~for~~ ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~next~~ ^{next} ~~day~~ ^{day} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~come~~ ^{come} ~~home~~ ^{home} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~neighbouring~~ ^{neighbouring} ~~market~~ ^{market}
~~town~~ ^{town} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~part~~ ^{part}. It was a morning dark, yet
 the day was ~~otherwise~~ ^{otherwise} ~~very~~ ^{very} ~~clear~~ ^{clear}. The
 sounds of the birds in the pine branches and
 of the chattering of the sparrows were strange in the
~~strange~~ ^{strange} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~evening~~ ^{evening} ~~air~~ ^{air}; so that little
 Peter felt rather creep, as the saying is, he held
 on very tight to Anicin water for fear of the
 "did n't" quite know what.

"Come in, little man, come in" cried
 his mother, as she moved to and fro in the
 middle light, helping Durga to get ready
 the supper. "You will be longer ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~stand~~ ^{stand}
 there outside; - we shall be longer to
 sit here with the door open. Anicin will
 get home more the quicker to your watching.
 That which is looked for hardest, they say,
 comes last".

But Peter only juggled Anicin water
 a little longer, thereon making that long
 suffering animal kick sporadically with
 his hind legs, as a rabbit does when you
 hold ~~it~~

include it up to the ear, and looked ~~at~~ more
sarcasically than ever down the fire's path
into the ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~depth~~ ^{depth} of the river.

MAD! Two men from Paquealini, the charcoal-
burner, came up to the ~~burn~~ ^{burn} ~~door~~ ^{door}, with a
couple of empty sacks across his shoulders.
Now the charcoal-burner was a great friend
of little Peter, though he was a queer figure
to look at. For his ~~black~~ ^{red} hair hung in
wild locks down over his shoulders, and
his eyes glared ~~as red~~ ^{too, as red} as his own smoldering
charcoal-pier, and his back was bent and
crooked: while his legs were so immoderately
long and thin; that all the naughty little
boys in Tulepate, when he went down there
to sell his sacks of charcoal, used to run
after him up the street, shouting: —

"Kurral, Kurral! Here's the ~~arr~~ ^{arr} ~~keeper~~ ^{keeper}
man again! He, he! ~~gairan~~ ^{gairan} ~~arr~~ ^{arr} ~~grass~~ ^{grass}.
Keeper, give us a time — haven't you
forgot your riddle?"

Two when Paquealini got annoyed, as
the youngsters did, & turned round upon them
with his flourishing ear, they would all scuttle
away as hard as their legs could carry them.
For he's a good man & his people, they were
particularly courageous when they could
only see the ~~back~~ ^{back} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~enemy's~~ ^{enemy's} ~~back~~ ^{back}. You may
see quite well our little Peter, never called
~~him~~ the charcoal-burner by any offensive
name, and therefore having a good conscience
had no cause to be afraid of ~~it~~ ^{him}.

So, when he said to him, ~~Peter~~ ^{Peter}, he said,
in his high crooked voice
as he swung down ~~in~~ the sack, & stood in the
little

~~asked~~ ^{said} in the door was. "Remember my ears
 are so aching I can hear the grass grow. But
 now I should like best to hear in the world
 call her little boy to go indoors, and here he
 stands still on the open hold. If you do not
 go to me do you know what will happen
 do?"

"Go. What will happen, please tell me," said
 Peter.

The charcoal-burner stretched out ~~his~~ ^{one}
 long arm and pointed across with his
 finger, and made his voice to a whisper.

~~What will happen~~

The old grey ~~wolf~~ ^{wolf} with an aching ear
 pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat over the man and
 the woman, pit-a-pat over the ~~fire~~
 pine-needle and the ~~fire~~ ^{fallen} ~~to~~ ^{twice}
 & branches, pit-a-pat out to the woods, and
 snap - like that, catches you poor Circumlocution
 by the tail and carries you off to make with
 soup in her little oven. Picturing to yourself
 poor Circumlocution in the wolf's great black,
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dear~~ ^{dear} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~little~~ ^{little}

5) ~~wolf~~ ^{wolf} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~narrow~~ ^{narrow} ~~little~~ ^{little} ~~mouth~~ ^{mouth}
 wide open, with a round, with their wooden
 spoon in their hands all ready to begin".

Peter retreated hastily with the ~~two~~
 kitchen cats and all, & took up his stand
 farther down to his mother.

"Do it then, Mother?" he said. "But
 where do the wolves in their wooden spoon,
 do you think - in the ~~sup~~ ^{sup} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~part~~ ^{part}?"

"You, you should know," said Susan
 Sepage, as she stopped down & kissed the ~~little~~
 child ~~last~~ ^{last}.

children and then looking up ^{nodded} ~~the~~ the man.
wade barrier. "You must ask the old the
word 'secret' if you want to know where the
soup is for you, & then you put it to the
matter. There is no friends of mine, little one".

After a moment's pause she added: —
"You will stay to supper, Don Paqualini?
~~My husband's~~ ^{sons} would be in soon, and there is plenty
for all. Thanks God. You will be welcome".

But Paqualini shook his head and
the light died away in these strange eyes
of his.

"Welcome?" he said. ~~She was a pretty~~
~~face~~ "The quiet, false words was
little ~~to~~ ^{recurring} to me. And yet peculiar in your
mouth it is. Susan Sepage, for you
are gentle & merciful as a saint in heaven,
& the child ~~has~~ ^{is} ~~called~~ ^{called} after you. But for
the rest, she is welcome to man, mi-
half-jin had creature on whom nature
kindly has had no mercy. Martin Sepage
will come in tonight. It is he like to have
his stomach turned by the sight of the
bump-backed charcoal burner? No, no,
I go home to my bed. Good-night little
Peter. Will ~~take~~ ^{look} the grey wolf to ~~see~~ ^{see} where
for her supper. Oh! I see wonderful things
through sometimes, for all that I live alone
and squaller. The red fire & the white moon
tell me stories turn by turn, all the night

~~Through~~ ^{Through} ~~and with~~ ^{and with} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~empty~~ ^{empty} ~~sacks~~ ^{sacks} ~~across~~ ^{across} ~~his~~ ^{his}
back, ^{again} and ~~trambled~~ ^{trambled} ~~away~~ ^{away} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~groin~~ ^{groin}
darkness.

"good indications" muttered Durga, as she set
the cheese on the table. "It is an ^{absolute} indignity
to ask a respectable person to wait at table
on a wild animal like that".

But when Separee sighed as she turned
~~from~~ from the door-way.

"Pote, ~~udhappu~~ ^{say} one" she said. "Sodu gusa
thee ^{say} ~~thee~~ ^{say} ~~thee~~ ^{say} ~~thee~~ ^{say} ~~thee~~ ^{say}
~~thee~~ ^{say} ~~thee~~ ^{say} ~~thee~~ ^{say} ~~thee~~ ^{say} ~~thee~~ ^{say}
body".

Then she bowed repeated Durga in her
concern in several matters which had nothing
in the world to do with ~~the household~~.
~~By some time~~ her remarks ~~were~~ upon
the charcoal-burner; ~~and~~ these the best of
women are not always quite logical.

The ambitious ~~and~~ little Peter
had sat down on ~~one~~ his stool in the ~~same~~ fire. For
a little while he sat very still, for he was
thinking over the ~~rights~~ of his friend ~~the~~ ~~old~~ ~~man~~
Paquelin. He ~~felt~~ ~~rather~~ ~~unhappy~~ ~~about~~
him, he could not quite have said why.
But when we are children it is not easy to
think of ~~any~~ any one person or thing for
long together. There are such lots of things
to think about, that one chases the other
out of our heads very quickly. And so now
Peter ~~he~~ gave up ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~thoughts~~ ~~and~~ ~~thought~~ ~~about~~
the charcoal-burner, & began ~~connecting~~ ~~the~~
sparks as they flew out of the blazing,
crackling, ~~fire~~ ~~logs~~ ~~up~~ ~~the~~ ~~wide~~ ~~chimney~~.
Unfortunately, however, he was not a ~~great~~
artist-metician; and though he began over
and over again as he did one, two, three, he
always got wrong among the ~~fifteen~~ ~~and~~
~~sixteen~~

sixteen; and never succeeded in counting up a
twenty at all. Distance is more tedious than
making presents mistakes. So he ~~was~~ got
up from his stool, & began to hopping
from one stone across in the kitchen floor
to the next. But ~~he~~ ^{suddenly he became} entangled in Durga's
gills pelticoids - the scar shivering them about
a good deal it is true, being in matters as bad
temper - and several tumbled down on his
poor little nose. ~~Handed to Santhakayasa~~
"Help the child, what happened here?"
cried Durga, and Peter retired to his stool
again, in a hurry, and ~~was~~ ^{after thinking for a minute pulled} a long bit
of string, ~~and~~ ^{with} a crop-bar of
stick at the end of it, one of the bulging
side pockets of his turban, and drew it
backwards & forwards and looked it up &
down just in front of Cucumwater. But
Cucumwater would not play.

Cucumwater sat up very stiff and straight
with all his four paws in a row, and his tail
curled very tight over them, his hair his
yellow over at the tips. "Oh Cucumwater was
spoiled! Some cats have feelings. And on thinking
it over, he came to the conclusion that he
had not been treated with the sufficient respect."

"Soup is a wooden work - hidles
dee-dee," he said to himself in the cat-
language. "Say for cat a child's mind
with ~~such~~ ^{such} nice pictures?"

For you see Cucumwater was not a
common cat; being his cousin once removed,
indeed, to the Saen'san's cat at Nallepart,
who knew the hard and hard days in the
church

church calendar as well as the Sacristan
 finally, and had not raised a murmur on a
~~any~~ Friday for Scarron's son's marriage. Then
 you have a scholar in the family, it obliges you
 to be distinguished

And so, poor little Peter as ~~was~~
 wretched and wretched would help to amuse
 him and pass away the time, pressed
 his two fat little hands together in a
 sort of despair, and gave a terrible sigh.

"Help the child, what's his mischief?"
 "My dear! how you make me jump!"
~~and sigh.~~

"What is the matter, Peter?" asked
 his mother.

"Mr. Don't believe Antonio will ever
 come home," said the boy, ~~with~~ his big tears
 began to run down over his chubby cheeks.

"And I am so tired of waiting - And I want so
 badly to know whether they have departed
 the stable in the big church at St. Paul's;
 and whether we shall really go there on
 Sunday ~~to~~ to see the dear baby Jesus
 and the blessed Virgin and good St. Anne
 Joseph and the doctors and all, you
 told me about. I never seen 'em
 yet. And I want so dreadfully to go".

Then ~~his~~ his mother took up
 Peter in her arms, and sat down in the
 wooden ~~and~~ chair in the chimney-corner,
 and held him gently on her lap.

"Here, there," she said, as she
 stroked his pretty hair, "what cause have
 you to fret? The stable with the blessed all
 is

is good time; and the darker and more certainly
 won't run away before Sunday. And Saint
 Joseph and the blessed Virgin will be
 glad that a little bad like you should
 come & burn a candle before them - never
 fear. If the day is fair we will certainly
 all go to church on Sunday. That is to be
 will be, and Mother's coming late or
 early can make no difference. ~~That~~ Father
 is a great virtue, ~~and~~ dear little
 one - you cannot learn that too soon".

But, Circumcision got up very stiff &
 though he was growing slightly deeper, & still
~~he~~ worried his relatives even at the time. He
 was ~~not~~ at all sure that it was not incumbent
 upon him to give to the church -
 -burner next time he saw him. It was
 an extreme measure, ^{certainly} and before adopting it
 he would have glad to take his cousin Ste-
 phan's cat's opinion on the matter. The
 social position being his responsibility,
 yet ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~is~~ ~~that~~ ~~decidedly~~ it is a fine thing to have
 a scholar in the family".



Chapter II.

Which introduces the reader to an admirer of the ancient Romans.

Peter's father was a person of some consequence. On, to speak quite correctly, through the kindness of some consequence, which, as you will probably find when you are older, often comes to much the same thing. He had in his piece of land; and his own fields of corn, which the ~~was~~ boys in the spring time, would help his father to dine, along with the corn of these neighbours, with ~~the wide great lands that~~ ^{the wide great lands that} border the forest on the west ~~of the house~~. ~~the wide great lands that~~ ^{the wide great lands that} ~~border the forest on the west of the house~~ ^{border the forest on the west of the house}.

Peter's father had been a soldier in the French army, and had fought in great battles, and had been ~~in the service~~ ^{in the service} in Italy, and seen ~~every~~ ^{every} the sea ^{to} Africa. He could tell surprising stories of sandy deserts, and camels, and lions, and brags and a number of other remarkable things that he had seen during his travels. And when he went down, as he frequently did, to sit in the wine-shop at Nulleport, every body treated him with the reverence and distinction and called him not ~~the~~ plain Sepage, but Martin Sepage, and listened respectfully to ~~the~~ all that he had to say.

Now Martin Sepage was very well pleased, and would take his nose out of his mouth and spread out his hands like some celebrated

celebrated orator, and gave the company ~~some~~
 the benefits of his views upon every subject - such
 these he did not very well understand. "or
 the great thing is to take it; you want to
 make conversation make an intelligent opinion
 society is - ~~that is the main thing~~ The sense
 of that which you may say is quite a secondary
 consideration. Sefanee was a handsome man;
 with a bright, grey eye; and as more like a
 hawk's beak; and as his open mouth showed, the
 ends of which curled up like a lion's nearly
 touched his eyebrows. He held himself very
 erect, so that even in his blue blouse & peg
 top trousers, with a great brown umbrella under
 his arm he still looked like a soldier.

But Martin Sefanee, not without causing
 his superior knowledge of the world, and not
 always attentive to pleasure in friends and
 companions. For he was - as he said - a
 philosopher, politician; and like most other
 thinkers and politicians he ^{sometimes} occasionally
 became obstreperous and irritable. On such
 occasions his voice would grow loud, and
 he would thump the table with his fist. The
 the glass danced and rattled plates danced and
 the glasses rattled again; and the more the
 persons, with whom he was conversing, smiled
 & apologized, ^{still he} differed from him in opinion,
 the louder his voice would grow, & the more
 he would thump the table & thump and resolutely
 declare that all who did agree with him were
 idiots, ~~and traitors~~ and dull, and traitors.

He had two fixed ideas - He ~~was~~ venerated
 the ^{Republican form of government} ~~Prussian Republic~~ and he despised the
 Prussians.

10
Prisoners. If one of his sons was idle, blistering over
his work 'or would ~~do~~ ^{do} what he had to ~~do~~ ^{do}
to do. Martine Sépasse would see to him, sternly.

"Esa garde, ~~and don't forget~~ ^{and don't forget}
you are indebted to the arm of the child of
a former republic".

Or if one of the sons kicked when
Sarkant was mistress here, she would cry out: —

"Ken Sten, Sten blue niche, recollect
that Sten and the son of a free citizen,
do not behave like a ^{son}! That Prussian".

And during the long evening of all the
winter that little Peter could remember — they
were not so very many, though, after all — when
the supper was cleared away and the hearth
swayed, his father, after putting on a big pair
of gold-rimmed spectacles, and drawing his
chair close up to the table so that the lamp
light might fall full on his book, would
read to himself the history of the former
Roman Republic. ~~And when the book was
closed~~

~~And when the book was closed~~ and
always once or twice during the course of the
evening, ^{he would} lay down the book, and take off his
spectacles and as he rubbed the frames of
them with his red pocket-handkerchief,
right would right to himself and say, quite
gently: —

"Ah! but there were times worth living in!
They had never with the book at in those ~~the~~
days".

The elder of little Peter's hostess was named
Anton. He was a small, brisk, young fellow.
He

He was always in a little bit of a hurry and full
 of business. He liked to go down to the town
 market. He liked to drive a sharp bargain.
 And when he had nothing else to do, he would
 go down to the railway station, and ~~look~~
 hang over the blue wooden railings at the
 back of the platform, staring at the crowded
 passenger or heavily laden freight trains
 going through to Paris, or over the frontier into
 Switzerland. And if he ever happened to
 catch sight of an soldier's ~~uniform~~
~~or a soldier's appearance~~ on the
 train, his eyes would grow bright & his
 face eager, and he would whistle a stirring
 march as he walked home through the
 forest, and would chatter all the evening
 about the glorious job he meant to have
 when the time came for him to serve
 his turn in the army. And at St. Martin
 Sepage would look up from the pages of his
 Roman history book, and nod confidentially
 to his wife and say: -

"My own nation is a fine fellow. He will
 help some day to throw these rascally Prussians".

But she would answer, rather sadly: -
 "That will be as the Lord pleases. There is
 some and his enough in the world already,
 it seems to me, with the war to make it greater."

Then Amaria Sepage would shrug his
 shoulders with an air of slight disgust, &
 say: - "My wife, you see no doubt an excellent
 woman. But your mind is narrow. He want
 this victory ~~or we would have~~ ~~intelligently~~
~~of a long peace~~ ~~the longer question~~"

... I saw ... your about ... in the ... I don't ...
... did not ... in the ... date. The ...
... of the family had had their supper, -
... was ...
... as she ... about in the ... kitchen.

"You can't ... the punctured" she said. "It would ... to be help ...
... about the ... bed-time ...
... to ... ^{the day's} work & work up ...
... the ... & dinner. There ... come in ...
... date ... go to bed ... if I had my way".

^{remarkably} "Simply" ~~she~~ said ... - which ...
... ~~was~~ ... ^{since} ... me and chiefly ...
... ~~was~~ ... at all.

... said ... the story ...
... the gallant ... and ...
... the ... the ...
... the ... of ... the allied ...
... with ... a pocket-knife ...
... a number of bits of wood on the table like ...
... was making a model of a rice pump. ...
... said in the ...
... little Peter on a stool at her feet ...
... his head against her knee. He was ...
... so deep ... that his eyes would ...
... though he tried very hard to keep them ...
... open. Sometimes his poor little head nodded ...
... over all on one side; and then he woke up ...
... with a great start, ... that he ...
... had tumbled out of the old pear tree in ...
... the garden, bump, into the ground. but the ...
... dream was so vivid that it took ...
... him

was quite a ~~minute~~ minute and a half to remember
 where he was, & to realize that he was
 sitting on his own little stool in the kitchen,
 instead of lying on the arragaon bed under
 the pear-tree. "But sleep or not Peter was
 determined not to go to bed till he had heard
 the news from Mallepatti."

The concert-waiting must needs end
 at last. There was a sound of birds footsteps,
 the door was thrown open, and Anthony entered
 the kitchen, with the noise & bustle of a
 healthy young school-visit.

Peter was ^{wide} awake in a moment. He
 jumped up and caught hold of the skirt of
 his brother's blouse.

"Oh tell me, tell me" he cried, "have
 they

the dearest the hearts in the church, & can I
go on Sunday and see it?"

There is always a great mistake to make at
table with ~~spouses~~ quarters, when they are
left to their own affairs; & so now little Peter
found in their case. For ~~the~~ had some money
to pay over to his father, and a great many
things to see on his own account; and ~~so~~ he
was very hungry and wanted his supper - so
he pushed poor Peter aside rather roughly, & told
him to get out of the way & mind his own
business, and intimated generally that he
was an inconvenient & superfluous person.

Peter retired to his stool again, feeling very
small, ~~the~~ Between sleeping & disappoinment
he was very much inclined to cry. Perhaps, indeed,
he would have done so, had not Circumstances
abs up and rubbed gently against his legs, with a
single hair and a very upstanding tail, forming
very broad, ~~say~~ as plain as cat's language
could say it: —

"Circle round, I Circumstances, regret what
has occurred. "Dance your mind. Confide in me".
He will yet go well".

For Circumstances was a cat of genius, and
sees his opportunity of making himself
agreeable if he could do it without loss of
dignity. — However, when ~~the~~ had transacted
his business, and eaten his supper, and braced
a little about his own ~~transactions~~ performance
of one sort and another, he ~~was~~ became a little
astrained by Maria released so roughly to his
little brother. He did not see so far as the
circle have courage to make a public con-
fession of their faults. But he desisted, with

3. ~~que~~ ~~at~~ ~~de~~ ~~uni~~ ~~mation~~ ~~sur~~ ~~les~~ ~~troupeaux~~ ~~and~~ ~~les~~
good sisters were here in the church; her bright
green robe said the Virgin's blue mantle would
be. There there was real ~~grass~~ ^{gravel} ~~and~~ ~~the~~
charmingly natural the cattle and the donkey
~~was~~ looked, and ^{her} ~~ingenuous~~ as ~~she~~ would be
arranged - just like ~~the~~ star, in fact - to shine above
the manger. Peter felt satisfied again. But he
was still a little sure; so he sat still & rubbed
his ~~circumstances~~ head in silence though there were
a hundred & one questions ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~mind~~ to ask.

"You will come with us ~~married~~ ^{married} said
the kitchen woman across at her hand and she
had just said down her book, it was written in
speckles with the red ~~paper~~ ^{hauber chain}."

"Your own wife takes good care of you" she
answered. "As for me, I will keep house."

"It is the first time we take our little
Peter", she said & there was a pleased tone
in her voice.

Now the little son looked at his father & mother;
though ~~perhaps~~ he looked in mother's face, for he was
rather afraid of his father sometimes. But now
his own reason he grew very bold. He jumped up
& looked across the kitchen & climbed up
on his father's knee.

"Oh, it will be so beautiful", he said - "and
we shall all be so happy - do come ~~in~~ ^{with} father,
do come too."

Marius ~~Separe~~ looked at him very kindly
and of his ~~words~~ ^{eyes} ever & ~~smiled~~
gently patted his cheek.

"No, no, my son" he ~~made~~ ^{kindly} answered, "go with
your mother & your ~~mother~~. There ~~two~~ ^{two} are
admirable for ~~young~~ ^{young} women & for the young."

Two

But you see I am no longer very young, and
 I can no longer create in ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~me~~ ^{me}. There is
 much deeply upon
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~visions~~ ^{visions} and ~~visions~~ ^{visions} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~mind~~ ^{mind} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the}
 satisfaction that ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~derived~~ ^{derived} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~such~~ ^{such}
 devoted ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~them~~ ^{them}. ~~Even~~ ^{Even} ~~now~~ ^{now} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~age~~ ^{age} ~~is~~ ^{is}
 appropriate partner. To my children. In
 for me, I will remain at home ^{and read the newspaper,} and pursue
 my ~~historical~~ ^{historical} studies in ancient history."

"Cannot you think of something better
 to do during of these unhappy ~~times~~
~~concerns~~ ^{concerns} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~country~~ ^{country} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~day~~ ^{day} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the}
 weeks ^{non anni} ~~non anni~~?" asked his wife.

Sister Petie looked up at her quickly.
 She had laid aside her knitting, and
 coming across the room placed her hands
 lightly on her husband's shoulder.

Master Separe made a grimace, moved
 a little in his chair, and smiled good-
 humouredly at her.

"Oh, my dear, you are the best of
 women," he said.

"Then why will you not oblige me?"
 Separe ~~shook~~ ^{shook} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~head~~ ^{head} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~shook~~ ^{shook} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~lips~~ ^{lips} ~~together~~ ^{together}
 & put up his eyebrows.

"There are points," he said, "on which
 compliance would be a mere manifestation
 of weakness. We will not discuss the situation.
 About these small matters ^{upon} ~~about~~ ^{upon} which we
 do not, unfortunately, quite agree, it is wise
 to maintain silence. There are your
 three sons — ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~excellent~~ ^{excellent} ~~written~~ ^{written} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~a~~ ^a ~~Roman~~ ^{Roman}
 nation. Be contented, then. I remain at
 home."

Susan Separe turned away & called a
 to

Thyia had her head on the table.

"Indeed, it is worth a drink? It will be worth a part-time drink," replied Thyia, who was still in a bad temper at Anton's conduct. ~~She had been~~ having been late to supper.

Suzanne Papage looked up at the ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~children~~ ^{children} who were in the room.

"It is late," she said. "Come, come, Pierre, we will go to bed, it is long past your bedtime."

But the boy did not want to go to bed. He ~~was~~ ^{was} a little disturbed and unhappy, and wanted ~~Suzanne~~ ^{Suzanne} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~go~~ ^{go} with the rest of the family on Sunday to the church at Mullepratt. So he rubbed his hands and argued his father's forbidden company: —

"The time wants you to go, and we all want it. So please go with us to the church on Sunday."

Martin Papage took the child's words and said to his wife in front of him.

"Go to bed, when you are told to," he said. "Deedeece was a virtuous creature, mixed in these grand old Romans."

"Out of the mouth of babes" — murmured Suzanne Papage, gently.

For some reason this conversation ~~so~~ appeared to please her husband.

"See thou and thy daughter," he barked out sternly. "Sweetly thou and thy — thou at Mullepratt! This is a conspiracy. Can I not see it? Some show I hear? Can I not see clearly in my own kitchen with my cabals, and

and Harriet: acts of mis-education? The night
to be dark and and fallen sea surfaces and
with the wind: I tell you — read 'the domestic
history of the ancient Romans'.

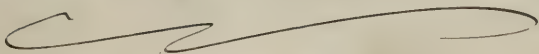
Some people would do this her husband
had his hands ^{apart} and then taking her
fingered the little Peter in the hand she said
calmly: —

"Do not trouble your father for this, my
child. He has his reasons for remaining at
home, and doubtless they are good ones".

Perhaps it was because the Peter was
seen tired and dead & it caused a pain which
she was ~~not~~ enough tired up in his little
bed for: he then put out the candle
and left him alone with a faint glimmer of
light: coming in at the window and
wondered at the end of the room. Perhaps it
was a dream; he certainly he seemed to hear
Marion Seprage's voice saying softly: —

"Forgive me, my wife. I was over-hasty.
Your father appears to lie in one direction and
mine in another. At present: We let us both
be tolerant. She knows we shall stay near
each other in the end!"

Then some one stopped down over the
little boy's bed and kissed him. Her, it must
have been his mother for on his forehead
she felt the ^{rough} scrape of a little woman's cheek.



16
Walter II.

Which misposes our acquaintance
with the grandest man.



"I am going to Mullapart on Sunday" cried little
Peter.

"Pui, what a traveller, answered the dear
coal-burner." And then he went on to
wade and four ^{the back of} on a heavy draught, in the
space of about seven leagues, or thereabouts,
through the air with the wild ducks
there crying "quack, quack, quack, we
are all going south because the north
is coming."

"I shall walk, of course, like a real boy," said little
Peter. "But the north is not coming just yet
is it?"

"They all say it will be here in a day or two"
John Paracalvin shook his head, and looked
up at the sky. He was sitting on the rough
wooden benches ⁱⁿ against the southern wall of
his hut, with his back bent & his elbows
resting on his thin knees. Little Peter climbed
up onto the benches beside him. It was rather
difficult, you see, because the benches was a
very high one to suit the height of the
coal-burner's long legs.

"So see then," added the boy as soon as he had
settled himself comfortably. He tried to lean
forward with his elbows on his knees like his
companion; but his short legs were dangerous
~~frustrated~~ and his feet were far off the
ground

ground and the diff^{er} birds it all getten care to keep
the balance.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"The earth spirits, the blue wandering birds
ground, and the air spirits, who wander
up and down the sky. So as the great
arc of white light they are getting up in
the north part as a signal. And the birds
darker, flying overhead. And the morning
in the sun - then. And ^{Madelon} ~~the old~~
was there; she has been about in the
middle of the ^{grass} ~~meadow~~, wanting to make ^{herself} ~~at~~
last, because she sees the storm clouds
coming. They are all getting about in with
some swiftness. They are in the trees now.
They have been ~~before~~ ^{before} ~~and~~. They only know
about words."

"Parguelin paused a moment, and sat
staring at ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~old~~ ^{old} black son, with
her ~~lipped~~ ^{lipped} ~~ear~~ ^{ear} as she ran to ~~2~~ ² ~~ms~~ ^{ms},
avoiding about ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~middle~~ ^{middle} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow}
fence, half ~~masked~~ ^{masked} in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow}
with ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow}
the while ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow}
is ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow}
is ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow}
is ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow}

"Then she ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow}
"All day long, all night long, the air is
full of voices".

"She ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow}
back on the ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow}
of conversation, he had slipped very near the
edge of it ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~great~~ ^{great} ~~danger~~ ^{danger} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~falling~~ ^{falling}
head ~~down~~ ^{down} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~ground~~ ^{ground}.

"I don't hear them," ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~said~~ ^{said} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadow~~ ^{meadow}

scold

persecute.

Pascaline laughed. "A couple was cracked and shrill like his voice; and Peter was always ^{high} scorned at his conclusions.

"Never seen them little Peter, he cried, never hear them. A few years more will call you a fool; but not more will only call you mad if you do."

"What is mad," asked Peter. "He lets you make mistakes." "Is it a good or a bad thing?"

The charcoal-burner looked round at the shrill couple, with his mouth a little open, as if he were about to speak, but his face was a ghastly dull red. He waited a minute before replying.

"Oh," he said, "what a innocent! They is in a good thing, of course. An excellent, splendid, glorious thing. Look at me, little Peter. I'll tell you a secret. Can you keep it?" — Here — a minute here — I'll whisper. I am mad — yes, that's the secret. A grand one. See all the happiness it brings me. I live alone in the wood — some charcoal."

"Yes," said Peter, "I should like that."

"I have no wife or child to bother me.

One year — a day, when I was a lad, the little girls never daunted me to dance with them, or asked me to take a partner." The charcoal-burner laughed again — "I am saved from all evil — guides and vintners. Which is what a gain? — for as I go down the street, ~~the~~ the very children tell me my faults, crying 'look at the ugly-ugly legs, look at the crooked back'; and the women shut their eyes and turn their

Then this is a new, saying - because even
 the old man, Swat a ~~high~~ his ~~place~~. Such
 observations little Peter has always done since;
 and each time he was thoughtful to see any
 presence of the present and ~~was~~ you. Oh, yes
 he would be in ~~an~~ a calm state of the
 mind. It seems you are able to ~~think~~ - not so
 clear for you, ~~there~~ you ~~are~~ you're sick,
 he's ~~not~~ ~~been~~ you're ~~strong~~, ~~more~~
 you ~~are~~ you die".

Paraphrasing language again, ~~getting~~ up
 stretched his long ungainly limbs and took
 quietly to his ~~own~~ ~~work~~ ~~like~~ as ~~usual~~ red
 clouds about his ~~head~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~head~~

"No, no it's ~~stupid~~, ~~his~~ ~~cries~~ -" all
 those with ~~his~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~and~~ ~~voices~~, with
 the ~~beats~~ and ~~the~~ ~~tree~~ and the rain and
 the ~~lights~~. The ones to love you, with the
 fire ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~branches~~, or the
~~ground~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~back~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~
~~eye~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~aperture".~~

Not to tell the truth, your little Peter
 was becoming rather confused and nervous,
 with all this wild, inconceivable talk
 of ~~the~~ ~~unfathomable~~ ~~the~~ ~~dark~~ ~~coal~~ ~~burner~~.
 He had never seen his friends in this strange
 summer ~~set~~. And he felt as much ~~abandoned~~
 and ~~misunderstood~~ as he would ~~have~~ ^{done} ~~it~~ ~~if~~
 well-conducted animals ~~in~~ ~~water~~ had
 suddenly turned ~~up~~ upon him, with ~~the~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~
 his ~~own~~ ~~tail~~ ~~is~~ ~~split~~ ~~and~~ ~~swearing~~,
 in the middle of ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~
~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~day~~. He was very still ~~and~~ ~~as~~
~~usually~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~company~~.

But

... then Paavaihu, then hurried down on
the benches again and sitting in some room
face was close to little Peter's, said to him
with a soft smile: —

"Tuisi S. i. Tuisi S. i. chika, su rodu,
kau mo niye, alle tuisi in the long years of
like ^{nobody} ever to love you" — The boy's embarrassment
increased in its absolute fear, and he scrambled
down off the benches in a ~~to~~ great hurry, hardly
able to keep from ~~being~~ sobbing.

"If you desire ~~Martha's~~ Paavaihu Ihu Paavaihu,
I should like to go home to my mother," he said,
and then he started out in a part as he
could ~~possibly~~ along the ~~quint~~ ^{hall} under
palms across the ~~barren~~ little garden.

"Mother, mother," called the dear, coal
burner. "Sweet, fair wife, and sweet mother!
Kasee pite, dear Lord, on the way she may
have written".

There he sat up and walked after the
child ~~not~~ ^{not} in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~direction~~ ^{way}, calling
quietly to him: —

"Here, little mouse, come here. Don't run
away so far. There is nothing to hurt you".

Peter had nearly reached the garden
gate; but Peter in the ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~garden~~ ^{garden}
the ~~great~~ ^{great} ~~god~~ ^{god} ~~gratitude~~ ^{gratitude} and ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~it~~ ^{it}.
There was a faint warning and her wicked little
eyes twinkling.

"Come come called Paavaihu again
with a soft smile. "There is more ~~gratitude~~ ^{gratitude} ~~revels~~ ^{revels}
to take you. Sweet ~~year~~ ^{year}. See now, because a
boy of with wisdom under my feet — beautiful.
With you in them? Or rather go the ~~way~~ ^{way}, out
poor

For the nice kernels, — crunch, crunch, crunch
 between ~~the~~ ^{them} group, quite, little bits to eating
~~all up.~~ But into our appetizing, are they?
 "So it will not run away just yet then,
 will you, dear little mouse".

"Now if Peter would leave the asphalt
 dead again at home it is ^{the} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~his~~ ^{his} face,
 there stood the hideous ~~high~~ ^{"Madellon"} blocking
 the way, and he was ~~so~~ very much afraid of her.
 And then in the second place, he did not wish
 to be unkind to his old friend the charcoal-
 burner. So, finally he ~~turned~~ ^{turned} back, and climbed
 up ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~high~~ ^{high} ~~beech~~ ^{beech} again.

"I will not have any of those nuts through,
 please", he said decidedly. For he wished ~~to~~
 Paspallin to understand that it was not
 question of his friendship that ~~was~~ ^{made} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~main~~
~~reason return~~.

"No nuts!" cried the charcoal-burner, smiling
 kindly at him. "Eh, ~~then~~ ^{then}, what a proud
 little soul!"

Das indische Eisenbander

And then some Paspallin really became
 delighted in it. And as he and the little rat sat
 together ~~again~~ ^{again} in the shelter of the high
 pine trees and of the brown wood ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~wood~~ ^{wood} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~back~~ ^{behind} ~~them~~ ^{them},
 the little rat ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~very~~ ^{very} ~~interested~~ ^{interested} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~matter~~ ^{matter}.
 For you see, the charcoal-burner, judging
 from living ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~much~~ ^{much} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~than~~ ^{than} ~~most~~ ^{most} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~people~~ ^{people} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~country~~ ^{country},
 knew what some persons call "mad", but it
 is a number of things which you could not
 find in the pages of the very longest Encyclopaedia
 of Universal Information; though they really
are

are seen to be as true as gold; the information
 you would find there. He knew all about the
 deer who live in the ~~the~~ fox-groves hills; and
 the silver-mixer who haunts the stream-side;
 and about the grouse who work with the
 spades and pick-axes, searching for the
 precious ~~and~~ metals under ground. And
 he could tell where the bill of the loon gets
 the light for his lantern, with which he
 dances over bog & marshy places, stepping
 to lead near-minded and unscientific travellers
 astray; and he knew all about the spots of
 fair gold that stand just where the road
 bare of the rain was thicker the earth, and
 which ~~the~~ never moves away and away as
 you run ~~heads~~ to ^{find} it, shifting its ground
 however, so that there she will seek it, in
 the end, come home too, & heath-leaf, and
 auger, & white-headed to all their pains.
 And he could also tell ~~about~~ of the old
 black dwarf, who lives in a cave in the
 heart of the forest, which no one ^{can see}
~~the road~~ though they have ~~been~~ searched
 for it for a year and a day; and she, being
 a mischievous & unconditioned dwarf, sends
 the way so that they go due and the deer,
 so that they steal their nets and lose their
 eggs in all manner of holes & corners instead
 of in the new-made ^{line} & right-minded
 well-conducted ~~the~~ and she rides the
 horse all night long in the stable, so that
 when the ~~pony~~ cart goes in in the
 dawn morning to give them their fodder in
 which there ~~the~~ and ~~the~~ and
sifted

17

balloons in sweat; and who turns the cream
sour in summer, or sits on the handle of
the churn - though you can't see him -
so that though the good house wife turns
and turns, hills her arms and back aches
and the head stands in drops on her forehead
the butter won't come and the day's work
is well nigh wasted.

And Paivahia could tell the story, more
over of ~~the~~ ^{the} dirty little ~~black~~ boy, who
sits on potato rows in his and cabbage,
and dirties his hands and rebatoes his
quidonia with one of the pig-pails ~~and~~
~~also by inhaling a~~ ~~small amount of~~
~~in~~ ~~instead of~~ ~~sitting up to~~
table is a little gentleman, and ^{the} utterly
refrude to waves his hair combed or his
face washed: -

"And, at last, one night" said the
charcoal-burner, "as a punishment for all
his nasty ways, the fairies came and turned
him into a great black crow, which flew
out of the bed-room window in the chilly
dawn. The man often heard him now, little
Peter, croaking in the tree-top, or ~~now and~~
see him shuffling about the farm-yard
and garden looking out for scraps and
refuse."

"Not long ago was he turned into a crow"
asked ~~little~~ Peter.

"No, man and man a year ago" answered
the charcoal-burner; ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~black~~ ~~bird~~
~~was~~ ~~only~~ ~~seen~~ ~~last~~ ~~night~~ "I saw
him only yesterday, and he has grown quite
old"

had made her. But the time of her probation was
 not her own, yet another, in bad habits and
 she's due through which ^{enough} needs in us, little
 Peter. I turned him as much to head, now and
 again, the poor, poor villain. I've a note
 of yours. ~~the~~ believe in mine, for you see ~~the~~
 "This was my old ragabond too".

"Help the child, there he is at last! Oh
 my poor heart, how to watch with all this
 misery."

The speaker was Piza. She stood on the
 other side of the tumble-down garden fence,
 with her hand pressed to her side and a
 shawl over her head. She was breathing
 very hard. Piza was one of those persons
 who like to make the most of any injury.

"Come home, Peter, come at once, the
 news on ~~parochial~~ ^{parochial}." Don't you want
 to walk and now can't dinner time? Here
 I've been to Paris and half walk over the
 country to guide you - a pretty occupation
 for a respectable young servant woman
 like me, too. He the news were out, I
 & Piza would do his best I must go
 racing about like a mad wild ^{creature} ~~woman~~
 waiting for you. How's my poor heart"

Piza bent up against the fence &
 panted a little.

As Peter got down of the bench, &
 Paquelin bent ~~down~~ ^{forward} & patted ~~the~~ the
 little boy's ~~head~~ curly head.

"Run away little mouse" he said
 "We come again some day & see me".

"Am I to wait here all night," cried Stija,
 "for you Peter? Have you not had enough
 of the society of our highness the
 charcoal-burner? No, no, don't speak
 to me," she added, addressing Pasquale.
 "I have no desire to hold any communi-
 cation with you. You merely serve
 as your help making me squint in all
 your attitudes. Some other child"

said Stija, Peter's father prudently walked
 in her large red shoes, Stija marched
 away at a sharp pace down the forest
 path.

"Hey ho, hey ho, life is ^{abit} longer for some
 of us," said the charcoal burner.



Walter IV.

Lump

Guides became some at home,
and some some to church.

Since Peter woke up very early on Sunday morning,
 feeling excited and glad. He sat up on side
 in bed, ~~and~~ ^{but he} had to rub his eyes very hard,
~~and~~ ^{and} get ^{and} sleep out of stress before he
 could remember ^{exactly} what there was to be ~~remembered~~
 about about. Since he did remember, he was
 so ~~astonished~~ ^{much} delighted that he ~~was~~
^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{on} ^{the} ^{way} ^{to} ^{his} ^{mother's}
^{mother's} ^{room} ^{and} ^{she} ^{was} ^{very} ^{glad}
~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~him~~ ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~very~~ ~~glad~~
 to see a rabbit, head first, ~~to~~ ^{to} down under the
 curtain to the bottom to the bed; & then rolled
 up again, with very red cheeks, humming,
 & purring his curly hair out of his eyes. But
 it was ^{really} ^{very} bright yet - only the night-light in
 his eyes burnt at night, glimmered like in the
 corner, ~~and~~ ^{and} Peter could see Martin
 Grace & Monica Gracefully in his bed on
 the other side of the window ~~and~~ ^{and} partition
 guide divided the ~~space~~ ^{space} room into two parts,
 unequal halves - the small half in little
 Peter's & his little bed, and the large one in
 his father's & mother's ~~and~~ ^{and} large bed. It
 would be ^{a long while still} ~~some time~~ before his mother got
 up & called him to ~~take~~ ^{take} her to his
 desk & wake him for breakfast the next day
 had only just gone down stairs from his attic
 dumpety dump with ~~the~~ ^{the} his heavy boots

over

the hour, and he always got up long before
any body else.

Peter wondered what he could do to amuse
himself till it was time to sleep. And then it
happened that one night when his father went
down into the kitchen he might have left the
door open & that in that case in coming into the
cell, might have stepped into it and he waiting
outside on the landing - it had happened
so once before on a very delightful & never to
be forgotten occasion. Peter waited a moment
& held his breath in suspense for it seemed ^{to him} ~~exceedingly~~ ^{very} ~~early~~
adventurous ~~in the night~~ ^{to be on the point} to go very early in
the morning. He was not quite sure whether the
little ^{man} would appear and he got up and also went out
to the door and he saw the man wandering about the
kitchen room and seeing each other and then
the silent passage & stairway, every night,
~~the man was very quiet and very~~
~~light and the man was very quiet~~
laughter ~~the man was very quiet~~ with
the little folk and laughter, when we see
all safe in bed, ~~the man was very quiet~~ night not still
the holding their breath; and he knew, as
his father said so that it was extremely
suspicious for any ^{purpose} to see them, in their
own lives to look at or make any other, & with
some & it is on your father & his father were
with a ~~man~~ ^{man} as he went out of the
bedroom, and sleep on your chair, like you
see as though you had under the weight
of a mountain, and it was you in a number
of other oddities & distinctions was. It made
the cold dinner run down like Peter's back as he

9
C. 10

Sal

22.
... up ... in his little ...
... of coming face to face with the hairy
... .

But when, on the other hand, the ...
... would be so very delightful ...
... one ... bare ... down over the
... of the the ...
of the the ... very
... . Then he ... across the room
... , ... avoiding the ...
and the ... in the corner of the high
... with his ...
... the date of her wedding day
... on the ... door of ... and when
he reached the door, ^{having} ... at the
key-hole. Oh dear me, there really was
something outside on the ...
about Little
Peter's heart stood still. Was it dear old ...
... water, or a dead ... about ... ?

... burst ... up ... to put
his ... to the ... and ... in
a ... voice. —

Pussy, puss, ... water, puss, oh,
... in "what ..."
"Fiance ... announced ...
... & ...

In a great hurry, little Peter opened ...
... of the door.

"Oh, come in quick, ..."
he said.

But cats of ... never permit themselves
to be ...
...
...
... ^{wait} ...

11.
sally was stronger than door, Peter he stepped & moved
silently - ~~in~~ ven had - up against the side
post and turned & Peter stretched out his
fore-leg, ^{as far} as ever he could, & rapped his claws
trick, crack, crack, crack, on the boards
of the bed-room floor.

"Oh! de bleurt le mich, Brucmister"
said the little boy under his breath; and to
waste matters he gave the cat a ~~good~~
~~knack~~ poke ^{in the eye} in the eye when she was in.

"Mian" cried Brucmister quite sharply
jumping on one side, for he was taken rather
by surprise. Subsequently he added in the
cat-language "Manner, my good child,
manner! Sit or better all things, cultivate
as white as sheep and as calm, magnificence
applies".

Meanwhile Peter had succeeded in shutting
the door ~~quite~~ ~~quietly~~ ~~again~~; and ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~great~~
to his great relief, without calculation or
single feminine of one of the ~~of~~ ~~of~~ ~~of~~
'society' & 'middle-class' house boys. He
pattered across the room as fast as ever
he could & jumped up into his warm bed
again.

He in voice and way enhanced, must:
mused Brucmister ~~silently~~ reflectively.
"Sam magnanimous. De seem to bear malice"
and he, too, ~~jump~~ jumped up into
the warm bed.

Now, this was really charming. Little
Peter huddled up the bedclothes in front
of him & then with a ~~board~~ ~~board~~ ~~board~~
dark cavern inside which there was just
room

as he passed to me from the beach, and the birds
and from the rain-forest, and the storm-clouds
in the voices. His night-birds were
"birds to me, over and over again".

Paraguay, a wild, savage, unheated
jiggle, came up close to Martin Sepasce.
Two stars were ~~luminous~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~dark~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~
and ~~luminous~~ ~~as~~ ~~a~~ ~~star~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~dark~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~
reminded ^{of} ~~the~~ ~~dark~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~, surrounded with his
family and servants - but as he had left his
pails of water and joined the little company -
in their Sunday best, and all animated
with the pleasant expectation of a holiday in
which amusement would be agreeably
mingled with the usual edification.

"Tell well, but with the quickness of
my good fellow, this wonderful message of
yours," said Sepasce, in a business
patronizing tone. "You see my wife and
my son here, are just ready to start on
a long walk - I cannot have them delay
and".

"They must not go, or you must not
go with them" cried the chair-coach-burner.
He stretched out his hands like a man
with his hands groping for something he
cannot find. "My head is troubled," he
went on. "I cannot tell you plainly: my
bones are aching in all the bones which
prevents my motion. And, I say, they must
not go".

"~~Postpone~~ said Sepasce. "Your head
is troubled, just so. But when other people's
heads are ~~to~~ troubled they had best keep
at

at home and do not trouble their neighbours
with the bargain, with all their crazy fancies.
Peter himself, Paqualino, and an "in" one
added ~~that~~ Lebrage nodding assent emphatically
to his wife's ~~words~~ "forward march."
Do not let this little incident
affect the pleasure of the day".

But Susan Lebrage looked heavily and
unpardonably at the charcoal-burner, &
then ~~turning~~ turning to her husband, said:—
"Have a moment's patience with me,
now ami. Let us just hear what he has to
say".

"En, quis me trist" cried Paqualino, with
a flourish. "There are no more of you staring
at me. — No. I beg to be remembered to you
must go with them if they go, for the most
in common, Martin Lebrage. The torre luna
out of the terramina quinta lana in the north
part yesterday, and the wife dived down
south. There were signs in the park and
in the heaveen — in my ear the sound of
many voices. — Do not let your wife &
children go. The more noise we hear the
worse, and the more will be difficult to
find, and the house door will stand open
long into the night before the feet of these
men have left the threshold".

Sanadonora

The charcoal-burner strikes as though
he was no certain of the limits of what should
be said, & his voice sounded so sad, that
even little Peter felt quite dismayed. Susan
Lige had no spontaneous observation to make,
and

and in particular, he stood with his big mouth ^{wide} open, staring as if he ~~was~~ saw as if
just.

Francis Savage however remained quite unmoved; and his countenance was very impassive, ~~and he did not say a word~~.

"You talk well, my good fellow" he said "I in ones need no ~~more~~ ^{further} words - That your head is very much troubled, indeed; so much so indeed that I if I had my way you should find a lodgia in a time in the Nassau Plain at Fullerton - excellent with the ~~best~~ vehicle is calculated to cure troubled heads or at all events to relieve the ~~trouble~~ of them from being inconvenient to the body. - And the work of it is" added Savage rather abruptly

"That this exhibition course is in fact, you may note, requires to look quite anxious" Savage folded his arms and nodded his head argumentatively, quite as though he had seen addresses and audiences in the town of us.

"You I think is to you," he said, "the day is mild & even sunshine at present; and which, was in like to be the best weather for this - I, Francis Lewis Savage, ~~of~~ householder, veteran, & citizen, and I can add philosopher - ^{And student of ancient} ~~with~~ or that your half-wit multitude or any one else who looks in my mind and body"?

And which, was in like to be the best weather for this - I, Francis Lewis Savage, ~~of~~ householder, veteran, & citizen, and I can add philosopher - ^{And student of ancient} ~~with~~ or that your half-wit multitude or any one else who looks in my mind and body"?

Of course the quartermaster's attitude to the show, deemed in fact, a serious ~~objection~~ ^{objection} at Madelon Street ~~to~~ ^{was} not with the ~~little~~ ^{little}

11
The little fish held it in his hand. "It puts
his piddle out of time"

Then Anton laughed rather loud, as
if he do sometimes. When they have made
a joke they are not nice in a very good one

"For shame Anton", said his mother,
quickly. "and when Parvashin turned on
the bad his men giving him two
wals, ~~or has said~~ —

"Ah! it is ~~too~~ noble and generous in a
handsome ~~woman~~ fellow like you to ~~catch~~ me
and set off at me. - Heaven ~~pat~~ ^{back} you in your
own way".

Tiga gave a scream, and seized the
particular by the arm as though she required
protection from some more fearful danger.

"For the love of the saints, madam, let
us go on, and get out of the way of this wild
animal" she said, in a very loud voice.
"He looks wicked enough to commit a murder.
Keep off, Parvashin. What are you thinking
about? Calchunia looks like that of a
wretched, vicious woman?"

"You it was you who caught hold ~~of~~
me, Tiga" answered the other, ~~rather~~
~~antagonism~~ ~~antagonism~~ ~~antagonism~~
middle.

Parvashin, meanwhile looked round
the little group with a look of despair in
his poor wife's face.

"It is all useless", he said. "You will
not listen to me. Only get ~~the~~ ~~your~~ at.
You all despise me."

humbled. He turned away with a bitter cry, and
of into the forest. ~~humbled~~

Good-bye, dear Olohe Paavaliu, good-bye.

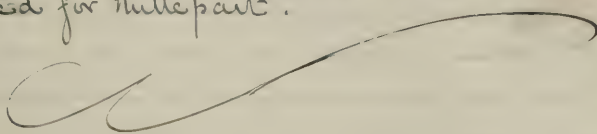
- The woman = Olohe Paavaliu. I love him, he
is a very kind friend to me. - Good-bye
dear Olohe Paavaliu, little Peter called
after him. He is very very young, in the
last days of his - career.

"Good-bye" went to the children, making
a row at the window and sat watching
his face on the clear stage just outside
the door of the ~~parlour~~ ^{parlour} taking him so
for surprise that he ~~moderately~~ ^{moderately}
~~jumped~~ ^{leapt} up, with a ~~modest~~ ^{modest} ~~air~~ ^{air} into the
window ledge, with a ~~new~~ ^{new} ~~look~~ ^{look}
within a few minutes. Then he canted
off ~~graciously~~, and ~~shook~~ ^{shook} his great body,
popping his air, after her market.

"Very true, dear Olohe Paavaliu. I am
truly with you, and I am sure, it is
with all mine," said the woman to himself
in the cat-language. "I ~~moderately~~ ^{moderately} ~~shook~~
his ~~body~~ ^{body} was ~~just~~ ^{just} ~~shaken~~ ^{shaken}, I feel
it is quite necessary to take an ~~second~~
opinion upon the subject."

"I would have said Marie Sepage
quite. I am sure, let us think
of what ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~fortunate~~ ^{fortunate} ~~being~~ ^{being} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~question~~ ^{question}
of his ~~own~~ ^{own}. The ~~day~~ ^{day} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~clear~~ ^{clear} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~bright~~ ^{bright}."

And so, ~~after~~ ^{after} all, they
started for Hullepart.



Small text at top left corner.

Which is both social and religious.



From modernized... it is a... case to...
... to believe as... they do
... to believe... and... our
friends... their way... the
... part... in the...
... had... for...
... and...
...

It was all... said...
... in the...
... "The water... because...
... always keep
... as... . It was just a
trick to... as... young

servant: ... as a...
~~...~~

"... he was wrong about the
... Paris... It's generally
colder before..."

"... to be... in the...
... said...
... from the...
... "I'll have all these
... kept under lock and key. These
... about it. They've
... to be about..."

"I saw the woman on the ground," said Surau, "I saw her
and the children, the children were struggling
and weeping. ~~The children~~ ^{the children} were with her, and
some of them appeared to be mercifully ~~of~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~
world of peace. Mercy".

"Woman's hand some faces looked very nice.
I was always smiling me in something
for them, children", he said, softly.

The animals over little Peter was very
happy. He had been gone for ~~long~~ ^{long} ~~time~~ ^{time} ~~to~~ ^{to}
the forest - where it is true: ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not}
there, he was very much more gone, not to
go to the parts. A light breeze ruffled the
brown dark branches of the trees, here
and there ~~is~~ ^{is} a scarlet or yellow leaf, the
hung on the branches, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the}
sides of the wood; the little birds looked
at him ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~if~~ ^{if}
they were ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~among~~ ^{among}
the trees & bushes. And he to the end ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~road~~ ^{road} ~~that~~ ^{that} Peter
did not give it a thought, as he came
just like a little dog, just a long way
on his ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~part~~ ^{part}; and
then ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~far~~ ^{far} ~~behind~~ ^{behind} ~~them~~ ^{them} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~seen~~ ^{seen}
at the ancient little ~~hamlet~~ ^{hamlet} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~house~~ ^{house} ~~and~~ ^{and}
lumber & carters, that the rain needles make
these trees fall and gullies on the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~small~~ ^{small}
trees & branches ~~just~~ ^{just} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~base~~ ^{base} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the}
mountain side; and then seeing that the
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~men~~ ^{men} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~women~~ ^{women} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~gone~~ ^{gone} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~a~~ ^a
long way ahead of him, he scudded up to
them again in a great fear & hurry, with
very red cheeks, and a curious bumping at
his heart, ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~excitement~~ ^{excitement} -

never more,

is yet dangerous in rather too friendly and
confidential a manner.

This little Peter never having seen any
other than ~~some~~ strange gulls and a very
few hares, indeed; and he with his parents
knows the where and in the world where there
were grand houses, or fields in which there
were many fields or half so much wheat, and
such like. You see, ~~was it not so~~ the nature of our
opinions in this much dependent upon the
extent of our experience — a fact which
few persons always manage to remember, at
least where their own opinions are concerned;
with the opinions of their neighbours it is
~~quite a different matter~~ different.

Little Peter came rather tight to his mother's
hand on one side and to her sister Paul's
on the other side; for he was somewhat
afraid of being left in the crowd as never
found again. Peter did not open his mouth
Little Tom's name. He walked on the other
side of his mother, with his cap set justly
over one ear & his handsome face all smiles
again. He nodded to & said good day to all
his acquaintances, & bowed his head at all
the pretty girls ~~who~~ whom he passed
them, as a young man would who has a
good opinion of himself and his ~~own~~ wits,
some day to be a golden.

Thus little Peter soon let Father's side
dangerous, full of noise, & said he then
saw passing under the ~~an~~ cart wheel
judging aside the heavy cart which was
hung

13
I was a very fine woman. She entered the church the day
of the 21st of August to the Duke's name?

It could see in the same way. The women and children,
the broad backs of men, - the admirable
backs of women - it could be possible to call
them mad, too. You must - you should select your
adjectives carefully in speaking of ladies - and
the straight order of ladies, - the thin, neat
backs of young girls all around them; while
the dark, heavy air of the church was full of
the ~~the~~ hum of many voices, - the rustling
of many feet over the stone pavement.

"But" - ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~like~~ ^{like} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~mother~~ ^{mother}, said Julia,
"I'm sure she was a real beauty." "Because her eyes
were like the blue sea in a sunny day with
the tide in. - Oh, there's my cousin, Mrs.
Cassell's daughter. It's an old cousin,
but I'm sure you've seen her long ~~time~~ ^{while}? Her, it
is indeed very nice. And I'm sure I've seen
it's mother's picture in the ~~church~~ ^{church}
music - no, the saint's he's married, I'm
my book. His face was never altered. Well, it
could be helped. Your husband is a good
fellow, but you know, ~~and I'm sure I've seen her~~
~~in the church~~ ^{in the church} and I have
seen her there in the church. There's the advantage
of having married an old man. His eyes
were ~~just~~ ^{just} like mine - not like me". . . .

But Peter did not hear any more of
Julia's conversation for his mother moved her hand
into the center of the house of the church
from where it was possible to see the high
altar with its ~~own~~ ^{own} light and flowers,
and ~~again~~ ^{again} ~~noticed~~ ^{noticed} the great wooden picture
behind

on his old turned cheeks & took Peter on his

cap.

W.M.

"The good time" she said, "I'm sure will be
for your shoes to be mended". She remembered
the little rest. How her little legs must be
tired.

Presently a stout, - animal. looking, old gentleman
came up to them. He wore a black
double cap. In the church was draughtily, and
his head was cold & came just at the
back where ~~the~~ his hair, which, white hair
stood out like a nest of thorns round the
edge of his cap.

"Well, well, Susan, I suppose, it is not to be
that we see to you here now", he said. "Don't
worry, don't worry, my good woman. Ah! how
tiresome the walk in town and fatiguing, you
would come better if you could. The church is
William, as it is written, for the first of
week. Get you do well to come today, &
bring these five loads, your own, with you.
The good God remembers, Jesus also remembers
this. — But where is the husband?"

Peter looked at his mother as the priest
asked this question, & it seemed to him that
for some reason she ~~had~~^{seemed} troubled & said.

In the future he was to remain at
home to keep house. He lived, as you know,
in a lonely place.

The priest smiled & shook his head.
"Excuse" he said "I understand. Politics
have a word to say in the matter, ^{through} I mean it
then?"

True

But Emma because did not smile in return.

"Was she faint?" she said.

Peter stared at both of them wonderingly. He did not understand and what they meant. But then, it must be admitted that even a good woman things we do not quite understand and at his ears she.

"Do not say anything," answered the priest, kindly. "I will tell you what the faithful with your own eyes have heard. His spirit are in the hands of God. That which is an ordained cannot fail to be accomplished."

Then she turned her hand gently on little Peter's round black head, saying: —

"And this is your vengeance, the autumn child, who brings the blessing to the house."

"Yes," she said. "He has come in the first time ~~from the~~ to bring a candle before the infant Jesus. But the work is done and no more. What an act we have seen unable to get a sight of the visible."

Just then Virginia looked up.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "one thing is certain, my poor cousin's shadow is sadly soured with age. I made myself agreeable to her in the assurance that she would at least ask me his name. — Forgive me, your reverence, I did ^{not} know that you were conversing with me myself." — "I am certain of the priest — "He is not as his brother. He has treated me with the nicest courtesy, — not so much as I might do as you in his place. It seems to me: —

"The daughter," said the priest, "loves your voice. He does not curiously these things so bruder

... in this sacred place. Turn your thoughts
to religion. Think here of your own sin, not
of the dark coming of Satan".

Prize go: very red in the face.

"Believe me was not thinking of myself, your
presence", she answered, quickly, "but of
my minister. I needed to save his expenses
of my dinner at the inn, by ^{during} going to my relatives.
— We ought to be going to the Red Horse
soon Ma'am", she added, "or there will be
no room for us". ~~.....~~

"Oh! but I have not seen the stable yet"
said little Peter, quite out of breath, forgetting
that he was in church. "I don't
want any dinner. I must go home like
I have seen the stable"; please.

The little boy had jumped down off his
mother's lap and stood there with the big
tears in his eyes - with the corner of his
mouth quivering. So seemed to him a
terrible thing to have come this long
way & full of expectation & hope & then
to be disappointed after all.

But the priest took his hand kindly,
surprised & led him towards the
southern aisle of the church, where the
work was, while Susan, Sarah and Paul
and Anton followed ~~from~~ behind them.

"From my friends, have the amiability
to make room", said the vicar, "for a
little lad who comes from a considerable
distance to see this town and its various
representations for the first time".

Then

seen. The first thing I saw was a man in a white
 coat, who I saw at the window of the man
 moved aside to the right hand and the left
 making a ~~bit~~ narrow passage for me to pass
 along to the guided railings in front of
 the double glass the cable was fixed. The
 the last of the cable, the car was ~~not~~
 with very round eyes, for the right seemed to miss
 a very beautiful one and the angle and his
 head was filled with wonder and awe.

In a rough rock case, on the stairs in
 a wooden manner, saw the mirror of the infant
 seen wrapped in swaddling clothes with a
 golden circle above his baby head. On the one
 side held the young mother in a white robe
 and blue mantle, with her hands clasped
 together on her breast; and on the other towards
 her baby she seemed to be the Peter
 to look at him in the middle and Maria was
 on the other side of the Joseph in a brown
 habit, because when she was. And in the
 darky back ground the boy could not make
 out the form of an arm and some one. Since
 above ~~above~~ the entrance of the case
 shone as bright star.

"Oh! how beautiful" said Susan Page,

softly.

"I should have seen this had we
 had more money," answered the man with
 a sigh. "Oh! what I can't say. The bank
 has been generous, and the good sister have
 done their best. Still I myself greatly
 desired to have the three little Spanish
 treasures. It would have been an affecting
 incident —

incident —

accidents — For our means are limited. They
we would have been in a hurry to us".

and little Peter was puzzled & could not
quite comprehend ~~what she said~~ what she meant;
for he had often heard his father say
that kings were old fashioned rascals, with
nothing at all, and that a rascal was worth
ten times and of them any day in the
week.

"Kneel down me son" said the man to
Peter presently; "and pray to be kept pure,
and innocent, and devout; so that when
your earthly warfare is accomplished — be it
late or soon — you may ~~adorn~~ behold the
face of the Saviour in Heaven as you now
behold this poor unworthy image of him
on earth."

Then he turned and left them.

Each of the boys bought a candle from the
old woman, she sat in the church door, ~~and~~
~~was~~ and ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~lighted~~ ~~them~~ and
held them in the round iron frame standing
just in the guided aisle, and lighted them
with the long taper she gave them. And
Tina bought one to light the way as
little Peter used to travel with the old woman
in case he should overcharge. Then Susan
bought three candles, and set them
in the frame & lighted them; "For" she
said, "we must remember these who are
absent — whether in choice or in their nature —
where we are in the house of God".



Which attempts to show why the snow falls.

Do you know what the snow is and where it comes from?

The dictionary says it is "a frozen moisture, which falls from the atmosphere in white flakes". But that description does not seem to make us know very much more about it: somehow.

Some people say the snow is caused by the angels ~~who~~ shaking the feather-beds up in Heaven; but that, both scientifically & spiritually too, appears to me an improbable solution.

Other people, again, say it is all the Good Spirit's chucking his goose. And who are the Good Spirit's geese? — Well, if you really ~~want~~ ~~to know~~ ~~to know~~, they are all the little poets, and little painters and little musicians, and little players; and all the little inventors & little theories, and little writers of little ~~the~~ books, who spend their time in disingenuously trying to persuade themselves and others that they are great writers of great books, & discoverers of a universal panacea for the healing of the nations; and that, in short, they are not, any of them, geese at all, but as fine swans as you can see on any river or pond in the three Kingdoms. And they come cackling, and cackling, and cackling, and waddling up to the Good Spirit every year — especially in the Good Spirit's about Christmas-time — in

great

— and draws his heels together with a snap and makes a box from the skin, like an accomplished courtier, and says: —

"He said to you, my master or my mistress" — as the case may be — "that you shall see the sun by night, and the sun rise at morning. ~~That is the world in your, or~~ shall you be, if you have patience, and faith, and daring, and are true to the voice of the daemon within" ~~you~~

But there is yet another explanation of the north-gate besides this one, and it is, perhaps after all, the most reasonable one to believe in. For when the nights are long and the days are short, and the sunlight is feeble as a sick man's smile, the North-wind wades from his summer bed & calls to his ~~brother~~ ^{brother} the East-wind, and they go forth over the bar to drive the heavy laden north clouds before them & the pale north fairies do do their work. Down from the ~~mountain~~ ice top, & the dim, silent polar wastes, ~~the~~ over land & sea, with a shrill like the roar of a battle, and a laugh like the crackle of thunder, while the hills grow white with fear under his tread, and the forest on them shivers & quivers ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ his fierce breath as the gale & squall of a ship ~~drives~~ ^{drives} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ a storm at sea, the North wind comes. He ~~was~~ ^{was} born hundreds of thousands of years ago in the ice-age, when the glaciers ~~drifted~~ ^{drifted} ~~down~~ ^{down} from the head of the mountain, ~~the~~ ^{the} mile-long are green mountains, over that are not fertile meadows & sunny glades — before snow or ice. So rigorous was

seen; to the north, ~~mountain tops~~ rounded over the
 surface of the earth. His eyes are blue and
 clear; and they dance as you may see the
 stars dance on a sharp winter's night; and
 his white beard hangs low on his ~~chest~~ chest,
 which is broad & fine as a hill-side; and
 he is in the full vigor of a lusty manhood
 still, and is supposed to be a very long while
 yet before his eye grows dim or his limbs grow
 weak with ~~enlarged~~ age. Some think, indeed,
 that as he saw man first ~~was with this~~
~~old world~~ ~~to see~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~he~~ ~~may~~ ~~live~~ ~~to~~ ~~see~~
 his home with the world, he may live to see
 his die of it again; — to see these great
 balls, which so long has been our human
 dwelling-places and ~~our~~ home, rolling
~~like~~ silent out into a measureless space,
~~and~~ ~~like~~ ~~loaves~~ ~~of~~ ~~bread~~ ~~locked~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~arms~~ ~~of~~ ~~verbal~~ ~~cast~~
~~loaves~~ ~~of~~ ~~bread~~ ~~locked~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~arms~~ ~~of~~ ~~verbal~~ ~~cast~~.

But he looks as it may, on that fair
 Sunday morning when our friend Little Peter, —
 his mother, and father, and Niza, were going
 through the busy street to ~~the~~ ~~church~~ the
 church at Thelleyport, the North Side was
 up and ~~busy~~ walking northward, northward,
 over the snow, into the great grey snow-clouds
 hanging in the sky, for he had hard work to do.
 And on the day & above all, he gathered the
 clouds from East and West and packed them
 together in a vast dusky map over the town
 and the ~~road~~ ^{and the limestone crags & gorges} and the wide ~~road~~ ~~of~~ ~~boats~~
~~the~~ ~~meadows~~ where the cows pasture in summer
 and over Little Peter's home. And then he
 bade the snow-fairies rest in themselves, —
nich

1
which ~~to~~ the clouds as hills of holes as the top
of a horse's head and wrap all the country
in a robe of sparkling white.

Now it happened that among the most-fairies there
was one who was very young and tender-hearted.
Indeed, she was not really a most-fairy at all,
but a child of the ~~mountain~~ ~~mountain~~ world, who
when all her sisters flew away - as the weather
lay in autumn - to the tropics, over-held herself
& got left behind in mischance. And she had joined
the most-fairies because she was dull and lonely,
and could find no other than fellows, and no things
worthwhile to do. But for all that, she did
not care to help them in their work, for she
had not been brought up to it, you see, & it
seemed to her as sad, child-like business. So instead
of bargaining, and playing, & chattering about, &
singing the great lumbering clouds of their
sardens she sat down, as usual, in a nook of
one of them and cried, & cried. For she would not
help thinking of all the sheep on lonely hill-
sides, and of the male birds seeking food
& finding none in the most-ruined fields, & lanes
and hedger; and of little neglected children,
of whom there were many, in
low cottages or ~~houses~~ dreary city cellars ~~and~~
with no warm ~~at~~ clothes, or food, or living; and
of war-fares on barren heaths and deaden moors;
and of the beggars, and vagabonds, and out-
casts of the most-fairies & refuse humanity,
that wander the night-roads of ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~
country of the civilized world, with neither
home, nor hope, nor money, and as the thought
of their frost-nipped hands, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~

and

and heed his feet, and scanty rags, she cried as if
her ~~good~~ little heart would break.

But the snow-fairies were vexed with her, & scolded
and hounded her, for it is, as you all know, a great
misfortune to have somebody crying and sobbing, and making
a fuss when you yourselves feel quite happy &
contentable. And at last, in their irritation against
her, they made such a noise and clamour, and so
perched and plucked & nibbled the poor little creature,
that the squabbles and commotion reached the ears
of the North Wind himself, and he came down, in
the name of common-sense, to see the matter. Then the
snow-fairies all pointed at her and all began
chattering at once, as you ~~can see~~ can hear
a flock of warblers chattering in the top of the
beeches on a sunny, or a mild November day. But
the North Wind told them ~~to~~ to go about their
business; and he took up the little fairy and held
her in the hollow of his great hand, and asked her
quite gently - he the strongest man in the garden
she could see, as you will very likely find out some
fine day - why she was so sad?

Then, though she was a noble highness, and
shook up to the tips of her pretty ~~little~~ ears as
a modest young maiden should she looked the
great North Wind bravely in the face & told him
her little story - how she ~~had been let~~ had been let
~~summer~~ had been let behind, how she loved the
~~summer~~ the sunshine and the summer and
how she grieved to the misery and gloom that
& winter brought to the merry and gay time that
was in the sun and in the warm and bright.

"And don't ~~to~~ see she is should all
happen," she said; "or how there cannot be summer
all the year."

things she does up so courageously. The poor little
 fairy tumbled, for she thought that the words which
 would be enough as the storm fairies had been, and
 that he might even her fairy like with nothing left
 in the grasp of his great hand. But the North
 wind did nothing of the kind. He looked at her
 like his dear daughter as ever and said: "my little
 one at least be of use; his voice was low, and
 sweet, & said, as church bells toll that the sailor
 hears far out at sea, as he sails, at evening, in
 sight of some ~~strange~~ ^{fair} foreign ~~islands~~ coast.

"Oh my child," he said, "young and
~~old~~ all these who have ever been happy, young
 and old, ~~immortal & mortal, mighty princes~~
 wise & foolish, ~~not mortal and immortal, mighty~~
 princes, ~~of a long & limited life & of a long immortality,~~
 prophets, ~~opinionists, all living creatures, may~~
 the very saints herself, all that my eyes have
 looked on ~~for~~ ^{through} in numbered centuries, have asked
 & still ask that question in some form or other:
 but the answer is not granted yet. And so, knowing
 that this the end is near, we have told us, we
 grow humble & good wiser; and learn that it is
 best to do the work that is appointed us with
 no doubt or hesitation, carelessly whether it is to
~~be~~ ~~known~~ ~~or~~ ~~unknown~~, pleasant
 or unpleasant, hard or soft, kind or cruel even,
 so that we get it well & honestly done. — As
 for you, you have lost your way ~~marked~~ and
 have wandered from the ~~best~~ ^{set} ~~path~~
 for ~~you~~ ^{to do} ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~time~~ ~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~to~~ ~~rest~~
 with sad help and ~~questions~~ ^{questions} ~~rears~~ and questioning.
 But have patience for a while; and have
 faith in his the mysterious purposes of the
 Almighty

tonight, your master and mine, will certainly
 see made - plain at last. Meanwhile go
 and help your cousins the non-pairies; and
 then, because through you are invited and
 to ~~travel~~ ^{travel} you at ~~the~~ ~~still~~ tender and
 frail, leave the ~~to~~ night of my winter
 being is over, while ~~not~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~way~~ ~~going~~
~~of~~ ~~getting~~ ~~back~~ ~~to~~ ~~its~~ ~~the~~ ~~keeping~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~
 kinman the South Side, who will find
 help and cultivate work in you to do'.

And also then, through you was not
 as just see quickly ~~the~~ ~~work~~, was a great deal
 to do with ~~the~~ ~~story~~ of ~~the~~ ~~our~~ ~~rich~~ ~~little~~
 Peter; and here he, ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~note~~ ~~of~~
 your thinking it somewhat dry and puzzling
 it has seemed to me
~~to~~ ~~write~~ ~~it~~ ~~up~~ ~~well~~ ~~to~~ ~~set~~ ~~it~~ ~~down~~ ~~for~~
 you to read here.

Susan Savage. "We must act our dinner at
 the Red Horse and start sunward as quickly
 as we can."

"Oh! I have been because something so
 terrible," said Diga, in a loud whisper to
 her wife, as she came down the church
 steps. "The State I am surprised at it -
 no, no, no. I have always suspected it.
 I saw ^{sup. appearance} ~~it~~ this morning with enough to
 confirm over work suspicion". ~~Savage~~

Diga had ~~had~~ ~~her~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~fixed~~ ~~up~~ ~~her~~ ~~eyes~~
 and shook her head with an air of
 extreme indignation.

"You do see that John Paracalini is
 a brigand" she went on. Takes

Quillo describes a pleasant
dinner-party, and an ~~unpleasant~~
unpleasant walk.

For there is the Peter and his sisters and mother
came out of the church at Sullapart. The
sun had been hidden, some time, behind thick
clouds. A few gusts of wind rushed down
the street, blowing off hats, and blowing about
pelticote, and marquis, and other ~~articles~~
and down stairs.

"Make haste, children, make haste" cried
Susan Savage. "We must get our dinner at
the Red Horse and start ~~forward~~ as quickly
as we can."

"Oh, I have been because something so
terrible," said Niza, in a loud whisper to
her mother, as she came down the church
steps. "The great ~~man~~ surprised at it —
no, no, no. I have always suspected it.
I saw ^{my appearance} ~~his~~ this morning ~~with~~ enough to
confirm over your suspicion." ~~Susan~~

'Niza ~~had~~ ~~her~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~fixed~~ ~~up~~ ~~her~~ ~~eyes~~
and shook her ~~red~~ head with an air of
extreme evidence.

"They do say that ~~John~~ Paravalui is
a wizard," she went on. "Take

the case, Peter, if you look one way and walk
 another you will unquestionably tumble down —
 And you need n't stare at me so. Susan n't
 talking to you. — So the Paris watch-
 maker's brother has just been telling me all
 about it — There is no doubt he over looked one
 of Father Georgson's draughts or else three years
 ago he had to go the stranger and had to be
 killed. — So now Peter, your ear will grow as
 long as a donkey's if you are always listening
 like that. — And then do say he can call
 up stones ~~just~~ when he wants them for his
 own vicious purposes".

"Mourne, Mourne, Mourne," said Susan Selage.
 "You are far too willing to listen to ~~such~~ ^{such}
 ill-founded stories".

Thiza sighed profoundly, & turned up her
 eyes.

"Ah!" she murmured, "some day, ma'am,
 you will see the man walk in the night, and
 give credit where it is due. For my part, if it
 does come to day, I shall know ~~what~~ ^{what}
 to think".

"What noise children" said Susan Selage
 again. "The ~~noise~~ ^{noise} draws on & we
 have no time to waste".

But it was not so easy to make haste. The
 large dining-room of the Red Horse, with its tall white
 curtained windows, was crowded. From up the valley
 and down the valley in their long narrow country
 carts — the all the world like tea-tray set on four
 wheels — with crackling wheels & jangling bells, or
 on foot, from lonely hamlets in the forest or solitary
 herdsman's huts on the steep grass slopes ^{scarcely}
 the ~~low~~ grey limestone cliffs & crags, all the inhabitants

could do the duties had ^{gathered} ~~gathered~~ to attend the
 church and see the show & spend a merry
 Sunday. And among all these good folks were
 many friends of Susan Depace, his dearest
 her with greetings & enquiries. There too ~~at~~ the
 place as the tables were ahead & bare, &
 to hear some time before the soup and their
 tables could be set. Then the little Peter had
 to squeeze himself into a very small space between
 Madame Seignon, the hostess, comely wife of Monsieur
 Seignon the richer as Old-donc, and his mother.
 The little Peter thought it all delightful, though
 he saw rather pinched as to horse room. He liked
 the rattle of the knives and forks, and the many
 voices, & the talk and laughter; and watched
 with great curiosity the active servitors maids,
 balancing in their ~~own~~ hands & waded all up
 their arms too, as it seemed, an incredible
 number of plates and dishes. Then the hour
 of quackled with sauce-dress, and the rest altogether
 of his help table-dishes were insignificant. For it was
 all new up ^{to his eyes} see; and new things not very nice
 in themselves are delicious, when they are
 new.

The Peter was very hungry (too) and though
 Madame Seignon's full table overhauled his
 small eye, and her hand some dishes ~~from~~
 thrown gracefully back from her shoulder —
 the room was warm & bright with the great
 china stoves in the corner and all the company —
 and though her hand, they enveloped him
 entirely now — there was a ~~cloud~~ cloud of
 many-coloured cashmere. The Miller's wife was
 very kind and coaxed & petted him and ^{held}

up

up his plate with all manner of dainties & things.
 "In par exemple she said minnie and nodding
 at him as she sipped her glass of red wine; "it is
 not well done we go with society it is to meet
 like friends & make new ones? - You, Susan
 separate from a child, were of a better turn
 of mind. There is an excellent thing, ^{modest} to
 secure the future. But the present should not
 be despised either. The members of my family -
 the saint is he paired - have been ^{perpetrated} as little
 grains of quartz in their composition. For my part
 I think it is only economical - make the
 most of the world while you are permitted to be
 in it. I regard it as an avowed mistake to neglect
 any opportunity of miscellaneous entertainment -
 but my child, save them - ~~as~~ a proposal
 or so much of this admirable party? See in
 our plate here. I was provoked when the
 dish came round & secured a double portion."

Then she turned and smiled at Susan
 & spoke again: -

"Do not alarm yourself. It will not injure
 you. It will save it of. Exercise is a fine
 thing to prevent food being heavy on the
 stomach."

"Perhaps moderation is a piece one still"
 answered the other gently. "But are you not
 ready, my son? We must begin, though you
 in your kind self should think us to do so good
 Madame de la Roche. We do not dance here in
 the high road as you do not ~~rather~~ ~~has~~ go
 on foot through the forest & the day are
 short. I think we should make the most of it."

But Anthony was in no haste to be going.
 He

for her, she was married the next day. Her opportunity
 of misceant enjoyment. He sat beside Marie
 Ferguson the minister's pretty daughter, who certainly
 took after her mother's family in the respect
 of gaiety. Her dress, clean glasses being somewhat
 scarce from the numerous members at the Red
 Horse from the numerous number of guests,
 it behooved that she and Helen shared
 one; and her position her more than here as
 full of mischief as a May morning in full of
 sunshine as the procession at nine over
 the run of it, and saw her in a ballad, and
 towards her and joined the gods and goddess
 vehicles that fitted as ready about her
 town. And that with her ~~marriage~~
 a pretty look a more words the young fellow's
 head was ever tilted towards - and of his
 her a more ~~marriage~~ understood that ~~that~~
 means, was ~~his~~ ~~marriage~~ needs only
 wait a little, ~~and~~ for was ever bound
 to ~~and~~ ~~not~~ clearly enough!
 to ~~and~~ ~~not~~ ~~clearly~~ ~~enough!~~ ~~some~~ ~~day~~. And
 this as the ~~modern~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~course~~ ~~of~~
 his head seems towards the hand he reaches his
 fingers close the clock to him, and did not
 make the least haste in the world to finish
 his dinner, and ~~waited~~ ~~for~~ ~~him~~ ~~to~~ ~~finish~~ ~~doubled~~
 one eye and another as long as possible
 a few more to see of her quite ~~in~~ ~~app~~ ~~er~~ ~~the~~
 to his mother Paul's dress the latter said
 out to him that the door had struck three
 already and that it was high time to be going.
 You see it is just as well not to ~~and~~ ~~and~~ -
 by experience, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ - that it is a ~~case~~
 your head towards, since it leads to so many
 deliverable

Susan

conduct.

deliberate errors in the manner and ~~judgment~~
 So he left out the hats when at last our guards
 left the formal company at the Red Horse and
 came out from the decorative dining room into
 the street, the men faintly had already seen some
 half hour at work and the road-way a horse
 road were all lightly powdered with
 frost. So little Peter warmed with his good
 dinner this evening the evening since of
 June of a previous day. He could hardly get
 get along in the town to look at the market
 his nailed with made in the snow. But
 Susan before turning very disconcerted. The
 looked ~~upward~~ at the ~~2~~ hills. "I don't know they
 I remembered the sad words of John
 Paqualino, the charcoal-burner, that ~~was~~
 I've seen me had waited so lightly some the
 hour ago.

"What is that do you think?" she asked
 of the history.

John however was still stumbling of pretty
 Marie's divorce with whom he had shared the
 burden of a double shower at parting, both
 unwilling as they sat it. He was unwilling his
 work still and it was such an agreeable one
 that he felt quite superior to all the consequent
 incidents in the way of snow-storms and such
 like. He cooled his cup more on one side
 than ever, and assumed quite a patronizing
 air, even towards his mother, ~~and~~ which, to
 say the least was very silly of him.

"It may look as if may not," he answered.
 "This really is dear with very much matter."

"Just that your father was with us," added
 Susan.

Susan.

"Why?" cried Antonio. "He could not stop to sleep. He was one more to see I came. And you remember, Father, that this is not in any measure the first time I have walked home from Gallipoli in bad weather. I believe I could find my way back blind-folded or at midnight in that matter."

"I am not at all troubled about you, my son," ~~he~~ replied his father quickly, "but about our poor little Peter here with his little short legs."

"Oh, Peter will do well enough," said the old misanthrope.

Some kind of difficulty to make room in these hearts for more than one person at a time, you know; and Antonio's heart was still pretty well occupied by Marie Bergeron. just now ~~he was~~

~~he~~ He walked along briskly humming the tune of Partant pour la Syrie, - which is a song about a young soldier who was pious as well as brave, - a lucky fellow in the bargain, for when he came back home the war he married his mother's daughter & lived happily ever after.

"These minds, Father," said Paul, "it is not so deep as Peter is tried I can carry him pick-a-back. He's not very heavy you know."

"I don't see that. I like the man" cried little Peter, and he clapped his hands & pranced about like a pig - she was still rather cross because her cousin had neglected

hold of

visit to see to dinner - caught ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~hand~~ ^{hand} & made him walk back.

"If you laugh so now there will be tears
between tonight" he said. Laughs at breakfast
and at dinner, laughs at dinner and at supper.
"Time. It's dear me, this world wide, this I
will ~~remember~~ ^{through} to put some work in my ears -
I shall be married with the two to the other".

So the named down the ~~main~~ ^{main} street. It
was ~~very~~ ^{very} ~~quiet~~ ^{quiet} almost deserted ^{now} for the storm
had driven the people into the shelter, to
take shelter in the house. Here or, which was
far more, in their own houses. There the pig
had gone to their sties & the dogs to their rooms,
& the ~~overhead~~ ^{overhead} goats, with their little tinkling
bells, were safe housed too, in their sheds
much munching the ~~grass~~ ^{grass} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~way~~ ^{way} that
in the ~~to~~ ^{to} summer time was ~~now~~ ^{now} ~~washed~~ ^{washed} as
green grass full of a rainbow of flowers. They
passed by the smaller houses & ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~out-buildings~~ ^{out-buildings}
the ^{great} saw-mill, where the ~~pine~~ ^{log} ~~was~~ ^{heap} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~the~~ ^{the}
mill's axis are set up, that ~~stands~~ ^{stands} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~bank~~ ^{bank} of
the river; & crossed the ridge with the
dark green water ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~under~~ ^{under} ~~neath~~ ^{neath},
and began climbing the long hill that
spoke upwards, between ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~great~~ ^{great}
oaks without ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~trees~~ ^{trees} & ~~rough~~ ^{rough} ~~fields~~ ^{fields} & wild
beasts roay pastures, to the ~~edge~~ ^{edge} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the}
five-fort ~~stone~~ ^{stone} - how tall straight figures,
& one, & not round about one, showing black
against the ever deepening snow.

Two, alas! The snow fell thicker & thicker -
-Here in the snow it was ~~to~~ ^{to} already up to the
second knee - holes of little Peter's roost - snowy and
and

Began to ache now with the leeches and sleep:
 : help of the milk. She then once her mother
 so she and called him to her and told
 him he was a good, brave little man. I pulled
 the collar of his overcoat up about his neck
 like a cap. And Peter thought he would not
 have said so for ~~so long~~ three dozen baking
 apples or half a warmsia-barnet full of
 sugar rings. And he is very comfortable to
 sit in his little chair with his feet on
 a minute or two and his back. The time
 before was hidden in the driving mist, and
 the dark walls of the mine were bowed nearer
 & nearer.

At last the forest path was reached, & here
~~the~~ it was better walking. The mist was
 lighter and there was shelter from the force
 of the wind. But they had to leave so long
 climbing the hills that the dusk was coming
 on and there was still as long way to go. ~~nothing~~
~~was done~~

Anton no longer minded. He walked
 on fast ahead of the others, turning round
 now and then with a just air of superiority
 and command. Anton, indeed, was as yet
 not at all disheartened by the adventure. He
 believed that this was an occasion on which
 he should be great and valiant. The mother
 followed him in silence. Little Peter came
 next. He had taken his mother Paul's hand
 and walked along as fast as his sturdy
 little legs would carry him, for to tell the
 truth he was getting a ~~little~~ ^{little} frightened.
 The birds had all hidden themselves away in
 the

the thick ~~low~~ wood, and no longer welcomed
 him with the same round ~~eyes~~
~~and~~ The well known path
 looked mysterious almost as if in the half
 light with the tall ranks of the pine trees
 on either ~~big~~ sides of it receding in the
 distance, ~~and~~

~~Some~~ Sometimes the snow ~~and~~ woods
 deep in great masses from the high branches
 and falls down to little Peter's feet, as if the
 black dwarf was turning a mis-caller at
 him. Poor Peter began to feel very ~~vain~~
 shivery and creep, and did not the least
 care to look behind him lest Something, he
 did not exactly know what - and to do made
 it all the worse, perhaps, should be coming
 tripping, tripping, ~~tripping~~ over the
 white grounds ~~at~~ ^{behind} him.

But the only person who really came
 behind little Peter was Uiga; and though
 John's want to be rude to Uiga, for she
 was as ugly as the ugliest woman in her
 way, Scamond's pretence to say that she
 was doing all things so gracefully as to ~~trippin~~
 come tripping over the snow. Not a bit
 of it. Uiga was extremely disgruntled in
 the event of the day, and was as full
 of complaints and lamentation as a hedge-
 hog ^{back} full of spines. The wet snow had
~~made~~ made her fine white cap
 limp - ~~and~~ drabbed so that instead of standing
 up like the ~~top~~ of an ancient helmet
 she ~~had~~ ^{fell off it} had in the most melancholy
 manner ~~fallen~~ about her face.

She

She had turned the knob of her door up over
 her head and she had bolted it and
 her robes tied up in her handkerchiefs. ~~and~~
 she was with the lightest of her boots which
 were a pair of brand new ones and had a
 size 10 female for her in the bargain. She
 came ^{very much} near ~~near~~ ^{discovering} them ^{tripping}
 over the front.

The next of them out into the place into wide
 as spaces of water ^{workland}. Now there
 in daylight or in the weather it is bare enough
 to find the right road; but on such a
 morning as I am telling you about it is
 by no means bare. On the side of the workland
 Susan Separe called to Antonio to stop.

"So slowly" she said, "I pray be careful.
 I see ~~we~~ once mistake the path we may
 find ourselves in a sad plight. This is your
 fault was with us. — Now, in front" she
 added turning to Paul, "I will follow you."

That his Indian's words rather nettled
 Antonio.

"You have not any real confidence in
 me," he said sulkily, "or you would not
 be repeating all the while that you would
 my fault was here."

You see Antonio had been a good deal
 flattered and excited in his pretty companion
 at the Red House at Nullepau. And it often
 happens, much to water, that a pleasure
 when it is past, makes us quarrelsome.
 He kicked the sun about with his foot
 and his handsome young face looked quite
 rebellious and naughty.

"No, no, no, no" Susan repeated gently.
 "I have seen confidence in your good intentions.
 But you must needs be diligent to guide.
 Exercise caution you is be careful".

"Of course, I shall be careful", said
 the lad anxiously, as he stepped from the shelter
 of the pine-trees into the dim, white water.

For a time all went well; but ~~about~~ soon
 the grounds began to grow rough and uneven
 under their feet. Peter suddenly stumbled
 and fell; and ~~then~~ ^{scrambled} ~~scrambled~~ up against wall
 and tumbled in front of his door to the mouth and
 eyes of it, and his hands scratched with
 the knots, beads, roots and stones underneath.

"Antony, Antony, we are wandering" cried
 his ~~mother~~ ^{mother} as she wiped the snow out of
 Peter's eyes - of his clothes, and his head hair.
 The little boy clung to her for he felt
 been desolate and cheerless. He did not think
 in his heart's anguish now to be out in
 the storm. He found in the warm cozy
 kitchen and in the society of his mother:
 But he checked down his tears, ~~and~~ as his
 mother kissed him & tried to be very brave &
 not to mind his tumble.

Antony turned back, she was a few steps
 ahead.

"We can only have missed the path
 in a sand or two," he said humbly. "You
 just stand still and I'll guide it."

And he did guide it. But alas! he
 could not ~~help~~ ^{help} keep to it. For the lights
 faded and darkness came on quicker and
 quicker, and still the snow fell in hundreds
 of

Stens and of 45/10 white flannel. Uiza groaned and lamented, and then our poor little Peter went - changed boots because to chafe his feet through, & his hand's grew as cold as frog hands, and he got more and more hungry & tired. But he did not see anything about it, for he knew his mother and father were cold and weary too; so he struggled on manfully through the ankle deep snow. And, ~~then~~ at last, he got too tired even to feel hungry, and began to cry quite gently, as follows.

Just

"Please, Mother" he said, "please" I can't go any further".

Since Separa took him up in her arms and held him close against her bosom. She did not speak, but if it had been light enough to see, I think Peter would have found that she was crying too. For the ground was all rough and uneven under his feet again; and through Antony and ~~Paul~~ went first to the right hand & then ^{to the left} he could not make out the road at all.

"Oh"

"I've got all wrong, Justice" he ~~had~~ said, & his
 voice trembled. "I don't know where we are or
 which way we are walking. We are lost".

There was a silence before his Justice
 answered him.

"You have done your best," she said. "The
 result is in the hands of God".

700
some very rich men as well as a bear in a
pit; and knocked double potman's knocker on
the wall of glass, and declared, out loud, that
the mercury was going up. When he saw
particularly well that it was going down; and did
a number of other ~~useless~~ useless things to
try to persuade himself that he was not one
like any one or ~~unwieldy~~ uneasy.

"How inferior is the education of men to that
of cats!" thought Crispin water. "I had ~~gradually~~
better I was old enough to lay milk out of a
sawyer, my mother has taught me the vulgarity
of giving way to purposeless agitation." "Calm" she
would say, "is seen a greater sign of good breeding
than ~~is~~ a curl ~~in~~ of hair inside the ear."
In my poor master, there, ~~is~~ calm & ~~is~~ ear-curl
alike all wanting. What a situation! I should
behave ~~more~~ "at least, was born
a ~~bad~~ cat!"

But, you see, ~~if~~ Martin Sepage had really
some cause for his ~~restlessness~~ ^{struggling with an unseen enemy.} for all this
while he was ~~fighting with an~~ ^{unseen enemy.} Deep
down in that in hermit's chamber of the
heart - the door of which was next of ~~to~~ us
kept as tight shut, because we know I'm
sits in there weighing & judging all our
thoughts & actions, and letting us know from time
to ~~that~~ time, just what she thinks about them
in the very plainest language - in that
innermost heart-chamber, I say, Sepage was
aware that there was a busy active feeling
of shame & remorse. And while I'm ~~pushed~~
hard at the door ~~with~~ inside to let the feeling
out, he pushed equally hard on the outside to
keep

up the feeling in. But when finally the most
 began to fall, in the daylight before, and
 the storm gave force and force, in the pushed,
 and bumped, and banged upon the poor door
 so unmercifully, that Master Sepage, sturdy
~~the~~ veteran though he was, grew quite weary
 of opposing her. And so the busy feeling ~~seized~~
 and took its head, and then its two arms, and
 then squeezed itself out all together, and
 began racing up and down the whole length and
 breadth of the old soldier's heart in the most
 audacious manner.

"You were obstinate and conceited this
 morning" said the feeling; "you would not
 listen to John Paquin the charcoal-burner -
 look at the man".

"The clasp was ~~going~~ rising" answered Sepage.
 "Don't perfectly certain it was. And John Paquin
 is a mad-man"

"Mad-man yourself," said the feeling -
 for feelings are very free thinkers ~~justly~~ you know
 I don't mind matters - "mad-man yourself
 for letting ~~the~~ ^{the} wife, she is a delicate woman, I
 was poor, ~~little~~ child, little Peter, run such
 a risk of cold, and fatigue, and perhaps worse".

"Anthony knows the way," answered Sepage
 again. "And he's an able fellow".

"He is a boy, and ~~obedient~~ like most
 boys in thoughtless self-opinionated. He takes
 after you in that ~~part~~ of the ^{same taken}" said the feeling.

"I am a philosopher. Politician" cried
 Sepage, somewhat wisely. "I worship the Goddess
 of Reason".

"Do you?" said the feeling. "And there
 news:

newspaper and were so anxious to sit at home & read to day full of — on your perfectly well known — of gables in ~~new~~ news & one sided statements, and of cheap party cries, they are the voice of Reason, are they?

"Hush you", answered Sepage — which was ^{at all} a pretty way of answering. ~~about~~. But then, you see, just Martin Sepage was getting very angry because he was very ~~unhappy~~ ^{uncomfortable}; and when persons are both ~~unhappy~~ ^{uncomfortable} and angry they ^{are liable to} ~~unpleasantly~~ make use of expressions which, ^{are ~~very~~ ~~unpleasant~~} printed in the French and English conversation books & that you study in the schoolroom. — "Don't listen to you. So away and ~~in your own playground~~ ^{with you}. I have no doubt" —

"Well I'm glad to hear that."

"No doubt, have n't you?" said the feeling. "No doubt at all — see ^{how} ~~how~~ and plagues on you — no doubt at all ^{say} ~~that~~ that my wife & children will be home in ten minutes at the latest. Meanwhile I will read a little. I will improve my mind with the history of those grand old Romans".

So Sepage got down the history books, & it fell open at one of his favourite passages — the account of ~~Marcus~~ ^{Marcus} ~~Atilius~~ ^{Atilius} Regulus, the ~~Carthage~~ ^{Carthage} the Consul, Marcus Atilius Regulus, who rather than hear his word, left his home and knickered and gave himself up to his ^{pitiful} ~~own~~ ^{own} enemies, and ~~remained~~ ^{was} in silence ~~at~~ ^{all} the ~~horrible~~ ^{horrible} cruel tortures to which they submitted him.

"There was a man called Sepage, as he wiped his spectacles with his red pocket —
-hauhecheif."

had with this wind, on the morrow, it will die. If they have the intelligence of a breeze between them they will have started early". he cried quite fiercely. "The three and a half leagues - poor dear souls", he added, for Martin Sepage was getting a little annoyed somehow. ~~He would say of the kitchen~~

He turned across the kitchen to the house-door and leaving it wide open; and standing on the steps he gazed long and earnestly down the dim fire-patch, drawing his ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~from~~ together till they stood out like chevaux de frise above his ~~grey~~ eyes.

"Ho-La, Ho-La, hey", he shouted. But there was no answer save the morning of the wind among the pines & the soft rustle, hum, of the falling snow.

Now for some time Cuiciniater had been sitting very composedly, gazing starringly with his great yellow eyes into the ~~fire~~ glowing log fire, & meditating peacefully on the inferiority of men to cats. But, when Martin Sepage, a grey & neat remorseful looking shield knight had to leave to tramp where it would up & down his heart, ~~threw~~ the house-door wide open, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~heart~~ ^{icy} hearts of the North Wind rushed & wildly into the kitchen & made our friend Cuiciniater feel uncommonly cool about the back.

"Thirteen calen nos gar-culo, "dear me!" he murmured ^{to himself in the cat-language} as he rose slowly stretching his one fore-leg & then the other, and then each hind

side-leg in time - shaking the boat leg rapidly
 for a moment, too, because it was slightly cramped -
 and yawning the shield so wide, that his neck
 tongue was curled up quite tight, like a rolling
 - pin, at the back of his mouth. Then he moved
 away with dignity, intending to take up his station
 upon the cushions of the big arm-chair that stood
 in the corner nicely out of the draughts. But
 all of a sudden Cincinnati heard something that
 made him jump all on one side with an
 arched back, & a hissing tail, and
 say Pff zzz! twice over, as loud as ever he
 had said it in his life.

It was an ~~old~~ ^{an unfamiliar} sound that so startled
 Cincinnati, for Master Sepace was pulling strongly
 and steadily steadily as the ropes of the big
 bell, that hung under the centre gable of the
 old house, and the urgent clang of its iron
 voice rang ~~far and wide~~ through the thick mus-
 - cadens air far over the forest. The bell had
 been placed there long long years
 before, to summon neighbours - the voices
 standing in a certain place - in case of
 fire or accident. And now Sepace rang it
 with a double purpose, trusting that even
 if its friendly tones failed to reach the ears
 of the poor wanderer, it might at least bring
~~some of the neighbours~~ ^{the neighbours} to the door
~~to help~~ ^{to help} the cowherd from his
 strage on the side of the pasture. ^{where he was seized by the snakes.}
 & that ~~the~~ ^{he} ~~neighbours~~ help him search
 for the wife & children whom he loved so
 well.

"By my great grandmother's skinners" ~~exclaimed~~
 Cincinnati

Cucum water as he settled himself down on the
 chair cushion, "What with draughts, & ~~the~~ bell-
 ringing & one thing & another this house will
 soon be impossible for a cat of ~~quite~~ any pretension
 to quietude. Compare it with the Sacristan's ^{establissh-}
~~house~~ ^{ment} now, where ~~you~~ you can't talk one day
 from another of cups on the walls of the ^{different}
 soup for dinner - ~~the~~ Delightful! with an occasional
 vocal ~~reminis~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~table~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~two~~, in the
 back garden ^{where the sun is full.} ~~is to~~ ~~be~~ ~~seen~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~
 their world! - "Pp p p!" and to add to every
 thing else, if there actually is not that
 intolerable charcoal burner".

Don Pasquale stood on the threshold
 a flaming torch of pine ~~wood~~ ~~branches~~ ~~in~~
 his hand; his ~~coiled~~ ~~long~~, ~~un~~ ~~interrupted~~ hair
 was white as the snow, & so was the tattered
 dothe dothe that hung in so many folds
 from his two ~~shaking~~ ~~shoulders~~. His
 eyes ~~shone~~ ~~right~~ & glorious.

"Ah! the noise," he said, "the glorious
 noise, the noise & the cheer of it; the cry
 of the trees that strain, & the passionate
 snap of the branches - like hearts string that
 snap under the blast of invincible storm. And
 the snow, soft and ~~light~~ ~~as~~ ~~fine~~, & light as
 the coverlet a ~~young~~ ~~mother~~ ~~lays~~ ~~on~~ ~~her~~
 & his ~~bone's~~ ~~scabb~~ - ^{gells} ~~like~~ ~~the~~ ~~two~~ ~~sticks~~
~~is~~ ~~not~~, ~~though~~ - ~~Dr.~~ ~~What's~~ ~~this?~~ ~~Have~~ ~~you~~ ~~must~~ ~~take~~
~~is~~ ~~infant~~ - ~~laid~~ ~~it~~ ~~over~~ ~~the~~ ~~face~~ ~~as~~ ~~well?~~ ~~Have~~ ~~be~~
 careful, then, with your - But the bells"
 he bidden suddenly, interrupting himself, &
 catching hold of Master Sebrage with his
~~long~~ ~~thin~~ ~~finger~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~finger~~ - "It called
 to

we, while was listening to the roll of the drums, and the base of the trumpets, and the scream of the pipes ~~was~~ in the forest. There, I made me come with this shelter would do us. What do you want spoiling all my splendid music with your infernal bell-dialtee?"

"Dialtee", cried Sepage, hoarsely: "I want help".

Paqualin ~~laughed and~~
~~laughed aloud.~~
laughed aloud.

"Hey - ~~hey~~ - ho!" he said. "Times are changed are they? I never heard you sing that song before."

Sepage let go the bells rope, ~~relaxed~~ ~~hair~~ and raised his clenched fist. But he did not strike the blast. Something stopped him. Perhaps it was that same remorseful feeling ~~which~~ ~~he~~ had let loose in his heart.

"Come inside, Paqualin" he said quite quietly, after a moment or two. "Don't try to remember. — My wife and son, ~~and~~ and our maid-servant went to church at Allepart this morning. You tried to prevent them going. You said the snow was coming and it was come. They should have been back a good ^{two} hours ago, & they are not here yet."

"Not here yet" — repeated the charcoal burner, dumbly.

"No not yet." Sepage drew his hand across his eyes. "Would to God" he said, "I had gone along with them." — But see now, I will

with lights the lamp & leave the window
open; & ~~the~~ then will go out to search
for them. You can find your way like
at home, they say, straight by night ~~of~~
day through the forest. Will ~~come~~ you come with
me & help me.

Paqualein stood in front of the fire;
the snow on his hair & cheeks melted & ran
down forming a little pool of water about
his little shoes feet.

"I am not over and above fond of ~~of~~ you
ancio ~~man~~ Sepage", he said presently, "as you must
likely know already. Love and hatred, alike,
can tell their own story without need of
spoken words. I think you a vain man & a
hard one; but your wife is as pitiful as the
saints in heaven. You want me to help you
find her? You have never yet go as dog to do
the work for you, & so you will take me.
Well, I've hunted the dog's place pretty
well ~~now~~ ~~since~~ ~~now~~ all my life long. The picks
& the cubs, & the ground has come from the
market's table; and then the hen, my good
yellow, good cur, here, more down, tail up, the
beetle's cold but still more sharp enough to
find it; and ~~boards~~ meat & faint ~~to~~ ~~and~~ ~~also~~
the haw that will make your ~~words~~ ^{over} a
savory supper, while you ~~go~~ ^{stick home to} the dirty straw
& the mouldy crust again. Yes, yes - to be
sure, I'll go with you & find them & bring
them home, your fair wife & your
children, & leave you happy & go back
to my hut & the voices - not for your sake
through, mind you, not for hers - the only
woman

woman whose eyes have never looked kindly upon me."

"Come on your own terms" said Sepage.

Just then Gustavus, in his heavy boots came clumping into the kitchen.

"The bell, master - has the red cow calved of a sudden", he asked. For once in his life the Gustavus appeared to quite excited. He forgot to take off his hat or put down his big cotton umbrella, from of which the wet snow slipped in little avalanches, & the lo onto the floor.

P. /

"Calf they say, with the very great stupid cheese face", said the charcoal-burner. / Then while Sepage gave the workmen his order, & got some ~~rough~~ things together to take with them, ^{Paul} stood murmuring to himself, with his head bent low, ~~and~~ his long lean, ~~of~~ grizzled hands ~~was~~ to wards the comfortable blaze of the fire: - "You, the man ~~was~~ ^{was} welcome, & have a beloved. I the dog. ~~By~~ to show the man the way. Gustavus, then, the art to that behind loaded up with the blankets, & the food & the brandy. ~~And~~ ^{And} in the ~~side~~ ^{side}, what? A bone for the dog, a stick for the man, and for the man kisses. Which was the best of it? Hardly fair is it, eh?"

watched at

"Umph!" said Gustavus, as he got the big bundle on to his back. "Perhaps she'll be a bit soft-hearted when she sees me, maybe she'll ^{have} taken some of the starch out of our legs".



each for your some three or four days later still
 and cold, and said: - "Bris pa chunig, bris
 sangit ni a qin; ' thought ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~
 little more 'nd like to know the end of 'er."
 "Nello, did that make matter much better?
 I don't think so me self, and at one time
 of my life I had a good deal of experience
 in these things: so I have the right to speak.
 For it is a good pleasure at best to bear that
 doll in side of a liver, then you see that
 she does not act a bit better ^{though you} ~~than~~ ~~before~~
 her five times a day ^{an appropriate preparation of} ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~state~~ ~~her~~ ~~of~~ ~~scraps~~
 know to be a good a candle-box of the house.
 - made for a coffee and having a grand
 funeral in the kitchen for ~~passing~~ ~~my~~
 that is terrible work indeed, & makes you
 men so red with the crying that you are quite
 ashamed to go down to desert in the evening.
~~xxxxxxxx~~

Now if you and I have felt so very un-
 happy ~~and~~ ~~unhappy~~ ^{over} our dinner &
 dinner when we lost them, and found them
 again may be, we always a good deal the
 worse for the losing - but do you think
 Martin Sepace felt as he went out that
 dark stormy night, with the charcoal
 burner & tubs, with the fire? He was
 very silent as he tramped through the snow
 while the wind roared in the pines above
 him; & then about the house of his lords
 & making it to his & his, & his & his,
 sometimes carting a red flag, ~~over~~ ~~the~~ ~~seat~~
~~over~~ ~~the~~ ~~ground~~ & the ~~great~~ ~~great~~
 open the doors, & John Paquin's crossed me:
 - with

There was a little faint and unheated. He
then turned down on the snow and covered his
face with his hands.

"I did my best, father," he said, "indeed,
indeed I did: 'twas I could n't hide the way. It
was dark and there was nothing to guide us, and
I got bewildered with the cold. 'Twas too late
in starting, Yarrow - that was my fault. But
I did my best afterwards. Oh, father, ~~my~~
~~my~~ I did try to take care of them. I could n't
help it - say you forgive me."

Paqualin did not wait to hear more.
"The big rocks out to right," he repeated.

His limbs were stiff with the sharp cold which
had penetrated his thread-bare clothes, and his
feet were numb with the snow that had
worked its way in through the worn, cracked
soles of his wetted boots. Oh, yes, I'm - really
fraid he was a very funny figure, indeed; and
that all the little boys in Nullepaut would
have looked round, to see if they ^{could} have
~~seen~~ ^{him} ~~as~~, with his long gait,
- hopper-legs, wild, red hair and battered
cloak streaming out behind him, he
shambled along, slipping and staggering,
in the half darkness over that long half mile
of heath, and stones, and prickly bushes, & sly
deceitful snow-drifts that stretched between
the edge of the forest and the rocks.

"There is help," he shrieked in his shrill, ~~unpleasant~~
voice. "Is it I, - I John Paqualin. There is help!"

As he pined round the front with the
shelter of the tall green rocks Suran strange
rose up from the top of them with a 'great cry.
She,

She threw her arms about him and rested her
fair head on his shoulder.

"Oh, God sent you," she sobbed. "I
called upon him in the darkest of my
anguish and he has heard me. Save us
Salvo Paqualini; in mercy save me
and my children".

The clerical burner's torch slipped
from his grasp, and fell hissing upon the
ground.

"Que Dios quite sometimes more to me his
blessed grace," he said between his teeth.

For a minute or so, in total mysterious
glacial radiance of dancing star-light and
white mist ~~in~~ he looked toward the weeping
woman in his arms.

"Oh, God sent me, through, did he?" he
murmured, at last. "Then I must do his good
pleasure, not my own".

Paqualini's face lit, & quite softly, not
with a sound that grew ~~to~~ crack in his voice.

"Stand up, and take courage; there is
better help than mine at hand. Your two
boys are safely cared for already, ~~to~~ and your
husband is coming. The trouble is over. For
you, at least, the morning begins to break".

Then as he heard the crunch of
hurried footsteps ~~over the snow~~ over
the snow, he turned and cried:—

"Here, take your wife, Separa".

Paqualini moved aside.

"For the man," he said, half aloud—
"well—what he's a right to. Get back to
your kennel, you hound".

Thus Liza was sitting with her back against
 one of the rocks in the garden, where the
 sun was lightest, and little Peter, closely wrapped
 in his mother's shawl, lay stretched with
 sleep with his head in her lap. To Paqualino
 turned round, she moaned out: —

"No, no, don't come near me. I am dead.
 I feel it — probably I shall never recover.
 I think I shall die. But I won't give way,
 I won't listen to you. So the last I am to
 do for you. Oh, my poor heart how it beats.
 Oh, I should like to have bidden ~~you~~ a
 last fare well to Gustavus."

"Don't fret," answered the charcoal-burner.
 She was nearly in the road. He'll be here
 in half an hour to say a good deal besides
 good-bye to you, unless I am very much
 mistaken."

Liza gave a prodigious sigh.

"He will be too late, I know it, I know it."

"Oh, but will he ~~be~~ here in time may your
 faithful, warm-hearted Gustavus!"

Sublimely it was in his mother's ear that moaned
 him at the sudden light. "The voices, I
 do not know; but little Peter's all awake
 from the heavy sleep he's in since
 the cold and fatigue had lulled him."

"I will not budge, Liza! I love John
 Paqualino. See, I love him," he murmured.



Chapter X.

Shide and the Sun.

"Something has gone very wrong", said Cuicimiaten to himself in the cat language. "I don't pretend to understand it. This is one of those many matters on which I would be glad to take my cousin, the Sacristan's cat's opinion ^{upon}. Near me. What a misfortune it is to live ⁱⁿ ~~away from the center~~ ~~of social intercourse and civilization~~ in the country, away from the center of social intercourse and civilization".

Then Cuicimiaten led to washing his face with his paw. For he had just lately had his five or six ounces of milk, you see; and ~~to~~ it is requisite in cat-lands always to wash after meals, not before them as we do.

The ~~door~~ ~~was~~ ~~lighted~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~bed-~~ ~~room,~~ and Cuicimiaten sat opposite to the open door of it, and shined at the ~~scraping~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~heart~~ of crimson wood shingles, ~~set~~ set in a fringe of flaky green ash. It was very warm there, and Cuicimiaten shined & washed his face slowly. ~~He~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~heat~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~bed~~ ~~to~~ ~~soothe~~ ~~him~~ ~~and~~ ~~make~~ a number of reflections.

49

"It is the wish of repeating myself, I must believe that men are poor, in provident-
thoughtful creatures. He went on ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~moment~~
presently ~~by~~

weekly;

subjects to illness and accidents of all kinds. However as thought his cat will not be hard upon them. No longer oblig. There plus have the ad: advantage can afford to be generous. — Fancy coming into the ~~world~~ ^{world}, now, when the weather is so ~~very~~ ^{extremely} uncertain, all pinks and ~~blue~~ as they do, poor things, without any confidence for to cover ~~these~~; and warning, to make up for it, by ~~the~~ ^{the} enclosing themselves in all sorts of shapeless foreign substances prepared from sheep's wool or vegetables. And no tailors ~~disturb~~ ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{that} distinguished and expensive members. Yet, you must give them their due. Necessity has certainly made them very ingenious".

Amirantier stretched himself lazily in the hot glow of the ~~fire~~ ^{fire}.

"But with all their ingenuity only one life", he ~~was~~ said, yawning. "and that one as I should just not, subjects to all manner of illness and accidents. And we have nice liver! Who would be one of them if he could help it. Poor things, no wonder if they annoy us".

Then Amirantier went across the boarded floor with his swivel head, & jumped up on the little Peter's bed & began purring in the most ~~amiable~~ ^{amiable} and engaging manner, sticking out all his claws & then drawing them in again & making a nice tight little pit, as he waddled on the bed-clothes, just with one fore foot & then with the other. He went went so far, as to rub his head along against the little

the boy's ~~shoulder~~ ^{Opinion of} shoulder, which, considering ~~his~~ ^{the} relative position of cat & mink in the universal scale of being, was ^{really} ~~very~~ ^{very} curious: evidence of ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~intelligence~~.

But little Peter ~~also~~ did not ~~care~~ or pay any attention to Cuerniwater. He only sighed a little in his sleep, and turned his ~~feet~~ ^{feet} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~feet~~ ^{feet} round black head ~~on~~ ^{on} the pillow. Poor little Peter had been just like that, quite still & quiet, in bed ever since his father ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~there~~ ^{there} when they had got home from that terrible time in the north, about four o'clock in the morning. The ~~two~~ ^{two} snow fairies, who really are very elegant people & not at all disagreeable when you know them, had come at ~~night~~ ^{night} and spread the most beautiful patterns, covers & robes, and stars & diamonds, and ice flowers of a hundred ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~more~~ ^{more} exquisite shapes and patterns, all over the window panes; but little Peter had been too tired & sleepy to get up & look at them. And when, in the ~~late~~ ^{late} afternoon, not with ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~easy~~ ^{easy} ~~struggle~~ ^{struggle} & difficulty, his ~~the~~ ^{the} road was dangerous with the snow-drifts the kind old doctor, with his red nose & his snuff. boy had ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~seen~~ ^{seen} ~~riding~~ ^{riding} ~~over~~ ^{over} ~~from~~ ^{from} Mullerport, & ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~said~~ ^{said} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~little~~ ^{little} ~~boy~~ ^{boy} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~check~~ ^{check} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~pulse~~ ^{pulse} & ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~examined~~ ^{examined} ~~carefully~~ ^{carefully} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~finger~~ ^{finger} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~behind~~ ^{behind} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~ear~~ ^{ear} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~well~~ ^{well} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~large~~ ^{large} ~~spectacles~~ ^{spectacles}. Peter had been so tired and sleepy to look at Cuerni water. ~~And~~ ^{And} the old Doctor, had taken an extra pinch of snuff, and shaken his head ~~and~~ ^{and} quite seriously, I am sorry to say, at Laura.

Now

Entrance.

W. H. G.

So it happened that little Peter was left quite alone, but for the society of the cat, up in the bed-room.

Now when John Paqualini came ^{along} the baggage-paths to the front of the house: and peeping in face down against the glass, for it was difficult to see ~~through the~~ ^{through the} glass the paper being hot, looked in at the kitchen window. Then he went to the ~~door~~ ^{door} house door, lifted the latch carefully, ~~and cautiously~~ ^{and} entered, & stood still listening. There was no sound save the ringing of the kettle and Olga's voice in the distant dining-room the clump of the two shepherd's boots on the ~~floor~~ ^{glass} and the clink of the milk pail. From the pan of copper kettles & saucepans, and ~~from~~ ^{from} the delfin, to the red tiled floor, ^{under the feet} the large kitchen, ^{actually} there with ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~exquisite~~ ^{exquisite} cleanliness. ~~and~~ ^{and} the light of the lamp on the table fell upon Susan Leverage's high white cap, showing it & her pure, graceful profile, as she leaned ^{near} back in the ~~house~~ ^{house} arm chair, clear cut against the muddied ^{dark} of the chimney-corner: he:
: ~~hid~~ ^{hid} her.

Paqualini, as he stood there silent and motionless, with his ~~own~~ ^{own} golden eyes, ~~and~~ ^{and} angular figure, and discoloured garments ~~seemed~~ ^{seemed} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~strangely~~ ^{strangely} out of place. ~~For~~ ^{For} he shaded his eyes with his hand for the light dazzled him; ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~looked~~ ^{looked} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~delfin~~ ^{delfin} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~a~~ ^a ~~minute~~ ^{minute} or two at the ~~delfin~~ ^{delfin} ~~mother~~ ^{mother}. ~~He~~ ^{He} ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~went~~ ^{went} ~~quickly~~ ^{quickly} ~~across~~ ^{across} ~~the~~ ^{the}

The

The 'ain' cheer and up the wide wooden staircase.
~~... ..~~

"The house ^{is} asleep", he murmured ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~night~~ ^{night} ~~reached~~ ^{reached} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~ear~~ ^{ear} ~~for~~ ^{for} the
voice of Nya. Pah. The woman's tongue cuts
like ~~to~~ ^{to} a ~~big~~ ^{big} ship. But her sweet heart,
the ~~ap~~ ^{ap} was a good thick side of his own; ~~and~~
~~she~~ ^{she} ~~guides~~ ^{guides} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~back~~ ^{back} ~~only~~ ^{only}, pleasantly
tickling".

Pasqualin went into the warm dimly
lighted bedroom above.

"The house ^{is} asleep", he repeated. "High-
heel's a kindly fellow, with his ~~wooden~~
tires of ^{no} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~—~~ [—]
~~and~~ ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~forgetful~~ ^{forgetful} ~~—~~ [—]
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{best} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~night~~ ^{night} ~~—~~ [—] He cures the
heart-ache. But he's a forgetful soul; forgetful;
he ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~seen~~ ^{seen} ~~near~~ ^{near} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~test~~ ^{test} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~night~~ ^{night}; and
God knows ~~how~~ ^{how} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~heart-ache~~ ^{heart-ache} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~badly~~ ^{badly}
as any of the others".

He knelt down by the little Peter's bed, &
looked closely at the child.

"Sir! Heel's hardly a kindly friend to you,
I'm afraid, ^{through} he said, under his heart." "A
little too much of the ~~wooden~~ ^{wooden} ~~horse~~ ^{horse} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of}
the popper, ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~quite~~ ^{quite} ~~realistic~~ ^{realistic}"

As he spoke, Cuicumatlan, who has been
curled up comfortably ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~a~~ ^a ~~nice~~ ^{nice} ~~warm~~ ^{warm}
~~bed~~ ^{bed} ~~room~~ ^{room} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~bed~~ ^{bed} ~~chamber~~ ^{chamber}, ~~peered~~ ^{peered}
down into the ~~door~~ ^{door} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~glaring~~ ^{glaring} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and}
a great tail.

"Don't quit through" he said. "Do really
~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~middle~~ ^{middle} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~door~~ ^{door}. Do an air of
absolute indifference with be even more

ms :

ni pefquei 2 chulluig".

So he walked ~~away~~ away
very stiffly and sat down opposite to the stove
door again.

The char.-coal-burner ^{placed} ~~held~~ one of his
lean hands on the little boy's nose, ~~and~~ ^{and} judgy
one, ~~that~~ ^{that} lay palm-upward on the pillow,
2 with the other patted him tenderly on
the ~~shoulder~~ cheek.

"Little Peter" he said, "wake up. Come
back to us, dear little mouse. You said you
loved me - nobody ever said that to me
before. Don't go away from me, ~~don't desert~~
me do not desert me".

He paused a minute and then went on
pleadingly: - "Think of all the stories I have
told you, remembered the nuts and the
apples. - Oh, wake up little lad, and come
back to poor, ugly John Pargualin & show
his fellow men how a clown makes a
man".

But the child lay quite still; his long
black eye-barkles resting on his pale cheek,
and his pretty round mouth a wee bit open
as he sighed softly in that strange stupor
of sleep.

John dimmed the char.-coal-burners even.
He ~~perched~~ ^{perched} ~~himself~~ ^{himself} on his wild ~~to~~ ^{to} shock head and
rested it down on the white coverlet.

"Oh, great God," he murmured, "then who
are all powerful, listen to me. See here,
can't we make an exchange? - Take me
your battered, weary old soul instead of his
fresh, misceant, Swiss one. Set me free this
time

nu

and like to see mother's sake the ^{sweetest} ~~best~~ and
 'mother' men's companions to women. She will
 give us of the linen line, her ~~unpleasant~~
 darning, her bath; and kinds as she is the
 woman's wife we ^{very} much, she should she? — an
 out-cast of nature, a shameless ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~man~~
 mis-sake, and ~~very~~ ^{sorry} right ^{the} help in the world, that's
 all. — Beate's dreadful then? — yes, I know
 I'm afraid of it. But, after all, it can't be
 so very much worse than life — at least in
 some of us."

He threw back his head, & clasped his
~~own~~ hand, ~~stare~~ hand & to gether.

"Here take me," he cried. "I will come.
 I will be of service, sure or help, what does
 it matter? I save the little lamb, Oh Lord,
 and take me, 'Solus Paqualini, or ransom'."

~~Some people had to be saved was~~

2. ~~That~~ The charcoal burner was not quite
 right in his head, you see, and that accounts
 for his eccentric prayer and very original
 behaviour. You ~~must have seen in his mind~~ had
 better bear this in mind. I won't tell you
 she; you will probably find out for yourselves
 when you have seen a ~~little~~ more of the
 world & grown rather older.

Paqualini knelt on the ~~ground~~ in some
 time, looking up, as though he expected ~~some~~ a
 direct and visible answer to his singular
 petition. But nothing happened save that
 Miza came up again on the top of her toes; —
 a way of keeping which she ~~was~~ ^{intended} to
 be particularly quiet, but which was, in
 fact, particularly ~~noisy~~ ^{noisy} — and peeped in to

W. G. Sebald

into the room. Seeing the charcoal burning
creaking by the bed's side, she gave a
horrified gasp, and sank down into the nearest
chair.

"The saint's help & mercies," she exclaimed
in a loud whisper, "holding her side," "What
next? Mr. how do you start led me. The ~~man~~
miscellaneous child, in the arms of the at
age! ~~And I have seen some~~ So away
John Paqualini, go away. And how on earth
did you get here? I've only been down
stairs the minister giving some necessary
instructions to the servants. He really ^{is} beside
himself with you, poor fellow! — So answer, I say,
if ^{Peter} wakes up suddenly, he would notice
at his own seeing you. Look at yourself in the
looking-glass, and you'll understand why
I'm enough. A stroke of blood to the head from
fright and the child would be dead. And
to ^{be} ^{with} the ^{stomach} one ^{head} of you are
true, there is enough down on the ~~stomach~~ wrong
side of your account already with out adding
~~any~~ to ^{the} ^{wilful} murder. So along with you —
Mr. I am so weak — my poor heart has
its beats".

She advanced, creeping across the
boarded floor towards the charcoal-burner.
He had risen to his feet.

"There is no answer," he said, in a
low voice. "You had better leave your help. God
doesn't ~~want~~ want your wicked, worthless
soul, John Paqualini. Who are you, indeed,
that you should try to strike ~~me~~ a bargain
with the Almighty, and offer your miserable
refuse

unbearable silence and the screaming as your life will face
by that the pure - white child there.

He looked back towards the bed.

"God love," he said, dear little Peter. I know you are
gone but I'll be with you nothing on earth to
lose me, and in heaven, it is clear, they can
do you well with out me, yet awhile.

Then as Maria came close to him, she was
positioned towards the door, and signified to him
she turned upon her with a terrible face.

"Don't leave me alone," he said. "Have
not I enough to ~~protest~~ bear already without
the maudlin ~~gratification~~ of your stupid
ignorance, and cruel folly?"

And the grasp of her man went out of
the room and ~~out~~ down the stairs,
with the dark horizon night.

Maria leant up against the ~~head~~ bottom
of the bed, with his eyes shut.

"How you get?" she murmured, "are you
savage, wild animal? - The child had
woken up - screamed there would have been
a great fuss, and also the same would have
been laid on me of course. It is not fair
that ~~mad~~ way, men like that, should
be allowed to persecute ^{the} respectable young
sensible woman. I'll get this case to the
information against him - at the police
station at the Paris for Maria's treatment
language to me. If you're it's all galore;
we can help you, good looker."

Maria arranged the ~~the~~ names with hand:
- the chief about her neck & smiled com:
- placently.

"It is a condition to know that you have

There was cause to be ashamed of your face -
or of your disposition, ^{either} was added.

That this ~~was~~ all happened on Monday
evening, as no doubt you have made me
all ready. You said ~~that~~ before it was light
on Wednesday morning, little Peter who all
that long time had been sleeping ~~and~~
unconscious of what ~~the~~ went on around
him suddenly seemed to find himself very
wide awake, indeed. There was a strange
light in the room, bright and yet soft like
an early summer dawn. And as the little boy
opened his eyes he saw that at his bedside
there stood a young man, with a very calm
beautiful face and shining hair. He was
dressed in ~~his~~ dress to the feet in a long white
linen garment.

As Peter looked up wonderingly, the
young man bent over him. There was something
very still and ~~so~~ gentle in his glance, and
~~Peter~~ the little boy smiled, for it seemed
to him that the young man's face was
that of an old friend, though he could not
remember ever to have seen him before.

Then the young man spoke to him,
I said: -

"Little Peter you have been sick and
tired. Will you come away with me to
a far off country where there is no more sick-
-ness and trouble and where the children
play all the year ~~long~~ round among flowering
flowers in a green sunny pasture by the
riveride?"

Peter did not feel at all afraid. In his
thought

No more, the woman was to be laid up very
tenderly in his arms, and beside the little
bed's head where his heart and carriage
lighter than air.

Now it happened ~~in~~ strangely enough,
that though both Susan Sepage and her
husband sat watching by their child's
bedside the mother of them saw the young
man with the calm face and shining hair
or heard a word he said. She only saw
that the little boy moved his eyes suddenly
and ~~seemed~~ seemed to gaze at something with
a kind of glad wonder, and that he smiled,
and that his dear little lip moved, and
then that he stretched out his ~~own~~ hands
and laughed joyfully. After that he lay
restless.

Susan Sepage waited a ~~moment~~ moment
or two, then she rose and took a candle that
stood on the oak chest near the bed's head.
Madonia is with her hand she stooped
down & looked closely at the child.

"Oh, my little one," she cried.

She put the candle back again, and coming
round the foot of the bed, ~~she~~ stood by
Susan Sepage's ^{Madonia} with her hand resting on
his shoulder.

"The husband" she said, "our child will
suffer no more. The dear Lord loved him and
has called for him. A child has died on
earth. A child is born in paradise."

There was a long silence. Martin Sepage
sat still, his eyes with his arms hanging down
at his sides more as though he was seeing
seeing

30
The General Officer on parade. Susan sitting in
the milk-bottle chair in his own bedroom. The
big ~~the~~ hair ran down over his cheeks and fell from
~~the~~ his shoulders onto his blue breeches as thick as a
summer shower.

"You will," he said, slowly, "our pattern waves
joined at last - joined ~~at~~ beside an ^{grave} ~~open~~, but
better than to be nowhere. There shall be no more
silence between us. The God whom you have served
so faithfully, in time, will surely reach the summit
of your heart. And perhaps the will condescend to
listen to the prayer of a vain-glorious, wrong-
headed, old soldier's ~~shout~~ quiet and repentance
have humbled. — Pardon me, my wife. I have
been wrong & you ~~are~~ right, all along".

Sepage stood up, took her ~~to~~ ⁱⁿ his hands
in his, and kissed her.

"Oh, my dear life, in ^{the} name of love and
~~hope~~ ~~of~~ ^{pardon} ~~me~~", ~~the~~ Susan Sepage
answered gently.

The two heads & looked at little Peter, still
and ~~motionless~~ motionless, with his little black
head resting ~~on~~ so imperiously on the white
pillow.

"The autumn child has brought a blessing
to the house," she murmured.

"See 'Tons and 'Laques' make out Martin
Sepage, is a real one." "Sweet 'Tons and cut 'Tons at
Pompianus. We' showed the little one".

And is that the end of the story?

Tell me, as far as a story can be said
to have an end — most stories go on to ever.

only ~~is~~

only we get tired of this and leaves of reading
 them - it was then that we saw I saw
~~him~~ this is it. Saw these and just one of
 the little things I saw mentioned which was
 trifling like a mouse. For instance, when I
 say I saw Francisco he happened to pass the
 charcoal-burner's hut, he heard such a
 horrible barking ~~noise~~ & squealing &
 being that, though he was not so a very active
 or curious order of mind, he really had to go
 see what was the matter. And ~~he~~ ^{on getting}
 to the back of the hut he found Malchou
 the dog, standing up on her hind legs
 with her face with her face ~~resting~~
 on the rough wooden door to it, her long
 black snout high in the air her ~~mouth~~
 open ~~frantically~~ ^{as she squealed} ~~her~~ ^{squealed aloud} ~~mouth~~ wide open,
 and with a single series of yowls in her
 throat. This seemed to Francisco such
 a singular thing, that though he had no
 great faith for the voice of the charcoal-
 burner, he thought he would just look
 inside the hut door which stood half open.
 The dog had disappeared in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~door~~ ^{at} it
 and he then ~~to~~ on the mud floor within,
 there was no fire on the ~~floor~~ ^{floor} hearth, and
 the place was deathly still. But Paquelin
 saw there was enough, on a ~~rough~~ ^{rough} ~~bench~~ ^{bench}
 with his elbows ~~resting~~ ^{in front of him} on the table, & his
 head resting on his hands. His back was
 to words Francisco. The noise ~~he~~ ^{he} did not
 quite like to go ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ inside the hut some-
 -how. He stood ~~with~~ ^{with} in the mud on the door-sill
 & called. At last he plucked his courage &

going

gave for word of ~~pulling~~ ^{pulling} at Paquelin's passage
to see.

"Simple," said the Sultan, ~~and~~
~~was~~ ^{at the same time} as he stumbled out again
in a desperate hurry.
~~He~~ ^{He} took off his hat, and
wiped his face round for not withstanding
the heat of day, he felt quite uncomfortably
warm.

"Here I give you something, a ramu" he
said to the ~~son~~ ^{son}. "Of this white fish you
eat every night, you do not eat a long time in
your kitchen today. Help me! We should have
something to eat our ^{this evening} ~~supper~~ ^{supper} ~~to~~
with make her ~~supper~~ ^{supper} ~~en~~ ^{en} ~~grand~~ ^{grand}!"

When he was gone to sleep his time in the
room - ^{the time is up} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~time~~ ^{time} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~up~~ ^{up} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~end~~ ^{end}
of the day, word was passed round in the great
hall that he was to be seen at the work he wished
in the dining-room of the Red Horse at
Tullepau, where he shared the double kibbet
-kibbet with Maria ^{the} Marie Georges
and really came true. Paul is accustomed
to all engines in Paris and lives among
the great machines in the great crowded
workshops; and his superior are much interested
with his ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~ability~~ ^{ability} and talent - ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~superior~~ ^{superior}
that he will make ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~a~~ ^a ~~name~~ ^{name} ~~for~~ ^{for}
himself some day. The matter is quite an
old case now and his superior are almost certain
that he will give up the ~~great~~ ^{great} glowing
wood fire in the kitchen, and think his
self as well as reflect on the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~superior's~~ ^{superior's}
of call to him. And Marie Sepage still
reads the history of the famous Roman Republic
in



