

MAID SALLY



R

HARRIET A. CHEEVER



Class PZ4

Book C 405M

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

MAID SALLY



“IT IN TRUTH MUCH CHEERED HER TO SEE MAMMY LEEZER
COME TRUNDLING ALONG.”

Maid Sally

By HARRIET A. CHEEVER

Author of "Little Mr. Van Vere of China," "Ted's Little Dear," "Strange Adventures of Billy Trill," etc.

ILLUSTRATED



Boston & Dana Estes
& Company & Publishers.

PZ
C40
M

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS,
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
JUL. 16 1902
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
July 12-1902
CLASS a XXG. No.
37358
COPY B.

Copyright, 1902
BY DANA ESTES & COMPANY

All rights reserved

MAID SALLY

MAID SALLY

MAID SALLY
Published, July, 1902

Colonial Press
Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co.
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

TO

“Muggins”

SUNNY-HAIRED, BELOVED CHILD OF NURSERY DAYS

WHO NEVER TIRED OF A STORY

THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY

DEDICATED

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. HEARD AT INGLESIDE	11
II. THE GREAT HOUSE	20
III. THE END OF FAIRY TOWN	28
IV. THE FAIRY PRINCE	43
V. THE NEW SALLY	53
VI. THE SUPPER COMPANY	65
VII. SALLY SAYS, "I WILL!"	78
VIII. A LONG GOOD-BY	90
IX. THE PARSON	103
X. PROGRESS	116
XI. FACE TO FACE	129
XII. WHO WAS SHE?	142
XIII. TWO YEARS	155
XIV. HOME AGAIN	169
XV. A COLONIAL BALL	177
XVI. "I CAN'T BUY TEA"	187
XVII. THE SOLDIER'S CARD	198
XVIII. THE BREAKING OF THE STORM	212
XIX. ONE NIGHT	220
XX. IN CAMPAIGN	233
XXI. THE QUEER NAME	244
XXII. THE BATTLE OF GREAT BRIDGE	254
XXIII. MAID SALLY AND HER FAIRY PRINCE	265

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE	
"IT IN TRUTH MUCH CHEERED HER TO SEE MAMMY LEEZER COME TRUNDLING ALONG"	96	<i>Frontispiece</i> ✓
"GOOD EVENING, LITTLE MAID,' SHE SAID, PLEAS- ANTLY"	96	✓
"SALLY STOOD AGAINST A TREE AND SANG WITHOUT A THOUGHT OR CARE"	120	✓
"WHEN VOICES AND HOOF-BEATS SMOTE UPON HER EAR"	134	✓
"MORE THAN ONE BRITISH SOLDIER STATIONED IN THE TOWN HAD LOOKED SHARPLY INTO THE DEPTHS OF HER SUN-BONNET"	171	✓
"FOR SALLY NEITHER DREW REIN NOR DID HOTSPUR ONCE BREAK HIS LONG, SPLENDID STRIDE"	225	✓
THE BATTLE AT GREAT BRIDGE	262	✓
"MAID SALLY BECAME A FREQUENT GUEST AT IN- GLESIDE"	277	✓

MAID SALLY

CHAPTER I.

HEARD AT INGLESIDE

“AND the Fairy sang to the poor child, and stroked its tangled hair, and smoothed its puckered cheeks.

“And it sang and sang until the little face that had been full of trouble grew bright with the cheer of heartsease.

“And still the Fairy sang and sang until, from very peacefulness, the child's eyes began to droop and softly close, just as the flowers droop and hang their pretty heads at twilight-song.

“And the Fairy sang on and on until the little creature in its arms had floated into

Dreamland, and then had passed far beyond Dreamland into Fairy Town. And the child skipped through green fields and grassy meadows, went dancing through beds of flowers, and flying in and out of bushes full of sweetest scents. It drank the honey-drops the bees love, and sipped syrup of flowers, the humming-bird's food. And it heard ripples of music, such as are heard only in Fairy Town, and saw lovely little objects with wings of gauze, and eyes like sparks of light.

“And the Fairy sang and sang, and the child dreamed and dreamed, until every shadow of its life had faded away. And still it dreamed and dreamed —”

“Sally! Sally!”

The little girl that had been listening under the hedge close to the stone wall, jumped at the sound of her name.

Oh, dear! *must* she go back to Slipside Row, and hear the scolding voice of Mistress Cory Ann Brace, after being lifted almost into the

clouds, and having a tiny peep into Fairy Town?

Could she come back to earth again, and cook, and scrub, and sew, and do all kinds of hard things, after hearing that wonderful scrap of glory about the dear, beautiful creatures called the Fairies?

“Sally! Sally!”

“Yes, Mistress Cory Ann, I’m coming.”

Swiftly back through Shady Path and Lover’s Lane ran Sally, her frowsy head full of the strange, sweet fragment of fairy song that she had heard.

“Now, where’ve you been?” cried Mistress Cory Ann, as Sally came panting into the Row. “Not up to Ingleside, I hope! I had to run way up the path to make you hear. Haven’t I told you more’n a hundred times you’d better keep away from there? Just let the people up at the big house catch you pokin’ around, and back you’ll come faster’n ever you went. Do you hear, Sally Dukeen?”

Strange it would have been had not Sally

heard, for Mistress Cory Ann's voice was loud enough to have reached way across Lover's Lane. But Sally answered truthfully.

“Yes, I hear, Mistress Cory Ann, and I have not been on the Ingleside grounds at all.”

No, she only had been roaming on the borders of the beautiful place, then hiding close to the stone wall.

A poor, hard-worked little girl it was that had raced back to Slipside Row. And no one to glance at her would have thought her pretty at all.

The people who lived in the row of houses were poor, but they all liked Sally. Yet all they knew about her was that her father had boarded with his little girl at Mistress Cory Ann Brace's house, when Mistress Brace lived in another town, and in a much finer house than any at Slipside Row. But he soon died, leaving his little girl, and some money, in Mistress Brace's care.

No one knew about the money, however, except Mistress Brace herself, but had it been

used as it should have been, there would have been enough to have lasted some time, paying for the child's coming needs. But Mistress Brace hid it away, meaning to do with it exactly as she pleased, while she still kept Sally, because, being a smart and willing child, she could be of great use. Then Mistress Brace moved to a place called "The Flats," where she lived three years; now she had lived three more years at Slipside Row.

The mistress was not really cruel to Sally, neither was she kind. And very constantly at work she kept her, sweeping, cooking, sewing; in fact, doing anything that a growing child of eleven years could do. And if ever Sally grew tired, and was not brisk as usual, Mistress Brace would say that it was to the Town House she must go.

Now Sally had seen old Gran'ther Smithers and Aunt Melindy Duckers, who lived at the Town House, and she often had seen the old building itself, set far back in a grassy road that was not at all unpleasant, but so dread-

ful was the thought of ever having to go there herself, that no matter what Mistress Brace required of her, she tried her best to do it.

But one great help and comfort was coming to good little Sally. An ignorant woman was Mistress Brace, for indeed she could scarcely more than read and write, and she cared more for money and show than she did for better things, such as learning and filling the mind with useful knowledge.

People who know but little are likely to be superstitious; they are very quick to believe foolish and untrue sayings, or things that in the least alarm them, perhaps having in them something to dread.

One day, who should come along but a kind old colored woman, who sometimes passed the corner house of Slipside Row, and noticed how much work the little girl who lived there always had to do. On this particular day, the next one after Sally had listened to the Fairy story, as Mammy Leezer saw her scrubbing the steps,

she said to Mistress Brace, who was standing at a little distance :

“ And when do lil Missy go outen to play ? ”

“ Children have no need to waste time in playing,” snapped Mistress Brace, and she glanced around, hoping Sally could not hear.

“ Don’t you go a-talking ! Sally’s out o’ doors nearly all the time ; what more can she want, I should like to know ? ”

The old black woman shook her head several times, and looked sly and knowing, as she said in her sweet old voice :

“ Jus’ you keep lil Missy at work all de time and see what happen ! Chillerns should have a good long play hour eb’ry day. Chillerns should hab their suppers right early, an’ de chile dat have to work affer de supper’s down her frote, doan’t you go a-asting me what happen to de pusson dat makes her do de work ! Doan’t you go a-asting me dat ! ”

Mammy rolled her eyes, tossed up her dusky hands, and away she trundled as if things too dreadful to be spoken were in her mind. And

Mistress Cory Ann for once forgot to scold, because of a creepy feeling that seemed traveling up her spine. She did not say a word then, neither was there danger that she might forget what Mammy Leezer had said.

Mammy lived in her cabin at "the quarters," at Ingleside, but was getting old and lame, and but little work was required of her. A famous cook and nurse she had been in her day, but now she had "de rheumatiz" in her "jints," and a touch of "de asthmy" often at night.

So beyond doing fancy cooking, when there was company at the mansion, or now and then tending some one who was ill, Mammy sat serenely smoking her pipe at the cabin door, while knitting socks "for de men folkses." And she declared herself "a berry comfortable ole pusson," in spite of her aches and pains.

Oh, wonder of wonders! That night, to Sally's astonishment and great delight, did Mistress Cory Ann tell the child that "for reasons" she would herself wash the supper dishes, and she added:

“After this, whenever you have worked well through the day, I reckon I don’t care what you do with yourself after supper, only that you need not stray far away; I might be wanting you.”

Supper at Mistress Cory Ann’s was not much of an affair, but as she boarded two or three hired men, plenty of dishes there always were to be washed, and nearly bedtime it would be before Sally could get cleared up.

But, now, oh, joy! as soon as that meal was over, Sally was to be free, free! Up she rushed to her cubby of a room in the attic, caught up a piece of looking-glass she had found one lucky day up by the great house, and peering at her own queer little image in the bit of mirror, she piped, in tones of great glee:

“Did you hear *that*, Sally Dukeen? Did’st hear that, little Mistress Sally!”

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT HOUSE

OF all things lovely and full of fascination in Sally's little narrow world, everything in and about Ingleside stood far and away the highest in her eyes.

It was her delight, her admiration, her dream by day and her dream by night. Ingleside! With its wide-spreading mansion, its far-reaching plantation that was, after all, but a short run for an agile child from Slipside Row.

Had Sally known the meaning of such a word as "romance," which is a sweet and wonderful story, or happening, or dream, she would have known that the chief bewitchment of her life sprang from the dear romance that to her fancy was all about fair Ingleside.

Because, from the time that she had been

brought to Slipside Row, when a bright little child of eight years, with a keen imagination and great love for all that was tasteful and beautiful, it had become the greatest charm she had ever known to race, whenever she could, through Lover's Lane and Shady Path, to some part of Ingleside.

Now, when it is told that the great house, the immense garden, the fields, stables, cabins, store-sheds, and far-reaching plantation of Ingleside formed the mansion and estate of one Colonial "place," you will understand that it was the home of a Southern planter.

For Maid Sally lived more than a hundred years ago, and in truth nearly half as long again. And Slipside Row was in the smiling South, on the border of Williamsburg, a town of the colony of Virginia. And the seat of government for all the colonies of America was at Williamsburg in those days. But there were few large towns anywhere in the country then.

It was common at that time for a man to own so large a place that it had a name of

its own, and was a settlement of itself. Sir Percival Grandison, the master of Ingleside, had come from England, and as he wanted his place to remind him of the old country, he called it Ingleside. For in the sweet Scotch tongue, "ingleside" means "fireside," or *ingle* may mean fireplace, or chimney-corner; so you see it gave a home feeling to the place, calling it "Ingleside."

There was a large garden before the house, so wide and deep that quite a walk it was up the path of pebbles from the gate to the house. Here were great flower-beds, bordered around with thick green box, or with fragrant little pinks, or, perhaps, with tufts of white sweet alyssum. And here were all kinds, also, of rich, old-fashioned blooms: roses of damask, moss roses, the flush multiflora, and china rose; blush roses, wee Scotch roses, and the sweet white garden rose; great peonies, pink and red, sweet-william, marigolds, phlox, both pink and white, bachelor's-buttons, columbine, oleanders, large white magnolia blossoms, cockscomb, prim and

fine, poppies, asters, portulacas, prince's-feather, snowballs, dahlias, and lilies of many kinds.

Dear, dear! how could one ever begin to tell of the loveliness and perfume of just one old-time garden, mignonette, fuchsias, heliotrope, and geraniums sending out their strong, delightful tints and fragrance with the rest?

Farther along, striped grass, mints, herbs and balsams made the air heavy with spicy odors when the dew was on the grass.

The mansion was built on the generous, old-time plan. There were high porches at the front, with white, fluted pillars, an enormous front door, with a fan-window over the top, and side-lights of high, narrow panes of glass. On the stoep, or stoop, were benches at the side, painted white, where one might sit out in the cool of the day.

Inside, immense fireplaces told of good cheer on chilly nights, when a bright wood fire made the big knobs on the burnished andirons, or "fire-dogs," seem as if alive with glancing light. Great sofas, wide, high-backed and deep, cov-

ered with tapestry or brocades, lace hangings, wide chairs, ottomans, antimacassars, or tidies, footstools, high-backed chairs, with seats wrought in worsted work, pier-glasses, reaching almost from floor to ceiling, pictures, a piano, something quite new then, a *carpet*, another new luxury, also a spinet, a kind of piano of wiry sound, a violin, and lute, all were in the ample drawing-room.

In the hall were portraits, some very old, and swords, ancient bows and arrows, and a few old battle scenes adorned the walls. The newels, or posts, at the foot of the banisters, bore great carved figures of sea-serpents and griffins, strange animals, part lion, part eagle.

The dining-room had always fresh white sand upon the floor, had also heavy carved furniture, and against the walls were pictures of hunting scenes, and many a pictured feast or revel.

Up-stairs were great square rooms with painted floor and home-made mats in abundance. Bedsteads, with high posts and "testers," or canopies overhead. Furniture, covered with

chintz, looked fresh and fine, while bedspreads, valances, or side-flounces for the beds, tester, curtains, dressing-table, and mirror, all were made, bordered, or trimmed, with brightly flowered chintz.

The spare room, or "parlor-chamber," was delightfully cool and pure looking, decked out in white dimity, stiff with starch, and full of an air of grandeur.

The cook-room of the house was at the rear of the mansion, apart from it, and the different dishes were carried through a covered passage. A far down the grounds were the stables, back of them the quarters of the black servants, and still beyond, the wide plantation or tobacco fields.

At one side of the garden, midst lawn and shrubbery, was a stone wall bounding one part of the grounds, and close to this wall was a little summer-house, or arbor, where the young people liked to stray of an evening, and enjoy the cool, sweet breezes of the fair Southland.

Just outside this high, bordering wall, was a

thick hedge nearly as high as the wall itself, and with but the merest space between. And here it was, between wall and hedge, that Sally, poor, half-neglected little Maid Sally, was wild to cut over from Slipside Row and hide herself.

Because, ah! because she had found out that young Lionel Grandison, son of Sir Percival and Lady Gabrielle Grandison, was in the habit of roving over to the arbor after supper with his books, and supposing himself alone, would often read aloud.

But now, his cousin, the Lady Rosamond Earls-court, was spending the summer at Ingleside, and Lionel, sixteen, tall, straight, and manly in his boyish beauty, was reading aloud evenings to his fair cousin Rosamond and his sister, Lucretia Grandison, a Fairy story.

He had read later than usual the night before, and, ah! it was almost as if a Fairy had lifted her lightsome wand and granted some great boon when Mistress Cory Ann said to Sally that after supper she could go where she liked, and work would be over for the day.

That would give her time in which to do a bit of prinking, even such as pulling out her tangled locks and putting her poor little dress as straight as she could, then to run over to Ingleside at about the time that supper would be over there, and Lionel would begin his delightful reading.

No wonder Sally squeezed her own spare little sides with delight, as she realized that now unless it rained she could fly night after night to her enchanted grounds, and hear the clear voice of young Lionel Grandison reading the beautiful Fairy tale.

Yes, it was of a truth like a piece of Fairy luck that had come into the child's lonely life.

CHAPTER III.

THE END OF FAIRY TOWN

SALLY had not heard the first part of the Fairy story, but what she had heard was remembered, every word.

• And enough it was for her to know that some poor-little child had been charmed to rest in a Fairy's arms, and had wandered, in sweet dreams, off to Fairy Town.

She went next day about her work scarcely thinking of what her hands were doing, and so full were her thoughts of the lovely flowers and meadows of Fairy Town that she had paid no attention when Mammy Leezer stood talking with Mistress Brace.

Even Mammy Leezer usually looked to her like a favored person, and a little of the glamor, or charm, that was about everybody and everything belonging to Ingleside, was about

Mammy Leezer, too. Several times the old woman had spoken to her, and Sally liked well the "sugary" sound of her voice, as she called it in her own mind.

But to-day so full was her mind of the Fairy book that she scrubbed away at the steps never caring what was being said just beyond her, so she did not know that it was what Mammy Leezer had said that made Mistress Cory Ann give her the whole long twilight and even-song to herself.

It made no difference. Enough for her that, supper ended, off she could fly, and in her own particular cubby between hedge and wall could hear more of the beloved story.

A very fortunate thing for Sally had happened a short time before this, although it might be that no one remembered it. Two or three great stones had loosened at the top of the wall near the arbor, and after repairing, the workmen had left a couple of large stones, one on top of the other, between the hedge and the wall.

This formed a grand seat for Sally, as after perching on the upper stone her head was only a little below the wall, and distinctly she could hear what was said in the arbor. But she must needs push her way through the hedge at quite a little distance beyond the seat, where the stiff branches were thinner, as at that particular spot they were of a thickness to sadly tear her clothes and dreadfully scratch her skin should she try to get through.

But the little girl knew exactly where to worm her thin little body past the hedge, take a twist or two, and there she was, all the more completely hidden that the screen was so thick near her seat. It never occurred to her that perhaps she ought not to listen. Too untaught a child was Sally to know that, and, oh! the delight and comfort of it all!

It has been said that Sally was imaginative, and a great thing it was for her, too. Because, don't you see, no matter how hard she might be working, she could fancy, or imagine herself, floating off to Dreamland in a Fairy's arms, even

like the child in the story. Or, in her poor little attic room, she could imagine herself dressing up before a great, grand mirror, and getting ready for a party at Ingleside.

Now, it has also been said that Sally was not pretty to look at, but here is the truth of the matter: Sally had dull red hair, and a great deal of it. It was the kind of red that turned to ruddy gold when the sun shone on it. Her features were fine, straight, and what are called "well cut." Her eyes were a dark reddish brown, growing darker when she was troubled or excited, hazel eyes, getting darker with every year of her life. Then, strangely enough, both eyebrows and eyelashes were almost black, and the lashes long and curling.

But what child, pray, ever looked pretty, no matter how fine her features, who was only half clean, wore poor, ill-fitting, unbecoming clothes, and whose matted hair might indeed have been a disordered wig merely thrown on to her head?

Sally's teeth had "come in" very evenly, and had she not been brown as a little Indian

from being out bareheaded in nearly all weathers, her skin would have been white and rosy red.

So, see you can, that although the child looked plain, and even homely, she yet had "points," as we say, of great beauty. And then, although Sally did not look like a brilliant child, she yet was "bright as a dollar." That must mean a new silver dollar, which you know is very bright and sparkles in the light. Just as maid Sally would have brightened and sparkled had she been in the light of a good home, with kind parents to teach her as a child needs to be taught.

Oh, but not a word has yet been said about her heart, her dear, childish heart. Very well; it was a kind, warm, want-to-do-right kind of heart. And this it was that made the people of Slipside Row like poor little Sally; it was the good heart beating under her shabby little gown.

It was a very sad thing that Sally could read only the smallest words, for her father had but

taught her her letters when he was called away. She could neither write nor spell, and saddest of all, — Sally did not care! This shows how little she knew about life, or what she needed most to fit her for the right kind of a life.

But the angels watch over good children, and Sally was soon to have her young eyes opened to things she did not see as yet. And after all, there is an old, old saying that “blood will tell,” and we do not know much yet about the kind of blood that was running through Sally’s veins.

Now all her heart was bent on hearing the rest of the Fairy story, and finding out what the happy child saw and did in Fairy Town. And soon as she had eaten her supper, tried to coax down her thick, rumply hair, and smooth her dress into some shape, off darted Sally for Ingleside, and taking care that no one should see her enter, — she was ever careful about that, — like a rabbit she plunged through a thin spot in the hedge, and was soon on her rocky seat well up by the wall.

In a few minutes there was a sound of voices in the garden, and the rustle of soft gowns above her head. It was plain that Lionel Grandison, his sister Lucretia, and their cousin, Rosamond Earls court, had entered the arbor. A little light talk there was, then Lionel's rich, pleasant voice took up the Fairy tale:

“The days and the weeks flew by as if on wings of the wind, a soft, sweet wind! No pleasure was wanting in Fairy Town. There was no work, no worry, no rain, no cold, no great heat. The flowers gave food to the child the same as to the bees and the birds. She sipped the clover-like syrup of sweet-pea blossoms, tasted and liked the bitter-sweet of the pond-lily, loved the orris flavor of mignonette which she drank from the cup of the fairy-bell. She drew in the nectar of honeysuckle, and tasted the Paradise flavor of the rose. A syrup that seemed as if from the Garden of Eden was made from spicy pinks, white violets, and valley-lilies, mixed with morning dew.

“After feasting until she was tired there

came four white doves, harnessed to a light, silvery carriage, made of snowball flowers. Light as air the child flew into the sweet, soft carriage, and was borne along above the flowers and bushes, but the doves did not fly too high, for fear of alarming the merry child.

“When the soft twilight of Fairy Town came gently down, there appeared a bed made of the feathers of the swan, so pure and white, the child feared to lie down upon it. But the Fairy playfully tossed her on the downy bed, then smiled to see how lovely it all appeared to the little one that nestled down, and was all ready for rest after the delights of Fairy Town.

“But the days passed on and on, and lo! who could believe it? The child grew tired, — tired of the sweetness, the rest, the dove-drives, the do-nothing, care-nothing ease of Fairy Town!

“At first she could not believe so strange a thing was possible, and feared lest she was only stupid and ungrateful. But, alas! the downy, flowery, too easy life became more and more tiresome until, in trouble and distress, she went

to the Fairy with a look in her eyes that the wise Fairy understood. Yet she asked kindly :

“ ‘ What is it, dear ? ’

“ ‘ Ah, good Fairy, I fear that I am but a naughty, naughty child. ’

“ ‘ Have you done wrong ? ’ asked the Fairy.

“ ‘ No, I have meant to do nothing wrong, good Fairy. ’

“ ‘ Then, why feel troubled, dear ? No one need really worry who has done no wrong. Tell me, what aileth thee ? ’

“ ‘ I have grown tired, dear Fairy. ’

“ The Fairy smiled.

“ ‘ Just as I knew you would, ’ she said.

“ ‘ You knew I would ? ’ The child’s eyes opened wide in surprise.

“ ‘ Yes ; and shall I tell you why ? ’

“ ‘ Please do. ’

“ The beautiful face of the Fairy glowed with love and wisdom, and tiny sparks of light seemed to shoot forth from all about her head as she replied :

“ ‘ My little one, my precious one, truth is that

every one who comes into the world has some work to do, and happiness, and sweet content, can come only through doing it. In your home you had errands on which to run, and lessons to learn.

“‘ Ah! there is the great secret of what young people need, and must have, if ever they are going to be worth much in the world — lessons!

“‘ But you did not like being useful, and doing the errands, nor did you want to study and learn your lessons. And so you thought that you were troubled and tired — only a fancy it was, however. So I wafted you to Fairy Town, where all is quiet, downy, flowery, full of ease, luxury, and feasting.

“‘ But, *because* you have a mind to fill with useful, glorious knowledge, and a life to fill with good deeds, you could not live so really useless a round of nought but pleasure.

“‘ Go back to sweet duty, dear one, and remember that Fairy Town is not for a child of the great King of Heaven.’

“Then the child awoke, and, lo! she thirsted for Fairy Town no longer.”

Lionel's pleasant voice ceased. For a moment it was quiet in the arbor, then there was a rustling sound, and Rosamond Earls court's clear voice rang out with a scornful note :

“Oh, indeed! and, indeed! Then that is the reason it hath been told that this Fairy story is a good one for all to read, both old and young. Because it teacheth the need of learning, and of being useful in the world. I call it stupid!”

“I do not!” said Lionel; “how can one be fitted to live properly without a good degree of learning? And who would wish to live without being useful?”

“What mean you to do with all your wisdom?” laughingly asked his sister Lucretia.

Lionel had wandered from the summer-house, and stood on a broad stone near the edge of the wall. Sally could see him plainly, although there was little danger of his seeing her. His head was held erect as he poised straight and strong, the look of a man in his face.

“I hope,” he replied, “to make the best use of any knowledge I may gain that I possibly can. Every one should try to make the world better for having lived in it. And it is the learning that comes through study and books that one must have in order to rightly understand things. I bethink me our country is going to need men of the right kind before many years are past.”

“The children of the poor cannot obtain the learning that comes through books,” said Rosamond; “prithee, how much must it be with them?”

Lionel replied, stoutly:

“The lad or the maid who is determined to learn, and have the right place in the world, can find the way! The lad or the maid who pushes through everything that would hinder, and *will get* learning in spite of difficulties, is the one to succeed and to be admired! We all must push our way. I mean to push mine!”

He spoke fearlessly as there he stood, a fine lad in fine garments that had been brought from

across the sea ; his fair, clinging hair had been pushed back from his white forehead, for he would have none of the queue worn by many very young men in those days. His waistcoat was daintily ruffled down the front, and a fall of lace was about his hands. A broad ring, with a clear white stone, glittered on one finger. His knee-breeches were of the finest gray linen, with gray satin bows and silver buckles at the knee bands. He wore, also, long gray stockings, “clocked,” or with wrought figures up the sides, and pumps of polished leather with silver buckles in the rosettes.

The son of a gentleman, standing in the even-light, the fire of the right kind of ambition, and a set purpose in voice and eye, the sunset glow bringing out form and features like unto those of a young lord ; and — down in the hedge, a poor, tangled, ill-kept little maid, gazing upon him even as she would have gazed upon a Prince in a Fairy story.

“Oh, he is a Prince !” gasped Sally. “He is like a Fairy Prince. He is *my* Fairy Prince !”

Then the poor child flushed and trembled. The idea of having dared to think of young Lionel Grandison, son of Sir Percival and Lady Gabrielle Grandison, as belonging in the leastest degree to her, made her tingle with a kind of awe.

“Nobody knows it but just me,” thought Sally, “and I *will* have him for my Fairy Prince. I can, way down in my heart-place; oh, I must, and I will.”

She was very quiet for a few moments after that.

Then, all at once, something woke up in Sally. Something that had never awakened before. It was a sudden thought and knowledge of what she was herself.

“Only just a know-nothing!” she whispered, “a poor little old know-nothing!” and she hung her head. “Can’t read! Can’t write! Can’t spell! Can’t anything but just scrub and dub. Oh, he wouldn’t speak to me, he wouldn’t look at me! How sick my heart feels, and how tired I am!”

Then something else woke up in Sally. Something stirred in her heart for the first time. She tugged at her wretched little dress as she repeated :

“He said that the lad or the girl that was determined to get learning could find a way. Did you hear *that*, Sally Dukeen?”

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAIRY PRINCE

VERY proud, very rich, very aristocratic was Sir Percival Grandison. Very proud and handsome was the Lady Gabrielle Grandison, who came of the ancient house of Earls court, England. Proud and well educated was Lucretia, only daughter of Sir Percival and Lady Gabrielle. Rich, haughty, and pretty was Rosamond Earls court, niece of Lady Grandison, and a kind of ward, for Rosamond had no parents, and spent much time at Ingleside.

Last, but not least, first, in fact, in our story, comes Lionel, only and deeply beloved son of the Grandison household.

Lionel, no doubt, like the rest of the family, was proud of his good lineage. He had deep blue eyes, fair hair, a slightly beaky nose, and curved mouth, which gave his features a look of

great pride. He walked, too, with the air of a prince, bravely flinging his young crest to the soft airs and stanch patriotism of his native Southern colony.

Yet no one called Lionel proud. If anything went wrong at "the quarters," where were the cabins of the black servants, the boys and girls were beginning to go with their troubles to "Mars' Lion" sooner than to "ole Mars" or "Mistis."

They were all boys and girls, those black people, until they were past fifty; then they were generally called "mammy," "aunt," or "uncle."

And there was not a rood of ground, a horse, colored person, gate or wall, but was an attraction to Maid Sally, so long as it belonged to Ingleside.

And were it but said that Master Lionel was coming along, she would manage to lurk near the corner, or catch a glimpse from the window of Sir Percival's grand young son.

It was June, hot, balmy, fragrant June. And

only of late had Sally found the place in the hedge where she could venture through. But now it would indeed have been a strong power that could have kept her long away from the charmed spot.

It mattered nothing that before the early supper she must build up the smart wood fire, get down the great spider, and stew herself along with the sizzling rashers, or mix the ash-cake or corn pone; oh, no matter for anything that must be done before supper, because now, as soon as it was over, off she could run to her enchanted ground!

But on the night when ended the Fairy tale we have seen that a new Sally began springing into life. Ah, it was true, the child could scarcely read, could neither write nor spell, and all at once — Sally cared!

And if it were strange, it yet were true, that she grew dignified, and correct in manner and speech, as she asked herself new, hard questions. She had come, oh, very slowly and very soberly, back through Shady Path and Lover's Lane, to

the piece of woods lying to the left of Slipside Row.

Pretty soon Mistress Cory Ann's sharp voice would call her in, and order her to bed in the close attic. Sitting on the warm, mossy turf, under the great pine-trees, she talked aloud in quaint, old-fashioned speech :

“Now, what, prithee, Sally, are we to do? Neither reading, writing, or spelling are properly known to Sally Dukeen, and what are the words that have just come to my ears?”

She repeated in low tones, and with a good show of memory: “‘Who would wish to live without being useful? How can one be fitted to live properly without learning? It is the learning that comes through study and books that one must have to rightly understand things. The lad or the maid who is determined to learn can find the way! The lad or the maid who pushes through everything that would hinder, and *will get* learning, is the one to succeed and to be admired.’”

Then up glowed the picture again: the manly

figure on the wall, the glory of the setting sun lighting up the proud young face, the clothes he wore, his lace-shadowed hands, the shining ring on his finger. All the scene flamed up before her keen imagination as the child glanced down at her brown little hands, her scanty dress, and her rough, bare feet.

And the child-sorrow that is very hard to bear, burst forth in a deep, choking sound, as slipping to the ground, face down, Sally cried out:

“O Fairy Prince! Fairy Prince! You stand so high, so high above my place on the ground. You are in the sun at the top of the garden wall. I am under the hedge in the shadow, out of sight. Thou art the eagle, Fairy Prince, and I the brush bird. You live at Ingleside, I at Slipside Row. You have a proud, fine name. I am only poor Sally Dukeen. What can I do? What can I do?”

She shook all over with the sobs that came hard and fast.

Ah, but it was *because* Sally was more of a

little maid and woman than she knew, that she cried and shook with sobs under the pine-trees. She had not noticed nor known that the brown fingers in her lap were pointed at the ends, and had deep, round nails. She did not know that the bare brown feet had high, arched insteps that meant good blood somewhere not far back in her poor little history. She did not know that the lank form under her shabby dress had graceful lines and supple curves that would fill out some day and stand for something better than Slipside Row knew of.

She did not know that it was *because* a new Sally was becoming ashamed of the old one that she was crying so bitterly.

After a time the little maid lay so still that she did not hear Mistress Cory Ann calling her to come into the house. But as there was no reply, and it was getting late, Mistress Brace thought that Sally had gone to bed already, and so she troubled her head no more about her. She bolted the loose front door, put out the dim candles, and was soon asleep.

And Sally was sound asleep, too. Flat on her face, lying on the soft, dry moss, she slept as sweetly under the quiet stars as though she had been on her small husk mattress. The gentle winds stirred the red gold of her curly hair, and cooled her heated cheeks. She might have slept on until morning had it not been that an owl, perched high in one of the pine-trees, hooted in loud, solemn tones, "Too-whit? too-hoo! Too-whit? Too-hoo!"

Then Sally opened her eyes, raised her head, and looked around. She remembered where she was, but was not the least afraid. Many a time, in midsummer's heat, had she thrown an old shawl about her, and slept sweetly under the pines the whole night through.

But Sally did not go right to sleep again. Instead of that she sat up against a tree, and began talking aloud to herself.

"Now, what am I to do? My Fairy Prince said that any one could get learning who was bound to find out a way."

Sally again looked around, as she said, "My

Fairy Prince," as if afraid to have even the winds hear her.

"I care not," she said, "I will call him my Fairy Prince. No one can hear, and it doth surely help me in a way. It is unseemly, I dare say, but I must, I must, and will! But, however am I to get learning? Could I only go to a dame school, but, chicks and crows! as well might I seek to fly to the moon."

She giggled in a healthy, childish way, sure sign that she was feeling better, and that her sweet nature was coming up to her help.

All at once she drew herself up, held high her head, breathed hard a few times, then said, slowly:

"I am a maid that is determined to get learning, — and I will!"

At that she lay down again, and slept until the sun was high. Then up she jumped, crept into the kitchen, and began setting the table while Mistress Brace was down at the spring getting fresh water.

All the hot morning Sally was busy at her

scrubbing and cleaning, and it must be told that not as happy or as sure did she feel as in the morning, because the hot sun and the wood fire had taken down her spirits.

And so, as she rested for a little in the afternoon, on the steps she had scrubbed in the morning, it in truth much cheered her to see Mammy Leezer come trundling along, and to know she would hear the dulcet voice. Her face lighted up, but not before Mammy had seen the sober, longing look she had worn a moment before.

“What a-matter, honey?” The question was in the caressing voice of the old Mammy.

“I was wishing,” said Sally.

“What for?”

“For things I must wait long before getting.”

“And you want ’em bad, honey?”

“Oh, dreadfully.”

Mammy shook like a jelly-bag. “You look a-here,” she said, “you jus’ look a-here; jus’ as shore as a lil young one have a clef in de middle ob her chin way down, she a-goin’ fo’ to

get what she want'n. You mind now! I neber seen a lil pick'ninny, white or brack, have a split long de lower story ob her chin, but firs' or last she's gett'n' her own way. Doan't yo' fret now, but 'member what I tole you, and you's all right. And yo' lil chin is most split'n' in half. Lorr! it a mercy it hole togedder so long!"

Mammy went rolling along, still shaking with laughter, while away ran Sally for a peep into her fragment of a mirror.

"My chin *is* split along the middle way down low," she said, "and perhaps Mammy knows!"

She felt happy again when it came time to put the leaf up against the wall, get down the plates from the old dresser, mix the ash-cakes for supper, and set the rashers to sizzling.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW SALLY

WHEN Sally went to the attic, having it in her mind to fix herself up a little, she had a feeling of anxiety she did not understand. But you see, it was the new Sally, beginning, just beginning, to spring into life.

And the first thing she was learning was her own ignorance, her own needs, and her own wants.

“My head is like a scarecrow!” she said; “where can I find a comb?”

She crept down to Mistress Cory Ann’s room and found a coarse, half-broken comb. Alas! she could do nothing with it. Her ruddy hair curled around it, across it, along it, but through it the matted mass would not go.

It had taken a few moments to make the at-

tempt, and time was precious. So the tangled mop was smoothed over, the old dress pressed down, and off ran Sally for her secret, rocky seat by the wall.

Not long had she waited when a merry company came trooping over to the arbor and young voices filled the air. Sally knew the voice of the Fairy Prince, of his sister Lucretia, and his cousin Rosamond. And when the names of "Reginald" and "Irene" reached her, she knew that young Reginald Bromfeld and Mistress Irene Westwood, besides two or three others, had rustled over to the airy summer-house.

Much it pleased her for awhile to hear the bright and witty speeches that were bandied to and fro; then Sam Spruce, a colored boy of about twenty years, in white short sack, black cotton trousers, and white apron, came gliding over the side lawn, tray in hand, and on it were small glasses, a crystal pitcher, a silver cake dish, delicate plates, and very small, snowy napkins.

"Well, Sam," exclaimed Lionel, in the free

and easy speech often used toward the blacks, "what have you brought for our refreshment?"

Sam, who had been born in the colonies and felt pride in his niceness of speech, replied:

"There 'r' jujube paste patties, macaroons, and sangaree, Mars' Li'nel."

"Very good, Sam. Set the tray on yonder bench; we will see to passing things ourselves."

There was a cheerful chinking of glasses, much laughter, and the sound of gay spirits, while, her sharp imagination at work, Maid Sally fancied herself one of the group above her head; "and yet," she said to herself, "should my Fairy Prince indeed sit beside me, and hand me fine delicate food and a sweet drink, I think I might die of delight, I do indeed!"

In a few minutes more, the poor child's pleasure became disturbed, for Corniel, the colored butler, came shuffling over to the arbor and said, in a manner dignified and respectful:

"Mars' Lion, dar have mor' comp'ny come over to de house, and Mars' Gran'son he send his comperalmunts, and would like fo' to have

de young people come up to de drawin'-room and make some music on de peranna and de violin."

"Very well, Corniel, we will come directly," answered Lionel, and away trooped the high-born lads and young mistresses, leaving Corniel to gather up the dishes, and leaving poor disappointed little Sally to wander off from the spot that all at once had become quiet and lonely.

As it would be daylight for the space of two hours more, Sally roamed about, amusing herself at seeing what else was going on round and about the place.

Peeping through the garden fence, she watched a colored man, who, kneeling before the flowerbeds, plucked up the weeds, tossing them aside, and trolling a light song as he worked.

"I too, would sing, could I but live at Ingle-side," murmured Maid Sally.

But an inner voice replied: "You would not wish to be a servant anywhere."

Then across she went to the bars that formed the far boundary of the wide garden.

Well back of the house in the direction of the stables, old Uncle Gambo was cutting grass with a winding scythe, that had a handle so long it reached way above the old man's head.

Uncle Gambo declared he was "a hun'erd an' ten yeah ole," and as no one could very well dispute it, no one tried to. But as year after year rolled away, Uncle Gambo would still say, "I'se a hun'erd and ten yeah ole."

"Yes, but the same story you told me two years ago, Uncle Gambo," Lionel once said to him. "You must be a hundred and twelve now."

The old negro shook his white, woolly head. "No, no! I'se a hun'erd and ten yeah ole; I allurs was, I allurs shell be."

That settled it. But as the white people knew that the colored men and women usually became seventy-five or a hundred years old very rapidly with their way of reckoning, no one so much wondered at Uncle Gambo's age.

Sally watched the old man reaping, for it fascinated her to see the rich, ripe grass lie smooth and evenly shorn wherever the scythe's

keen blade swept over it. Then she strolled still farther along, trotting down and down until she stood near the stables.

A groom was trying to comb a splendid black hunter, — a fine saddle horse, — that champed as though a bit were in its mouth, and stepped and curved around, until Bill, the groom, was out of patience and exclaimed :

“Come now, Hotspur, you crazy coot, stan’ still, cain’t you! Be a genl’man fo’ once, Hotspur, and I’ll comb you with a bran’ fire new brush, Mars’ gib me las’ night.”

At that a queer, wiry brush, partly worn out, was thrown over the bars, falling so near Sally’s head, it was well it missed hitting her. But no one saw the little girl beyond the strip fence, and immediately Bill was combing Hotspur’s glossy sides with strokes so strong and even that the great horse stood stock still.

Sally looked at the brush Bill had tossed away.

“That looks as if it would make my hair lay slick,” she said. “I’ll take it home, carry it to

the spring and wash it, and try it on my own mane.”

She laughed at her own funny words and put the brush in a hanging pocket under her gown, that Mistress Brace had made for her to carry money in safely, when she went on errands.

Then away and away she wandered until she had reached the quarters and could peep at the cabins of the colored people through bushes and shrubs that were far beyond the stone wall, but on the same side.

At a little distance she looked upon Mammy Leezer sitting against the side of her cabin on a chair that had no back, her pipe in mouth, her hands lying idly in her lap, the knitting for once laid aside.

Sally wished she dared go over and talk with the old woman. Yet again that inner voice answered: “No, no! Mammy Leezer, though kind and comforting betimes, could not be a fitting companion for you. Go not after her, even though it be pleasant to meet her

and hear her soft voice when she speaks to thee.”

“Perhaps it is because she is black,” thought Sally.

“Oh no, no!” spoke the little uprising voice again. “It is because you are different in every way from her and her race, and must not forget it.”

Then it was that Sally remembered that several times of late there had seemed to be an inner voice that talked to her, and tried to teach her things she had not known, or at least had not thought of before.

She gave a quick jump, clapped her hands, and exclaimed, in a soft but jubilant voice:

“Oh, I know what I will do! I’ll make believe there are two of me. One shall be really me, Sally Dukeen, then there shall be another Sally, a fine, new one, that has been taught by the Fairies, and knows all things that are seemly and proper, even as the upper people do.

“Yes, and I will talk with her,” Sally went

on, the pleasant imagination rapidly growing in her quick mind. "I will ask her what to do and how to act, and listen I will to all she can teach."

The idea pleased her so much that she was in a mood to enjoy anything, and she was feeling light-hearted and full of smiles, as a little toddling pickaninny, or small black child, ran up to Mammy Leezer, crying out:

"Trip! Trip! go trip, go trip!"

"Lordy sakes!" exclaimed Mammy, "if here isn't lil' Jule asting me fo' to dance her. I ain't got de strength to dance yo' to-night, lil' honey, de rheumatiz have ketched a holt of my back too bad, and got all de grit outen me."

"Trip! trip!" cried the cute little Jule, running up to Sam Spruce, who was on a rough chair made from tree branches.

"I cain't sing the jingle," said Sam.

"No matter," said Mammy, with a wide grin, "you dance de lil' cricket, an' I'll do de singin.'"

At that Sam crossed his knees, put little Jule

on one foot, and bending over, kept hold of the child's hands while Mammy crooned in a loud singsong, chiefly to one note :

“Trip-a-trop-a-tronjes,
De-vorken-in-de-boonjes,
De-koejes-in-de-klaver,
De-Paarden-in-de-haver,
De-eejjes-in-de-waterplass,
So-pop! my-lil'-pick'ninny goes!”

As Mammy began the slow singsong, Sam began gently swinging the foot up and down on which sat the tiny, laughing Jule, and as the jingle went on, the foot swung faster and faster, until, as Mammy brought out the words, “So pop! my lil' pick'ninny goes!” Sam tossed the shrieking child into his lap, where she could only gasp with laughter, until able to catch her breath.

Then it was one crying tease for “Anudder trip! Anudder trip!” until six times had baby Jule been teetered on Sam's strong foot, and tossed into Sam's strong arms, Mammy meantime beating the measure with both feet as she

trolled the song with its rapturous "pop!" for little Jule.

The sixth trip was ended as Corniel came leisurely over the grass.

"Mammy," he said, "Mars' Gran'son send word dat de captin' and some udders will have supper to-morr' night on de green over by de summer-house. And he want you to make some porkapine marmalade, some melon puff, some peach tart, and some sorghum foam to eat on pandowdy with de salads."

Mammy immediately straightened up, put on a face of great importance, and began:

"I ain't fit fo' to try cookin' fancy tings fo' gret suppers, but —"

"Oh, very well," said Corniel, interrupting her, "Jinny can do it if you ain't able; Mars' said so."

But Mammy cried out, in a tone that made her soft voice seem very shrill:

"Go 'way, you C'neel, talkin' 'bout Jinny doin' *my* cook'ry. I'd like to be seein' de porkapine marm'lade *she'd* be makin'! And what

do dat Jinny know 'bout whipped sorghum or melon puff, I should like to inquire! Tote off, now, you C'neel, an' don't go talkin' 'bout dat Jinny doin' my fancy cook'ry any mor', but jus' you tell Mars' Gran'son I'll hev dat supper firs' class in eb'ry respeck."

Sally somehow liked the pride and scorn that rang out in Mammy's voice at the idea of there being any one else who could do her cooking as well as she could.

"She believes in herself," thought Sally, "and it is a good thing."

Mammy hobbled into her cabin as Corniel and Sam went toward the house, little Jule tagging into the cabin after Mammy. And Sally went back through the sweet air and green roads, and through Shady Path and Lover's Lane, her mind and ears full of the merry laughter of happy little Jule.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUPPER COMPANY

WHEN Sally heard the order for the supper company the next night, she at once decided that her own simple meal must be quickly eaten, as she must see something of the fine things at Ingleside.

By standing on the rocks it would be easy to peep through the thin tangle near the arbor just above her head and close by the wall. It would not do to take long peeps, but she could take several for a moment at a time. Yet she must beware: a sudden gust of wind might part the slight brush, show her bright eyes, then, alas, the pleasure it might take from her!

Oh, but it was wonders she did with the old brush, the same that the groom had thrown

away at Ingleside! She did not wait until evening to try it, but during the afternoon, with the bit of looking-glass propped up before her, she patiently brushed and brushed, until something like a parting appeared along the middle of her well-shaped head.

At that she took a stout pin, and running it down the uneven seam, made a beautiful even parting, the thick, ruddy hair standing high on each side of it.

“My, how pretty that looks!” innocently murmured the child. Then again she brushed and brushed, until the ripply mass shone like unto burnished gold. And now, instead of a matted mop, it lay row upon row of soft, loose, orderly ringlets, so careless yet neat in arrangement that Sally awoke right there to a knowledge of the extreme beauty of her luxurious hair.

She gurgled with laughter, saying, in the pretended new voice:

“You will find out considerable about yourself, Maid Sally, what you can do, and maybe

what you can be, if only you follow what I teach. High time it is you waked up."

Then replied a forlorn young voice :

"Yes, but what good doth it do a poor thing like me to wake up? It is only to find out how mean and soiled is my dress, how brown are my hands and feet, and worst of all, that no matter how hard I might long for it, learning is not for a maid of my quality."

"Prithee, be patient!" cried the new Sally, cheerily. "Thou hast already made of thyself a more seemly looking maid; still better things may come ere long."

New words came into Sally's mind as she talked to her other self, and her language became more proper, sure sign that somewhere within her a truly fine nature was hidden away.

When she appeared at supper that afternoon, Mistress Cory Ann exclaimed :

"Oh, good Peter! do look at the young one's head, will you? Now have you been meddling with my comb to-day?" she asked, sharply.

"I found an old brush that I washed and

used, Mistress," Sally answered, "and I think it were time my hair should be made decent."

"Now don't go wasting time trying to get up smart looks," said Mistress Cory Ann; for, truth to tell, it was sorry she felt to see the great change and improvement in Sally's appearance. And what was more, she had noticed that the useful child was growing careful and thoughtful in a way she did not at all desire she should. Because, if Sally began making the most of herself, what might it not lead to, pray?

She was through her supper so soon that Mistress Brace again said, tartly:

"If you take not time to eat your victuals, seeing you are let off after supper, it is to the table you will stay until the rest of us are through."

Sally thought to herself, "I will tarry longer at the table to-morrow night," but now, off she flew, and in a trice was through the hedge, on the stones, and peeping with great care at a wonderful table, such as she had never dreamed of in her brightest of fancies.

The long board gleamed with shining, spotless linen. Glass and silver dishes covered the table. Sprays of green, and bright, choice flowers lay around, and in between the plates and glasses, with charming color and taste.

Corniel, in white clothes, with several colored girls about him, who were to assist in waiting, was flourishing about, placing food at proper spaces, setting chairs, and giving orders in a pompous way Sally thought he must enjoy.

Mammy Leezer's cookery was indeed most beautiful to look upon. The porcupine marmalade, on two separate platters of white china ware edged with gilt, was a thick jam made from plums or prunes, then turned out from long oval moulds, and stuck all over with small spikes of cocoanut meat, standing straight and stiff, looking in very truth like the quills of the little animal called the porcupine.

The melon puff was a splendid-looking mass, heaped high in a tall glass dish, and appearing as if made from strained melon pulp, and the whipped whites of eggs with powdered sugar.

The peach tart was a form of pie with golden-looking sauce peeping up between crisscross strips of rich puff paste. And pandowdy with sorghum foam had the look, in a deep glass dish, of being apple sauce and pie-crust mixed, with a delicious pyramid of golden-colored whipped sugar standing in a point on the top.

Chicken salad, in other long white and gilt platters, was beautifully ornamented with white and yellow rings of hard-boiled eggs, having sprigs of green run through the rings in a way to form fancy garlands above the crisp whitey-green bordering of lettuce leaves.

“Oh, it is the food of the Fairies! It is the food of the gods!”

Sally whispered in soft delight to herself, not noticing or scarcely knowing what she was saying. All her soul was steeped in wonder at the fine, the beautifully fine, things spread before her.

“But they are not for me,” she sighed. “Oh, no, never can they be for me!”

“Why not?” asked the cheery voice that

Sally was beginning to listen for, and to like much to hear.

“I’m so poor,” answered Sally, with the usual downward look at frock, hands, and feet.

“Lift yourself up,” said the voice, that seemed ever determined to help and comfort poor Sally.

“I will try,” she replied. Then, in a sparkling, sunshiny way, she said to herself:

“Oh, you shall be my good Fairy, you new voice! Why not! I will call you the Fairy whenever you speak.”

“Very well, then. You can call me the good Fairy, and Master Lionel can be your Fairy Prince.”

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” gasped Sally. “How dreadful! How ever can I dare!”

She almost tumbled from her perch, so great appeared her presumption in allowing the thought of coming so near to the Fairy Prince even in imagination.

But the hopeful voice was talking again:

“Do not put yourself down all the time; there

may be no reason why you should not rise, *if you will!*”

Sally sat down and began thinking in half wonder. “Now what, oh, what, makes me to have thoughts like that?” she asked, in perplexity. “Are there very truly two Sallys inside my skin?”

She was too much in earnest to laugh as she went on: “All is, if there be, we must help each other. Thankful should I be to rise in the world, and great, great joy would it be if some good Fairy could come and live with me, helping me to rise. Listen, listen will I for your voice, good Fairy, and run wherever you send, and do whatever you bid.”

Then Sally heard many voices, and the rustle of silken garments, and she knew that a soft swish of fine muslins and delicately shod feet were coming over the lawn.

She dared one peep at the gay company. There was Corniel, in all his glory, viewing the table he had spread so finely, and Sam Spruce, with a high head and knowing air, directing the

waiters by signs and nods. The company was a mixed show of splendid coats, gowns, and shimmering laces, but the peep was a short one, and Sally was seated again.

A great chattering, mixed with joyous laughter, floated across the wall, but a "mocker," the lovely mocking-bird of the South, mingled his notes with it all, and Sally could hear nothing distinctly in the pleasant confusion.

Then the charming bird-notes hushed, as some one asked plainly a question of the Fairy Prince.

"To which university do you go, Master Lionel, to Oxford or to Cambridge?"

"I hie me to England in the early fall, to be tutored a year for Oxford. It is to the older university I would go."

"And how old may Oxford be?" asked a young voice.

"It was founded by Alfred the Great, 'way back in the ninth century, 872," came in the firm, assured voice of the Fairy Prince.

"And Cambridge?" asked some one else.

“In 1257,” came the quick reply.

“And you go in the *Belle Virgeen*?”

“In the *Belle Virgeen*, most surely.”

“What will be the whole course?” was the next question.

“Five years if I finish. Affairs may be such as to prevent my finishing.”

“Oh! Ah! Indeed!” cried a voice of mock surprise. “Five years to fit a lad, who already hath somewhat in his noddle, to do a man’s work?”

“And but twenty-one will I be then,” answered the Fairy Prince. “Youth is the time for study.”

“And is so very much learning needed?” asked a womanish voice which yet was a man’s, “for the young gentleman who will have lands and servants of his own whenever he wants them?”

“No man can properly care for houses, lands, or servants, who hath not a fair stock of the right kind of learning,” said Lionel, stoutly. “Besides,” he added, “they say that there are

troublesome times ahead in our fine new country, and one must have a clear understanding of history, laws, and rules of government in order to act wisely. The colonists may have to act with great decision before long, and a man should be equipped 'to follow the right side.'"

"And well prepared you will be, lad, when that time comes!" cried the hearty voice of Captain Rothwell.

The foppish voice asked again, in tones that all at the table could not hear, nor could Sally have heard only that the young man was seated close by the wall:

"And what will comfort the sister and our fair Lady Rosamond, meantime? Eh? eh? eh? And our fair Lady Rosamond, prithee?"

"There will be homeward trips in the summer," Lionel replied; "no one will need forget me."

"Well, maids must weep when swains desert," lisped the silly young man, whom no one answered.

Then the mocker trilled again, the talk be-

came confused, coming in fragments across the wall. But Sally's eyes were big with a kind of sorrow, and there had come a fast rising and falling at the bosom of her faded little gown.

“He is going away!” she sighed. “My Fairy Prince is going away. The fall will come soon, and away will he go to make the difference between us greater still. Ah! ah! why did the fine voice arise within me, only to show the great distance that lieth between the rich and the poor, those who can learn, and those who know naught?”

“Oh, be quiet, child, and cease repining,” cried the good Fairy. “Bestir yourself! Watch your Fairy Prince while you may, as it comforts you, and when he goeth forth to study, go you forth also, and seek out ways to learn yourself. There lieth five years between your age and that of the Fairy Prince, feel you not within your heart that very much might be learned in five years if with a strong will you do your best for Maid Sally?”

“The will is strong enough,” whispered Sally,

“the will is not wanting, but the way, dear Fairy, who will show me the way?”

“Watch!” cried the Fairy. “Keep the will, and watch for the way. It will come! Did not the Fairy Prince himself say so? There is a mind within you. Stir it up! Jump over hindrances, Sally Dukeen, and find for yourself a way. It is *there!*”

“I will do my best to obey thee, dear Fairy,” said poor little Sally.

But down deep in her “heart-place,” a pain was tugging, a new pain she did not in the least understand.

A foppish voice kept sounding in her ears: “Eh? eh? eh? And our fair Lady Rosamond, prithee?”

CHAPTER VII.

SALLY SAYS, "I WILL!"

SALLY knew all about the brave *Belle Virgeen*. In those days the Virginia gentleman was not only lord of his house and lands, but up the river came the vessels that bore the tobacco straight from his fields or sheds to far distant shores.

The black men planted, cut, and packed tobacco, then acted as porters in carrying it to the vessels. And Sir Percival owned a part of the *Belle Virgeen*, which twice a year came back from the old country, laden with silks, woollens, laces, ribbons, stockings, and many other things which had been sent for by a few Southern traders.

Many a time had the child watched the lading and the unloading of the *Belle Virgeen*,

and, indeed, half the town was likely to be on hand watching the ship go and come.

But for some reason Sally always kept out of sight when the people from the great house were around. And if the Fairy Prince had ever seen her, it would have been such a mere glimpse he had obtained that he surely would never have known her again.

Now in three months more, the *Belle Virgeen* would spread her sails, and away she would glide to another part of the world, and with her would go the Fairy Prince. Then the weak voice mocked her again:

"Eh? eh? eh? And our fair Lady Rosamond, prithee?"

"The Lady Rosamond has money and beauty, friends, fine clothes, and many things to please her," grieved Sally, "what need has she of the Fairy Prince for company? She can read books, ride in the family coach, sit at a fine table; but when the vessel sails away, what other comfort will I find with his voice gone from the arbor, and in all Ingleside I can find him not?"

“There is work to do, learning to get, many things to seek after,” cried her good Fairy. “Up and away! Be ashamed to brood and sorrow over what you cannot help. There is much good to be found if you will but search for it.”

“Is there?” asked Sally, her eyes no longer drooping, but opening wide.

“Prithee, why not?” questioned the Fairy. “How oft must I tell thee?”

A few nights after this, when July had come, and the black people, bare-footed, bare-armed, dressed in but one or two cotton garments, went sluggishly about their work, when gauzy-winged creatures droned midst clumps of sweet flowers and heavy garden scents, when rich blossoms hung in trailing abundance and the paths were carpeted with wild flowers, when birds sang far into the twilight, Maid Sally more slowly than usual went over to her rocky seat.

Some one was asleep in the arbor, for she could hear the hard breathing of one in slumber. Then a book fell to the floor. Soon there was

a turning of leaves, and soon again some one else entered the arbor.

"Ah, Rosamond," began a voice well known, "had you come a moment sooner, a drowsy lord you would have found."

"Beshrew the idea of a lord of sixteen!" cried Rosamond, pettishly. "Where is the sense in leaving home and sailing away to another land to study what could be very well learned right here, and the better to look into troubles that may never come?"

"I must fit myself in the very best way for the future," manfully answered the lad.

"And prithee, are there not fields to till, crops to watch, and hands to guide, that one must fly across the ocean in search of usefulness?"

"My father is able to look after his fields, his crops, and his servants, cousin Rosamond, and it was a fine course of study that fitted him to be the man he is. And thankful I am that he hath both means and the willingness wherewith to fit me to follow in his footsteps."

“We have had many pleasant times together,” sighed Rosamond.

“As boy and girl, yes. I go now to prepare myself to take a man’s place in affairs, would’st hinder me?”

“Yes!” snapped Rosamond. “I would indeed!”

She was a petted beauty, this Rosamond, and being seventeen was both much admired and sought after.

“Yes,” she repeated, “I would hinder you from such folly! You have been well taught already. Here is our own William and Mary College, no mean place of learning; why is it not fully good enough, pray tell me?”

“I seek helps of all kinds, my cousin, and would study midst the treasures and libraries of the Old World, nor can any one hinder me.”

“Then will I turn my thoughts another way,” said Rosamond, “and that will not please your mother.”

There was no reply.

"What say you to that?" asked the haughty beauty.

"It is my desire to think chiefly at present of the study on which my heart is set," was the sensible reply; "but," Lionel added, more hotly, "I want to follow the course I have marked out, and I will!"

There was ever something about the warm air of the South that made her sons impetuous in speech, yet they were also chivalrous, gentle to the weak, and kind and courteous in speech.

So when Rosamond began to cry and to say, "What need to be so harsh with a poor little cousin who meant no harm?" Lionel exclaimed:

"Forgive me, Rosamond, I meant not to be unkind. But I feel within me the need of preparation such as is before me. Yet I would not be too hasty in speech. I pray you, forgive me, dear."

"Ah, how sweet is the spirit of my Fairy Prince," smiled Sally. "Who would not love so gentle a voice, and one who so quickly says 'forgive'?"

Then she looked around with the scared expression always quick to come over her face whenever she dared to say or to think, "My Fairy Prince."

Nearly every evening after this, Sally would hover near the arbor, but so warm was the weather that the young people would go in the family coach for long drives, while Sir Percival and Lady Gabrielle would start away in the shay, taking their slower way through sweet, grassy roads, along by the quiet dingle and flowery dell.

Then off would roam Sally, perhaps loitering around fair Ingleside, or returning to her beloved pine woods and leafy oak-tree.

One evening, as Sally was returning through Lover's Lane, she saw Mammy Leezer coming toward her, and very glad she was to meet the good-looking old colored woman. Mammy came on with her usual slow step, and said, as Sally drew near:

"Hot, isn't it, honey?"

"Yes, it is hot," Sally made answer, "but

this is a pretty evening for those who can go riding."

Mammy tossed her independent old head.

"Neber you fret 'bout dose as hev kerridges to tote 'em," she said. "You's jus' as good as some folkses dat rides all de time."

"Oh, but it is nice to be born to fine things," said Sally, with a little laugh.

"How'd you know what you's borned to?" asked Mammy, with another toss of her head. "You doan't b'long to dat Slipside Row no more'n nothin'. I've heah tell o' your pappy. If he had done live' you'd be gettin' learnin' all dis time, shor! You oughten be gettin' it now."

Mammy had sunk down on a low stump and took on an air of importance that covered her like unto a garment. And as no class of people enjoy telling a story or airing their ideas more than do the colored race, Mammy settled herself as if for a long speech, and began, feeling all the time much pleased at Sally's attention:

"Now, ob course, I ain't for sayin' one word 'gainst my marster or mistis, not by no means.

Why, bress yo' young soul, I'se been part ob de fambly most eber since Mars' Perc'val and Mistis Gabrelle wor married. And I nussed Miss 'Cretia right f'om de day she wor borned, and as for Mars' Lion, he's my babby shor!

“Law de deah -sakes! dat lil scamp neber would let me out'n he sight till he wor four yeah ole, and to dis berry day dat chile come to his ole Mammy with his troubles.”

Sally listened enchanted. Here were bits of family history such as she had never for a moment expected to hear. She said, timidly:

“I do not see how a fine young gentleman can have troubles.”

“Well, he do,” said Mammy. “Now, fo' instance, — there's dat Miss Ros'mond Earls court, she's got heaps ob money, and her face looks berry well, too. And dese yere old famblies o' Virginny, they likes to keep to demselves and marry and gib in marriage to one anudder 'cause there's heaps o' fambly pride to 'em. Dat's all right, ob course, but let me tell you, honey, I can see plain as day dat my Mars'

Lion he ain't goin' fo' to bind himse'f to no cousin or ennybody else till he wants to. Dat Ros'mond, she a yeah ol'er dan Mars' Lion, and boys mostly falls in love with girls ol'er than they are, when they's in bibs, *some* ob them does.

"And my mistis," — Mammy whispered and rolled her eyes, — "she want dat chile to make right up to Ros'mond, but he jus' won't do it! And he tell his ole Mammy dat he goin' to hab his own way 'bout some tings if de skies fall."

Then Mammy dropped her dreadful story-telling air as she said, in her own sweet voice :

"Now, honey, I doan't expeck you'll eber tell a word o' what I'se been sayin' ! I mostly doan't tell fambly affairs, but you looked so sweet with yo' reddy-gold hair, and dem holes in yo' cheeks, I was led on to speak ob mine fo' once. Yo' won't be tellin, will you, missy ?"

"No, oh, no!" said Sally, "I wouldn't for the world !"

"Dat's my kitten!" said Mammy, so caressingly that Sally smiled for very joy. And, in-

deed, it appeared to her so pleasant a thing that the old nurse of her Fairy Prince should have trusted her with a bit of family matters that it would have been hard to give away a word that Mammy had said.

“Now I’ll tote ’long,” said Mammy, making lunges toward getting up from the stump, “and I ain’t meant to say a word I hadn’t orter, but my ole heart’s berry sore ’cause my young Mars’ Lion, he goin’ fur away come Septem’er, and no knowin’ when I’ll eber see my babby ’gain.”

Mammy should not have told family matters, and Sally should not have listened, but both were innocent as to some things, and no harm was done.

Sally kept on to the pine grove, going over in her mind what she had heard. But she thought most of what Mammy had asked about herself, and what she had said about her father. She repeated in her own way of speaking :

“How do you know what you were born to? You don’t belong to Slipside Row. I’ve heard of your father. If he had lived you would be

getting learning all this time. You ought to be getting it now."

Then Sally listened, hoping her good Fairy would have something to say, and at once it began to speak.

"You feel in your heart that what Mammy said may be true. It may be *because* your father was a gentleman and your mother a lady that you begin to want to study and to learn as they would have wished you to. Look around. Do not give up. Be determined to see a way to lift yourself. You can find the way!"

Sally stood still. "I will help myself," she said, stoutly. "I will! I will!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" she cried, softly, "that is the same thing my Fairy Prince said, 'I will'!"

She whispered, with her small brown hand before her mouth:

"And we were both talking about getting learning!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A LONG GOOD - BY

AUGUST flew by with its sultry air, and the grand house lay warm and quiet until supper time, no one venturing out until the heat of the day was past.

A disappointment it was to Sally that so little time was spent by the young people in the arbor, for it was not easy for her to see or hear them anywhere else.

Then came there a day in September when all the place was stirred as by some great and important event. Captain Rothwell was at the dock or on the deck giving swift orders, the sailors were hurrying to and fro, and the brave *Belle Virgeen* stood ready winged for sailing.

Sally a little while before had begged of Mistress Brace a piece of gray and white print, out

of which, being exceeding deft with her needle, she had made for herself a neat gown.

Then the hired men had each agreed to pay her a few pence if every week she would darn their stockings. And the darns were indeed of surprising neatness for a little maid of but eleven years of age.

Sally could buy no stockings as yet with her earnings, but a cheap pair of shoes she already had bought, and on the sweet September day, away with the rest she went to see the *Belle Virgeen* set sail.

Very hard she strained her eyes to get a glimpse of her Fairy Prince, and her poor little heart was aching at thought of his crossing the great lonely ocean to remain nearly a year away.

“Oh, a year doth seem such a very long while,” she murmured, “and although I should be ready to die of shame did any one know it, yet great comfort and company hath it been for me to dream and imagine about the Fairy Prince.”

So much was there going on, and so great the bustle, that not much thought could fill her mind, and soon there came an extra stir, a carriage drove along the road, a lithe young form sprang out, and midst a cheer from the "hands" that crowded the landing, Lionel Grandison went up the gangplank.

Then came the signal from Captain Rothwell to draw in the hawsers, and let the trim vessel glide.

Yes, there were Sir Percival Grandison, young Mistress Lucretia, and Mistress Rosamond Earls-court, all waving their kerchiefs, and smiling bravely at the young student, who held his sea-cap high above his head, waving it constantly.

Lady Gabrielle had not come to see him sail away. Like unto other mothers at such times, she had not wished to see the lad depart.

On the edge of the crowd stood Sally. Still farther back she went, and not much notice did she take that she was standing near a great wagon that had brought some luggage to the dock, until all at once, from around the other

side, she heard a musical voice half sobbing out a prayer :

“O Lorr Gord, do keep de chile f’om all de dangers ob de mighty deep! Doan’t let de waves nor de billows be swallerin’ ob him up. Keep my babby safe f’om all de mis’ries ob a forr’n land. Dese yere arms has held him troo all kiner sicknesses. Deah Lorr, keep my chile safe — Yah! yah! yah!”

It was Mammy Leezer, who, without stopping to end her prayer in proper shape, had suddenly joined the cheer that went up as the vessel dropped slowly down the stream.

Very still it grew again as the *Belle Virgeen* drifted off and away, until in the distance the staunch ship grew small, and the figure of a boy standing straight and tall looked like a mere point against the sky.

Sallie’s breast heaved and tears filled her eyes.

“Farewell, O Fairy Prince,” she sighed, “farewell! I hate to see thee go. I hope to see thee back some day, my Fairy Prince, and

ah, what joy would it be, if, without shame, I might sometime meet thee face to face.”

“Then away and prepare,” cried her Fairy, and without stopping to look back, or even to say a word to Mammy Leezer, Sally went swiftly to the pine woods and began talking to herself again.

“Now one thing am I bound to do. It will be hard to see the way, but — I am going to a dame school!

“Mistress Maria Kent has long had pupils, and a likely teacher she must be. School goes in this day week. I mean to be there! But how? I know not, yet some way will I find to learn.”

That night Sally lay long awake. How busy was her mind! How many ways she tried to plan! At length she exclaimed:

“I have it! I have it! That will I do. If Mistress Cory Ann makes a noise about it, — and I greatly fear me she will, — then must I put on bravery and tell her, with seemly respect, but with a good show of will, that

learning I want and that learning I must have.”

The next afternoon, as soon as she was through her supper, Sally made herself both neat and pretty in appearance. Her hair was now all the time made to look almost smooth, the gray and white print with a red rose for a breastpin was well brightened up. The decent shoes were on her feet.

She slipped away without being seen by the sharp eyes of Mistress Cory Ann, for she felt that her looks would not be pleasing to her. More than once had Mistress Brace spoken smartly of her smoother hair, and she had not liked the buying of the shoes.

Now, should she see Sally gliding away, the new dress on, a rose for ornament, and with shoes on, she would demand being told at once whither she was bound.

Mistress Maria Kent was sitting on the porch at her pretty little home, the picture of an old-time schoolmistress. Her hair was parted with

a precision that could not have been increased and it was brought smoothly down on either side, where it was rounded just in front of her ears, a little hard quirl being carried over her ears and pinned closely to her back hair.

Her long-waisted dress of blue cambric was of a Puritan plainness, while the deeply wrought collar lying flat around her neck was fastened with a round breastpin that had hair curiously plaited in the centre, surrounded by black and white enamel, and all framed in gold.

She lifted her eyes from the book she was reading to see a spare little figure coming up the garden walk.

“Good evening, little maid,” she said pleasantly, “was there something you wished to say to me?”

Sally swallowed hard, and scarcely lifting her eyes, she replied, in a frightened voice:

“Yes, Mistress Kent, I want to get learning.”

“That is praiseworthy,” said Mistress Maria, “and have any arrangements been made by



“GOOD EVENING, LITTLE MAID,’ SHE SAID, PLEASANTLY.”

which you can enter upon the duties and privileges of a youthful scholar ?”

Sally had told herself on the way that she must be brave, and so, scarcely understanding or even knowing what Mistress Kent had said, she began with a good show of courage for so timid and untaught a child :

“ There is no one to help me, Mistress, I must help myself, but I can do things if I try. I have set my heart on getting learning, which I shall ! I have no money but about fourpence-ha’penny a week for darning stockings, but I have skill with the needle somewhat. If I could clean, or weed, or sew, my work should be well done. Could I sew for you or your mother, Mistress Kent, or do any kind of work that would pay for learning to read and write and spell ? For learn I shall !”

Sally was on the point of crying out loud as she finished her speech, so very hard had it been for her to make it, yet glad and half surprised she was, that, without stopping, the whole story had been told.

Mistress Kent was silent for a time after Sally had spoken. She was thinking to herself :

“ This is something new. Here is a little maid ten or eleven years of age, who, all by herself, has come to my door, saying that learning she wants and must have, and will gladly pay for it what she can with her own small hands.”

But the Mistress had to be wise and prudent. The children who came to her school were well taught and well reared, came of proud parents who paid well for their schooling, and would never let their little people associate with children of the poorer classes.

They were all well dressed, carefully washed and combed, wore fine stockings and tasteful shoes, and had high notions already in their own proud little heads.

So Mistress Kent, who had a good, kind heart under her stiff waist, was quiet so long a time that Sally raised her eyes and saw a look of trouble on the face of the schoolmistress. She

was looking far off on the distant fields, and was surely trying to think something out. At length she said, slowly and distinctly :

“It would not be best, little maiden, for you to enter the classes with other young persons of your age, for they would be too far beyond you in their studies. Nor can I feel it would do to enter you with A, B, C scholars, for they would be much younger, and smaller in stature than yourself.

“But I like not to send away either lad or maid who desires greatly to learn. Twice a week, I go a few miles to pay a short visit to a sister who is lame; if then you will come promptly of a Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, when school does not keep, and look gently after my aged mother, and also do a little plain sewing, — for I like not that the hands should be idle, — I will on other evenings of the week lend you books and faithfully teach you to read well, write, and spell.”

Sally almost forgot her fear and cried out, “Oh, thank you, thank you, good Mistress

Kent! I will indeed take good care of the aged mother, and do the sewing with a careful eye.”

And then, as if unable to help it, she ran forward and put a kiss on the teacher's thin neck.

The spinster flushed rosy red and said, in a voice that trembled :

“There, there, child, that will do, be not over-much thankful for what it pleaseth me to do, but come on Wednesday of next week, and we will proceed to help each other.”

Sally wandered toward home as if in a dream. For, lo! so easily had she already found a way to learn. And perfectly happy she would have been, had not a voice said grimly within her :

“But you have not yet reckoned with Mistress Cory Ann Brace!”

It was then Thursday, and nearly a week would Sally have in which to settle matters. And the next Saturday, after cleaning kitchen, steps, and shed with much care, she said to Mistress Cory Ann that twice a week she had the chance to go to Mistress Kent of the dame

school in the afternoon to do her some service, and that evenings she was to be taught by the schoolmistress.

Then it was that Mistress Cory Ann blazed forth, and poor Sally felt her hopes dying down under her wrath. Indeed! had she not seen the slicking up, the rigging and the putting about to make herself fine? Not a step should she go to Mistress Kent to be taught book-learning!

“Have I not clothed and fed you, ungrateful girl,” she cried, “but off you must go making a smart lady of yourself, and getting notions that will fit you neither to do one thing nor another? Was it seeing that young macaroni of a boy start off in all his glory to cram his head with book stuff that set you up to wanting the same thing yourself? Get the notion out again, then, quick! Not a word more of this nonsense about Mistress Kent and her teachings. If you disobey, off you go to the Town House, and there stay until you are eighteen.”

Oh, dreadful! Sally said not another word;

she only moped about as if heart-broken. She did not go over to Ingleside after supper, but went across to the pines, and throwing herself face downward on the moss, as she had done once before when her ignorance first appeared before her, she cried and cried until again she fell asleep.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PARSON

SALLY had slept but a little while when something hit her arm, which was stretched out, and lifting her head, she heard a startled cry.

“Lorr de massy, chile! You nearly scare de bref outen my body!” and there was Mammy Leezer, whose staff had touched her arm before the old woman saw her from the side of a tree.

It took but a look or two to see Sally’s swollen eyes and flushed cheeks.

“Now what a-matter, honey?” asked the soothing old voice. “I come over here in de woods fo’ some big burdock leaves I knew was here, and I soaks dem in winegar fo’ to quiet de mis’ry in my bones. But what grieve you? Tell ole Mammy all ’bout it.”

Sally shivered with a sob that came before

she could keep it back, then she simply said that she had wanted to study, and some one was willing to teach her, but that Mistress Brace would not allow it.

Mammy put on the cunning look that meant a good deal.

“Oh, now doan’t go bursting yo’ poor lil heart over dat,” she crooned, “p’raps yous’ll be gettin’ de schoolin’ after all.”

“You don’t know Mistress Brace,” said Sally, with a sad little smile.

“No, I doan’t berry much,” said Mammy, in a voice that swelled, “but I might be gettin’ to knowin’ her better one o’ dese days.” And she hobbled away, a broad grin on her round face.

When beyond Shady Path, Mammy was delighted to see Mistress Brace striding along, a market basket on her arm.

Now Mammy knew not the first thing about the money that Sally’s father had left for his little girl. But she did know that he had boarded in a nice house at Jamestown Corners

when Mistress Brace lived there, that he had appeared to have plenty of money, and that his little girl wore the nicest of clothes.

All this she heard long ago from a colored woman who lived at Jamestown Corners, and would sometimes stop at the quarters at Ingle-side.

The dark woman had shaken her head in dismal fashion after Mistress Brace removed first to the Flats, and then to Slipside Row, keeping the child with her, and she would say :

“I wonder whar Mars’ Dukeen’s money all go to, for he had money, shor !”

This rushed into Mammy’s mind as Mistress Brace drew near, but she said in her sweet sing-song :

“Good evening, mistis, whar de lil one to-night ?”

“Who, Sally ?” asked Mistress Cory Ann, eyeing Mammy with a hard, sidelong glance, “I’m sure I don’t know where she is.”

“Le’s see,” began Mammy, standing still, “didn’ some one say she were goin’ to de dame

school or sumpin o' that kind? Seems to me I heerd it somewhar. And she oughter go, too! Her pappy — I know all 'bout her pappy — he meant his lil girl should have learnin' with de best, and oh, de gracious me! such tings as happens to folks as cheats chillern outen their schoolin'!"

Mammy looked around with a fearful air as she added:

"Why, if ennybody try to keep dat young Mars' Lion from learnin' all he want to, de plagues and de torments that come upon dem!"

She went muttering away, leaving Mistress Cory Ann wishing that she was on the ocean with her "Mars' Lion." But for all that, her words sunk into Mistress Brace's mind and troubled her, nor could she forget them.

Yet two afternoons of the week she determined Sally should not have. But she said to her the next morning that, after thinking things over, she would spare her one afternoon a week, but it must be whenever it was most convenient.

To her surprise Sally replied that she must

go on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, or not at all.

“Then it’s not at all you’ll go!” cried the angry mistress, “and remember, the Town House is not far away!”

“What will you do now?” asked her good Fairy, when Sally was alone.

“I do not quite know,” Sally made reply, “I must think it out.”

When Wednesday came Sally went to her attic room after dinner, but Mistress Brace took no notice of it. So very quiet had been Maid Sally during the few days past that Mistress Cory Ann thought all had been given up as to books and schooling.

But now Sally put on the print dress, coaxed down her shining hair, put on her shoes, and slipping out without a word to Mistress Brace, she started for the home of the schoolmistress.

She never forgot the pleasure of that first afternoon at the pretty cottage. A canary-bird was trilling songs in a cage hung out on the porch. In the sitting-room, the old mother

greeted her from her high-backed, cushioned rocking-chair. The old dame used fine language, and the books, pictures, and solid furniture, everything simple but nice, seemed in a way to belong to the world that Sally herself belonged to.

“You see you don’t know just who you are,” whispered her Fairy, “but do not mind that, all may be known in good time.”

But when Mistress Kent returned from her sister’s, and the mother said that Sally had been a good, likely child, and had given her a seed-cake, — Sally was afraid to go home.

So she wandered about, ate the seed-cake for her supper, then, seeing the gate open that led to Parson Kendall’s orchard, she peeped in, noticing a wide, rustic chair under a broad tree.

“I wonder if that might be a comfortable chair to rest in awhile,” murmured the child, and just to try it she slipped along the green.

Yes, the back came high above her head, and as she sat wondering how she should ever go to

Slipside Row and meet Mistress Cory Ann, she slid off to Dreamland, her pretty head drooping to one side, her rosy lips parted.

Then as it grew later, but was still quite light, good Parson Kendall walked out in his orchard, and in his walk stopped before the rustic seat under the branching tree.

“What a personable child it is!” he muttered. “Some youthful wayfarer well tired out. I wonder who she may be? I know not her countenance at all.”

When Sally opened her eyes, oh! oh! oh! there stood the parson, in black coat, black waistcoat, black knee-breeches, black stockings, and sober face.

Little people were much afraid of the parson in those days, and in fact he was held in high respect, if not some fear, by people all, and Sally would almost have fallen from the chair in fright, only that Parson Kendall's voice was soft and kind, as he asked:

“Prithee, little one, where is thy home, and art thou very tired?”

“Speak up!” cried her Fairy, “tell the truth.”

“I was afraid to go home, sir,” said Sally.

“Hast thou done wrong, my child?”

“I meant not to do wrong,” said Sally, “but I ran away.”

“Ah, how was that? Tell me the truth about it.”

And trembling in every limb, with eyes cast down, poor little Sally stammered out the whole story: her longing, her determination, her fine chance, Mistress Brace’s refusal to let her go, and now her fear of returning home.

“I will go with thee to Slipside Row,” said the parson, “and do not fear, thou shalt not suffer in any way.”

And now again, had Sally been a well-taught child, she would have known how mean a thing it was to listen to what might be said in the keeping-room. But when the parson said to Mistress Cory Ann, “I would have speech with thee, Mistress Brace,” up crept Sally to a room over the keeping-room, and lying flat on the

floor, with her ear to a large crack under the window, she could hear nearly all that was said.

Sally had been surprised at the many low curtseys Mistress Cory Ann made when the parson came up to the door, and at the look of fear that had come over her face. Yes, Mistress Brace had indeed looked afraid!

Now Sally heard Parson Kendall say:

“But had you any right to make of the child almost a servant when she was left so sadly alone?”

“It was that or the Town House,” said Mistress Brace, shortly.

“Perhaps not,” said the parson’s calm, firm voice; “our town sendeth not all to the Town House who are poor or unfortunate. Had her father no friends? And was there no money left?”

“I know nothing of her father’s friends,” said Mistress Brace, “and as to money, very little there was of that, and it has been spent on the girl.”

Ah, but the woman's voice had trembled when she spoke of the money, and her face grew very red, so that the parson, knowing something must be wrong, said, sternly :

“I had better lay the case before the burgesses. If the little wench so greatly desireth knowledge, then knowledge she should have. It is my duty to look after an orphan child of my parish, who seemeth not to be having the chances she should have.”

The dreadful word “burgesses,” meaning the men in power, and who governed the colonies, frightened both Mistress Brace and Maid Sally, and very glad was Sally when Mistress Cory Ann exclaimed :

“There be no need, parson, to trouble any of the burgesses ! Here the girl has been, here she can stay. If she so much has set her heart on learning, then go she can to Mistress Kent and earn her schooling as the mistress has planned. But I like it not that the girl should run away, not telling me whither she was going.”

“She said all was explained, but that you refused to enter into the plan,” said the parson.

“I did not fully understand about it,” said Mistress Brace, and so mild was her tone that Sally was again much surprised. “Let things take their course,” she added, “and twice a week the girl can go where she likes and I will lay no rule against it. Then she can still help betimes.”

“We will leave it that way for the present,” said the parson, as he seemed to be rising to go, “but no blame is to be laid upon the child for telling what she did. I saw that she was in trouble and asked the cause. She did no wrong to answer truthfully. I shall now feel it my duty to see that the young maid hath a fair chance to learn what good Mistress Kent knoweth full well how to impart. I wish thee good day, Mistress Brace.”

Sally scudded away, her eyes fairly dancing with joy.

“Fairy! O Fairy!” she cried under her breath, “a fine dream has come true! I shall go

to Mistress Kent and learn! learn! learn! Blessings on thee, good parson! I would like to thank thee."

"Be wise and let not any one know what you have overheard," warned her Fairy.

"Indeed, I shall know nothing at all," laughed Sally, "until Mistress Cory Ann says to me I can go schooling twice a week;" and Sally's eyes sparkled like fire.

When Saturday came, but not until then, Mistress Cory Ann said, with a scornful toss of her head:

"Since you think it so fine a thing to dabble in books, and choose to fill your head with what others have got along plenty well without, I care not where you go this afternoon, but mind you show smartness at other times, or the twice-a-week trips will cease."

That was all, and that was enough. Sally knew now that her pet dream was to work itself out beautifully.

She had a few pence earned by mending, and at Goodman Chatfield's store she begged to know

if ninepence would buy a decent pair of stockings.

“Indeed, no, a shilling is the least that will buy stockings of any kind,” said storeman Chatfield, who in very truth liked to chatter. “But I am much wanting an errand done at the Cloverlove plantation, and if you would do it, I will, with the ninepence, give a pair of hosen that will stand you well.”

It was half a mile to Cloverlove plantation, and half a mile back, but Sally gladly did the errand, and ran home happy as any bird with a smart new pair of stockings tucked under her arm.

CHAPTER X.

PROGRESS

MISTRESS KENT was willing to confess, after a few weeks, that many bright children had come to her to be taught, but never had there come a child more swift to learn than Maid Sally Dukeen. She learned in fact as though her beautiful little ringlets held each a cell in which to hide the things she was all the time finding out.

Before the winter term of school began she could read well, and also write and spell. No need to urge attention with the little maid; the only thing needed was to hold her back.

Every evening except Wednesday and Saturday, as soon as her supper was eaten, over to Mistress Kent's raced Sally, the books the mistress had lent her under her arm, and her les-

sons so perfectly learned that the good teacher wondered when she found time for so much study.

Had she peeped into Mistress Brace's house almost any day she would have known. When Sally went to bed a book was under her pillow, for there would be a little time for study before she got up in the morning. While dressing, she was busy spelling as well. And while the dishes were being washed, a book was before her on shelf or window-sill.

Sally managed to study midst the clattering of dishes and the swish of a broom. For Mistress Cory Ann thought not much of the books, and minded not how much noise she made while the poor child was conning a lesson, but she dared not stop her. Sally had found out that the parson would be her friend should trouble arise, and the parson and the burgesses were powers that Mistress Cory Ann dared not trifle with.

When it grew chilly, muddy, or it might be a little frosty, Sally bought herself a pair of

gum shoes, for with all her extra studying she yet found time for mending and darning, so earning a little all the time. She also bought a good shawl, which kept her nice and warm.

And when she said, "I need a decent hat; I wonder would the parson help me to get one," Mistress Brace bade her keep away and not go bothering the parson. Then before the next week she got for Sally a poke bonnet that was both warm and sightly.

Keen little Sally would not have gone to the parson; she was too proud to beg a single penny's worth, but she had found a new way of getting around Mistress Cory Ann since she had seen all that curtseying to the parson.

Then something else that was beautiful happened to Sally, that filled the little maid's heart with joy and gladness.

She had gone one afternoon in January, soon after the beginning of the year, to run about in the pine woods, for what with work and study she had grown tired and felt stupid.

"Go and play," cried her Fairy.

“But my books,” said Sally.

“You will grow dull, and do well neither with books, needle, or other work without some time for play,” cried the Fairy.

And so Sally put by her book, left her mending, and ran like a wild, free thing into the woods, that had a fresh, sweet smell to them. The air was cool and did the child good. She wandered farther and farther on, thinking it was in truth a good thing to play at times.

“Sing!” cried her Fairy, “none will hear thee, sing’st thou ever so loudly here.”

Now naught has yet been said of Sally’s voice. She scarcely knew she had what would be called “a voice.” Often she sang at her work, but Mistress Brace would likely as not bid her be quiet and not make so great a racket.

Mistress Cory Ann liked to talk a great deal herself, and so would hush Sally’s singing, which after a time made Sally think that singing was only making a troublesome noise, so she did not much of it in the house.

“Sing!” said the Fairy.

Sally stood against a tree and sang without a thought or care as to how her voice might sound. The notes rang out clear and strong, for she sang as would a bird. And over and again she sang a few sweet verses she had learned from hearing young Mistress Rosamond Earls court practising them with her lute in the summer-house.

As she stopped, full of the joy of hearing her own young voice, she heard a little sound, and, turning around, oh! oh! there stood Master Sutcliff, the precentor, or leader of the meeting-house choir, which was made up of all such young men and maidens as could sing with melody in their voices.

Master Sutcliff was also teacher of the singing-school, to which all were welcome who could pay the regular fee, either in money, apples, fruit, or hay.

“You have a heartsome voice,” said the singing master, coming closer to Sally, and speaking in his own rich bass. “A heartsome voice; how would it please you to come to the singing-



“SALLY STOOD AGAINST A TREE AND SANG WITHOUT A
THOUGHT OR CARE.”

school and help lead some of the more timorous ones?"

"I do not think my mistress would allow it," said Sally, with downcast eyes.

"If she consents would'st come?" asked Master Sutcliff. "I will teach you to sing correctly, and do something toward training the voice a kind Providence hath given thee."

"Yes, I would come," said Sally, without lifting her eyes.

Off strode Master Sutcliff, but Sally could sing no more. What would Mistress Cory Ann say?

"She will not allow it," said Sally to herself.

"Wait and see," cheered her Fairy.

And it seemed that wonders would never cease now they had begun, for when Sally went about getting supper Mistress Brace said to her:

"If you would be doing some good by your screeching at tunes, Master Sutcliff has been here, and will pay me three shillings a term for letting you help at his singing-school. I told

him I couldn't be lending you for nothing, so now, all but Saturdays your evenings will be taken up. I hope that will satisfy you."

"My dress is not fit," said Sally.

"I will see to that!" snapped Mistress Cory Ann.

And see to it she did. For she went the next day to Goodman Chatfield's store, and bought a piece of blue linsey-woolsey, which in a day or two was made into so becoming a dress, that Mistress Brace wished she had bought the green one, which was not as pretty, but which Goodman Chatfield held at a higher price.

And Master Sutcliff knew he had made a good trade, for Sally's strong young voice was true as well, and soon led right bravely the chorus of many voices. And for the maid herself it was great joy thus to sing with others, and be taught the notes that she soon learned.

One day Mistress Brace saw Parson Kendall again coming up her steps, and, curtsying as before, she bade him enter.

"I hear," said the parson, "that Master Sut-

cliff pays thee a quarterly sum for allowing the young maid that is in thy care to lead somewhat at the singing-school."

"Yes," said Mistress Cory Ann, "I could not let her sing for naught. I feed her, there surely should be some return."

"But she sings only at night, when a maid of her tender years had far better be in her bed. And she serves thee a large part of the day. So I think it but thy duty to use what Master Sutcliff gives thee for her use alone."

"I shall," said Mistress Brace, "and more, too, for I clothe as well as feed her."

"But not overabundantly," insisted the parson. "I met the young damsel yesterday, and I think she wore no hosen."

"She hath stockings," said Mistress Brace.

"More than one pair?"

"Perhaps not, parson."

"Then more she must have. I find that I once met the maiden's father, a well-dressed, goodly appearing man. It puzzleth me that so little should have been left for his little

daughter's needs. A gentleman he was whose image hath not faded from my mind."

Very much it vexed Mistress Brace that Parson Kendall should keep so sharp an eye on Maid Sally. And still more it troubled her that he should speak again of her father and the kind of man he seemed.

But from that time Sally had better clothes to wear and felt no shame as she went to and fro to evening lessons and to singing-school.

And so came the springtime, the sweet springtime, and there was beauty everywhere. On the porch at Ingleside the honeysuckle and climbing roses were bursting into radiant bloom. The birds began nesting in the magnolias and the white-belled halesia-trees.

Sandpipers went scudding along down by the water, and the mountain holly began putting on a new dress. The pink azalea, or swamp pink, violets, buttercups, and all kinds of meadow beauties began peeping up all around.

So smart a scholar had Sally shown herself, that Mistress Kent would gladly have taken

her into her classes, but the proud Virginia matrons who sent their richly clothed children to the dame school would still have thought Sally too poorly dressed a little maid to sit beside their dainty little darlings.

Sally was beginning to add, subtract, divide, and multiply. And when the school closed for the summer and Mistress Kent lent her a simple history to read, she was wild with delight that she would still have a book near by.

And much as Sally hated to give up her lessons for a few months, there was a bird singing in her heart, singing a song of which poor Sally was half ashamed and yet which made her very, very glad. For in June, rich, flowery, song-bird June, *he* was coming home, her Fairy Prince!

“And now I can far better understand all he reads,” she said to her Fairy. Then her glad voice fell. “But I can never, never come up to him,” she sighed; “there is yet a mountain of difference between us.”

“You have begun to climb,” said her Fairy.

“Ah, but there is proud Lady Rosamond Earls court, and Lady Irene Westwood, and so many other high-born damsels of his own kind, all so proud, so well-born.”

“What know you of your own birth?” asked her Fairy, sharply. “How often must I ask thee?”

“I only remember the Flats and Slipside Row,” said Sally’s forlorn voice.

“Keep climbing,” said her Fairy. “Does not something within you still urge you to climb and climb?”

“Yes, yes,” cried Sally, “and climb I will!”

And now that evenings of study had stopped for awhile, Sally went again after supper to the beloved seat at Ingleside. And Lady Lucretia Grandison and Lady Rosamond Earls court strolled often over to the arbor and chatted gaily while their white fingers held the embroidery at which they worked continually when not reading.

Many the scarf, cape, or flowing sleeve they

worked themselves with which to deck their fair necks, shoulders, and arms.

One evening, as Sally sat dreaming on the stones, she heard Rosamond Earls court say :

“I must furbish up my riding-suit, for cousin Lionel will want to mount Hotspur once he is home again, and I my Lady Grace.”

And Lucretia answered, “Lionel liketh best to ride alone when on Hotspur’s back. Do not you remember he thought it made Hotspur impatient to have another horse beside him, and raised his temper?”

“Then there are other horses he can ride,” returned Rosamond. “My beautiful Lady Grace is tired of standing in the stable, but I like not to ride alone or only with a groom for company.”

These words seemed to rouse something in Sally’s soul, and she cried, inwardly :

“Oh, why could not I have a ‘Lady Grace,’ a dear horse of my own on which to fly across the country? I could ride, I know I could, and oh, oh! I feel it within me that a fine horse, fine books, fine clothes, a fine house, all, all

that I see at Ingleside or Cloverlove, would fit into my soul!"

"Dear child," said her Fairy, pityingly, "it is hard not to have what the heart cries out for. Why not try to find out more about yourself? Have you ever questioned Mistress Brace about your father, or it might be about your mother, or what she may know of the home from whence they came?"

Sally had never thought of this before. She was now twelve years old, but the three years spent at the Flats, rather a miserable place, and now nearly four at Slipside Row, were all that she plainly remembered.

Now, seeing and hearing these people who were so far above her, had wakened that spirit or Fairy within her, which set her thinking of a better kind of life.

"Perhaps Mistress Brace has things that belonged to my parents, and that ought to be given me," murmured Sally.

"Why not ask her that, too?" said the Fairy.

"It would be no use," sighed the maiden.

CHAPTER XI.

FACE TO FACE

IT was but a few days later that Goodman Kellar banged lustily on the door, asking to see Mistress Brace. He had a fine setting of duck's eggs to sell.

Sally was in the keeping-room mending, but she called Mistress Brace down from her room. Then began a long parley about the eggs and some other produce.

Then Sally had an errand to her tiny room, and as she passed Mistress Cory Ann's door, she saw that a queer little trunk, all hair on the outside, and with rows of great brass-headed nails along the edges, was standing open by the bed.

Sally had often seen the little trunk, which was always kept under Mistress Brace's bed

tightly locked. She must have made a great mistake in leaving it open, Sally thought.

She felt for a moment that it would not be quite right to take a peep inside the trunk.

“It does not seem proper,” said the Fairy.

“I will take but a peep,” Sally replied.

She was so afraid the good Fairy might try to stop her that she hurried over to the bed and stooped down.

Ah, what a delicate, tasteful muslin cape was folded away! And there were letters in one corner. Sally spelled them over, and thought they made a name, but if so it was a strange one. There lay a letter.

“Oh, no, no!” cried the Fairy, as Sally took it in her hands.

“I will take but a teeny-weeny peep, good Fairy,” said Sally, “but I feel as though it might be as well for me to see some things that I will never be told of.”

But the letter gave no light to Maid Sally. Only toward the end she read: “I have done my best, but my health is failing. Should I

not live there will be something for the one I leave." Then there was that strange name again at the very end, the same as was on the cape. Sally spelled it over and over, merely because it was so curious.

Goodman Kellar was moving away, and Sally ran softly to her room.

"Such a queer jumble of letters," she said to herself, still amused over the name, that, if it really was a name, Sally could not have pronounced. They still grouped themselves in her mind.

"Put them on paper," said her Fairy.

"I will," cried the merry maid, and with a pin she pricked the letters on a piece of paper. This she put in a box where she kept a few childish treasures, not any of them worth much.

Then came another great day that Sally knew all about. She had heard it talked of at the store, and the hired men had mentioned it.

The *Belle Virgeen* was coming up to the quay, — they called it "kee," — and a gay company was to meet, and a fine supper to be served on

the green at Ingleside, after the proud vessel arrived, bringing back her Fairy Prince.

Sally had made up her mind not to go over by the hedge when the supper should be spread. She would be near the quay as the ship came in, and perhaps would get a look at her Fairy Prince, but something held her back from trying to see or hear anything that night at Ingleside.

“I am twelve years old now,” she said to herself.

A neatly clad child watched eagerly as the *Belle Virgeen* came slowly sailing in. Caps flew into the air, old straw ones going high aloft, and cries and cheers went up, as strong ropes made the vessel fast to the quay.

What! was that tall young man the Fairy Prince? He was tall when he went away, but now, at seventeen, he looked almost a man as he stepped ashore and was immediately seized upon by glad, loving hands.

Again the Lady Gabrielle was not in the throng. She would greet her boy in the retire-

ment of home, but others from the Ingleside household were on hand to give welcome.

And after a few moments a rolling figure limped forward, and Lionel held Mammy Leezer's dark hands and looked smilingly down into her face while she told how "done lonesome" she had been without her "babby."

Maid Sally did not know how she herself had grown during the year past. Her splendid hair had been brought into fluffy order, which was all that was really needed. Her face had filled out a little, and the dimples in her brown cheeks were deeper. Her chin was rounding to a finer curve, and the cleft grown more decided. Her eyes were like stars and her teeth perfect.

Dame Maria Kent had one day given her a little brush, telling her to take it to the spring each day and use it on her teeth. And Sally was surprised to see what a small brush and clean water would do for a maiden's teeth. And Sally forgot nothing she once learned in the way of a useful lesson.

The maid was changing in a way. She was

growing more and more shy of being seen by those she felt were above her. It was just as great a joy to catch a sight of her day-dream-Prince as it had ever been, but she would run away or hide anywhere sooner than risk meeting him or having him really see her.

One sweet morning she had gone to the pines, her beloved history in her hands. Back from the other trees, and on the other side of what had become a forest path, was a queer gnarled oak, that stood a solitary tree of its kind. And not far up was a complete seat, formed by the crossing of two large boughs. But so thick was the foliage that nimble Sally could be completely hidden, while learning her history by heart.

She was repeating again, with the usual pleasure, all about the discovery of America, when voices and hoof-beats smote upon her ear. And she sat like an image as Lionel Grandison and Rosamond Earls court came cantering along, their eyes bright with exercise and the horses tossing their fine manes as if enjoying the merry run as much as their riders.



“WHEN VOICES AND HOOF-BEATS SMOTE UPON HER EAR.”



How grand and manly looked her Prince on his high mount ; yet she saw at a glance that he did not ride Hotspur. And ah, how proud and handsome looked the young Lady Rosamond as, with curls flying under her high, peaked hat, she sat the Lady Grace with stately air and held her with a firm, yet easy rein. But her fair face was turned smilingly toward her tall cousin.

“ She loves him,” said Sally, “ she loves him, and what a wonder would it be if she did not ! Her own face is a goodly one, fit to be loved indeed. And how beautifully she rides. Were I a maiden of quality, how gladly and swiftly would I leap to the back of a good horse, and away, and away ! Ah, I say again, I should love it, I know.”

She sat dreaming after the two figures as they rode away, her young heart swelling with admiration of them both. Somewhere, way down in the depths of her soul, there was a little hurt as the winsome pair sped along the far dim road. She was too young to know just what the prick meant, but her good Fairy was at hand.

“Back to your book, Maid Sally,” it said, “and sit not gazing after those who can ride of a summer’s morn, wishing in your silly young heart that you too could ride. Your turn may come; who knows?”

“It was not quite that I might also ride,” answered Sally, “it was — everything.”

“Yes, I know,” said the Fairy. “You are quick to reach for that which is beyond you. That is not strange. But keep to your studies and your singing; good things come slowly to the poor, but mind you — they may come!”

“Good Fairy, you do always hearten me,” cried Sally, and back she went to her book.

But she did not forget the proud and happy face that the Lady Rosamond Earls court turned upon the Fairy Prince.

Then came another day long to be remembered, to be hidden in Sally’s heart of hearts and kept there.

The morning broke so cool and sweet that Mistress Cory Ann had a mind to go into the town and buy meat and other things that would

last for several days. Butter and meat could be put on the shelf in the well, and no fear of spoiling.

After her morning's work had been cleverly done, Sally knew she could be free for a few hours. The men had gone far afield to work, taking their dinners with them, and it would be well past noon before Mistress Cory Ann would return.

Sally, from very youthful gladness of heart and joy of living, had a mind to make herself fine before going with her book to the greatly enjoyed seat in the large oak-tree.

So she went to the keeping-room, and, standing before the mirror hanging on the wall, she pinned midst her mat of ruddy-gold curls clumps of white strawberry blossoms, starry dogwood blooms, and a white rose or two.

Some time before this, Mistress Brace had seen in a peddler's pack a decent piece of white lawn, and as it was the cheapest thing he had that would make a comely gown for Sunday wear, she bought it for Sally.

The maiden sung now in the choir of a Sunday, and, because of the parson's keen eye, she must be seemingly dressed. But the gown was soiled and must soon be done up. So in a spirit of sport Sally put it on, and at breast and waist she pinned great posies of buttercups, daffy-down-dillies, and sprays of fresh green leaves. Then she started for the pine woods and the oak-tree.

The sweetness, sunshine, and melody all about so charmed her for a time that the book for once lay idly in her lap.

"Life is beautiful," she murmured.

"Yes, life is beautiful!" echoed her Fairy; "it is but right that the young should enjoy it."

"I feel so glad to-day," said Maid Sally, "I would I might always feel this way."

"You are learning," said the Fairy, "and life is getting fuller for you every day."

"Yes, life is getting fuller every day," said Maid Sally.

At last she took up her book. The sun was growing very hot, but there was a cool breeze,

and the maiden in the tree was reading steadily when again there came the sound of flying hoofs. They came all too swiftly. A very demon of a horse was tearing along the road, his mane flying, his tail out straight, and his body almost to the ground. The rider could not be made out in the mad rush and whirl of the frightened animal.

It was all over in a moment. Hotspur dashed into the woods, banged in his blindness against a pine-tree, and on the instant his rider, seeing a chance to dismount, leaped from his back. But before he could reach the ground, being so near the tree, up bounded the horse just in time to hurl his young master back to the edge of the saddle, from which he fell with such force that he lay on the ground senseless, his fair hair streaming back, his blue eyes closed, while the great hunter went thundering on his way.

Sally did not cry out nor lack for nerve. The finer part of her nature came to her help, as it always will where it but exists, and she

felt the thrill of courage that is worth very much when prompt action is needed.

As she slipped from the tree the thought went through her mind:

“If he is killed, straight I must go to the great house and tell what I have seen. If he is but stunned, then must I do what I can to help him.”

She bent over and could see that he was breathing. Like a flash she darted across to the house, caught up a dipper and filled it from the water-pail. Then back she sped and with hands that trembled bathed forehead and face, and dropped sprays of water into the parted lips. Then she rubbed his hands and again sprinkled his brow.

Before long the eyes unclosed and fastened dreamily on the ministering maiden. But neither spoke. The eyes remained open, and began to rove a little. Sally saw that speech would come in a moment more.

But at that instant the sound of hurrying hoofs echoed in the distance, several of them,

it seemed, and like a startled deer Sally turned, and before Bill, the groom, Corniel, and Sam Spruce rushed up to the spot where lay their young master, she was panting on her seat in the oak-tree.

CHAPTER XII.

WHO WAS SHE?

THE colored servants had with them strong cordials that soon brought Lionel to himself.

No bones were broken, but he was lame and bruised, and it was some time before he could mount the gentle animal Sam Spruce had ridden in going forth to find him. Sally saw in a moment that it was Lord Rollin, the horse Lionel had used when riding with his cousin Rosamond.

Hotspur, after a mad gallop, had raced back riderless to the stables, stirrups dangling and saddle awry. This had sent the men out in hot haste to find out what had happened.

As soon as Lionel was fairly recovered, he looked all around.

“Where is the beautiful creature that gave me water?” he asked.

“No one gave you water, Mars’ Li’nel,” said the well-spoken Sam Spruce. “We fetched cordial that brought you to.”

“Yes, yes, I know that,” Lionel replied, “but who was the lovely being all in white, with hair like the sun, eyes like stars, lips like cherries and with flowers all about her everywhere?”

Sam looked over to Corniel, winked, and touched his brow.

Lionel caught the gesture.

“Oh, now, none of that!” he said; “my head is not wandering. She came before you did, some charming little thing, I tell you, that was all brightness and flowers.”

“We saw no one, Mars’ Lion,” began Corniel; “you was all ’lone when we comed up. Ef there’d been anybuddy else roun’, dey couldn’t ’a’ got ’way dout our seein’ ’em.”

“Oh, well, never mind,” said the young master, “if none of you saw any one, there’s no use in talking, but I know what I saw, and my head wasn’t light or flighty, either.”

The well-trained servants did not reply, but

Bill, the groom, who stood behind Lionel, rolled his eyes in so droll a fashion, at the same time touching his own woolly crown, that Sam Spruce only stopped a titter by a loud cough.

But he did not deceive his bright young master.

“Oh, you fellows may grin and make up eyes all you want to,” he said, good-naturedly, “but I wasn’t knocked crazy all at once, and one of these days you may find out I saw just what I say I did. Now get me home as fast as you can.”

They helped him mount the proud but steady Lord Rollin, and in a moment more three of them rode away, leaving Sam Spruce to walk back.

Left alone, Sam took a good look around, and Sally, who had seen them talking but could not hear what was said, was in terror lest he should spy her in the branches of the oak; but Sam, who looked in other directions, did not look up, and, finally, wagging his head in a knowing way, he moved off, greatly to Sally’s relief.

The maid was in a kind of dream all the rest of the day, and, without exactly knowing it, she was very happy. Shortly before noon she returned to the house, and going directly to the mirror in the keeping-room she said, without vanity, but with considerable curiosity:

“I wonder if I am fair at all?” and as the mirror flashed back the image of a maiden surely very pleasant to look upon, she chuckled:

“I don’t care, very glad I am that when I first touched the Fairy Prince and looked right into his eyes, I was in my best attire, and also dressed in flowers. I wonder did it mean anything?”

“What should it mean?” asked the faithful Fairy.

“Mistress Cory Ann might say it was a good sign,” said Sally.

“Do not be a silly, taking note of signs and omens!” cried the Fairy. “They bear no meaning except for simple souls that know no better than to make them up. Wise

people and signs have naught to do with each other.”

Still Sally felt happy. She was glad that in white array, with flowers and midst sunshine and songs of birds, she had first come face to face with her Fairy Prince.

“But he had been hurt,” reminded the Fairy.

“Not badly,” serenely smiled Maid Sally. “He soon came around with a little attention.”

That evening Sally strolled around to her seat in the hedge, hoping and wishing that she might hear some of the reading that had always charmed her. But long she sat there before any one came to the arbor. The pale stars came out in the azure heavens, and indeed the maiden had a quiet nap before there came a sound to break the stillness of the pretty evening.

Then the family coach drew up before the gate, and a gay company alighted. Sally knew by this that there had been a supper

party somewhere, and that the young people had been away.

Would they go directly to the house, she wondered, or would they stroll over to the arbor for awhile?

Ah, they were coming over. She wished she might peep at them in their fine attire, but no, it would not do to try, and besides, she could not see them very plainly now. Pretty soon she heard Lucretia say:

“I saw fair brows grow into a frown, when it was found you were too lame to dance to-night, my brother.”

“Ah, but very lucky was I to be able to go out at all to-night, after the hard fall of this morning,” cried Lionel. “Hotspur hath no gentle plunge once his blood is up.”

“Has he ever thrown you before?” asked the Lady Rosamond.

“No, nor did he in truth throw me to-day,” Lionel replied. “I had left the saddle of my own will, but by some strange bound Hotspur tossed me nearly up again, then banged me like

a wisp against a tree. The heavy fall stunned me.”

“And Sam thought you inclined to wander in speech after the men found you,” remarked Rosamond.

“Which is entirely untrue!” exclaimed Lionel, with some warmth. Then he added, in a gentler tone:

“I would I might know who was the bonny maid that bent over me and gave me cooling drops of water and bathed my face and brow.”

“Dost really think there was such a person, brother?” inquired Lucretia.

“It is quite as true as that I sit here this moment! Whether a wood Fairy or a forest nymph I cannot tell, but a heartsome creature, all in white except for flowers of brightest hue, dropped water into my mouth and laved my hot brow.”

“The other servants thought you wandered slightly,” again ventured Rosamond, “and as no one was in sight when they rode up, where could your nymph or Fairy have vanished so

soon? Was not she with you but a moment before?"

"Only an instant before, my cousin. But never shall I yield to the idea that I wandered or that my eyes deceived me as to the vision upon which they rested. Some day I hope to see my dear Fairy again, and when I do, I shall know her."

Sally held her breath for very rapture. Ah, how strange, how sweetly strange! *He*, her Fairy Prince, had called her *his* dear Fairy! Could it be? Yes, it was true, true!

"But, remember, he knows naught of you," came the sad voice that always kept her down.

"See to it," cried her cheerful Fairy, "that should he ever see and know you, there will be naught for which to be ashamed."

"I will try," said Maid Sally.

But if Sally had been careful not to have the Fairy Prince see her before, doubly unwilling was she now that he should catch a glimpse of her.

And not much danger of it was there except

on Sundays, when he appeared at meeting. But Sally managed to stand behind the person in front of her, so that not a peep at her face did the young gentleman of Ingleside get, when during the last singing the congregation turned about and faced the choir.

But under her broad-rimmed hat it is doubtful if Sally's features would have reminded him of the nymph of the pine woods. And so cautious was Maid Sally that not another peep did her Fairy Prince get at her anywhere during the rest of his vacation.

And but seldom did the careful maid go over to the beloved perch between hedge and wall. From her window she more than once saw Lionel go flying by on Hotspur's back, for the Southern lad rode as if by nature the swift, noble horses always to be found in the stables.

Then companies of young people would go forth on picnics, driving in wagons through the woods; or riding parties would be formed, when Hotspur would be left at home, while Lord Rollin, Lady Grace, and other fine horses would

bear young men and maidens to the make-believe hunt, or on the long, breezy ride.

And then again there came a fair September day, when Sally went to the quay, and away and away sailed the Fairy Prince, going back to his studies and the books that were to fit him for the life that lay ahead and the days that were to come.

And back went Maid Sally to Mistress Kent, with the chief part of her "History of America," and the founding of the Colonies safely lodged in the mind-cells under her red-gold hair.

And although Ingleside seemed deserted with the sailing away of its only son, the old charm yet lingered about his home.

One Saturday night in late October, Sally wandered over to the well-known plantation. Bill was combing and rubbing down the horses, Hotspur, Lord Rollin, Springer, Lady Grace, and Crazy Jim.

Sally knew them all, could call half a dozen of them by their names. It sent a pang of

regret to her little young heart, seeing the animals that would feel the hand of their young master on the bridles no more for nearly a year to come.

A little farther on Sam Spruce was picking at a banjo, and trolling in a sweet tenor an old plantation song.

Everything seemed pleasant yet tinged with sadness, for all reminded her of the absent Prince. Not many children have the depths of imagination that had Maid Sally. But she would be thirteen in the winter, hers was a very loving, longing young heart, and she was almost alone in the world, for such children as sometimes came around Slipside Row were not companions for her or such as she could like.

And on this lovely, dreamy night, she strolled on and on, until she came close to Mammy Leezer seated flat on the grass, talking away to herself as fast as her tongue could go. Her back was turned to Sally, and in the growing twilight she was not likely to see the lonely child.

Mammy's pipe was in her hand, and every minute or two she would stop and take a long breath at it, sending a spire of curling smoke above her head. Sally could hear plainly what she was saying, and as usual the sound of her sweet voice was comforting.

“No,” she said, “I doan't like it one mite seein' my young Mars' Lion flyin' off to Ingran', and hearin' all sorts ob talk 'bout wars an' rumors o' wars. What dat chile got to do with sech tings, I like to know? Lorr sakes, it ain't but yes'day I trot 'im on my ole knee first to Bosting, den to Lynn, den to Salum, and home, home agin! And Lorr a-massy! how dat lil trollop screech and scream when I put him on my big shoe and sing dat trip song!”

Mammy stopped, held her pipe in a hand that rested on her knee, and softly wagging one foot, she began, in a slow, dreamy, singsong:

“Trip-a-trop-a-tronjes,
De-vorkens-in-de-boonjes,
De-koejes-in-de-klaver,

De-Paarden-in-de-haver,
De-eejes-in-de-waterplass,
So-pop!-my-lil-pick'ninny-goes!"

"Lorr, Lorr! I can hear dat poor lil monkey now, done choke a-larfin', when his ole Mammy toss him up inten her lap."

But Mammy's soliloquy was rudely broken in upon. Hotspur came tearing over the lawn, Bill in hot pursuit.

"Horrors unner hemlocks!" screamed Mammy, as the wild horse bolted by at a perfectly safe distance, then of his own accord pranced back to the stable yard.

Up got Mammy and trundled away. And back toward Slipside Row went Sally, laughing at Mammy's queer fright, but feeling thankful enough that she was only frightened, not hurt.

CHAPTER XIII.

TWO YEARS

WITH the coming of another summer there were reasons why Sir Percival Grandison did not think it best to have his son Lionel come home.

Troublous times were indeed brewing, and he did not want his enthusiastic son to hear the reports that were going from mouth to mouth and from place to place.

And when the next December came he was glad the lad was away, for in Boston, men painted and plumed like Indians had gone at night aboard some laden vessels lying in the harbor, and had thrown nearly two hundred and fifty chests of tea into the water.

For England was bound to tax the people of the Colonies for tea, beyond what they were willing to stand. And very patient had the

Colonists been. Eight years before this there had been a Stamp Act put upon them by the mother country, trying to make them put a stamp on all their law papers, newspapers, and such things.

But this had made the people of the Colonies so very angry that the law was laid aside.

Now, strange as it may seem, there were yet some of the people who did not quite know whether it was right to stand up and say that England was wrong, and they would not stay on her side, or to think that they ought to obey the king in everything simply because he *was* the king, and it seemed wrong to break away from his rule.

And Sir Percival Grandison, really a fine, noble gentleman, found it hard to make up his mind as to what was entirely right or wrong in the important question.

Sally was now so much a student that nothing, it seemed, could stand in the way of her books and her swift way of learning. She understood all about the trouble with England,

and there was not a more decided, staunch little American patriot than was she.

You know a patriot is one who loves well his or her own country, and Sally was a true, staunch young Colonist. And Mistress Kent listened in surprise to some things she said that winter, wondering that a mere child should know her own mind so well.

“I suppose,” she said one day, “that we ought to love the king and obey him. But here we are way off by ourselves in another country, where the people have their own homes, and fields and lands of their very own. And why should they want to keep taxing us harder and harder over in England, when we owe them nothing at all, and ask nothing of them? *I* wouldn't pay such unjust claims!”

Mistress Kent was timid, and watched carefully her speech, and could only warn the outspoken child to be careful herself.

“The times are hot and full of threat,” she said, “it is feared there may be fighting before long; it were better to watch our words.”

And Sally tried to be prudent, although it tried her sorely when Mistress Cory Ann would raise her voice and declare that folks were fools who thought it best to oppose the king. But she said those things most frequently when the men were away.

And Sally found great comfort and delight in her lessons, which increased from time to time. She also sang in the choir and at singing-school, greatly to Master Sutcliff's help and satisfaction.

One day she picked up part of a newspaper in the road, and was surprised to find that not a word of it could she read.

This was late in the fall, after her Fairy Prince had again gone away, bound for Oxford and its halls of learning. And as time went on, not a particle of the dreamy, story-like charm that clustered about the young Lionel died out of her heart. If anything, it grew stronger. Nor was it strange that, with her fancy-loving nature, the lonely child had to set up a kind of dream-castle for her mind to feed upon.

Yet all was pure and innocent as could be, and, if not real, it yet was helpful. And if into her heart had grown a kind of affection for her Fairy Prince, who was so far removed from her in many ways, she felt that it must always stay just where it was, in truth a secret admiration for one far beyond and above her.

“Because,” she said to herself, “we are oceans apart, not only because the great sea rolls between us, but because in every way he is so far away.”

Now on this day when the strange paper came into her hands, Sally went slowly along, puzzling over the words, until she exclaimed :

“Oh, I know what it meaneth! The paper is in another language, and how I would like to understand it! I must learn it if I can find one to teach me, I must, I must!”

When she went at evening to Mistress Kent she took the sheet with her.

“Yes, it is a page of a French newspaper,” said the mistress, “and although I can make out many of the words, I have not enough

knowledge of the strange tongue to think of teaching it."

A new ambition, or eager desire, jumped into Sally's heart.

"And is there no one who could teach me?" she asked.

"There may be many who could," answered the teacher, "but it hath always been thought a hard matter to learn another language. Parson Kendall hath wide knowledge in Latin, Greek, and some say in French, also. But, knowing for one's self, and imparting or giving knowledge to another, are two different things. It needeth a professor, or a teacher well skilled in other tongues, to teach them properly."

Into Sally's mind leaped another thought.

"My Fairy Prince will learn these other tongues, why cannot I? I will! A way there must be. I am poor, but I can learn."

Mistress Kent then promised Sally that another year, when she would be fourteen, she should begin the study of Latin, if she kept on flying ahead with her studies as she

was doing. There was no danger that Sally would forget the promise.

That night she set her wise head to planning and asking in what way she could manage to take up the study of French. Her two spare afternoons were still taken up with Dame Kent, the mother of her good teacher. The evenings, all except Saturday, were given to lessons and the singing-school. What time was there for anything else?

“Yet I will!” she said, over and again.

“That is right,” said her inner Fairy. “Since the desire has come so strongly upon you to know the French language, only persevere, and the way to learn it will open.”

It opened in so simple a manner as to again surprise brave Maid Sally.

And her ever-present Fairy said:

“It doth in truth astonish me, the ease of it all.”

She was on her way home from Mistress Kent's when Parson Kendall came toward her.

“Good evening, young maiden,” he said, with gentle dignity, “and how do the studies progress?”

“Very fairly, I thank you, sir.”

“And what are they now?”

“I have arithmetic, sir, grammar, geography, and history.”

“Quite a list; and are the studies still pleasant to thee?”

“Very, very pleasant, I thank you, sir. But, ah! if only I could learn the French language!”

“Learn French! And what, prithee, would a maid of thy years be needing of that?”

“I might need it when I am older, sir.”

Then she added, with the respect that was natural to her, and was always expected of the young:

“I think I should much like studying other languages. Grammar pleaseth me; I like right well knowing my own parts of speech.”

Parson Kendall looked pleased.

“When could'st thou find time for another

study?" he asked. "It is no such simple thing to master a strange tongue."

"I could, sir," was all Maid Sally said in reply.

The parson smiled.

"Could'st which?" he asked. "Find the time or master the language?"

"I meant, sir, I could learn the language, but Mistress Brace might have much to say if I asked for more time, and I must in some way work for the one who teaches me anything new."

"Thou hast the right idea about some things," said the parson, kindly, "but go home now, and fret not about knowing another tongue at present; it is not needed so early in life. But that which is greatly desired sometimes cometh to pass."

There was a twinkle in the good man's eye when he last spoke that Sally liked to see.

"He is wise and kind," she said, as the parson passed on, "and I must wait for learning French until comes the right time for it, but learn it I must some day."

“Think no more about it, but do the best you can with the fine teaching you have already,” advised her Fairy.

And Sally tried to heed the advice.

It was but the next week on Wednesday afternoon, when Mistress Kent returned from visiting her sister, that she said to Sally :

“I met our good parson but just now, and he would like seeing you at his house on your way home. I hope he hath good tidings for you.”

Sally trembled with hope as she went toward the parson’s house, and it may have been that he feared lest the little maid might find it hard to use the great brass knocker on the front door, for there he was in the garden as Sally entered the gate.

“It hath all been arranged, dear maiden,” he said, in so father-like a tone that Sally felt tears starting to her eyes. “I deemed it best to see Mistress Brace before saying more to thee about the French lessons, but the use of one morning is to be given thee. Come on

Thursday by nine o'clock, and an hour and a half will I give thee.

“No payment will be required save that one or two simple rules must be observed. No more than half an hour a day at present must be given to French. This will make progress slow, but it is of more importance that figures, history, geography, and thy native speech should be well learned than that thou shouldst know a foreign tongue while so young.

“And so, see to it that other studies are not neglected for this new one with a new teacher. This is all.”

When Sally began to thank Mistress Cory Ann for her kindness in allowing her to go of a morning to the parson, sharp words arose to the mistress's lips, but she kept them back.

Sally was yet a great help to her. And a maid whom the parson would take pains to teach the French language was not to be too harshly treated. So she only said:

“Ah, well, it seems not strange to me that one who thinks not much of our king should

want to get able to talk with the French some day. So I told the parson he was welcome to teach you all the queer stuff he chose to, as I am sure he is."

Mistress Cory Ann Brace did not speak to Parson Kendall in that way at all, and Sally knew it. She curtsyed and bobbed and tried at first to pretend that she could not spare Sally during a morning.

But when the parson said, quietly, "Very well, then we must try some other plan," she came around as if the word "burgesses" was again sounding in her ears, and said that after all she reckoned that on Thursdays she could let the girl off for a couple of hours in the morning, and so it was settled without more ado.

Before spring again gave place to summer, the parson said to Goodwife Kendall:

"It doth astonish me, the way in which the Maid Sally Dukeen taketh her French! I have of late granted her an hour a day at the study, she so desired it. She hath verbs, accent, the

speech itself to a degree that will soon enable her to speak and write it correctly. And to-day the pretty wench asked if in the fall she could drop geography and take up Greek!"

"I bethink me she must have come of a race strong of will, keen of intellect, and quick to learn. I would that we knew more of the maid."

Did Sally grieve that no Fairy Prince would come sailing home on the *Belle Virgeen* when June would be rich with flowers and song?

Yes, and no. Down deep in her heart was a little murmur of pain. But her Fairy had cried as if in scorn:

"And what, prithee, have you to do with the comings and the goings of the Fairy Prince? If it be the will of his father that he should stick to his studies and not mix at all with the strife, and, it may be, the peril of these days, why should it cause you sorrow? Dream, if you must, of the lad that is far away, but concern not yourself with the course that is marked out for him."

And Sally was ashamed to mourn or sigh over her Dream Prince, except so far down in her heart that even her own inner Fairy could scarcely know it.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOME AGAIN

As the next fall came on, there were clouds and a coming tempest in the air. British soldiers in gay uniforms were seen about the roads, and Mistress Kent's dame school did not open as usual.

The parents of young children did not like to send them out every day, even with a servant to look after them. The blacks were easily alarmed and might not prove faithful.

The tobacco was cut and stored in sheds, but when it would be shipped was uncertain. And Sir Percival Grandison was anxious because the *Belle Virgeen* did not come sailing back on time.

The Fairy Prince was nearing home at last,

and a tall, shy maid in her teens was glad that he was on the way.

Sally would soon be fourteen, and it was doubtful if another so young a maiden in all Williamsburg, even the well-taught daughters of the rich planters, knew more or as much of that which comes through books, as did the young maid, Sally Dukeen.

She had learned as if by magic, and kept learning every day. And by paying attention to scraps of conversation that floated to her ears, and getting hold of a newspaper now and then, she knew all about the conflict or struggle that was almost on between what men had fondly called "the mother country" and the American colonies.

And now the Fairy Prince at nineteen was on his way home midst all the trouble and din. Would he fight? He was under age, but Sally had heard him speak of such manly things as "duty" and "putting down wrong and holding up the right."

One thing she felt was certain. No one could



“MORE THAN ONE BRITISH SOLDIER STATIONED IN THE TOWN HAD LOOKED SHARPLY INTO THE DEPTHS OF HER SUN-BONNET.”

keep him out of the trouble if he felt it his duty to stay and help his country in her hour of need.

And now there was rejoicing when the *Belle Virgeen* came slowly up to the quay after having to pick her way midst unfriendly vessels that would gladly have swooped down upon her, taking her cargo and capturing her crew, had they quite dared.

This time the vessel arrived in the night, so there were only family friends to greet and welcome the few passengers she had borne back to their homes.

And so many were coming and going, the roads beyond Shady Path were so full, and every one so excited that Sally, now a tall, blooming maiden, could not race about as when she was younger, nor did she wish to.

More than one British soldier stationed in the town had looked sharply into the depths of her sun-bonnet when Mistress Brace sent her on an errand to the store.

One great joy remained to her. She studied

French and Latin with Parson Kendall for a teacher. But as he thought it better that her other studies should be kept up, she recited but twice a week.

And so a month had gone by, and she had not caught so much as a glimpse of her Fairy Prince.

One afternoon, early in November, she was on her way home from the parson's, and had left the road leading to Ingleside, when Mammy Leezer's round figure appeared in the road.

“Laws, honey!” exclaimed the old Mammy, “how you does grow! Why, bress yo’ heart, I haven’t catched a sight o’ you in an age, and here yous most a woman grown. Makes me tink ob how dat young Mars’ Lion have com’d up to be a man all to onct.

“Oh, but honey!” Mammy’s voice sank to a whisper, and she looked around as if in fear of being overheard, “dat Mars’ Lion, he bound to fight de Britishers toof and nail, but his pappy, Mars’ Perc’val, he’s for totin’ him right back to Inglan, but Mars’ Lion, he won’t be toted. He

say dis yere's his own country whar he wor born'd and here he shell stay.

“Mistis Gab'rell, she cry and try to make him promise to keep quiet, and dat Mis' Ros'-mand she act like she own him soul and body. Mars' Perc'val, he say he's sorry he let him come home, but lordy massy! dat chile would 'a' comed lett'n' or no lett'n'.

“But you see, de fac' is, dat boy chuck full o' fight. I tell ole Uncle Gambo dar must be somesin in dis yere soil dat make de chillern love it and stan' up fo' it and fight fo' it.”

“I'd fight for it, too, if I was a young man,” said Maid Sally.

“*Would* you, now!” exclaimed Mammy. “Well, I reckon de day is near when all who wants to fight will have de chance. Now I must go travellin' home. I'm goin' to make a plum jam betty fo' my young mars' supper, and no knowin' how long his ole Mammy can cook fo' him, he so done set on fightin'.”

As Mammy rolled away, Sally said to herself:

“I wonder why she tells me these things? I never ask her questions.”

Her Fairy answered: “It is because those people are simple and confiding in one way, and in another way are sharper than you think. All the world likes sympathy, which is a kindly feeling toward others, and a willingness to listen to what is in their hearts. And Mammy sees that you pay attention to what she says, and it pleases her.”

“I must be careful,” said Maid Sally.

“You have need to be,” warned her Fairy.

The days grew more full of excitement. There were whisperings, hot speeches, and murmurings on every side.

But in the midst of the boil and trouble Sir Percival Grandison, and a few others, determined to give a ball in the Hall of Burgesses in hopes to break in upon the stormy feelings that were abroad, and perhaps bring about a more peaceful state of things.

The seat of government had been in Will-

iamsburg until that fall of 1774. Then it was removed to Philadelphia.

There had been a splendid ball given in May, in honor of the wife and daughter of the governor, Lord Dunmore. And although the people neither liked nor respected the haughty, wilful governor, it yet was thought a proper thing to welcome with a gay gathering the ladies who had come to live at the "Governor's Palace," as his home was called.

Now the Hall of Burgesses was to see another brilliant affair, when people of rank and fashion would come together for a merry night, and Sir Percival secretly trusted that it might tone down the war spirit in his young son.

Maid Sally cast about in her mind, wondering if she could possibly get a peep at the splendid scene, for ah, what delight it would be to look upon it, if only for a moment!

"It will be a brave sight," said her Fairy, "but it may stir feelings in your soul it were better should be at rest."

“No matter for that,” said beauty-loving Sally, “I must see it if I can.”

Yet how could she bring it about? The church beadle, the dread man who went about, and, staff in hand, kept all younglings quiet in the meeting-house, the town-crier, who went up and down the roads and with a great bell in hand found a lost child or told unusual news, the constable and his two assistants, all these would be about the doors of the building so that the many coaches could drive up without confusion, and none but invited guests would dare to come too near.

Children and upper class servants might gaze on at a distance, but no hangers-on would be permitted on that side of the road.

Up came Sally's will. Her strong, bright will.

“I mean to find some way to see it,” she said, “but not by doing anything of which to be ashamed.”

“Then set your wits to work,” said her Fairy, “for wits you will need to bring that about.”

And Maid Sally thought of a plan.

CHAPTER XV.

A COLONIAL BALL

THE next Wednesday evening, after singing-school, Maid Sally said to Master Sutcliff, with many a blush and a queer quaking of the voice :

“I have a great desire to see something of the fine ball, but there appeareth no way for me to do it.”

Master Sutcliff laughed at the courage as well as the frightened, anxious face of the maid. He next looked thoughtful for a space, and then said, with nods and bows that made Sally’s heart leap :

“I play the violin for the company, and must needs have rosin at hand in case a string getteth obstinate. And it might beseem me to have some one nigh to hand me music in the order it must be played.”

“Oh, but I can't be seen,” cried Maid Sally.

“No more you need, young maid. Many fiddlers will be there, and you can have a low seat, even on a cricket hard by the bass viol, and though the players will be on a high platform, you can hide for a little while behind the big instrument and have a good peep at it all.”

“How can I get in?” asked Sally.

“You can enter under the shadow of my wing,” said Master Sutcliff, “but not long had you best remain. At first no one would notice you, but it might not be easy for you to long hide entirely: we change places once in a while.”

“I will go the moment I am bid,” said the maiden.

In very truth all the bliss of Fairy Land opened up to Sally the next night.

Never before had the maiden had an idea of the glamour, the bewitchment, the splendor of such a scene.

The costumes, or dresses, the dancing, and

courtly manners, — the manners of those who are about the court of a king, — the music that thrilled and charmed her, sending all kinds of bright and airy dreams through her mind, all these sent the blood rushing swiftly through the veins of the delighted maid as, spell-bound, she peered from behind the great bass viol.

“Oh, it is heaven, heaven!” she panted, as with great starry eyes she looked down upon the splendid company. “And I, I could so enjoy it all, had I only been born to it! Was I born to it? Oh, no, no, it could not be!”

“Who knows?” faintly asked her Fairy.

But Sally spent not much time in asking longing questions. The room seemed filled with the odor of musk, attar of roses, and cologne, flowers, and perfumes of many kinds.

There was the governor, brilliant as a king, in purple velvet coat, gold lace, a white, flowered waistcoat with great frills of costly lace adown the front and falling over his white hands.

Shining knee-buckles flashed back the light

from hundreds of candles, which caught also the light from gleaming stones in the buckles of his high-heeled shoes. A man of fancy-fine appearance, but looked upon with eyes that loved him not, but rather despised him.

The ladies were like Fairy dreams, in stiff, brocaded-silks, sheeny satins, ribbons, lace, jewels, and necklaces of gold, amber, and medallions — round stones with faces cut on them.

With dazzled eyes, Sally gazed upon the courtlike appearance of Sir Percival Grandison, his wife, daughter, and niece. But her eyes lingered long on the Lady Rosamond Earls court.

Never in her brightest visions had the poor maid watching from the platform beheld such radiance. The powdered hair was cushioned high on her head, and held between the puffs were white plumes and glossy leaves, joined in loops of small gilt chains.

Her bodice, or short waist, of pink velvet was laced over gauze puffings and ran down both in front and at the back into long points over an upper skirt of white lace figured all

over with threads of gold. The overskirt of gauze and gold was looped high at the sides over a skirt or petticoat of white brocaded satin with a figure of pink roses. On cheek and chin were small black patches bringing out in vivid contrast the whiteness of her skin.

Her snowy neck and shoulders were bare, and a string of thick gold beads strung on a wire kept directly in the curve of her throat. Gold bracelets with sparkling gems were on her white arms, a spray of pink roses was against her bosom, and the feet that peeped plainly from beneath her skirt were in white laced shoes, with high heels and rosettes from which glistened the bright tints of pink stones.

Sally gazed enthralled, — held in a dream, — with a strange pain tugging at her heart.

The question of why, why, was she out of all these things to which her whole nature leaped as if they should be hers by right, was only kept down by the wonder and splendor of all she saw.

But she caught her breath in fresh admiration when her eye fell on her Fairy Prince.

He had been detained a few moments in the rooms below, and was directly on a line with her eyes when suddenly she beheld him for the first time in more than two years.

“Fairy Prince! Fairy Prince!” cried her heart and faintly cried her lips, and she knew it not when Master Clinton turned around from his bass viol, thinking he heard a strange sound. But he heeded not the rapt gaze of the maiden, for she sat quiet as any mouse while her eyes drank in the vision of her Fairy Prince.

His thick hair was lightly powdered and curled at the ends. A coat of blue velvet with silver braid and buttons of filagree, — or wrought openwork silver buttons, — fitted as if moulded to his tall, erect young figure. His waistcoat of cloth of gold had frills of rich lace at the front, according to the general fashion of the day, and also at the wrists. A flashing diamond on his finger sent out shoots of red, blue, and yellow light.

He wore knee-breeches of blue velvet with bands of silver braid and jewelled buckles at

the knee. His long white silk stockings were clocked, or embroidered at the sides, while high-heeled, glittering dancing-pumps set off his highly arched feet.

Sally noted the grace with which he bowed to the ladies and the low curtseys they returned. The ease and fine manners charmed her.

“They are born to it! born to it!” sighed the poor young maiden.

When the dancing began, she still sat entranced, watching chiefly one tall, splendidly arrayed young man who kept perfect time to the music, which rose and fell with a beauty of sound that brought tears to the eyes of Maid Sally.

Master Sutcliff, seeing the intense delight on the face of the maiden, said within himself:

“She shall remain until it cometh time to serve the syllabubs, the cream froth and the nectars, then can she slip away without being seen.”

It came all too soon, the pause in the merry

dancing, for refreshments, when Master Sutcliff said, kindly :

“Now then, young friend, I fear me the time has come when you had best depart. I will go with you to the side door, so that none shall question or trouble you.”

As they passed a long room, he said, “Peep within a moment.”

And Sally looked upon tables covered with all kinds of fancy dishes: there were froths, foamy custards, jellies she could almost see through, plum cakes, pound cakes, and the odor of strong, rich coffee, mingled with the scent of flowers.

Colored servants were moving to and fro with the slow step of the Southern waiter, and everything was orderly, abundant, and inviting.

Master Sutcliff said something to a man close at hand, and the next moment he was bidding Sally good night, at the same time he laid something on her arm.

“Merely a cheese-cake,” he said, and in the soft moonlight Sally saw that she held a heart-

shaped cake filled with currants, with thin spires of cocoanut and cheese standing thick all over the top.

She entered the house through the shed at the side, went to her cubby of a room, and sat down on the floor with her head against the bed.

“I am too happy to undress,” she said, “or else too full of what I have seen. I must think it all right over.”

And there she stayed the livelong night with her shawl about her.

When at last she fell asleep, she saw her Fairy Prince, in his velvet coat, his rich small-clothes and dancing-shoes, as large as life before her. The music of the violins with the deep note of the bass viol sounded almost as plainly in her ears as they had in the Hall of Burgesses.

But standing in the full light of the streaming candles was Rosamond Earls court, a lovely creature in silks and jewels, beckoning with an eager finger to the Fairy Prince.

Would he go? He had started toward her

when his eye fell on a young maiden who was hiding midst the players on the platform.

This so alarmed the maid that she hid far behind Master Clinton's bass viol. But peeping around after a few moments, she saw the Fairy Prince was close at hand.

With a frightened jump she awoke. The sun was streaming into her little room.

"He was going to find me," said Maid Sally.

CHAPTER XVI.

“I CAN’T BUY TEA”

ALTHOUGH Sally had not slept until late the night of the ball, yet quite early she awoke the next morning, and, gathering the shawl closely about her, she began going over the fine sights and sounds, that had left a charm in her mind like unto a Fairy dream.

The longing in the maid’s young heart for better things than those she had, fairly cried out within her, as she thought of the appearance and the graces of those high-born dames.

“I should have a better home,” she said, glancing around her miserable room. “There must be ways in which I can raise myself. I am getting of an age to raise myself could I but see how to do it, yet I would wish to do nothing wrong.”

“There can be no wrong in wishing to better your condition,” said her Fairy; “you are no slave.”

“Then I will watch for a chance,” said Maid Sally.

“Do,” said her Fairy.

In those days, Mistress Brace grumbled and scolded because she dared not buy tea. There was still a tax on it, and loyal colonists denied themselves tea sooner than pay the unjust tax.

But Mistress Brace had no great love of country, nor did she care anything about the matters that were stirring the people way down into their hearts and souls.

And so, after a time, she had grown tired and vexed at having to go without her tea. The only reason she had gone without it at all, was because the hired men — these were farmers who were hired by a planter — had said that it was known all over the place when any one bought an ounce of “the taxed stuff,” and that whoever got it was set down as being a

“Tory,” which meant a person who favored England and the king rather than one’s own country.

But there came a day not long after the ball, when Mistress Brace made up her mind that she would do without tea no longer. The hired men had put up with herb — they called it “yarb” — tea, made from herbs and mints, and had drunk it without complaint.

But the mistress thought they need know nothing about it if she bought a package for her own use. Goodman Chatfield, who sold dry-goods and haberdashery, or small wares, on one side of his store, and groceries on the other, would sell no tea at all; he was a true patriot, and “the taxed stuff” could not be found at his store.

But the “apothecary man” kept a little “for weak and sickly folk,” and now Mistress Brace handed Sally some money as she said :

“Here’s two and thri-pence, and you are to go to Doctor Hancocke’s store and buy half a pound of tea.”

“I can’t buy tea,” said Sally, drawing back her hand and not touching the money.

“You do as I tell you!” cried Mistress Brace, with fierceness in her tones. “If Doctor Hancock says aught about it, tell him I am not well and must have a good sup of tea to hearten me.”

“But you are well,” replied Maid Sally, “and it would not be right, either that I should tell a lie or that I should buy tea with the king’s tax upon it.”

Mistress Brace raised her hand as if to strike the young maiden who stood straight and quiet before her. But she did not strike her, she only exclaimed again :

“Take the money and do as you are bid!”

“I can’t buy tea,” said Maid Sally.

“Then begone out of my sight and out of my house, and see that you come not back!” cried the angry mistress. “Highty, tighty! but a great time of day it is when beggars turn about and say ‘I can’t,’ to those who have kept and fed them. Begone, I say, you malapert!”

Sally turned away without a word, but when nearly through the doorway, she looked back and said :

“I am not a beggar. I am an American girl, and mean to act like one.”

Now there is always something about the words of one who gets not in a rage, but answers coolly one who is in one, that cools down the wrathful person and sets him or her to thinking. And Mistress Brace was struck with fear. What had she dared to say? And what meant Sally to do?

But her temper was too high to put down all at once, so she replied :

“Very sure that you are an American, are you?”

Then, as if it came into her mind that she had better not have said that, and as she also already wished she had not called the maid a beggar, bidding her go away and stay, she began, with a sour kind of laugh :

“Of course, I know nought of you before you were a baby wench of four years or so,

and if you are so silly set against getting the tea — ”

But Sally had darted to her tiny room. She would wait to hear no more. And thankful she was that Goodman Kellar came the next moment with eggs and butter for Mistress Cory Ann to chaffer or bargain about.

Mistress Brace had never been soft of speech, although she could put on the manners of a well-spoken dame, but she had of late grown more and more rough and coarse, ordering Sally about at times in so unmannerly a way that the maid had more than once turned it over in her mind, wondering if she had any right so to order her.

And then, in truth, Sally was noticing such things more after hearing Mistress Maria Kent's nice and gentle speech than she had in the past. And now she hastened to get away if possible before Mistress Brace and Goodman Kellar should be done parleying. All her young spirit flamed up when the mistress called her a beggar, and although something fine in her nature kept her

quiet at the words, they were not to be passed over.

She dressed herself with care, putting on a brown and scarlet linsey-woolsey gown but just made, and bought nearly all with her own money. Then she slipped out at the front door. It was her day to recite to Parson Kendall, and although she scarcely dared think it out, there was a resolve forming under the warm tints of her ruddy hair.

But here was her Fairy with something to say.

“What are you going to do, Maid Sally?”

“I know not, good Fairy, but I mean not to sleep to-night at Mistress Cory Ann’s.”

“Hast any other home?”

“No, good Fairy, but mayhap I will find one.”

“Have you any fixed idea about it?”

“N-o; I have only in my mind that of which I cannot yet speak.”

“Very well, then be brave and do not falter. You have long felt ill at ease with the Tory

woman; tell not too much, but speak the truth boldly."

"I mean to," said Maid Sally.

After the French lesson was over, Sally lingered in the parson's library.

"I gave thee the next reading, did I not?" asked Parson Kendall.

"Yes, I know about the lesson, sir," replied Sally, "but I know not where I had better go. I have no home."

"No home?" repeated the parson, "how is that? Hath the woman Mistress Brace cast thee out?"

Sally turned pale, so great was her fright and her desire to cry. But a single word from her Fairy helped her:

"Courage!"

"I refused to buy tea at the apothecary man's," she said, "and Mistress Brace called me a beggar, and bade me go and not return. I cannot be called a beggar, nor can I go back, when I have been told to stay away."

Parson Kendall toyed with his watch-fob,

looked at the braided mat on which he stood, and seemed studying the pattern of the border. After what seemed a long time to Sally, he said :

“Sit thee down for a moment, poor maid. I would speak with Goodwife Kendall for a space. Be not timorous, all may yet be well with thee.”

Sally sank into a chair as the parson disappeared.

“I’ve done it!” she said to her Fairy.

“Yes, and without many words,” answered her Fairy. “That is always the best way to do that to which one has made up the mind.”

Then Sally fell a-thinking. But so quickly beat her heart that she could scarcely sit still. And it beat all the faster when the door opened and Goodwife Kendall, in a rustling black silk, with soft muslin collar and cuffs, and a lace cap upon her head, stood before her.

“I hear you have not so good a home, little maid,” she said, in a fine, low voice, “as would beseem thee, and the minister has no mind to

send thee back to it. So here is a plan. My two servants are faithful at their tasks, but there is much needlework that is needful to be done. My two sisters are to tarry with me for the present, and much visiting must be enjoyed.

“There are certain duties to be attended to in the minister’s family, and in his library, which it is not befitting that servants should be trusted with. Would it suit thee to be my helper for a time?”

“Oh, indeed, and indeed,” cried Sally, stopping to choke for an instant, “I will so gladly and most faithfully do anything you may ask; and I shall need nothing at present, I have clothes —”

“Tut, tut, child!” said Goodwife Kendall, with a smile. “No one should work well to receive nothing in return, and I shall give thee two and sixpence a week, both to teach thee how to use a little money wisely, and also to pay for what I know thou wilt justly earn.”

And seeing that Sally was at the point of

bursting out crying, she added, while turning toward the door :

“Come, now, Parson Kendall will send to Mistress Brace for such clothes as you have bought for yourself, leaving all for which she has paid. It will please me to clothe thee with what may be needful from time to time. But there are dried berries to be picked over and put in soak before being stewed for supper. Come and let me show thee how to prepare them.”

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SOLDIER'S CARD

“O FAIRY! Fairy! is not this grand?”

Maid Sally stood in a little room, so neat, so prettily furnished, that it was to her like waking up and finding one of her pleasant dreams come true.

A cot with a real feather bed was in one corner, a small chest of drawers with a mirror on it, a mirror in a square frame screwed into a little stand, so she could bring it forward or push it back, was at one side of the room; a small wooden rocking-chair stood by the window, and a pretty painted wash-stand, with bowl and pitcher, a soap-dish, and a saucer for brushes, was opposite the bed.

Sally looked with pleasure on the simple yet convenient things that she never had had the use of before. Then she said:

“I feel as though these things fitted me. Yes, and even finer ones might, too. Why is it I have such feelings always rising within me whenever I look upon what is fine and would seem far above me?”

“I cannot tell you,” said her Fairy.

“Did you notice,” asked Sally, “what slipped from Mistress Cory Ann’s tongue? how she asked was I sure of being an American?”

“I noticed, surely,” said the Fairy, “but many a vain and useless thing will slip from the tongue of an angry woman. I think she meant but to taunt you.”

“Yet I wonder what she may know.”

“It would be wiser to stop wondering,” returned her Fairy.

And now it was not only a new home, but a new life that had come to the pretty maid.

Goodwife Kendall did not favor having too much time spent in arranging the hair, dressing up, and such like vanities. Yet much it did please her to see the beautiful fluff and rich curl

of Sally's red-gold hair after she had used on it a good brush and comb.

And a "changeable" silk of pink and gray, making an "ashes of roses" color, that had hung useless in the closet for a year, made so becoming a gown for the blooming maid that Goodwife Kendall feared lest the bright young head might be turned at sight of the fair vision flashed back from the little mirror into the clear, dark eyes.

And Parson Kendall had some ado in striving to keep back from her ears sundry and divers compliments and sweet sayings that began to be tossed about, bearing on the growth and beauty of the Maid Sally Dukèen.

As winter rolled away and spring came on, the threats and mutterings against the governor and king grew louder and ever louder, and spoken with less fear. Work was going on in the fields and on the plantations, but men met at the corner of the roads and at the stores, talking long and earnestly, and with stern faces and dark brows.

Sally had seen the Fairy Prince ride by a number of times, sometimes with his cousin Rosamond Earls court at his side. With other new feelings, Sally had begun to feel backward at thought of going again to the seat behind the hedge. She could read anything now, and in more than one language. No excuse any longer for wanting to hear another read, and something told her that slyly listening was not becoming in any person of right ideas.

One day at dinner, — always the noon meal in those days, — Parson Kendall said :

“ It is now reported that Sir Percival Grandison, after much thought, feels it his duty to side with the king, and not to aid the colonists. But he hath great todo in striving to keep down the fiery spirit of his young son. The lad thinketh himself old enough to have a mind of his own, as indeed he is, and he greatly desireth to have his name enrolled as a soldier, if fighting must be done. It is sad to have father and son divided at such serious times, and Sir Percival wishes not to deal harshly with his son.

Yet the young man is with the colonists heart and soul."

"And how old is he?" asked one of the sisters.

"He is nineteen, not yet of age."

"But if there should be fighting, think you not there would be many a stripling," asked Goodwife Kendall, "of even seventeen or eighteen, who would enter the ranks on our side?"

"I have no doubt of it," answered the parson, "and it may be that very glad we shall be of the assistance of the younglings."

No one noticed how rosy grew the face of Maid Sally, or how short became her breath as the talk went on. But long ere this had she made up her mind that, should war break out, her Dream Prince would want to be in the thick of the fight, and on the right side.

The lad who stood at the edge of the lawn one night, and said, in firm, decided tones, that he meant to act as should a man, would never sit tamely down and let others struggle for the liberty he was to enjoy.

One soft evening well past mid April, Sally walked over in the direction of Ingleside. She had wearied at heart for the sound of the voice of her Fairy Prince, yet she told herself there was but little chance of hearing him, even should she go but just once more to the rocky seat. For had she not seen him go by but a few moments before in the Ingleside coach?

No; Sally thought it was he who sat beside his sister Lucretia, but she was mistaken.

“I will see if the seat still be there,” she said to herself, as, entering the hedge, she saw in a moment that the great stones were just as they had been months before.

Ah! but she had been there only a few moments when she blushed and tightly clasped her hands together at sound of a well-known voice, as quick footsteps came toward the arbor.

“Now here,” said the voice of the Prince, “we can talk without danger of being overheard.

“You know, Reginald, I would not willingly do anything to disturb or to anger my sire, but

I feel it my solemn duty to do all that one young man can to put down tyranny and unjust rule, which is oppression.

“How can my father allow himself to be so mistaken? Or how can he fail to see that Governor Dunmore has insulted us, and treated us like children in taking away our gunpowder, leaving us as he did with no way of defending ourselves in case of an attack?”

“I reckon he found out his mistake when he was obliged to pay us for it, for he could not stand before the fury of the people when they found out what had been done.”

Poor Sally had felt a twinge that hurt when Lionel Grandison said, “Now here we can talk without danger of being overheard.” The nicer part of her nature asked if she ought not at once to go away from the rocks. But she could hardly have done that without herself being overheard, and sooner than risk that, she made up her mind that this time she must stay, but that in the future she must sit no more between the wall and the hedge at Ingleside.

She knew the companion of her Prince to be Reginald Bromfeld, who spoke next :

“I have but an hour ago heard from Boston, and the town is red-hot over the unlawful, daring conduct of the soldiers, and the government that has sent them over here. Mark my words!” exclaimed young Bromfeld, “it won't be long before a blow will be struck that meaneth war, and when it is, it will be near Boston town that the first sharp crack of a gun will be heard.

“And also when that blow is struck, I shall be on the ground almost before one could say ‘Jack Robinson!’”

“I would I could go too,” said Lionel, “running like ‘Sam Hill!’”

Both young men laughed a little, then Reginald asked :

“But would that be best? It may be that Virginia's sons will need remain to defend her. You know I hail from Boston, am native there, although business affairs of my mother's have brought me here.”

“I should not mean to fly from duty,” said

Lionel, "but wherever the first hard blow for freedom is struck, there will men be needed, and for a time at least I think the conflict will be hottest near old Boston town."

There came at that moment the sound of gay voices from near the house.

"What you say may be true," Reginald hastened to reply, then he added in a sly tone, "but I thought it might be there were fair ones, I might say, *a* fair one, it would be your first sweet duty to stay and defend."

"Oh, prithee, halt!" cried Lionel, half impatiently. "*The* fair one I would guard and defend, at present, is my native land. All fair dames and maidens have my respect and command my service, but I can think neither of billing or cooing or wooing with sound of clanking guns being raised in our midst, and by those who call us 'rebels!'"

"Now here come the ladies. And hark ye! the subject must be changed. I like not talking of war with those who think it sin to take up arms against the king."

After they had gone Sally sat for several moments lost in thought.

“It would sometimes seem that he loveth the Lady Rosamond not one whit,” she said, dreamily.

Then she arose, shook out her pretty skirt with its simple but tasteful overskirt of flowered cloth, and began a leisurely homeward walk.

Her heart-beats quickened and she turned her head aside, when two soldiers appeared at a turn in the road. She could usually avoid meeting them, but to-night they were so near she must needs pass them.

As she hurried by, some green sprays she had held fluttered to the ground. The next instant a tall, graceful form was by her side, and a pair of curious eyes were peeping into her straw bonnet.

“Permit me, ma’selle,” said a pleasant voice, and the green sprays were offered her.

Sally had raised her eyes in surprise, but said “Thank you,” and was hurrying on when the soldier suddenly exclaimed “Ah! ah!” as if

surprised at the beauty of the young face, and had no mind to let the maid escape so easily.

“There are many abroad to-night,” he said, with a strange way of calling his words, “and it might be convenient to have a friend near; would ma’selle permit me to walk beside her?”

But Sally, with all her shyness at times, was no coward, and she very well knew that the British soldier and a stranger should not seek to walk with her. So she replied, in a low voice but with a fine, maidenly air:

“My home is at the parson’s close by. I have no fear, nor is there need that any one should walk with me;” and she raised her eyes part way to his face.

The soldier said “Ah!” again, but this time with so great a note of surprise that Sally looked him full in the face, and lo! it was not a young man at all that she saw, but a tall, handsome man with thick moustaches that were going gray.

Now neither Englishmen nor Americans wore moustaches in those days. A beard or side-whiskers were often worn, but Sally had never

before seen a man with long moustaches that swept his smooth cheek.

But it was not the brave, distinguished look of the soldier that made Sally pause for an instant with her eyes on his face. Some dim memory was stirred at sight of him. As she dropped her eyes the soldier said, in a gentle voice :

“Would not young ma'selle tell her name? I bear myself a name both true and tried, one of which never to be ashamed. I would know what name ma'selle is called by.”

Sally was quick of thought.

“Parson Kendall might better tell my name,” she said. “Oh, and here comes Mammy !”

And making excuse to dart away, Sally hastened forward at sight of Mammy Leezer, who had come along at the right moment.

Mammy was out in great glory. A gay bandanna, really a handkerchief of red silk with yellow dots, was made up into a gay turban, with rabbit's ears that stood erect just over the middle of her forehead.

Another gay kerchief was crossed over her

ample bosom, and her skirt of white cotton with a red stripe stood out stiff with starch, making Mammy look much like a sailing balloon as she came slowly along.

“What dat sojer man sayin’ to you, honey?” she asked, as Sally flew up to her in a way to do her affectionate old heart good.

“Nothing much,” said Sally. “I dropped some leaves and he picked them up for me, but I didn’t want him stepping beside me, so I ran up to you.”

“Which am de proper ting to do,” said Mammy, with dignity. “Doan’t you let none of dem Britishers go sparkin’ yo’ pritty face, honey, nor doan’t you be a bit ’fraid o’ dem, neder. I nebber was ’fraid ob de face of clay, and dar doan’t no sojers make eyes at me when I goes out walkin’ ov an evening.”

Sally wanted to laugh at the pompous air with which Mammy stalked along, much like an old dragoon, she thought, for the soft spring weather had helped her rheumatism, and she could get along with considerable comfort.

But the road forked, and Mammy went off toward Ingleside, while Sally went on to the parson's.

She had reached the gate, and was startled as she began going up the gravelled walk to hear a soft voice beside her say :

“Allow me, ma'selle,” and the tall soldier's sword grated on the walk, as, bending low, he put a card in the curve of her arm. Then lifting his hat gay with gold lace high above his head, he said, with his gentle accent, “Au revoir, ma'selle.” And he was gone.

“He is French,” said Sally, “for he said ‘Au revoir, ma'selle,’ and that means ‘adieu, or good-by, mademoiselle, until we meet again.’”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BREAKING OF THE STORM

PEACE was at an end. The smell of war was in the air. May had dawned, hot, sweet, and full of the jangle of many tongues. Strange, wild things were happening, and so swiftly that hardly could men sleep, so fierce were they for news.

Lord Dunmore, Virginia's governor, was looked upon as an enemy, false and dangerous. Besides trying to take from the people all their gunpowder, it was found that he had tried to stir up the Indians to make one of their cruel attacks upon the people. Soon after this he left Williamsburg not to return.

News travelled but slowly in those days, and so the May sun had been shining some weeks when a man on horseback brought the tidings that at about the same time that the gunpowder

had been seized, there had actually been fighting near Boston.

“Think of it!” exclaimed Parson Kendall, at the table at noon; “the messenger who rode into town this morning saith that seven of our minutemen were killed, and four others wounded, at Lexington, not far from Boston. And at Concord also, close by, there soon followed more fighting.

“Thinketh any one that we will lay down our arms after that? Not so! not so!” cried the parson. “The British rushed forward and destroyed our stores, making sad havoc for a time, but at what a cost! They very soon were to know with what manner of rebels they had to deal.

“The whole body of Continental soldiers sprang to their guns, the news spread from mouth to mouth, and from town to town. Out poured the people from farm, hamlet, and shop. Boys who had ever handled a gun rushed to the scene, and from behind trees, rocks, and buildings came a steady fire into the British

ranks, and had not help come to them from Boston, none of those British soldiers would have escaped alive. Three hundred of them were beaten down as it was.

“Glory to God! Such men as ours cannot be beaten. But the town is on fire. Young Reginald Bromfeld, who hath of kith and kin in Boston, is about to start with a company of youths for Boston, and declareth that he can scarcely wait to perform the journey, so anxious is he to shoulder a musket, aye, and use it too. I can but wish the lad Godspeed!

“Sir Percival Grandison, whom I cannot but hold as a good man, hath forbidden his son — most unwisely, I fear — to take part with the colonists either here or elsewhere. And Sir Percival is a man of iron will. Beshrew me! but I have it in my heart to believe that he would keep the lad from Boston by force, could he do it in no other way.

“And it hath also been told that the proud maid, Rosamond Earls court, hath said all in her power to make him feel that he is acting both

unjustly and unkindly in taking a different side from that of parents and sweetheart — for such she seemeth to hold herself to be. No Southern gentleman would like such words.

“And report hath it that Sir Percival meaneth to go to England for a time, as soon as business matters can be settled here and permit. Ah, but he must act swiftly!”

Sally had listened with ears that tingled.

But all this time there was in her heart a puzzling question, and it had to do with the soldier's card. By the light of a candle, the night she received it, she had seen a name that made her start. For she saw at once that it was the same that she had seen on the cape and in the letter in Mistress Brace's little trunk.

“What could it mean?” Sally dreaded to know, because the name was plainly a French one. She had no love or liking for British soldiers, still less for a French soldier who would take up arms against her own dear land.

“For it *shall be* my own dear land,” she said, the determined cleft settling in her chin.

But small time there was to spend over mysteries or hidden things. War had begun, and her Prince at Ingleside must fight his nearest friends if to battle he would go.

“I would that I could help thee, Fairy Prince!” she cried in her heart.

Did some kind Spirit hear her prayer?

Three days later, toward the close of afternoon Sally went toward the woodsy place and the pine-trees she had long loved.

She went to the other side of the great oak and sat down on the moss, her back against the tree. She could not easily be seen from the narrow path as she thus sat cosily curled.

“They say” — she caught her breath — “that on the morrow morn, there goeth forth with Reginald Bromfeld, my Fairy Prince, Leon Sutcliff, Edward Byrd, Hugh Spottswood, and others to join the forces at Boston, so sure are all the people that great strife is at hand in that quarter. And very swiftly are they to press forward, hoping to be in time for it.

“I must get a look at my Fairy Prince in the

morning. He will not hear me bid him 'Godspeed,' but Godspeed I shall bid him with all my heart."

She stood up, intending to walk on, but at a little turn in the thicket road farther on, she saw three horsemen slowly advancing. They wore light riding-coats, which had concealed the scarlet coats of the king's men, but these outer garments were now thrown open, showing clearly the colors beneath them. Sally at once sat down again, huddling herself close at the back of the oak, hoping not to be seen as they rode by in single file.

On coming near, the first man turned in his saddle to answer a remark of one of his fellows.

"I will hold," he exclaimed, softly, "that I liked it not his keeping so still. It would have served me better had he kicked or shown temper as I expected."

"What good would that have done?" asked the other, stopping his horse a moment, that seemed well spent.

"No good," answered the first man; "but it

was a dirty piece of work at best. I would that Sir Percival could have found another way of keeping back his young son. Strange it were to spirit away the lad in that style. He really thought he was showing us the way, not seeing the colors we wore until too late."

"My Fairy Prince!" gasped Maid Sally, "my Fairy Prince!"

"Make no more talk," said the third man, stoutly. "No harm hath been done, no harm whatever! And well paid are we to be. The lad will simply be detained until too late to join his comrades, a matter of two days or so."

"I half fear me the sharp wits of the lad will find him a way of escape," said the first speaker, "and he is but six hours' ride from Pamunkey turnpike, where the others will ride at noon to-morrow."

"Aha!" said the third man, "but Farmer Hinds will watch him well. His reward will sharpen his eyes, no doubt."

"He would be all right could he but get a horse," said the first man.

“And no horse will he get within miles of Darius Hinds’s old farm place for days to come,” said the second man. “Plenty of oxen, but never a horse or a mule. But come on! Tired out I am. Our work is done. And no one knoweth aught, except that the pert young plotter Bromfeld was told that, at the last moment, Sir Percival Grandison’s upstart warrior had changed his mind and started on a little journey.”

CHAPTER XIX.

ONE NIGHT

HOME went Maid Sally, head down, heart full. She knew the whole story. What should she do? Tell Parson Kendall, and let him fly to the rescue? Then might the king's men interfere, and great trouble come to the good parson.

Ah! she knew what to do. Find Reginald Bromfeld, and let the gay troop pass that way on the morrow and release their comrade. That they could easily do, even should it take a little time.

She went home to her supper, and then, saying she would take a walk, started for the Widow Bromfeld's, about a mile away. When near the place she met an old colored uncle, and asked where she might find Master Reginald Bromfeld.

“Nowhar,” answered the old man. “He done gone with young Mars’ Sutcliff, Mars’ Byrd, Mars’ Spottswood, Mars’ Norris, and Mars’ Culpeper for Bosting town, an’ only de good Lawd know whedder any ob em ebber come walkin’ back alibe.”

“When did they go?” panted Sally.

“Two hour ago, missy. For some reason ’bout gettin’ guns, dey mus’ stop on de way. But dey all gets to de big turnpike to-morr’ noon. Den dey cuts fo’ Bosting.”

Sally turned back, and, walking briskly, was soon at home and in her room. While it was still early she went to bed.

But sleep was as far from the maiden’s eyes as though such a thing had never been known. Her Fairy Prince had been trapped, gently it was true, yet trapped, and led off where he would be watched, and not be able to meet his friends until too late to join in the great battle they felt was near at hand.

“And he is at the farm of Darius Hinds, six

hours from Pamunkey turnpike," she said, as if repeating a well-learned lesson.

When she laid herself down that night, Sally had felt almost sure that there was no help for her poor Prince. The times were dangerous. To tell what she knew might make strife right in their midst. She was afraid for others, but never for herself.

As the clock on the stairs struck eleven, she heaved a great sigh. "If I could only help him!" she cried, softly, to herself.

"I *will* help him!" she cried again, "I will." Then she paused in self-surprise.

"What is there inside me," she asked, "that leaps up with such strength whenever I say 'I will?' And what makes me say it? Have I strange, hardy blood in my veins making me want to fight? I do want to fight! They tell that boys twelve years of age are shouldering guns and rushing into battle at Boston. A gun I would shoulder this very night and march forth to fight those redcoats were I a boy. I am but a maid of fourteen years, but something

I would gladly do for my country, and, alas! for my Fairy Prince.”

She put her red-gold head down on her arms, which were folded across her knees as she sat up in bed, and for several moments she neither spoke nor stirred.

All at once, as though some one had touched a match to a pouch of powder, up she started, her eyes wild with excitement.

“I have it!” she exclaimed, springing softly to the floor, “I have it! May I but have the luck I crave, and my Dream Prince shall go free!”

What she meant to do her red lips did not utter. But she dressed plainly and carefully, and from a drawer she took a piece of black lace and wound it about her head and over her forehead.

Down-stairs she crept, and in the porch put on a long, straight coat worn by the parson when for exercise he worked in the garden, and on her head she put an old straw hat with a broad rim, half shading her face.

Then she passed out at a rear door that was not locked, and walked into the road with a long, careless stride.

The colored boys were often thus seen going from place to place late at night. And with her goldy hair pressed under the dark lace, her face partly covered by the big hat, and the coat closely buttoned and reaching nearly to her heels, Sally might well have been taken for a tall boy bound on an errand, or striding homeward from a late dance.

She made straight for Ingleside, reaching it from the parson's at a point below the stables, and, oh, joy! she nearly cried out with delight.

Hotspur was tethered in a square paddock, well behind the stables, Sampson, or "Samp," an enormous watch-dog who would have let no stranger approach, beside him. But Samp she knew well, and quieted him with a soft word.

What made Sally so sure that she could ride a great fiery horse she could not have told, but some natures there are so fearless and yet so



“FOR SALLY NEITHER DREW REIN NOR DID HOTSPUR ONCE
BREAK HIS LONG, SPLENDID STRIDE.”

sweet that animals will follow them wherever they may lead.

And when Maid Sally went up to Hotspur and drew down down the beautiful short head and patted and pinched the soft nose, then, letting down a couple of bars and pulling at the bridle, led him over the thick turf, the great creature followed with slow, silent tread as the brave young girl went out into the back road. Samp went back as he was bidden, obedient as a child.

On went Sally, her heart thumping lest some one should hear and sharply order her back.

At a little distance she led Hotspur to a stile, and climbing up, still holding the bridle, she mounted without accident.

“Now up and away, Hotspur!” she cried, pressing her feet to the powerful sides. And up and away it was!

For Sally neither drew rein, nor did Hotspur once break his long, splendid stride until nearly an hour had passed.

Sally had noted the direction from which the

three horsemen had come in the afternoon. She knew also that Pamunkey turnpike was almost a day's journey from Williamsburg.

Fully four hours must she ride before going half the distance. But the stage-wagon was slow compared to Hotspur's fleet hoofs.

The meeting-house clock had struck twelve as she rode through the town, and now it must be about one. But a single help could she have to guide her, and she said to herself :

“ Well it is that Parson Kendall hath taught me somewhat about the stars. I must keep the big dipper directly before me or I shall alter my course. Pamunkey turnpike lieth before me as the crow flies. Often enough have I heard that.”

As if her own voice was like company, she asked :

“ Now, good Fairy, what must I do ? ”

And she pretended her Fairy made answer :

“ Be wise. Speak to no one unless forced to. Poke a sharp toe against Hotspur's side should any one try to stop you. If speak you must,

let it be in the words and tones of the black people. This you could do very well. Make a queer jumble of what you say, to confuse any who may question you."

And Sally answered, demurely:

"All these commands will I obey."

Then she laughed merrily, and Hotspur suddenly kicked out his hind legs as if full of sport himself.

For two hours Sally rode on undisturbed, then there loomed a great wagon she must either meet or hide somewhere to avoid it.

She thought it safer to ride to the back of a great barn and hide. But Hotspur liked not being drawn up into the dark shadow. Just as the wagon rumbled by he gave a loud neigh. Up went a window somewhere overhead.

"Who's there?" called a harsh voice.
"Answer, or I'll let out the dogs."

"Say, Mars'," called Sally, in a shrill tone, "how far to Parson Kendall's, and how far to Farmer Hinds's?"

"You must be a fool!" replied the gruff

voice. "Parson Kendall's lies way behind, two or three hours' ride. Hinds's place is two hours ahead, straight along by the bushes, through the oak belt, and on by the river path."

"De bushes road straight on, isn't it?" asked Sally.

"Follow your stupid nose, and half an hour's ride will bring you to it. I say, whose horse have you got there?"

"Yah! yah! dis hoss get me dar all right," cried Sally, and hitting a heel against Hotspur, she was off like a rocket, hearing nothing more.

But alack! five or six horsemen next approached on the lonely road, and there appeared no way of escape. The house and barn were far behind, nor would she have turned and fled. Only open fields and meadows lay ahead.

Then Sally made a mistake.

She pulled a stinging sapling from a bush, thinking to give Hotspur a smart switch, and so race by as the men came up. Had she but known it, a gentle slap from her hand on his

shining flank and a hiss in ear would have sent the proud animal bounding forward like a deer, exactly as she wished.

So fine a horse would be noticed anywhere, and men were abroad who would gladly have snatched Hotspur as a rich prize, and borne him away where a great price he would have brought and none too many questions asked.

Sally gave the men a wide path, but one called, sharply :

“Halt! Who goes there? In the king’s name, who art thou?”

Sally gave Hotspur a wild cut from the whip in her hand. The spirited creature stopped short, then reared so high that only by flinging her arms about his neck did the maid keep from being flung to the ground.

“Hotspur! Hotspur!” she cried in his ear, “go on, oh, go on!”

Aloud, she cried :

“Oh, wot Mars’ Kendall, wot Mars’ Hancocke do if we gets late!”

“Who are you?” cried another man, riding

nearer; and Sally wailed again about getting late.

“Stop your nonsense!” sung out another man, trying to get close enough to the still prancing Hotspur to clutch at the frail bridle.

Maid Sally made no mistake that time.

Raising her arm, she gave the man's horse a cut across his face, which set him jumping madly, putting the others into a panic also.

At the same moment, Sally cried in Hotspur's ear, “Go on, boy! Now, now, Hotspur, sh! sh!” And she patted his neck quickly but gently and pressed a foot against his side.

With one leap forward, Hotspur was off on a hot race that Sally could not control. She lay along his back, rolling from side to side, as Hotspur, his fierce blood now up, tore by bushes, trees, pounded over a little bridge, dashed up one hill, down another, and only yielded to Sally's soft calls as they came to a sleeping village and a clock struck three.

“I really haven't been one mite afraid,” said the plucky maiden.

In another hour she felt that she ought to be near Farmer Hinds's. And she was glad to see a yoke of oxen lumbering along, a great covered wagon behind them. Judging by his appearance, a colored man walked beside them.

Furniture was piled in the wagon, and Sally easily guessed that a family were about to move, and a servant had been sent on before daybreak with some of the furniture.

"I say, Uncle," she called, pleasantly, "whar dat man Hinds have his farm?"

"Whar you get dat hoss?" was the reply.

"Whar dat Hinds live?" cried Sally.

"You bettah get off'n dat hoss," said the provoking old man.

A little thin, piping voice, somewhere between the truck in the wagon, suddenly arose:

"Just you keep right on, and purty soon you come to a hill, then a meet'n'-house, then a piece of river paff, and the Hindses farmlands lies right ahead in the woods."

Again it was a long stretch and a lonely way, but morning had dawned when Sally and her

brave steed reached a deep dell close to the Hinds farmlands.

Here she tied Hotspur by the bridle, and finding long saplings, she twisted them into the bridle on the other side and so made the horse fast as she could to a stout but slim tree.

Then she felt that the hardest part of all was before her.

“ You must be brave,” said her Fairy. “ You are tired, and excited, but wide awake. Make no mistakes. Remember, Hotspur is close by. The Fairy Prince may yet reach his friends in good time. But beware. He is no doubt a prisoner. Be sharp !”

CHAPTER XX.

IN CAMPAIGN

SALLY'S soft tread was heard only by a great dog who rushed out as she crept toward the hay sheds at the Hinds farmlands.

She easily made friends with the dog, who trotted quietly away after being patted and quieted.

It was plain that some of the house servants were already astir, but Sally kept out of sight as best she could.

One thing she did that pleased her greatly.

She got into the barn and filled the front of the coat with hay. This she carried to Hotspur, who enjoyed the crisp breakfast greatly.

“I wish I could bring you water, dear,” she said, “but how am I to get my own breakfast?”

For with all her shrewdness, the maiden had

given not one thought to food when she started out, and a healthy maid of fourteen could not long be unmindful of hunger after a four hours' ride.

In a few moments however, she was to be glad of having made friends with the great dog. For a colored boy put a pan with meat bones, cold biscuit, and a basin of water by the shed, for the dog's breakfast.

As the boy slouched away, up crept Sally, and snatched two of the biscuit, and oh, what luck! a good doughnut, long and twisted, was close against the biscuit. She snatched that too.

"Surely I may have part of the dog's food without stealing," she said.

Then she cast about in her mind how next to proceed. Time was precious.

Now it may well be supposed that during her long ride so bright a maid as Sally would have tried to think of some plan that might help her once she reached her journey's end. And she had not forgotten that all she had

heard and learned about the present condition of her Fairy Prince had come to her as she sat by a tree.

“ Might not a tree help me again ? ” she asked. “ Could I but make a sound, or give a sign, it surely would help me, if only the young Prince came near enough. I can think of no other way unless I hide about the house and watch my chance for a quick word.”

Ah, but with others around, how long might it be ere the chance would come. And time was passing swiftly away.

A fine elm stood before the house, and Sally resolved to scramble into it and at least take a good look around. The branches grew closely, and fortunately came nearer the ground than was usual.

She watched some time before daring to climb, but at length she found a place where she could seat herself, and the great boughs made a very good screen.

Another precious hour went by; it was between five and six o'clock. Farm-hands

were at work. Sally could see them in the distance.

All at once she caught her breath in the way natural to her when surprised or excited.

For there at the front door stood her Fairy Prince, but with how gloomy and clouded a face! And close beside him was a strong and stalwart man.

“His guard!” whispered Sally. “Shameful, oh, shameful!”

The two strolled out and down the path. Sally nearly choked as they paused close by the tree. In her hand she held a bit of bark, picked with a purpose.

The older man turned his head. Down fluttered a bit of bark close to young Lionel's feet. Down fluttered another. The young man looked up. Sally made a swift sign.

“I wonder which way is the wind,” said Lionel; “the vane is just out of sight.”

The man walked a few yards away toward a corner of the house.

“Don't look up,” called Sally, in a loud

whisper, "but Hotspur is here. Down in the dell to the right. Run! he is only lightly tied. The others will be at Pamunkey turnpike at noon."

The man was already turning back, and Sally was surprised and, ah! how greatly disappointed to see her Fairy Prince go quietly with him to the porch.

Did he not hear her? Did not he believe her? The days were such as to make men crafty, quick to catch an idea, swift to use it.

Aha! as the front door, heavy and thick, was reached and both were stepping in, Lionel gave the man a sudden push, sending him headlong into the hall; then he slammed to the door, and rushed like mad to the dell sloping off to the right.

In a moment the great door opened and the attendant and another man ran out, but almost the next instant Sally, straining her ears, heard the rush and sweep of a fleet horse that seemed to scud like the wind, and — her Fairy Prince was free!

“There he goes! And I helped him!” gasped Sally, hugging her own young breast and quivering in every limb.

The men looked right and left and listened, half deceived by the sound. At last, far down the road, they saw horse and man, but going at a pace it were mere folly to strive to overtake.

“We cannot catch him, and if we could he would defend himself now,” said the man who had guarded Lionel, in a voice of anger and concern. “Woe the day! What will Sir Percival say?”

“His orders were that not an instant was he to be out of our sight,” said the other man. “One or the other of us was to be on the watch.”

“And he was not out of my sight,” said the first man. “I only left his side a moment before to look at the weathercock, and he stood alone just where I left him as I turned back. We came through the doorway together, then he pushed me fairly over and ran away. Woe the day! I shall lose both respect and reward.”

“How in the name of Great Cæsar could he have gotten a message about the horse?” asked the second man. “I have seen no one around.”

“Nor have I,” was the reply. “Beshrew me, but I could half believe the Fairies or the witches have been about! It is a mystery indeed.”

He added, gloomily :

“Now I must acquaint Sir Percival of what hath happened, and, by my faith, I had rather take a ducking or show a broken limb.”

It seemed to Sally that the men would never be done looking about, peering here and there, but keeping near the house, as if bent on finding some one who had helped Lionel's escape. It was not until the middle of the morning that they went into the barn; then, with many a halt, she finally let herself down from the tree, but only to hide behind another.

Sally was thankful when at last she found herself in the road after creeping from one cover to another. Then, with a slouching step, she moved more rapidly away.

For a long time she kept steadily on, then, at a great field she was passing, an ox team, loaded with marshy grass, came toward the road.

“Might I cotch a ride?” she said to the man who was guiding the oxen.

“Tired, are ye?” called the man.

“Tired I’ll be afore I gets to Homeview,” said Sally.

Homeview was a plantation near Williamsburg.

“Get ye up then,” said the man. “I goes far as Humphrey Three Corners, that’s all.”

By walking and begging many a mile’s ride, and also by begging two or three cups of milk, Sally reached Parson Kendall’s near supper time, as hungry and fagged a maiden as one would wish to see.

She managed to enter the porch and hang up the coat and hat without being seen by any of the parson’s family. Then she started for the library, but met the parson in the hall.

“Whither away, maiden?” cried the parson, sternly.

“I would have speech with thee in the library,” said Sally, rather faintly.

“And I would have speech with *thee!*” the parson replied.

Not a word spake good Parson Kendall while Sally told her story.

Goodwife Kendall knew that Sally had returned, but so discreet a tongue had she, that not even her sisters knew that the whereabouts of the maiden who had appeared neither at the breakfast nor the dinner table were unknown either to the parson or his wife.

There was silence as Maid Sally finished her strange, brave story.

Was her best friend, the kind parson, angry at what she had done? Would he blame her sharply, or cry shame on so bold a deed?

A queer note there was in his voice when he spoke at last.

“I am proud of thee, maid, proud of thee! Thou art fit to rank with the soldiers who

would put down injustice and oppression. But why aid the young son of Sir Percival Grandison, why he in particular, eh?"

For a moment it was Sally's turn to be silent. Then she said, with her steadfast eyes on the parson's face:

"I have told you, sir, what floated to my ears. It was the first case wherein I bethought me that my own courage might serve my country in a way, and serve one of her sons, too."

Parson Kendall was content with the reply.

"We worried over thee this morn," he said, "and have made quiet inquiries to-day, but all without letting any one know thou hadst really disappeared. Do not so try us again."

"I will not," said Maid Sally.

"Now get for thyself food and drink," said the parson. "I have sharp summons to attend upon Mistress Cory Ann Brace, who lieth ill at her house. I was about to set forth to visit her when thou appearedst. And after thy repast, thou hadst best go to thy bed at once. I will speak with Goodwife Kendall a moment con-

cerning thy story. Long sleep wilt thou need after thy night's campaign."

Sally smiled at the parson's speech. Full well she knew that while an army kept the field it was in "campaign."

"Did I keep the field last night, sir?" she inquired.

"Verily I think thou hadst the field all to thyself, from set out to finish," smiled the parson. "I am proud of thee! But let us know the next time when thou goest on rescue."

"I will, sir," said Maid Sally.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE QUEER NAME

WHEN Sally, bright as a new sixpence, appeared at breakfast the next morning, Parson Kendall regarded her with much thoughtfulness. And when he said, soberly, "I would see thee again in the library after thy meal is finished," she wondered what he might have to say.

He spoke gently, but wasted no words as he began :

"Maid Sally Dukeen, it hath pleased God to take unto himself the woman, Mistress Cory Ann Brace, who departed this life at midnight just past.

"But there was that on her mind which it beseemed her must be told before she could die in peace. And she made confession that thy

father left thee suddenly when thou wert but six years of age, and being a stranger, and thinking better of Mistress Brace than I greatly fear she deserved, he left thee in her care, together with a considerable sum of money, which was to pay for board and proper schooling.

“But being tempted of the Spirit of Evil, Mistress Brace used the money as if it was her own. A large portion of it she had spent, but some yet remains. This, she also confessed with tears and with sighs, she intended to put at interest as soon as some of our present troubles were over.

“What thy treatment was with Mistress Brace we need not dwell upon.”

“She was not cruel, sir,” said Maid Sally, wishing in her tender young heart to speak kindly of the dead.

“Not cruel, perhaps, as to violent treatment, child,” said the stern, just parson, “yet I hold it cruel, ah, very cruel, to have kept thee much as a serving-maid, and keeping back thy education as she did, and would have continued to

have done, had it not been for the good blood in thy veins that cried out for better things.”

“Have I good blood in my veins, sir?” cried Sally, twisting her pointed fingers in an eager, nervous way.

“Aye, the best of blood, dear child, and the will of an iron-nerved forefather. I hurried out last night for that man of the law, Sir Gaspard Culpeper, that he might witness to what the poor misguided woman had to say, and wishing God’s mercy for myself as well as for all others, I have it in my heart to admit that ignorance had much to do with the great mistakes of Mistress Brace and her dealings.

“Hast thou ever seen this name before, Maid Sally? Look well upon it, and try to remember.”

Sally looked at the paper the parson handed her, and the rich blood spread over her face.

“Speak truth, child,” said the parson.

“I did indeed see that name once, both on a cape and in a letter that lay in a little trunk at Mistress Brace’s,” said Sally, “and — and —”

“Speak out without fear,” said Parson Kendall, as Sally groped for words; “much depends on my having a clear understanding of all thou canst tell.”

Then Sally told of the soldier who had thrust his card into her bended arm.

“It was the same queer name,” said Sally.

“Dost know what language it would belong to, young maid?” and the grave parson smiled.

“The soldier I think was French,” said the maiden, a droop of disappointment in her voice. “I fear me the name must be French also.”

“Spell it, and then pronounce it,” said the parson.

And Sally spelled, then pronounced:

“‘D-u-q-u-e-s-n-e, Doo-kane.’”

“You need feel nought but pride at bearing that ancient name!” cried Parson Kendall. “No more noble officer hath the French navy ever known than the fearless, distinguished commander who once bore it. A marquis, child, a French nobleman! A Protestant, who con-

quered Spanish, Danes, and Dutch during his splendid career.

“Hast not thou felt the will of thine ancestor, stirring thee to make the most of thyself? Hast thou not felt within thee a craving for the best things in life? Hast not thou pushed thy way up to those better things?”

“Yes, oh, yes!” burst forth Maid Sally, with a great shuddering sob. “I felt it! I almost knew it! My good Fairy felt it must be so!”

“Your good Fairy?” The parson looked amazed.

“Yes,” cried Sally, for to the winds went all fear of letting the kind parson know what was in her heart, and what had been one great comfort of her poor little life.

“Yes, my good Fairy, sir. I talked with another part of myself and found help in pretending a Fairy dwelt in my soul. My poorer self was one part of me, the good Fairy the other. And the good Fairy did hearten and comfort me.”

“One was Sally Dukeen,” and the parson

smiled most pleasantly, "the other was Sara Doo-kane. Strange how the accent of but one letter can change a name. I fancy it was Mistress Brace's incorrect way of calling it.

"But there is more for you to know. Your mother was an English lady, also of excellent birth, but on the way to this country with your father, to seek a better fortune, she died.

"Now very early this morning I sought out the soldier, Officer Duquesne, of whom you have told me and of whom I have heard. And although I know him to be a very different man from your ancestor of nearly a hundred years ago, and his also, and fighting I hold on the wrong side, he yet told me some things I was pleased to know.

"The man who gave you his card, my dear maiden, was your father's own cousin, and I feel sure he once felt great love for your mother. He told me of having seen a young maid who was so much the image of a beloved friend of the past that he desired to know her name. And tears filled his eyes when I showed him a

small painted picture of your mother that had lain in Mistress Brace's little trunk. For she would have us find the trunk and see what was hiding inside."

"There!" again exclaimed Sally, "I have said to my Fairy, 'How know I but Mistress Cory Ann hath things that were my mother's and should belong to me?'"

"There was a cape of finest needlework," continued the parson, "probably the one you saw, also a letter of importance, as it told the name of your mother's family, and a few articles beside money, of value to you, found in the little trunk. Here is the picture of your poor mamma."

Sally gazed with curious eyes at the little painting that was so like her own face as seen in the mirror, that she exclaimed:

"It is like my own face!" and suddenly she kissed it, a quick, warm kiss.

"I wonder what made me do that?" she asked, with a feeling of confusion.

"I think it was your warm French blood," said Parson Kendall.

“And what was my mother’s name?” asked Sally.

“Earlscourt. She was of the same house as Lady Gabrielle, wife of Sir Percival Grandison, although well removed. Officer Duquesne of the British army thought your mother lost money through some of her relatives, who have died, so nothing can be proved.”

“Enough has been proved!” cried Maid Sally. Parson Kendall smiled.

“There speaketh your good Fairy,” he said; “enough *has* been proved. You are of noble blood on your father’s side, and the Earlscourts hold themselves to be of the best, as no doubt they are. What better could’st thou wish?”

Sally was speechless.

She had not taken in the whole truth of the last fact until it was thus plainly set before her.

Of kin to her Fairy Prince!

Could it be true? Yet here sat Parson Kendall, who had heard the story from her father’s own cousin, a man who knew root and branch all the truth as to her kindred and relations.

“I think I had better go away and be alone by myself,” said Sally, her face crimson, a feverish light in her eyes.

“We will say nothing of this outside the house for the present,” advised the parson. “Officer Duquesne is one of the king’s men, — and by the way, we had but until lately a fort of that name, — and he quite likely will acquaint Lady Grandison with the fact that she hath a young kinswoman in the town. But, my dear damsel, she would, I fear, look but coldly just now on one whom she would regard as a little rebel.”

“Then her son is a rebel, too,” said Sally, with dimples plumping in.

“Yes, and hath been aided in helping the rebel army, by his young kinswoman, Sara Duquesne,” laughed Parson Kendall with quiet glee.

“I must go away by myself awhile,” again said Maid Sally.

“And take thy good Fairy with thee,” said the parson. “But return from wherever thou

goest in an hour, for Goodwife Kendall and myself go to Cloverlove plantation to dine, and we go by stage, which passes there and will not return until near evening.

“I have lessons for thee to learn, and would not have thee dwell too much on the knowledge that hath come to thee, and is indeed very pleasant.”

“I think the world has turned topsyturvy,” said the maiden, with the look of one who dreams.

“And Fairies are but bright fancies of very human creatures,” said the parson, in a low, kind voice.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BATTLE OF GREAT BRIDGE

IT would seem that the knowledge Maid Sally now carried under the burning gold of her thick tresses was making a woman of her.

Very gay and glad at heart was she, for, had not the dearest dream of her life come true? She was a high-born damsel, and — could it be true? — the blood of her Fairy Prince was also in her veins.

But instead of being filled with foolish pride because of these things, she said wisely to herself:

“Now must I study yet more, for I would not shame in any way the people who are my people although they know me not. Some day they may know me well.”

And so the maiden plunged into her books

anew, and also grew skilled in embroidery, even copying the pattern on her mother's dainty cape, and copying it well too, on a skirt of fine India muslin that had lain in Mistress Brace's trunk.

A few weeks after the young Virginians had started for Boston there had come a hard battle, even the battle of Bunker Hill.

And Hotspur had borne his young master to the distant colony barely in time to take part in it, after first meeting his friends at the turnpike.

In July, Sir Percival Grandison received from his son an account of the hard contest. He told how all night he and his comrades, delicately nurtured young men all, with soft hands and lions' hearts, had worked with pick and shovel, and with the rank and file, in throwing up breastworks. And so quietly was the work done that neither a sailor in the near harbor, nor the British sentry but a little away, had heard a sound.

“Although not a great victory for us,” Lionel wrote, “we yet showed what kind of men the

British have to fight, and our untrained men put to flight soldiers of long experience and training. We feel sure of victory in the end."

One balmy night in August, Sally saw Mammy Leezer trundling up the road, her red and yellow rabbit's ears, or points of her bandanna turban, cocked high and important, her white cotton skirt stiff as starch could make it, and her pipe no doubt in a deep pocket.

Mammy was the only person at Ingleside who had known anything about Sally at Slipside Row. But it will be remembered she also knew something of her father, and always declared she "nebber b'long'd in dat Row, nohow."

Sally answered Mammy's cheerful greeting, and then asked, gaily:

"Going to war, Mammy?"

"Goin' to war?" cried Mammy, with a fearful rolling of eyes. "Now what you take me fo', honey? But I spect you heer'd de news. Dat Mars' Lion, he comin' home soon. Mars' Perc'val, he talkin' o' goin' to Ingran' 'fore long, and Mars' Lion, he hev to come back to Virginny

and look after de plantation and we at de cabins."

Then Mammy lowered her voice, and asked, with a mysterious air :

"Hev you done heer'd 'bout dat Hotspur helpin' Mars' Lion get away to Bosting town?"

"How was that?" asked Sally, for indeed not a word of gossip had she heard about the affair.

Mammy went on :

"Ob course Mars' Perc'val won't hev a word said to him on de subjec', and I doan't b'leeve he know what to tink ob tings. But shor's yore born, honey, I b'leeve de folks up at de house tried in some way to keep Mars' Lion from goin' to Bosting with dose odder boys he done go with.

"And, honey," — Mammy Leezer held up a dark finger to make more dreadful her solemn air, — "one night, las' May, dat Hotspur, he done gone from his outside box, and needer hoof, head, or tail ob him lef'. And dar warn't no *man* come for dat hoss! Bill, he wor awake

all night, and lil Jule, she hev a mis'ry in her lil stummick, so I'se up 'bout all night, and no one come round dat stable we knows dat night, yet, in de mornin', dat Hotspur, he clean gone."

Mammy put her hand, edgewise, side of her mouth, and whispered, loudly :

"Sperrits, honey! Sperrits!"

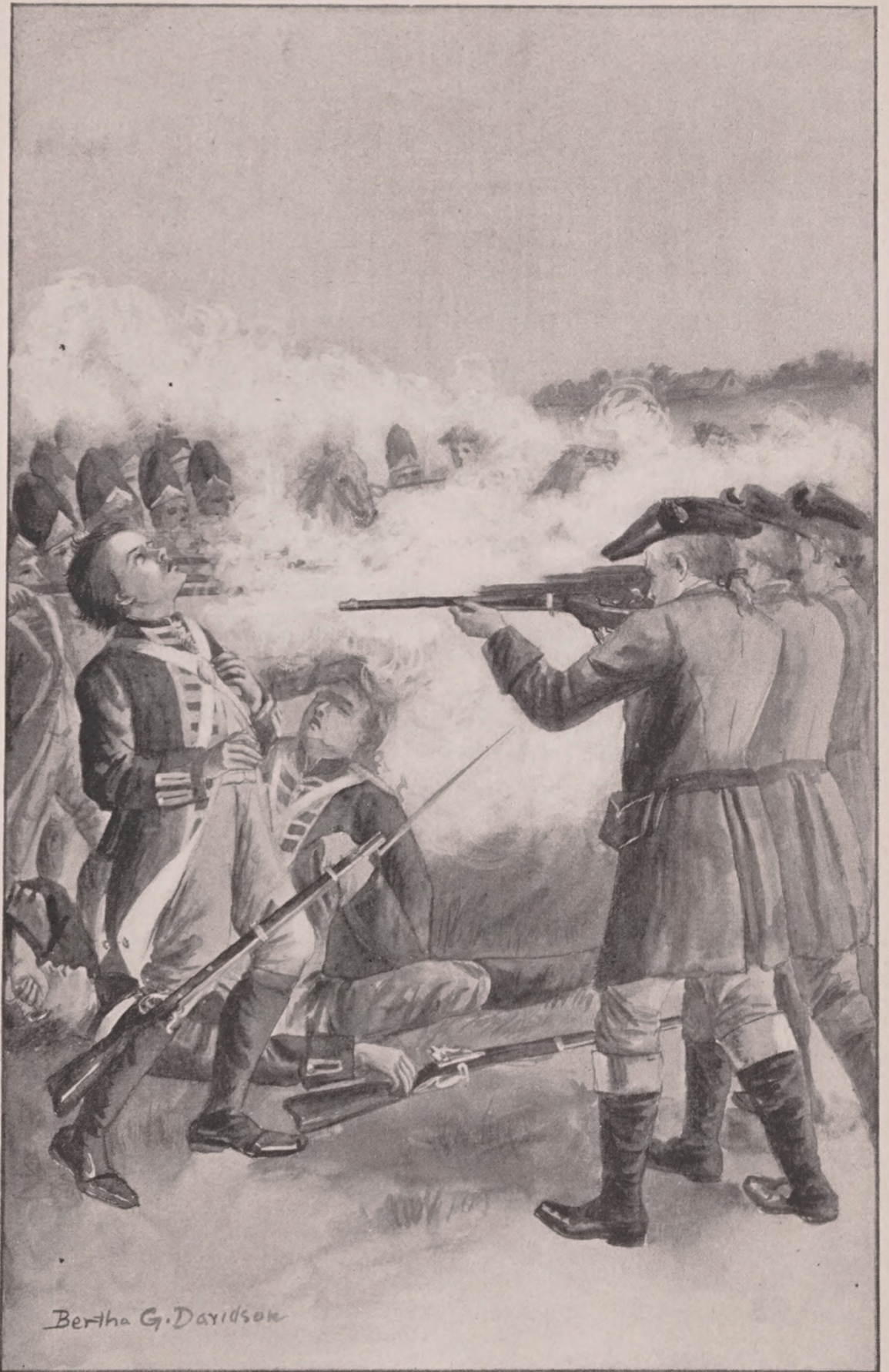
Sally laughed and shook her shining head.

"Oh, no, Mammy," she said, her voice full and bubbling, "no, no! spirits don't come with strong hands and feet and take a horse away. Bill had a nap, little Jule got easy, and you dozed, then some person led Hotspur away."

Mammy looked carefully around, then said, with a twinkle in her eye :

"Ennyway, I'se glad dat boy get away. Dis yere war won't help de English any. De ole king needn't tink he can put his big foot on de people's neck, and dey not kick back.

"Let Mars' Perc'val and Mistis Gran'son go back to Inglan' ef dey wants to. Dey soon come totin' back 'gain. And Mars' Lion, ef he



Bertha G. Davidson

THE BATTLE AT GREAT BRIDGE.

is a young man, can run de place all it want to be run while dese times is goin' on."

So he was coming back! her Fairy Prince!—
"I must learn yet more," said Maid Sally.

And so, while the dragon-fly buzzed in the hot summer sun, and the lazy breeze scarcely stirred the cobwebs strung from bush to bush, while the flaming poppies were seen through mists of heat, and the cattle stood knee-deep in the streams, Maid Sally studied, recited, sewed, picked over fruits, baked, and grew skilled both in pantry and in parlor.

Truly a little woman of the olden time.

Not often did the old-time parson freely praise any one. But Parson Kendall one day said to Sally:

"I deem it but just, Maid Sally Duquesne, to say that very nobly hast thou done with thy lessons. Many a fine lady might well be proud could she stand by thy side, equal with thee in learning."

And Sally could have hugged herself from very happiness.

Then came the cooler days of autumn. The cotton had burst its bolls, the sugar-cane given up its sweets, the tobacco was stored, the fruits preserved.

One fine day in November, Sally saw Hotspur go dashing by, her Fairy Prince holding the rein.

It was like a waft of new, sweet air thus to behold him. Too much a child of nature was Maid Sally to lose or cast aside the dearest fancy of her life as she grew older, and the Fairy Prince of poorer days was the Fairy Prince still in her deep young heart.

He was also her hero now. She had helped him do battle for his country and hers. He was her relation. What a secret to hug within her breast!

But now, hotter and hotter grew the news from all directions. Lord Dunmore, gone from Williamsburg, yet made mischief in other parts of Virginia.

And soon came reports of trouble from near Norfolk, south of Williamsburg.

Sir Percival Grandison, who yet lingered in

his Virginia home, no longer tried to keep his young son from fighting with the "rebels." There was in very truth something he kept very quiet about, in connection with the Boston affair.

And he was not surprised when, with young Spottswood, Norris, Byrd, and others, Lionel again mounted Hotspur and went clattering off toward Norfolk to see what trouble the British were making in that quarter.

One morning, when December was in its second week, Sally was in the wide kitchen plucking a goose, that she might learn how, when Parson Kendall came to the door, his wig somewhat awry, his face flushed with excitement, his manner hurried.

"Good Matilda," he said to his wife, "I would that a hamper of food might be quickly prepared, a roll of linen be made ready, and several flasks of your most strengthening tonics be got out. I go with our horse Rupert, and saddle-bags, a long day's journey and nearly a night's, to give such comfort as I can to certain

of our men that lie wounded at Great Bridge, near Norfolk.

“News hath been brought that on the seventh, a battle was fought, and great victory was given to the colonists. But young Lionel Grandison and Hugh Spottswood of our township are among the wounded, and help in caring for the injured is called for.

“Doctor Hancocke goes in his wagon with drugs and potions, and so loud a lament made Mammy Leezer, the old colored nurse at Ingle-side, begging to go and care for her ‘chile,’ — for so she calleth young Lionel, — that Doctor Hancocke will take her along with his medicines and bandages.

“Sir Percival also hopes she will soon be able to return with the young man in charge. He scarcely dareth to go himself to the scene of conflict, for feeling is bitter against the Tories. Lady Gabrielle hath taken to her room with cries of anger and sorrow at the news, and as for Rosamond Earls court, she hath servants, smelling-bottles, hot drinks, and all she can

muster about the place attending on her, so loud is her grief.

“Beshrew me! but I would like to see were it only an ounce of common sense poured into her from some bottle or other!

“Now I go to get my camlet ready,” — a great cape like a cloak, — “and to roll up a blanket.”

“Oh, *please!*”

Parson Kendall and his wife Matilda turned about to see Maid Sally standing with outstretched hands, cheeks burning, eyes full of entreaty.

“Oh, please let me go! I will squeeze into Doctor Hancocke’s wagon with Mammy Leezer, taking but little room. Very, oh, very sorely I have longed to do something that would help in these days. Let me wait on the wounded. I am strong and full of health, and almost a woman grown. I can twist a bandage, make a posset, mix a medicine, feed the sick. I prithee, let me go!”

The parson looked puzzled, Goodwife Kendall looked surprised.

“Dear maid,” she said, “it is no easy thing to tend on wounded men. One must be strong of nerve and firm of hand to deal with the injured.”

“Have I asked for smelling-salts or shown weakness in any way when bad news came?” asked Sally. “Try me, but try me! I think I could go through fire or through flood to help our men. Pray let me go!”

But never a word said Maid Sally about its being her kinsman that lay among the wounded.

And Parson Kendall said :

“I like well thy high spirit, maiden, and as a woman goeth in our company,” — he turned toward his wife, — “what think you, good Matilda, of letting the wench come with us?”

“I think,” said Goodwife Kendall, “that since she so much desireth it, we might let her go.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

MAID SALLY AND HER FAIRY PRINCE

WHILE she was making ready, Sally kept saying :

“ I am coming, Fairy Prince, I am coming ! ”

And a sweet bird of hope was singing in her ears that all would yet be well with the brave Dream lad of her girlish years.

“ I will serve the others too,” she said, “ for in good faith I love my country well.”

At Great Bridge all was bustle and confusion. But the wounded had been carried into a long, low building, really a tobacco warehouse, now turned into hospital barracks.

Doctor Hancocke, who had knowledge of diseases and wounds as well as of drugs and medicines, made himself both useful and welcome. He soon found Lionel among the badly wounded,

his hurt having come through a spent ball that hurled the young man against a gun-carriage with such force that his back was injured and one shoulder put out of joint. Then, as fever had set in, the young man was in a bad way.

Sally could well have both laughed and cried at Mammy Leezer when they told her Lionel's case was thought to be serious.

She put on her most dragoon-like air, and seemed defying the whole army to tell her that again.

“Who say dat dat boy am hurt powerful bad?” she sniffed. “Ain't they done been tole his ole Mammy am come? What's goin' to be de matter with my Mars' Lion once I gets to nussin' 'im? They better stop cackling, de whole caboodle ob dem, and leave my Mars' Lion 'lone with me!”

They were only too glad to have the capable old woman around. And in truth, so jealous was Mammy Leezer of her charge that she would allow no one to assist her day or night except Sally, even attending to the wounded

shoulder herself, which Doctor Hancocke felt satisfied she was treating with skill.

Sally was glad to see in how many ways she could make herself useful. She showed fine nerve and fettle, even helping to wind the bandages around a wound, and being left in charge of certain sick ones while older nurses attended to those who were more helpless.

For a few days she was allowed to sit by her Fairy Prince only while Mammy Leezer made his gruel and steeped certain herbs she had brought with her. Then Mammy trusted her to watch him while she stole away about ten minutes at a time to indulge in a comforting little smoke.

Lionel was said to be doing well, although he lay with closed eyes and did not seem to know any one. His father rode to Great Bridge on Lord Rollin, but did not long remain. He was not welcome in camp; there was nothing he could do, so he went away telling Mammy Leezer he should come soon again.

It was Sally's best hour of the day when

Mammy Leezer went to the cook-room to prepare gruel and she was left alone with her Fairy Prince.

One rosy afternoon in late December, she bent over him and gently pushed a lock back from his forehead. It would not stay, and for a moment she held the fair lock back.

To her surprise she all at once looked into the deep blue eyes, which were open and looking directly into her own.

“Who is it?” he whispered.

Sally flushed, dimpled, smiled; but for an instant could not turn her eyes away.

“Who is it?” asked a weak voice.

“A Fairy,” she said, in a spirit of mischief.

“Who is it?” came in a little stronger tone.

Just then Mammy came back, and the question reached her quick ear.

“I think he has come to himself,” said Sally, as she made way for the delighted old woman.

“Who is it?” Lionel kept repeating, “who is it? What is the Fairy’s name?”

“Now, honey, what you talkin’ ’bout?” said

Mammy, comfortably stirring the gruel she held. "Jus' you keep quiet and drink this, and your ole Mammy have you hoppin' about as spry as a skeeter in de twinklin' ob an eye."

"No, no, Mammy," cried the young man, in a weak voice, but masterful way, "who was it bent over me? I must know. They always thought me wandering in mind after my fall in the pine woods. I saw a Fairy face bending over me, and a fair creature gave me water. I saw the Fairy again, just a glimpse, and once more, just now. I'll take neither bite nor sup till I see her again!"

Sally had disappeared. She grew frightened at thought of having the Fairy Prince try to find her out, and off she ran as Mammy went up to the cot.

She was quietly feeding a man whose right arm was in a sling, when Mammy Leezer's plump, rolling figure came toward her.

"Yo'll done hev to come and see Mars' Lion," said Mammy, "he's comin' 'roun' all right shor', for he's pert as a two-year-ole rooster!"

He won't take de grool from his ole Mammy, nor anyting, till he see de Fairy he done gone crazy 'bout. You better get some un else to feed dat man, and tote ober to Mars' Lion."

The feeding was really through with, and Sally, trembling and flushing, went back to the side of her Fairy Prince.

He held out his hand, and Sally put hers into it.

"Let me look at you," he said.

Sally went nearer.

"Yes, it is the very face! The one that bent over me in the woods. Tell me," he said, "did you not give me water when I lay stunned one day near Lover's Lane?"

"Yes," said Sally.

"And tell me," he asked again, his face getting flushed and his voice rising, "have I not seen your face since, just for an instant? But the eyes, the dimples, the mouth are the same. When was it?"

He was getting wrought up, and Mammy grew anxious.

“Do fo’ de goodness sake tell ’im ebberyting you know, and hab done with it!” she said, in a low tone, twitching Sally’s sleeve. “It won’t do to cross ’im nohow; he’ll be down with de fever jinks, first ting we know.”

Sally bent over him, her dark eyes meeting his blue ones.

“They told of your being a prisoner,” she said, simply, “and I thought it a shame. I wanted to help the country, so I brought you Hotspur. You saw me hiding in a tree. Now please let me go,” and she tried to draw away her hand.

But the Fairy Prince took the hand in both his own and softly kissed it.

His face paled, and he calmed down as he said:

“Promise me you will not go away.”

“I promise not to go away until I must,” said Maid Sally.

Then Mammy fed her “babby,” and gave him a soothing dose of steeped skullcap, which drowsy herb soon had him in a quiet sleep.

Sally went about in a Fairy-like dream.

The back of her right hand seemed to have been touched with a golden wand where the Fairy Prince had kissed it.

Yet she was puzzling over the question how best to answer when her Prince would seek to know more about her, as he surely would.

Tell her own story she never could, at least not the first part of it. At length she murmured :

“ Oh, my good Fairy, please tell me once more what had I better do ? ”

And the Fairy answered :

“ Why not tell Mammy Leezer the truth about the pine woods, and let her repeat it? She loves the Fairy Prince with all her heart, and would dress up the story in rosiest colors.

“ What if you were a poor little girl then, or thought to be? Mammy knew you had a fine father, and will say so. And what if the Fairy Prince finds out that twice you were in a tree when he needed help? Fairies are supposed to lurk in forests and midst trees and flowers.

“Mammy can begin the story, you must finish it. Tell him of your love for Ingleside, but not of the rocky seat. It would not be maidenly or needful. Tell him your name, and hide not the fact of his relationship.”

Maid Sally took her good Fairy's advice, and at the story Mammy Leezer cried, “Sho' now!” and “Bress yo' dear lil heart!” and “Lorr de massy sakes alive!” until Sally knew how her music-full voice and flowery speech would set forth all that she would pour into the ears of the listening Prince.

Then for several days, the young Lionel, who never tired of the whole pleasing story, was set and determined to have Maid Sally near him every moment that he could.

But good Parson Kendall had talked and prayed with hurt and troubled men, while Doctor Hancocke had given medicines and good advice, and nursing dames of kind hearts and willing hands had waited on the sick.

Now a fortnight had slipped away since the battle of Great Bridge, the wounded men were

doing well, a number had been taken to their homes, and Parson Kendall and Doctor Hancocke were about to return homeward.

The Fairy Prince, still too weak for removal, rebelled at thought of missing the sweet face of his dear Fairy Girl.

But Parson Kendall was firm as a rock.

In vain Mammy Leezer said, with rolling eyes and fearful air :

“I dunno what de consekens will be, ef dat lil missy go 'way !”

The good parson believed that Sally had gone forth in time of need, and now that she was no longer really needed, she should return to other duties. And Sally knew that he was right.

So, very early one morning, Sally threw her Fairy Prince a kiss when he was sleeping and nobody saw, for Mammy had advised that he should know nought of her going until she must tell him she had gone, and long after midnight she was back with Goodwife Kendall, who received her with a warm embrace, so truly glad was she to have the maiden back again.

It was a week later that Parson Kendall said to Sally, as he again met her in the hall :

“ My dear young damsel, I have but just parted from Sir Percival Grandison, who hath been here to make inquiries concerning thyself.

“ He declareth, doth Sir Percival, that you have bewitched his son, and that nought will do but thou must repair to Ingleside and sit beside him. The young man hath been brought by easy stages to his home, but wearies all the time for his ‘ Fairy Girl.’

“ Beshrew me, but I fear thou mayest be in very truth a kind of witch !”

The parson’s mouth twitched with a smile he tried to keep back. Then he added :

“ I have laid thy whole story before Sir Percival, part of which he already knew, and right pleased hath he been to find that the young maid who has so drawn the fancy of his son is of good mind, a lady born, and of kinship with his wife, the Lady Gabrielle.

“ So prepare thyself, Maid Sara Duquesne,

and in an hour the coach will come to bear thee to Ingleside.”

And to fair Ingleside went Maid Sally.

The doors opened wide to receive her. For the Lady Gabrielle Grandison said that no lack of welcome should be shown one of her own name and family.

The Lady Rosamond Earls court received her but coldly, but Lucretia was kind and gentle in her greeting.

Never before that she could remember had Sally entered so grand a room as the one in which sat the Fairy Prince well wrapped about with gaily flowered comforters, the wide arm-chair drawn up before a great blazing fire.

Sir Percival Grandison arose from a seat near his son as Sally came forward, nor did he longer wonder that the warm-hearted Southern lad, who was almost a man, had lost his heart to the lovely, blushing maiden.

Goodwife Kendall knew what she was doing in arraying Maid Sally in a skirt of crimson



“MAID SALLY BECAME A FREQUENT GUEST AT INGLESIDE.”

bombazine, an overdress of rich silk, and a crimson velvet bodice laced over quillings of white muslin, when she went forth to meet her relatives.

Like a ripe, tropical flower looked the maid as she bowed before Sir Percival.

The Fairy Prince again took her hand in both of his and kissed it.

And while the struggle went on between king's men and colonists, fair Maid Sally became a frequent guest at Ingleside.

The Fairy Prince *would* have it so.

She knew that when the spring should come, he would go forth under him who was to be the great commander-in-chief, George Washington, to again do battle for his beloved country. Nor would she have him stay.

And then came a brave, welcome day, when Sir Percival Grandison became convinced that the colonists were right in resisting the king's rule, and boldly said so.

The character of Washington, too, so calm, so grand, and determined, was that of a man to

be trusted, and Sir Percival took his stand with the American cause, once and for all.

In February, Lady Rosamond Earls court took her departure for England, intending to remain there.

Early in June the Fairy Prince was to join a company under the commander-in-chief.

Ah, but that month of May! sweet, sweet May!

The birds sang as never before. The garden bloomed as never bloomed a garden before since the world was young.

Day after day the arbor held the Fairy Prince, and beside him sat his Fairy Girl.

Once Sally peered over the wall. The upper stone of her rocky seat had fallen to the ground.

“I shall want it no more,” she thought.

There was a fine party and feast at Ingleside shortly before Lionel was to go away.

Mammy Leezer did her best. There was porcupine marmalade, sorghum foam, salads, nut and cheese cakes, macaroon paste, floating-island, syllabub, and sangaree.

Sally was all in white, white blossoms in her red gold hair, white blossoms at her breast.

As she roamed with Lionel about the lawn after the other guests had gone, and they stopped for a moment at the summer-house, the young man said :

“I think of you always, dear, as my Fairy Girl.”

And Maid Sally replied :

“I saw you in this garden once and called you my Fairy Prince.”

“Promise me you will never have any Fairy Prince in your heart but me !” he cried.

“I promise I will never have any Fairy Prince in my heart but you,” said Maid Sally.

THE END.

JUL 16 1902

COPY

JUL 16 1902

JUL 18 1902

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00021181894

