

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

VÄIKE LORD FAUNTLEROY
F. H. BURNETT



„ODAMEES“ / TARTU / 1921





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CHAPTER I

A GREAT SURPRISE

Cedric himself knew nothing whatever about it. It had never been even mentioned to him. He knew that his papa had been an Englishman, because his 5 mamma had told him so; but then his papa had died when he was so little a boy that he could not remember very much about him, except that he was big, and had blue eyes and a long moustache, and that it was a splendid thing to be carried around the room on his 10 shoulder. Since his papa's death, Cedric had found out that it was best not to talk to his mamma about him. When his father was ill, Cedric had been sent away, and when he had returned, everything was over; and his mother, who had been very ill, too, 15 was only just beginning to sit in her chair by the window. She was pale and thin, and all the dimples had gone from her pretty face, and her eyes looked large and mournful, and she was dressed in black.

He and his mamma knew very few people, and 20 lived what might have been thought very lonely

lives, although Cedric did not know it was lonely until he grew older and heard why it was they had no visitors. Then he was told that his mamma was an orphan, and quite alone in the world when his
5 papa had married her. She was very pretty, and had been living as companion to a rich old lady who was not kind to her, and one day Captain Cedric Errol, who was calling at the house, saw her run up the stairs with tears on her eyelashes; and she looked so
10 sweet and innocent and sorrowful that the Captain could not forget her. And after many strange things had happened, they knew each other well and loved each other dearly, and were married, although their marriage brought them the ill-will of several persons.
15 The one who was most angry of all, however, was the Captain's father, who lived in England, and was a very rich and important old nobleman, with a very bad temper, and a very violent dislike to America and Americans. He had two sons older than Captain
20 Cedric; and it was the law that the elder of these sons should inherit the family title and estates, which were very rich and splendid; if the eldest son died the next one would be heir; so though he was a member of such a great family, there was little
25 chance that Captain Cedric would be very rich himself.

But it so happened that Nature had given to the younger son gifts which she had not bestowed upon his elder brothers. He had a beautiful face and a fine, strong, graceful figure; he had a bright smile

and a sweet, gay voice; he was brave and generous, and had the kindest heart in the world, and seemed to have the power to make every one love him. But it was not so with his elder brothers; neither of them was handsome, or very kind, or clever. When they 5 were boys at Eton, they were not popular; when they were at college, they cared nothing for study, and wasted both time and money, and made few real friends. The old Earl, their father, was constantly disappointed and humiliated by them; his heir was 10 no honour to his noble name. It was very bitter, the old Earl thought, that the son who was only third, and would have only a very small fortune, should be the one who had all the gifts, and all the charms, and all the strength and beauty. Sometimes 15 he almost hated the handsome young man because he seemed to have the good things which should have gone with the stately title and the magnificent estates. It was in one of his fits of petulance that he sent him off to travel in America. 20

But after about six months, he began to feel lonely, and longed in secret to see his son again; so he wrote to Captain Cedric and ordered him home. The letter he wrote crossed on its way a letter the Captain had just written to his father telling 25 of his love for the pretty American girl, and of his intended marriage; and when the Earl received that letter he was furiously angry. For an hour he raged like a tiger, and then he sat down and wrote to his

son, and ordered him never to come near his old home, nor to write to his father or brothers again.

The Captain was very sad when he read the letter; he was very fond of England, and he dearly
5 loved the beautiful home where he had been born; he had even loved his ill-tempered old father, and had sympathised with him in his disappointments; but he knew he need expect no kindness from him in the future. At first he scarcely knew what to do;
10 he had not been brought up to work, and had no business experience, but he had courage and plenty of determination. So he sold his commission in the English army, and after some trouble found a situation in New York, and married. The change from his old
15 life in England was very great, but he was young and happy and he hoped that hard work would do great things for him in the future. He had a small house in a quiet street, and his little boy was born there. Though he was born in so quiet and cheap a
20 little home, it seemed as if there never had been a more fortunate baby. In the first place, he was always well, and so he never gave any one trouble; in the second place, he had so sweet a temper and ways so charming that he was a pleasure to every
25 one; and in the third place, he was so beautiful to look at that he was quite a picture.

He was so handsome and strong and rosy that he attracted every one's attention, and his nurse would come home and tell his mamma stories of the

ladies who had stopped their carriages to look at and speak to him, and of how pleased they were when he talked to them in his cheerful little way, as if he had known them always. His greatest charm was this cheerful, fearless, quaint little way of making 5 friends with people.

As he grew older, he had a great many quaint little ways which amused and interested people greatly. He was so much of a companion for his mother that she scarcely cared for any other. They used to walk 10 together and talk together and play together. When he was quite a little fellow he learned to read; and after that he used to lie on the hearth-rug, in the evening, and read aloud — sometimes stories, and sometimes big books such as older people read, and 15 sometimes even the news-paper; and often at such times, Mary, in the kitchen, would hear Mrs. Errol laughing with delight at the quaint things he said.

Mary was very fond of him, and very proud of him, too. She had been with his mother ever since 20 he was born; and, after his father's death, had been cook and housemaid and nurse and everything else.

"Ristycratic, is it?" she would say. "It's loike a young lord he looks."

Cedric did not know that he looked like a young 25 lord; he did not know what a lord was. His greatest friend was the groceryman at the corner — the cross groceryman, who was never cross to him. His name was Mr. Hobbs, and Cedric admired and re-

spected him very much. He thought him a very rich and powerful person, he had so many things in his store — prunes and figs and oranges and biscuits, — and he had a horse and waggon. Cedric 5 was fond of the milkman and the baker and the apple-woman, but he liked Mr. Hobbs best of all, and was on terms of such intimacy with him that he went to see him every day, and often sat with him quite a long time discussing the topics of the hour. It was 10 quite surprising how many things they found to talk about — the Fourth of July, for instance. When they began to talk about the Fourth of July there really seemed no end to it. Mr. Hobbs had a very bad opinion of "the British," and he told the whole story 15 of the Revolution, relating very wonderful and patriotic stories about the villainy of the enemy and the bravery of the Revolutionary heroes, and he even generously repeated part of the Declaration of Independence. Cedric was so excited that his eyes shone, 20 and he could hardly wait to eat his dinner after he went home, he was so anxious to tell his mamma. It was, perhaps, Mr. Hobbs who gave him his first interest in politics. Mr. Hobbs would tell him whether the President was doing his duty or not.

25 When Cedric was between seven and eight years old, the very strange thing happened which made so wonderful a change in his life. It was quite curious, too, that the day it happened, he had been talking to Mr. Hobbs about England and the Queen, and Mr.

Hobbs had said some very severe things about the aristocracy, being specially indignant against earls and marquises.

They were in the midst of their conversation, when Mary appeared. Cedric thought she had come to buy 5 some sugar, perhaps, but she had not. She looked almost pale and as if she were excited about something.

"Come home, darlint," she said; "the mistress is wantin' yez."

Cedric slipped down from his stool. 10

"Has the sun given Dearest a headache?" he inquired anxiously.

But it was not that. When he reached his own house there was a coupé standing before the door, and some one was in the little parlour talking to his 15 mamma. Mary hurried him upstairs and put on his best summer suit of cream-coloured flannel with the red scarf around the waist, and combed out his curly locks.

When he was dressed he ran downstairs and 20 went into the parlour. A tall, thin old gentleman with a sharp face was sitting in an arm-chair. His mother was standing near by with a pale face and he saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Ceddie!" she cried out, and ran to her little 25 boy and caught him in her arms and kissed him in a little frightened, troubled way. "Oh, Ceddie, darling!"

The tall old gentleman rose from his chair and looked at Cedric with his sharp eyes. He rubbed his thin chin with his bony hand as he looked.

He seemed not at all displeased.

5 "And so," he said at last, slowly, — "and so this is little Lord Fauntleroy."

CHAPTER II

CEDRIC'S FRIENDS

There was never a more amazed little boy than
10 Cedric during the week that followed; there was never so strange or so unreal a week. In the first place, the story his mamma told him was a very curious one. He was obliged to hear it two or three times before he could understand it. He could not imagine
15 what Mr. Hobbs would think of it. It began with earls; his grandpapa, whom he had never seen, was an earl; and his eldest uncle, if he had not been killed by a fall from his horse, would have been an earl, too, in time; and after his death, his other uncle
20 would have been an earl, if he had not died suddenly, in Rome, of a fever. After that, his own papa, if he had lived, would have been an earl; but since they all had died and only Cedric was left, it appeared that *he* was to be an earl after his grandpapa's death —
25 and for the present he was Lord Fauntleroy.

He turned quite pale when he was first told of it.

"Oh! Dearest!" he said, "I should rather not be an earl. None of the boys are earls. Can't I *not* be one?"

5

But it seemed to be unavoidable. His grandfather had sent for him to come to England, and his mamma thought he must go.

"Because," she said, looking out of the window with sorrowful eyes, "I know your papa would wish 10 it to be so, Ceddie. I should be a selfish little mother if I did not send you. When you are a man you will see why."

Ceddie shook his head mournfully. "I shall be very sorry to leave Mr. Hobbs," he said.

15

When Mr. Havisham — who was the family lawyer of the Earl of Dorincourt, and who had been sent by him to bring Lord Fauntleroy to England — came the next day, Cedric heard many things. But, somehow, it did not console him to hear that he was 20 to be a very rich man when he grew up, and that he would have castles here and castles there, and great parks and deep mines and grand estates and tenantry. He was troubled about his friend, Mr. Hobbs, and he went to see him at the store soon 25 after breakfast, in great anxiety of mind.

He found him reading the morning paper, and he approached him with a grave demeanour. He really felt it would be a great shock to Mr. Hobbs to hear

what had befallen him, and on his way to the store he had been thinking how it would be best to break the news.

"Hello!" said Mr. Hobbs. "Mornin'!"

5 "Good-morning," said Cedric.

He did not climb up on the high stool as usual, but sat down on a biscuit-box and clasped his knee, and was so silent for a few moments that Mr. Hobbs finally looked up inquiringly over the top of his
10 newspaper.

"Hello!" he said again.

Cedric gathered all his strength of mind together.

"Mr. Hobbs," he said, "do you remember what we were talking about yesterday morning?"

15 "Well," replied Mr. Hobbs, — "seems to me it was England."

"Yes," said Cedric; "but just when Mary came for me, you know?"

Mr. Hobbs rubbed the back of his head.

20 "We *was* mentioning Queen Victoria and the aristocracy."

"Yes," said Cedric, rather hesitatingly, "and — and earls; don't you know? You said that you wouldn't have them sitting 'round on your biscuit
25 barrels."

"So I did!" returned Mr. Hobbs, stoutly.

"Mr. Hobbs," said Cedric, "one is sitting on this box now."

Mr. Hobbs almost jumped out of his chair.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," Cedric announced, with due modesty; "*I* am one — or I am going to be. I shan't deceive you."

Mr. Hobbs looked agitated. He rose up suddenly 5 and went to look at the thermometer.

"The mercury's got into your head!" he exclaimed, turning back to examine his young friend's countenance. "*It is* a hot day! How do you feel?"

He put his big hand on the little boy's hair. 10

"Thank you," said Ceddie; "I'm all right. There is nothing the matter with my head. I'm sorry to say it's true, Mr. Hobbs. That was what Mary came to take me home for. Mr. Havisham was telling my mamma, and he is a lawyer." 15

Mr. Hobbs sank into his chair and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"*One* of us has got a sunstroke!" he exclaimed.

"No," returned Cedric, "we have not. We shall have to make the best of it, Mr. Hobbs. Mr. Ha- 20 visham came all the way from England to tell us about it. My grandpapa sent him."

Mr. Hobbs stared wildly at the innocent, serious little face before him.

"Who is your grandfather?" he asked. 25

Cedric put his hand in his pocket and carefully drew out a piece of paper, on which something was written in his own round, irregular hand.

"I couldn't easily remember it, so I wrote it down on this," he said. And he read aloud slowly: "'John Arthur Molyneux Errol, Earl of Dorincourt.' That is his name, and he lives in a castle — in two or three
5 castles, I think. And my papa, who died, was his youngest son; and I shouldn't have been a lord or an earl if my papa hadn't died; and my papa wouldn't have been an earl if his two brothers hadn't died, and my grandpapa has sent for me to come to
10 England."

Mr. Hobbs seemed to grow hotter and hotter. He began to see that something very remarkable had happened.

"Wha — what did you say your name was?"
15 Mr. Hobbs inquired.

"It's Cedric Errol, Lord Fauntleroy," answered Cedric. "That was what Mr. Havisham called me."

"Well," said Mr. Hobbs, "I'll be — jiggered!"

This was an exclamation he always used when
20 he was very much astonished or excited. He could think of nothing else to say just at that puzzling moment.

Cedric looked at Mr. Hobbs wistfully.

"England is a long way off, isn't it?" he asked.

25 "It's across the Atlantic Ocean," Mr. Hobbs answered.

"That's the worst of it," said Cedric. "Perhaps I shall not see you again for a long time. I don't like to think of that, Mr. Hobbs."

"The best of friends must part," said Mr. Hobbs.

"Well," said Cedric, "we have been friends for a great many years, haven't we?"

"Ever since you was born," Mr. Hobbs answered.

"Ah," remarked Cedric, with a sigh, "I never 5 thought I should have to be an earl then!"

"You think," said Mr. Hobbs, "there's no getting out of it?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Cedric. "My mamma says that my papa would wish me to do it. But if 10 I have to be an earl, I can try to be a good one. I'm not going to be a tyrant.

His conversation with Mr. Hobbs was a long and serious one. Once having got over the first shock, Mr. Hobbs endeavoured to resign himself to the situ- 15 ation, and before the interview was at an end he had asked a great many questions. As Cedric could answer but few of them, he endeavoured to answer them himself, and explained many things in a way which would probably have astonished Mr. Havisham, 20 could that gentleman have heard it.

But then there were many things which astonished Mr. Havisham. He had known all about the old Earl's disappointment in his elder sons and all about his fierce rage at Captain Cedric's American marriage, 25 and he knew how he still hated the gentle little widow and would not speak of her except with bitter and cruel words. He insisted that she was only a common American girl, who had entrapped his son into marry-

ing her because she knew he was an earl's son. The old lawyer himself had more than half believed this was all true. When he had been driven into the cheap street, and his coupé had stopped before the
5 cheap small house, he had felt actually shocked.

When Mary handed him into the small parlour he looked around it critically. It was plainly furnished, but it had a home-like look; the few adornments on the walls were in good taste, and about the room were
10 many pretty things which a woman's hand might have made.

The lawyer's experience taught him to read people's characters very shrewdly and as soon as he saw Cedric's mother he knew that the old Earl had made
15 a great mistake in thinking her a vulgar, mercenary woman.

When he first told Mrs. Errol what he had come for, she turned very pale.

"Oh!" she said; "will he have to be taken away
20 from me? We love each other so much! He is such a happiness to me! He is all I have. I have tried to be a good mother to him." And her sweet young voice trembled, and the tears rushed into her eyes.

The lawyer cleared his throat.

25 "I am obliged to tell you," he said, "that the Earl of Dorincourt is not — is not very friendly toward you. He is an old man, and his prejudices are very strong. He has always especially disliked America and Americans, and was very much enraged by his



son's marriage. I am sorry to be the bearer of so unpleasant a communication, but he is very fixed in his determination not to see you. His plan is that Lord Fauntleroy shall be educated under his own supervision; that he shall live with him. The Earl is 5 attached to Dorincourt Castle, and spends a great deal of time there. Lord Fauntleroy will, therefore, be likely to live chiefly at Dorincourt. The Earl offers to you as a home Court Lodge, which is situated pleasantly, and is not very far from the castle. He also offers 10 you a suitable income. You see, you will not be really separated from your son.

He felt a little uneasy lest she should begin to cry or make a scene.

But she did not. She went to the window and 15 stood with her face turned away for a few moments, and he saw she was trying to steady herself.

Then she came back to the table and stood looking up at Mr. Havisham very gently.

"My husband would wish it," she said, "It will 20 be best for my little boy. I know — I am sure the Earl would not be so unkind as to try to teach him not to love me; and I know — even if he tried — that my little boy is too much like his father to be harmed. I hope that his grandfather will love Ceddie. 25 The little boy has a very affectionate nature; and he has always been loved."

Mr. Havisham cleared his throat again. He could not quite imagine the gouty, fiery-tempered old Earl

loving any one very much; but he knew, that if Ceddie were at all a credit to his name, his grandfather would be proud of him.

“Lord Fauntleroy will be comfortable, I am sure,”
5 he replied. “It was with a view to his happiness that the Earl desired that you should be near enough to him to see him frequently.”

When the door opened and the child came into the room, he recognised in an instant that here was
10 one of the finest and handsomest little fellows he had ever seen. His beauty was something unusual. He had a strong, lithe, graceful little body and a manly little face; he was so like his father that it was really startling; he had his father’s golden hair and
15 his mother’s brown eyes, but there was nothing sorrowful or timid in them. They were innocently fearless eyes; he looked as if he had never feared or doubted anything in his life.

“He is the best-bred-looking and handsomest little
20 fellow I ever saw,” was what Mr. Havisham thought. What he said aloud was simply, “And so this is little Lord Fauntleroy.”

Cedric behaved himself in his ordinary manner. He shook hands with Mr. Havisham in his friendly way
25 when they were introduced to each other, and he answered all his questions with the unhesitating readiness with which he answered Mr. Hobbs.

The next time Mr. Havisham met him, he had quite a long conversation with him — a conversation

which made him smile, and rub his chin with his bony hand several times.

Mr. Havisham sat in an arm-chair on one side of the open window; on the other side was another still larger chair, and Cedric sat in that and looked at 5 Mr. Havisham. Mr. Havisham could not make up his mind as to what an elderly gentleman should say to a little boy.

But Cedric relieved him by suddenly beginning the conversation himself. 10

"Do you know," he said, "I don't know what an earl is?"

"Don't you?" said Mr. Havisham.

"No," replied Ceddie. "And I think when a boy is going to be one, he ought to know. Don't you?" 15

"An earl is — is a very important person," answered Mr. Havisham.

"So is a president!" put in Ceddie.

"An earl," Mr. Havisham went on, "is frequently of very ancient lineage — —" 20

"What's that?" asked Ceddie.

"Of very old family — extremely old."

"Ah!" said Cedric, thrusting his hands into his pockets. "I suppose that is the way with the apple-woman near the park. I dare say she is of ancient 25 lin-lenage. She is so old it would surprise you how she can stand up.

Mr. Havisham felt rather at a loss as he looked at his companion's innocent, serious little face.

"I am afraid you did not quite understand me," he explained. "When I said 'ancient lineage' I did not mean old age; I meant that the name of such a family has been known in the world a long time; 5 perhaps for hundreds of years persons bearing that name have been known and spoken of in the history of their country."

"Like George Washington," said Ceddie. "I've heard of him ever since I was born, and he was 10 known about long before that. Mr. Hobbs says he will never be forgotten. That's because of the Declaration of Independence, you know, and the Fourth of July. You see, he was a very brave man."

"The first Earl of Dorincourt," said Mr. Havisham 15 solemnly, "was created an earl four hundred years ago."

"Well, well!" said Ceddie. "That was a long time ago! Did you tell Dearest that? It would int'ruse her very much. She always likes to hear cur'us things. What else does an earl do besides being 20 created?"

"A great many of them have helped to govern England. Some of them have been brave men and have fought in great battles in the old days."

"I should like to do that myself," said Cedric. 25 "My papa was a soldier, and he was a very brave man — as brave as George Washington."

"There is another advantage in being an earl, sometimes," said Mr. Havisham slowly. "Some earls have a great deal of money."

He was curious because he wondered if his young friend knew what the power of money was.

"That's a good thing to have," said Ceddie innocently. "I wish I had a great deal of money."

"Do you?" said Mr. Havisham. "And why?" 5

"Well," explained Cedric, "there are so many things a person can do with money. You see, there's the apple-woman. If I were very rich I should buy her a little tent to put her stall in, and a little stove, and then I should give her a dollar every morning 10 it rained, so that she could afford to stay at home.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Havisham. "And what else would you do if you were rich?"

"Oh! I'd do a great many things. Of course I should buy Dearest all sorts of beautiful things, needle- 15 books and fans and gold thimbles and rings, and an encyclopedia, and a carriage, so that she needn't have to wait for the street-cars. And then Dick — —"

"Who is Dick?" asked Mr. Havisham.

"Dick is a boot-black," said his young lordship, 20 quite warming up in his interest in plans so exciting. "He is one of the nicest boot-blacks you ever knew. He stands at the corner of a street down town. I've known him for years. Once when I was very little, I was walking out with Dearest, and she bought me 25 a beautiful ball that bounced, and I was carrying it, and it bounced into the middle of the street where the carriages and horses were, and I was so disappointed, I began to cry — I was very little. Dick ran

in between the horses and caught the ball for me and wiped it off with his coat and gave it to me and said: 'It's all right, young un.' So Dearest admired him very much, and so did I, and ever since then,
5 when we go down town, we talk to him."

"And what would you like to do for him?" inquired the lawyer, rubbing his chin and smiling a queer smile.

"Well," said Lord Fauntleroy, settling himself in
10 his chair with a business air; "I'd buy Jake out."

"And who is Jake?" Mr. Havisham asked.

"He's Dick's partner, and he is the worst partner a fellow could have! Dick says so. He isn't a credit to the business, and he isn't square. He cheats,
15 and that makes Dick mad. So if I were rich, I'd buy Jake out and get Dick some new clothes and new brushes, and start him out fair."

"What would you get for yourself, if you were rich?" asked Mr. Havisham.

20 "Lots of things!" answered Lord Fauntleroy briskly: "but first I'd give Mary some money for Bridget — that's her sister, with ten children, and a husband out of work. And I think Mr. Hobbs would like a gold watch and chain to remember me by, and
25 a meerschaum pipe."

The door opened and Mrs. Errol came in.

"I am sorry to have been obliged to leave you so long," she said to Mr. Havisham; "but a poor woman, who is in great trouble, came to see me."

"This young gentleman," said Mr. Havisham, "has been telling me about some of his friends, and what he would do for them if he were rich."

"Bridget is one of his friends," said Mrs. Errol; "and it is Bridget to whom I have been talking in 5 the kitchen. She is in great trouble now because her husband has rheumatic fever."

Cedric slipped down out of his big chair.

"I think I'll go and see her," he said, "and ask her how he is. He's a nice man when he is well. 10 He once made me a sword out of wood."

He ran out of the room, and Mr. Havisham rose from his chair. He seemed to have something in his mind which he wished to speak of. He hesitated a moment, and then said, looking down at Mrs. Errol: 15

"Before I left Dorincourt Castle I had an interview with the Earl, in which he gave me some instructions. He said that I must let his lordship know that the change in his life would bring him money and the pleasures children enjoy; if he ex- 20 pressed any wishes I was to gratify them, and to tell him that his grandfather had given him what he wished. I am aware that the Earl did not expect anything quite like this; but if it would give Lord Fauntleroy pleasure to assist this poor woman, I 25 should feel that the Earl would be displeased if he were not gratified."

"Oh!" Mrs. Errol said, "that was very kind of the Earl; Cedric will be so glad! He has always

been fond of Bridget and Michael. They are quite deserving."

Mr. Havisham put his thin hand in his breast pocket and drew forth a large pocket-book.

5 "I do not know if you have realised," he said, "that the Earl of Dorincourt is an exceedingly rich man. He can afford to gratify any caprice. I think it would please him to know that Lord Fauntleroy had been indulged in any fancy. If you will call him
10 back and allow me, I shall give him five pounds for these people."

"That would be twenty-five dollars!" exclaimed Mr. Errol. "It will seem like wealth to them. I can scarcely believe that it is true."

15 "It is quite true," said Mr. Havisham, with his dry smile. "A great change has taken place in your son's life, a great deal of power will lie in his hands."

"Oh!" cried his mother. "And he is such a little boy — a very little boy. How can I teach him
20 to use it well? It makes me half afraid. My pretty little Ceddie!"

The lawyer slightly cleared his throat. It touched his worldly, hard old heart to see the tender, timid look in her brown eyes.

25 "I think, madam," he said, "that if I may judge from my interview with Lord Fauntleroy this morning, the next Earl of Dorincourt will think for others as well as for his noble self. He is only a child yet, but I think he may be trusted."

Then his mother went for Cedric and brought him back into the parlour.

His little face looked quite anxious. He was very sorry for Bridget.

"Dearest said you wanted me," he said to Mr. 5 Havisham. "I've been talking to Bridget."

Mr. Havisham looked down at him a moment. He felt a little awkward and undecided. As Cedric's mother had said, he was a very little boy.

"The Earl of Dorincourt ——" he began, and 10 then he glanced involuntarily at Mrs. Errol.

Little Lord Fauntleroy's mother suddenly kneeled down by him and put both her tender arms around his childish body.

"Ceddie," she said, "the Earl is your grandpapa, 15 your own papa's father. He is very, very kind, and he loves you and wishes you to love him, because the sons who were his little boys are dead. He wishes you to be happy and to make other people happy. He is very rich, and he wishes you to have 20 everything you would like to have. He told Mr. Havisham so, and gave him a great deal of money for you. You can give some to Bridget now; enough to pay her rent and buy Michael everything. Isn't that fine, Ceddie? Isn't he good?" And she kissed 25 the child on his round cheek.

He looked from his mother to Mr. Havisham

"Can I have it now?" he cried. "Can I give it to her this minute? She's just going."

Mr. Havisham handed him the money. It was in fresh, clean greenbacks and made a neat roll.

Ceddie flew out of the room.

“Bridget!” they heard him shout, as he tore
5 into the kitchen. “Bridget, wait a minute! Here’s some money. It’s for you, and you can pay the rent. My grandpapa gave it to me. It’s for you and Michael!”

“Oh, Master Ceddie!” cried Bridget, in an awe-
10 stricken voice. “It’s twinty-foive dollars is here. Where be’s the misthress?”

“I think I shall have to go and explain it to her,” Mrs. Errol said.

So she, too, went out of the room, and Mr. Ha-
15 visham was left alone for a while. He went to the window and stood looking out into the street reflectively. He was thinking of the old Earl of Dorincourt, sitting in his great, splendid, gloomy library at the castle, gouty and lonely, surrounded by grandeur
20 and luxury, but not really loved by any one, because in all his long life he had never really loved any one but himself.

Mr. Havisham knew his hard, fierce ways by heart, and he was thinking of him as he looked out
25 of the window into the quiet, narrow street. And there rose in his mind, in sharp contrast, the picture of the cheery, handsome little fellow, sitting in the big chair and telling his story of his friends, Dick and the apple-woman, in his generous, innocent, honest

way. And he thought of the immense income, the beautiful, majestic estates, the wealth, and power for good or evil, which in the course of time would lie in the small, chubby hands little Lord Fauntleroy thrust so deep into his pockets. 5

"It will make a great difference," he said to himself. "It will make a great difference."

Cedric and his mother came back soon after. Cedric was in high spirits. He was glowing with enjoyment of Bridget's relief and rapture. 10

"She cried!" he said. "She said she was crying for joy. I never saw any one cry for joy before. My grandpapa must be a very good man. I didn't know he was so good a man. It's more — more agreeabler to be an earl than I thought it was. I'm 15 almost glad — I'm almost *quite* glad I'm going to be one."

CHAPTER III

LEAVING HOME

Cedric's good opinion of the advantages of being 20 an earl increased greatly during the next week. It seemed almost impossible for him to realise that there was scarcely anything he might wish to do which he could not do easily; in fact I think it may be said that he did not fully realise it at all. But at least he 25 understood, after a few conversations with Mr. Ha-

visham, that he could gratify all his nearest wishes, and he proceeded to gratify them with a simplicity and delight which caused Mr. Havisham much diversion. In the week before they sailed for England, he did
5 many curious things. The lawyer long after remembered the morning they went down together to pay a visit to Dick, and the afternoon they so amazed the apple-woman of ancient lineage by stopping before her stall and telling her she was to have a tent, and a
10 stove, and a shawl, and a sum of money which seemed to her quite wonderful.

“For I have to go to England and be a lord,” explained Cedric, sweet-temperedly.

“She’s a very good apple-woman,” he said to
15 Mr. Havisham as they walked away, leaving the proprietress of the stall almost gasping for breath, and not at all believing in her great fortune. “Once, when I fell down and cut my knee, she gave me an apple for nothing. I’ve always remembered her for it.
20 You know you always remember people who are kind to you.”

It had never occurred to his honest, simple, little mind that there were people who could forget kindnesses.

The interview with Dick was quite exciting. Lord
25 Fauntleroy’s manner of announcing the object of his visit was very simple and unceremonious. And the end of the matter was that Dick actually bought Jake out, and found himself the possessor of the business, and some new brushes and a most astonishing sign

and outfit. He could not believe in his good luck any more easily than the apple-woman of ancient lineage could believe in hers. He scarcely seemed to realise anything until Cedric put out his hand to shake hands with him before going away. 5

“Well, good-bye,” he said; and though he tried to speak steadily, there was a little tremble in his voice, and he winked his big brown eyes. “And I hope trade’ll be good. I’m sorry I’m going away to leave you, but I wish you’d write to me, because we 10 were always good friends. Here’s where you must send your letter.” And he gave him a slip of paper. “And my name isn’t Cedric Errol any more; it’s Lord Fauntleroy and — and good-bye, Dick.”

Dick winked his eyes also, and yet they looked 15 rather moist about the lashes.

“I wish ye wasn’t goin’ away,” he said in a husky voice. Then he winked his eyes again. Then he looked at Mr. Havisham and touched his cap. “Thanky, sir, fur bringin’ him down here an’ fur wot 20 ye’ve done.”

Until the day of his departure, his lordship spent as much time as possible with Mr. Hobbs in the store. Gloom had settled upon Mr. Hobbs; he was much depressed in spirits. When his young friend 25 brought to him in triumph the parting gift of a gold watch and chain, Mr. Hobbs found it difficult to acknowledge it properly. He laid the case on his stout knee, and blew his nose violently several times.

“There’s something written on it,” said Cedric, — “inside the case. I told the man myself what to say. ‘From his oldest friend, Lord Fauntleroy, to Mr. Hobbs. When this you see, remember me.’ I don’t
5 want you to forget me.”

Mr. Hobbs blew his nose very loudly again.

“I shan’t forget you,” he said, speaking a trifle huskily, as Dick had spoken; “nor don’t you go and forget me when you get among the British arrysto-
10 cracy.”

“I shouldn’t forget you, whoever I was among,” answered his lordship. “I’ve spent my happiest hours with you; at least, some of my happiest hours. I hope you’ll come to see me some time.”

15 At last all the preparations were complete; the day came when the trunks were taken to the steamer, and the hour arrived when the carriage stood at the door.

And then they went into the carriage and Cedric
20 sat close to his mamma and as she looked back out of the window, he looked at her and stroked her hand and held it close.

And then, it seemed almost directly, they were on the steamer in the midst of the wildest bustle and
25 confusion; carriages were driving down and leaving passengers; passengers were getting into a state of excitement about baggage which had not arrived and threatened to be too late; big trunks and cases were being bumped down and dragged about; sailors were

uncoiling ropes and hurrying to and fro ; officers were giving orders ; ladies and gentlemen and children and nurses were coming on board — some were laughing and looked gay, some were silent and sad, here and there two or three were crying and touching their 5 eyes with their handkerchiefs Cedric found something to interest him on every side ; he looked at the piles of rope, at the furled sails, at the tall, tall masts which seemed almost to touch the hot blue sky ; he began to make plans for conversing with the sai- 10 lors and gaining some information on the subject of pirates.

It was just at the very last, when he was standing leaning on the railing of the upper deck and watching the final preparations, that his attention was 15 called to a slight bustle in one of the groups not far from him. Some one was hurriedly forcing his way through this group and coming toward him. It was a boy, with something red in his hand. It was Dick. He came up to Cedric quite breathless. 20

“I’ve run all the way,” he said. “I’ve come down to see ye off. Trade’s been prime ! I bought this for ye out o’what I made yesterday. Ye kin wear it when ye get among the swells. It’s a hankercher.” 25

He poured it all forth as if in one sentence. A bell rang and he made a leap away before Cedric had time to speak.

“Good-bye!” he panted; and then he darted off and was gone,

Cedric held the handkerchief in his hand. It was of bright red silk, ornamented with purple horseshoes and horses’ heads.

He leaned forward and waved the red handkerchief.

“Good-bye, Dick!” he shouted, lustily. “Thank you! Good-bye, Dick!”

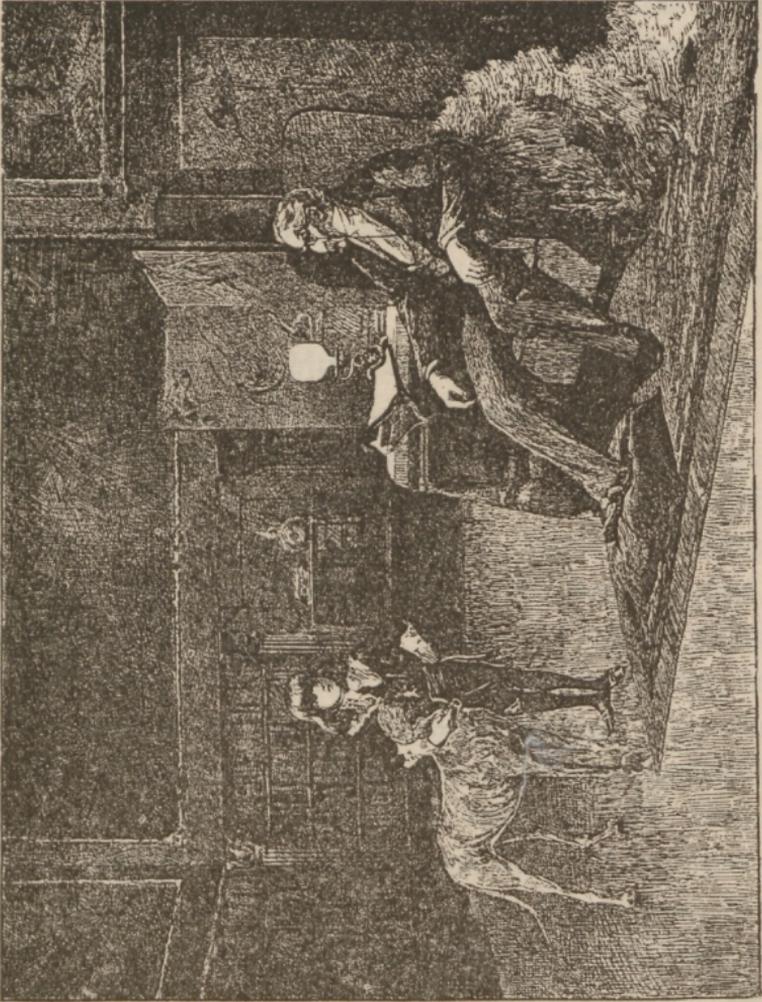
And the big steamer moved away, and the people cheered again, and Cedric’s mother drew the veil over her eyes, and on the shore there was left great confusion; but Dick saw nothing save that bright, childish face and the bright hair that the sun shone on and the breeze lifted, and he heard nothing but the hearty childish voice calling “Good-bye, Dick!” as little Lord Fauntleroy steamed slowly away from the home of his birth to the unknown land of his ancestors.

CHAPTER IV

IN ENGLAND

It was during the voyage that Cedric’s mother told him that his home was not to be hers; and when he first understood it, his grief was very great.

“My house is not far from the Castle, Ceddie,” she repeated each time the subject was referred to—
“a very little way from yours, and you can always



run in and see me every day, and you will have so many things to tell me! and we shall be so happy together! It is a beautiful place. Your papa has often told me about it. He loved it very much, and you will love it too.”

5

“I should love it better if you were there,” his small lordship said, with a heavy little sigh.

He could not but feel puzzled by so strange a state of affairs, which could put his “Dearest” in one house and himself in another.

10

The fact was that Mrs. Errol had thought it better not to tell him why this plan had been made.

So Cedric only knew that there was some mysterious reason for the arrangement, some reason which he was not old enough to understand, but which would be explained when he was older. He was puzzled; but, after all, it was not the reason he cared about so much; and after many talks with his mother, in which she comforted him and placed before him the bright side of the picture, the dark side of it gradually began to fade out, though now and then Mr. Havisham saw him sitting in some queer little old-fashioned attitude, watching the sea, with a very grave face, and more than once he heard an unchildish sigh rise to his lips.

25

It was eleven days after he had said good-bye to his friend Dick before he reached Liverpool; and it was on the night of the twelfth day that the carriage in which he and his mother and Mr. Havisham had

driven from the station, stopped before the gates of Court Lodge.

Mary had come with them to attend her mistress, and she had reached the house before them. When
5 Cedric jumped out of the carriage, Mary stood in the doorway.

Lord Fauntleroy sprang at her with a gay little shout.

"Did you get here, Mary?" he said. "Here's Mary, Dearest."

10 "I am glad you are here, Mary," Mrs. Errol said to her in a low voice. "It is such a comfort to me to see you. It takes the strangeness away." And she held out her little hand, which Mary squeezed encouragingly.

15 The English servants looked with curiosity at both the boy and his mother.

They did not know what sort of a little lord had come among them; they did not quite understand the character of the next Earl of Dorincourt.

20 He pulled off his overcoat quite as if he were used to doing things for himself, and began to look about him. He looked about the broad hall, at the pictures and stags' antlers and curious things that ornamented it. They seemed curious to him because
25 he had never seen such things before in a private house.

"Dearest," he said, "this is a very pretty house, isn't it? I am glad you are going to live here. It's quite a large house."

It was quite a large house compared to the one in the shabby New York street, and it was very pretty and cheerful. Mary led them into a big bright room; its ceiling was low, and the furniture was heavy and beautifully carved. There was a great tiger-skin before the fire, and an arm-chair on each side of it. A stately white cat had responded to Lord Fauntleroy's stroking and followed him downstairs, and when he threw himself down upon the rug, she curled herself up grandly beside him as if she intended to make friends. Cedric was so pleased that he put his head down by hers, and lay stroking her, not noticing what his mother and Mr. Havisham were saying.

They were, indeed, speaking in a rather low tone. Mrs. Errol looked a little pale and agitated. 15

"He need not go to-night?" she said. "He will stay with me to-night?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Havisham in the same low tone; "it will not be necessary for him to go to-night. I myself will go to the Castle as soon as we have dined, and inform the Earl of our arrival."

Mrs. Errol smiled faintly.

"His lordship does not know all that he is taking from me," she said rather sadly. Then she looked at the lawyer. "Will you tell him, if you please," 25 she said, "that I should rather not have the money?"

"The money!" Mr. Havisham exclaimed. "You cannot mean the income he proposed to settle upon you?"

"Yes," she answered, quite simply; "I think I should rather not have it. As he dislikes me so much, I should feel a little as if I were selling Cedric to him. I am giving him up only because I love him
5 enough to forget myself for his good, and because his father would wish it to be so."

Mr. Havisham rubbed his chin.

"This is very strange," he said. "He will be very angry. He won't understand it. But I will de-
10 liver your message."

And then the dinner was brought in and they sat down together, the big cat taking a seat on a chair near Cedric's and purring majestically throughout the meal.

15 When, later in the evening, Mr. Havisham presented himself at the Castle, he was taken at once to the Earl. He found him sitting by the fire in a luxurious easy-chair, his foot on a gout stool.

"Well," he said; "well, Havisham, come back,
20 have you? What's the news?"

"Lord Fauntleroy and his mother are at Court Lodge," replied Mr. Havisham. "They bore the voyage very well and are in excellent health."

The Earl made a half-impatient sound and mo-
25 ved his hand restlessly.

"Glad to hear it," he said brusquely. "So far, so good. Make yourself comfortable. Have a glass of wine and settle down. What else?"

"His lordship remains with his mother to-night. To-morrow I will bring him to the Castle."

The Earl's elbow was resting on the arm of his chair; he put his hand up and shielded his eyes with it.

"Well," he said; "go on. What kind of a lad is he? I don't care about the mother: what sort of a lad is he?"

"It is rather difficult to judge of the character of a child of seven," said Mr. Havisham, cautiously.

There was a silence of a few moments and then 10 Mr. Havisham said:

"I have a message to deliver from Mrs. Errol."

"I don't want any of her messages!" growled his lordship; "the less I hear of her the better."

"This is a rather important one," explained the 15 lawyer. "She prefers not to accept the income you proposed to settle on her."

The Earl started visibly.

"What's that?" he cried out. "What's that?"

Mr. Havisham repeated his words.

20

"She says it is not necessary, and that as the relations between you are not friendly — —"

"Not friendly!" ejaculated my lord savagely; "I should say they were not friendly! I hate to think of her! A mercenary, sharp-voiced American! I 25 don't wish to see her!"

"My Lord," said Mr. Havisham, "you can scarcely call her mercenary. She has asked for nothing. She does not accept the money you offer her."

"All done for effect!" snapped his noble lordship. "She thinks I shall admire her spirit. I don't admire it! It's only American independence! I won't have her living like a beggar at my park gates. She
5 shall have the money, whether she likes it or not!"

"She won't spend it," said Mr. Havisham.

"I don't care whether she spends it or not!" blustered my lord. "She shall have it sent to her. She wants to give the boy a bad opinion of me! I suppose she has poisoned his mind against me already!"
10

"No," said Mr. Havisham. "I have another message, which will prove to you that she has not done that.

"She asks you not to let Lord Fauntleroy hear
15 anything which would lead him to understand that you separate him from her because of your prejudice against her. He is very fond of her, and she is convinced that it would cause a barrier to exist between you. She has told him that he is too young to understand
20 the reason, but shall hear it when he is older. She wishes that there should be no shadow on your first meeting."

The Earl sank back into his chair. His deep-set fierce old eyes gleamed under his beetling brows.

25 "Come, now!" he said, still dreathlessly. "Come, now! You don't mean the mother hasn't told him?"

"Not one word, my Lord," replied the lawyer coolly. "That I can assure you. The child is prepared to believe you the most amiable and affectio-

nate of grandparents. And as I carried out your commands in every detail, while in New York, he certainly regards you as a wonder of generosity."

"He does, eh?" said the Earl.

"I give you my word of honour," said Mr. Havisham, "that Lord Fauntleroy's impressions of you will depend entirely upon yourself. And if you will pardon the liberty I take in making the suggestion, I think you will succeed better with him if you take the precaution not to speak slightly of his mother." 10

"Pooh, pooh!" said the Earl. "The youngster's only seven years old!"

"He has spent those seven years at his mother's side," returned Mr. Havisham; "and she has all his affection." 15

CHAPTER V

AT THE CASTLE

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage containing little Lord Fauntleroy and Mr. Havisham drove up the long avenue which led to the castle. 20 The Earl had given orders that his grandson should arrive in time to dine with him, and for some reason best known to himself, he had also ordered that the child should be sent alone into the room in which he intended to receive him, 25

The carriage rolled on and on between the great, beautiful trees which grew on each side of the avenue and stretched their broad swaying branches in an arch across it. Cedric had never seen such trees, they
5 were so grand and stately, and their branches grew so low down on their huge trunks. He did not then know that Dorincourt Castle was one of the most beautiful in all England; that its park was one of the broadest and finest, and its trees and avenue almost
10 without rivals. But he did know that it was all very beautiful.

"It's a beautiful place, isn't it?" he said to Mr. Havisham. "I never saw such a beautiful place. It's prettier even than Central Park."

15 He was rather puzzled by the length of time they were on their way.

"How far is it?" he said, at length, "from the gate to the front door?"

"It is between three and four miles," answered
20 the lawyer.

It was not long after this that they saw the castle. It rose up before them stately and beautiful and grey, the last rays of the sun casting dazzling lights on its many windows. It had turrets and battlements and
25 towers; a great deal of ivy grew upon its walls; all the broad open space about it was laid out in terraces and lawns and beds of brilliant flowers.

"It's the most beautiful place I ever saw!" said Cedric, his round face flushing with pleasure. "It

reminds any one of a king's palace. I saw a picture of one once in a fairy-book."

He saw the great entrance-door thrown open and many servants standing in two lines looking at him. He wondered why they were standing there, and admired their liveries very much. He did not know that they were there to do honour to the little boy to whom all this splendour would one day belong. At the head of the line of servants there stood an elderly woman in a rich plain black silk gown; she had grey hair and wore a cap. As he entered the hall she stood nearer than the rest, and the child thought from the look in her eyes that she was going to speak to him. Mr. Havisham, who held his hand, paused a moment.

15

"This is Lord Fauntleroy, Mrs. Mellon," he said. "Lord Fauntleroy, this is Mrs. Mellon, who is the housekeeper."

Cedric gave her his hand, his eyes lighting up.

"Was it you who sent the cat?" he said. "I'm much obliged to you, ma'am."

Mrs. Mellon's handsome old face looked very pleased.

"The cat left two beautiful kittens here," she said; "they shall be sent up to your lordship's nursery."

25

Mr. Havisham said a few words to her in a low voice.

"In the library, sir," Mrs. Mellon replied. "His lordship is to be taken there alone."

A few minutes later, the very tall footman in livery, who had escorted Cedric to the library door, opened it and announced: "Lord Fauntleroy, my Lord," in quite a majestic tone.

Cedric crossed the threshold into the room. It was a very large and splendid room, and it seemed such a distance from one end of it to the other, that, since the sun had gone down, the effect of it all was rather gloomy. For a moment Cedric thought there was nobody in the room, but soon he saw that by the fire burning on the wide hearth there was a large easy-chair, and that in that chair some one was sitting — some one who did not at first turn to look at him.

But he had attracted attention in one quarter at least. On the floor, by the armchair, lay a dog, a huge tawny mastiff, with body and limbs almost as big as a lion's; and this great creature rose majestically and slowly, and marched toward the little fellow with a heavy step.

Then the person in the chair spoke. "Dougal," he called, "come back."

But there was no fear in little Lord Fauntleroy's heart. He put his hand on the big dog's collar, and they strayed forward together, Dougal sniffing as he went.

And then the Earl looked up. What Cedric saw was a large old man with shaggy white hair and eyebrows, and a nose like an eagle's beak between his deep fierce eyes. What the Earl saw was a graceful childish figure in a black velvet suit, with a lace collar, and with lovelocks waving about the handsome, manly little face, whose eyes met his with a look of innocent good-fellowship. There was a sudden glow of triumph and exultation in the fiery old Earl's heart as he saw what a strong beautiful boy this grandson was, and how unhesitatingly he looked up as he stood with his hand on the big dog's neck.

Cedric came quite close to him.

"Are you the Earl?" he said. "I'm your grandson, you know, that Mr. Havisham brought. I'm Lord Fauntleroy."

He held out his hand because he thought it must be the polite and proper thing to do even with earls. "I hope you are very well," he continued, with the utmost friendliness. "I'm very glad to see you."

The Earl shook hands with him, with a curious gleam in his eyes.

"Glad to see me, are you?" he said.

25

"Yes," answered Lord Fauntleroy, "very."

There was a chair near him, and he sat down on it; it was a high-backed, rather tall chair, and his feet did not touch the floor when he had settled

himself in it, but he seemed to be quite comfortable as he sat there and regarded his august relative intently and modestly.

"Any boy would love his grandfather," continued Lord Fauntleroy, "especially one that had been as kind to him as you have been."

Another queer gleam came into the old nobleman's eyes.

"Oh!" he said, "I have been kind to you, have I?"

"Yes," answered Lord Fauntleroy brightly; "I'm ever so much obliged to you about Bridget, and the apple-woman, and Dick!"

"Bridget!" exclaimed the Earl. "Dick! The apple-woman!"

"Yes," explained Cedric; "the ones you gave me all that money for — the money you told Mr. Havisham to give me if I wanted it."

"Ha!" ejaculated his lordship. "That's it, is it? The money you were to spend as you liked. What did you buy with it? I should like to hear something about that."

He drew his shaggy eyebrows together and looked at the child sharply. He was secretly curious to know in what way the lad had indulged himself.

"Oh!" said Lord Fauntleroy, "perhaps you didn't know about Dick, and the apple-woman and Bridget. I forgot you lived such a long way off from them.

They were particular friends of mine. And you see Michael had the fever — —“

“Who’s Michael?” asked the Earl.

“Michael is Bridget’s husband, and they were in great trouble. And Bridget used to come to our house 5 and cry. And the evening Mr. Havisham was there, she was in the kitchen crying because they had almost nothing to eat and couldn’t pay the rent; and I went in to see her, and Mr. Havisham sent for me and he said you had given him some money for me. And I 10 ran as fast as I could into the kitchen and gave it to Bridget; and that made it all right; and Bridget could scarcely believe her eyes. That’s why I’m so obliged to you.”

“Oh!” said the Earl in his deep voice, “that was 15 one of the things you did for yourself, was it? What else?”

“Well, there was Dick,” he said. “You’d like Dick, he’s so square.”

This was an Americanism the Earl was not pre- 20 pared for.

“What does that mean?” he inquired.

Lord Fauntleroy was not very sure himself what it meant.

“I think it means that he wouldn’t cheat any 25 one,” he exclaimed; “or hit a boy who was under his size, and that he blacks people’s boots very well and makes them shine as much as he can. He’s a professional boot-black.”

"And he's one of your acquaintances, is he?" said the Earl.

"He's an old friend of mine," replied his grandson. "Not quite as old as Mr. Hobbs, but quite old. 5 He gave me a present just before the ship sailed."

He put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a neatly folded red object and opened it with an air of affectionate pride. It was the red silk handkerchief with the large purple horse-shoes and heads on it.

10 "He gave me this," said his young lordship. "I shall keep it always. It's a keepsake. I put some poetry in Mr. Hobbs's watch. It was, 'When this you see, remember me.' When this I see, I shall always remember Dick."

15 The sensations of the Right Honourable the Earl of Dorincourt could scarcely be described.

So he leaned back in his chair, and led his young companion on to telling him still more of himself, and with that odd gleam in his eyes watched the 20 little fellow as he talked. Lord Fauntleroy was quite willing to answer all his questions and told him all about Dick and Jake, and the apple-woman, and Mr. Hobbs. In the course of the conversation, he reached the Fourth of July and the Revolution, and 25 was just becoming enthusiastic, when dinner was announced. Cedric left his chair and went to his noble kinsman. He looked down at his gouty foot.

"Would you like me to help you?" he said politely. "You could lean on me, you know. Once when

Mr. Hobbs hurt his foot with a potato-barrel rolling on it, he used to lean on me."

The Earl looked his valiant young relative over from head to foot.

"Do you think you could do it?" he asked 5
gruffly.

"I *think* I could," said Cedric. "I'm strong, I'm seven, you know. You could lean on your stick on one side, and on me on the other."

"Well," said the Earl, "you may try." 10

Cedric gave him his stick, and began to assist him to rise. Usually the footman did this, and was violently sworn at when his lordship had an extra twinge of gout.

But this evening he did not swear, though his 15
gouty foot gave him more twinges than one. He chose to try an experiment. He got up slowly and put his hand on the small shoulder presented to him with so much courage. Little Lord Fauntleroy made a careful step forward, looking down at the gouty foot. 20

"Just lean on me," he said. "I'll walk very slowly."

If the Earl had been supported by the footman he would have rested less on his stick and more on his assistant's arm. And yet it was part of his experi- 25
ment to let his grandson feel his burden as no light weight. It was quite a heavy weight indeed, and after a few steps his young lordship's face grew quite hot, and his heart beat rather fast, but he braced himself sturdily.

"Don't be afraid of leaning on me," he panted. "I'm all right — if — if it isn't a very long way."

It was not really very far to the dining-room, but it seemed rather a long way to Cedric, before 5 they reached the chair at the head of the table.

When the hand was removed from his shoulder, and the Earl was fairly seated, Cedric took out Dick's handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

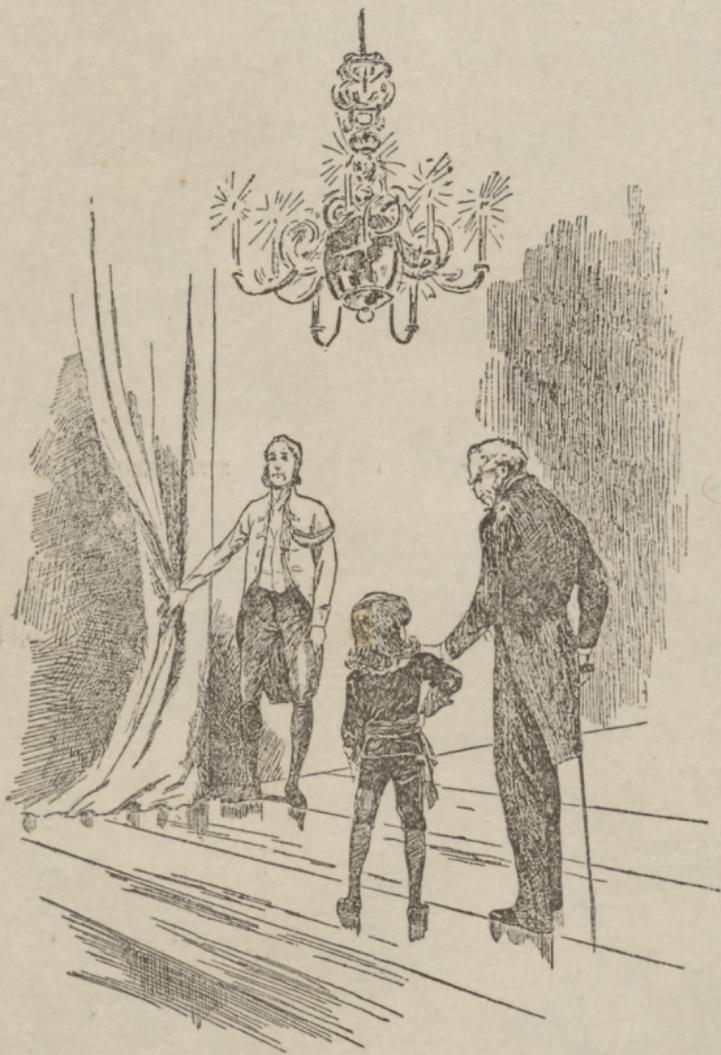
"It's a warm night, isn't it?" he said.

10 "You have been doing some rather hard work," said the Earl.

"Oh, no!" said Lord Fauntleroy, "it wasn't exactly hard, but I got a little warm."

And he rubbed his damp curls rather vigorously 15 with the gorgeous handkerchief. Dinner was usually a very serious matter with the Earl — and it was a very serious matter with the cook, if his lordship was not pleased or had an indifferent appetite. To-day, however, his appetite seemed a trifle better than usual, 20 perhaps because his grandson gave him something to think of. He kept looking at him across the table. He did not say very much himself, but he managed to make the boy talk. He had never imagined that he could be entertained by hearing a child talk, but 25 Lord Fauntleroy at once puzzled and amused him.

Cedric finished his dinner first, and then he leaned back in his chair and took a survey of the room.



"You must be very proud of your house," he said, "it's such a beautiful house. I never saw anything so beautiful; but, of course, as I'm only seven, I haven't seen much."

"And you think I must be proud of it, do you?" said the Earl.

"I should think any one would be proud of it," replied Lord Fauntleroy. "I should be proud of it if it were my house. Everything about it is beautiful."

Then he paused an instant and looked across the table rather wistfully.

"It's a very big house for just two people to live in, isn't it?" he said.

"It is quite large enough for two," answered the Earl. "Do you find it too large?" 15

His little lordship hesitated a moment.

"I was only thinking," he said, "that if two people lived in it who were not very good companions, they might feel lonely sometimes."

"Do you think I shall make a good companion?" inquired the Earl. 20

"Yes," replied Cedric, "I think you will. Mr. Hobbs and I were great friends. He was the best friend I had except Dearest."

The Earl made a quick movement of his bushy eyebrows.

"Who is Dearest?"

"She is my mother," said Lord Fauntleroy, in a rather low, quiet little voice.

He could not help thinking of her, and the more he thought of her the less was he inclined to talk, and by the time the dinner was at an end the Earl saw that there was a faint shadow on his face. But
5 Cedric bore himself with excellent courage, and when they went back to the library, though the tall footman walked on one side of his master, the Earl's hand rested on his grandson's shoulder, though not so heavily as before.

10 When the footman left them alone, Cedric sat down upon the hearth-rug near Dougal. For a few minutes he stroked the dog's ears in silence and looked at the fire.

The Earl watched him. The boy's eyes looked
15 wistful and thoughtful, and once or twice he gave a little sigh. The Earl sat still, and kept his eyes fixed on his grandson.

"Fauntleroy," he said at last, "what are you thinking of?"

20 Fauntleroy looked up with a manful effort at a smile.

"I was thinking about Dearest," he said; "and — and I think I'd better get up and walk up and down the room."

25 He rose up, and put his hands in his small pockets, and began to walk to and fro. Dougal moved lazily and looked at him, and then stood up. He walked over to the child, and began to follow him

uneasily. Fauntleroy drew one hand from his pocket and laid it on the dog's head.

"He's a very nice dog," he said. "He's my friend. He knows how I feel."

"How do you feel?" asked the Earl. 5

"I never was away from my own house before," said the boy, with a troubled look in his brown eyes. "It makes a person feel a strange feeling when he has to stay all night in another person's castle instead of in his own house. But Dearest is not very far 10 away from me. She told me to remember that — and — and I'm seven — and I can look at the picture she gave me."

He put his hand in his pocket, and brought out a small violet velvet-covered case. 15

"This is it," he said. "You see, you press this spring and it opens, and she is in there!"

He had come close to the Earl's chair and, as he drew forth the little case, he leaned against the old man's arm. 20

"There she is," he said, as the case opened; and he looked up with a smile.

The Earl knitted his brows; he did not wish to see the picture, but he looked at it in spite of himself; and there looked up at him from it such a pretty 25 young face — a face so like the child's at his side — that it quite startled him.

"I suppose you think you are very fond of her?" he said.

“Yes,” answered Lord Fauntleroy, in a gentle tone, and with simple directness; “I do think so, and I think it’s true. Dearest is my *close* friend, and we always tell each other everything.”

5 His young lordship slipped down upon the hearth-rug, and sat there with the picture still in his hand.

The Earl did not speak again. He leaned back in his chair and watched him. A great many strange new thoughts passed through the old nobleman’s
10 mind. Dougal had stretched himself out and gone to sleep with his head on his huge paws. There was a long silence.

In about half an hour’s time Mr. Havisham was ushered in. The great room was very still when
15 he entered. The Earl was still leaning back in his chair. He moved as Mr. Havisham approached, and held up his hand in a gesture of warning — it seemed as if he had scarcely intended to make the gesture — as if it were almost involuntary. Dougal
20 was still asleep, and close beside the great dog, sleeping also, with his curly head upon his arm, lay little Lord Fauntleroy.

CHAPTER VI

THE EARL AND HIS GRANDSON

25 When Lord Fauntleroy wakened in the morning — he had not wakened at all when he had been

carried to bed the night before, — the first sounds he was conscious of were the crackling of a wood fire and the murmur of voices.

He moved on his pillow, and turned over, opening his eyes. 5

There were two women in the room. Both came toward him, and he saw that one of them was Mrs. Mellon, the housekeeper, and the other a comfortable, middle-aged woman, with a face as kind and good-humoured as a face could be. 10

“Good-morning, my Lord,” said Mrs. Mellon. “Did you sleep well?”

His lordship rubbed his eyes and smiled.

“Good-morning,” he said. “I didn’t know I was here.” 15

“You were carried upstairs when you were asleep,” said the housekeeper. “This is your bedroom, and this is Dawson, who is to take care of you.”

Fauntleroy sat up in bed and held out his hand to Dawson, as he had held it out to the Earl. 20

“How do you do, ma’am?” he said. “I’m much obliged to you for coming to take care of me.”

“You can call her Dawson, my Lord,” said the housekeeper with a smile. “She is used to being called Dawson.” 25

“Dawson will do anything you ask her to,” said Mrs. Mellon.

“That I will, bless him,” said Dawson, in her comforting, good-humoured voice. “He shall dress

himself if he likes, and I'll stand by, ready to help him if he wants me."

"Thank you," responded Lord Fauntleroy; "it's a little hard sometimes about the buttons, you know, 5 and then I have to ask somebody."

When he went into the adjoining room to take his breakfast and saw what a great room it was, and found there was another adjoining it, which Dawson told him was his also, the feeling that he was very 10 small indeed came over him again so strongly that he confided it to Dawson, as he sat down to the table on which the pretty breakfast service was arranged.

"I am a very little boy," he said rather wistfully, "to live in such a large castle, and have so many big 15 rooms — don't you think so?"

"Oh, come!" said Dawson, "you feel just a little strange at first, that's all; but you'll get over that very soon, and then you'll like it here. It's such a beautiful place, you know."

20 "It's a very beautiful place, of course," said Fauntleroy, with a little sigh; "but I should like it better if I didn't miss Dearest so."

"Oh, well!" answered Dawson, comfortably, "you know you can see her every day, and there's no 25 knowing how much you'll have to tell her. Wait till you've walked about a bit and seen things — the dogs, and the stables with all the horses in them. And, dear me, you haven't looked even into the very next room yet!"

"What is there?" asked Fauntleroy.

"Wait until you've had your breakfast, and then you shall see," said Dawson.

At this he naturally began to grow curious, and he applied himself assiduously to his breakfast. 5

"Now then," he said, slipping off his seat a few minutes later; "I've had enough. Can I go and look at it?"

Dawson nodded and led the way, and when she opened the door of the room, he stood upon the threshold and looked about him in amazement. He 10 did not speak; he only put his hands in his pockets and stood there looking in.

There were shelves full of books, and on the tables were numbers of toys — beautiful, ingenious things — such as he had looked at with wonder and 15 delight through the shop windows in New York.

"It looks like a boy's room," he said at last, catching his breath a little. "Whom do they belong to?"

"Go and look at them," said Dawson. "They belong to you!" 20

"To me!" he cried; "to me! Why do they belong to me? Who gave them to me?" And he sprang forward with a gay little shout. It seemed almost too much to be believed. "It was Grandpapa!" he said, with his eyes as bright as stars. "I know it 25 was Grandpapa!"

The Earl had passed a bad night and had spent the morning in his room; but at noon, after he had lunched, he sent for his grandson,

Fauntleroy answered the summons at once. He came down the broad staircase with a bounding step; the Earl heard him run across the hall, and then the door opened and he came in with red cheeks and
5 sparkling eyes.

"I was waiting for you to send for me," he said. "I was ready a long time ago. I'm *ever* so much obliged to you for all those things! I'm *ever* so much obliged to you! I have been playing with them all
10 the morning."

"Oh!" said the Earl, "you like them, do you?"

"I like them so much — well, I couldn't tell you how much!" said Fauntleroy, his face glowing with delight. "There's one that's like base-ball. I
15 tried to teach Dawson, but she could'nt quite understand it just at first. But you know all about it, don't you?"

"I'm afraid I don't," replied the Earl. "It's an American game, isn't it? Is it something like cricket?"

"I never saw cricket," said Fauntleroy; "but Mr.
20 Hobbs took me several times to see base-ball. It's a splendid game. You get so excited! Would you like me to go and get my game and show it to you? Perhaps it would amuse you and make you forget about your foot. Does your foot hurt you very much
25 this morning?"

"More than I enjoy," was the answer.

"Then perhaps you couldn't forget it," said the little fellow, anxiously. "Perhaps it would bother you

to be told about the game. Do you think it would amuse you, or do you think it would bother you?"

"Go and get it," said the Earl.

"It certainly was a novel entertainment this — making a companion of a child who offered to teach 5 him to play games, but the very novelty of it amused him. There was a smile lurking about the Earl's mouth when Cedric came back with the box containing the game in his arms, and an expression of the most eager interest on his face. 10

"May I pull that little table over here to your chair? he asked.

"Ring for Thomas," said the Earl. „He will place it for you.“

"Oh, I can do it myself," answered Fauntleroy. 15 "It's not very heavy."

"Very well," replied his grandfather. The lurking smile deepened on the old man's face as he watched the little fellow's preparations; there was such an absorbed interest in them. The small table was 20 dragged forward and placed by his chair, and the game taken from its box and arranged upon it.

When the explanations and illustrations were at an end and the game began in good earnest, the Earl still found himself entertained. 25

If, a week before, any one had told the Earl of Dorincourt that on that particular morning he would be forgetting his gout and his bad temper in a child's game, with a curly-headed small boy for a companion,

he would without doubt have made himself very unpleasant; and yet he certainly had forgotten himself when the door opened and Thomas announced a visitor.

5 The visitor in question, who was an elderly gentleman in black, and no less a person than the clergyman of the parish, was so startled by the amazing scene which met his eye, that he almost fell back a pace, and ran some risk of colliding with
10 Thomas.

There was, in fact, no part of his duty that the Reverend Mr. Mordaunt found so decidedly unpleasant as that part which compelled him to call upon his noble patron at the Castle. His noble patron, indeed,
15 usually made these visits as disagreeable as it lay in his lordly power to make them. He abhorred churches and charities, and flew into violent rages when any of his tenantry took the liberty of being poor and ill and needing assistance. During all the years in which
20 Mr. Mordaunt had been in charge of Dorincourt parish, the rector certainly did not remember having seen his lordship, of his own free will, do any one a kindness, or, under any circumstances whatever, show that he thought of any one but himself.

25 Judge then of his amazement when, as Thomas opened the library door, his ears were greeted by a delighted ring of childish laughter.

The Earl glanced around, and when he saw who it was, Mr. Mordaunt was still more surprised to see

hat he looked almost as if he had forgotten for the moment how unpleasant he really could make himself when he tried.

“Ah!” he said in his harsh voice, but giving his hand rather graciously. “Good morning, Mordaunt. 5 I’ve found a new employment, you see.”

He put his other hand on Cedric’s shoulder — perhaps deep down in his heart there was a stir of gratified pride that it was such an heir he had to present; there was a spark of something like pleasure 10 in his eyes as he moved the boy slightly forward.

“This is the new Lord Fauntleroy,” he said. “Fauntleroy, this is Mr. Mordaunt, the rector of the parish.”

Fauntleroy looked up at the gentleman in the 15 clerical garments, and gave him his hand.

“I am very glad to make your acquaintance, sir,” he said.

Mr. Mordaunt held the small hand in his a moment as he looked down at the child’s face, smiling 20 involuntarily. He liked the little fellow from that instant — as in fact people always did like him.

“I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Lord Fauntleroy,” said he. “You made a long journey to come to us. A great many people will be glad to 25 know you made it safely.”

“It *was* a long way,” answered Fauntleroy; “but Dearest, my mother, was with me and I wasn’t lonely.

Of course, you are never lonely if your mother is with you; and the ship was beautiful."

"Take a chair, Mordaunt," said the Earl. Mr. Mordaunt sat down. He glanced from Fauntleroy to the Earl.

5 "Your lordship is greatly to be congratulated," he said warmly. But the Earl plainly had no intention of showing his feelings on the subject.

"He is like his father," he said rather gruffly. "Let us hope he'll conduct himself more creditably."

10 And then he added: "Well, what is it this morning, Mordaunt? Who is in trouble now?"

This was not as bad as Mr. Mordaunt had expected, but he hesitated a second before he began.

"It is Higgins," he said; "Higgins of Edge
15 Farm. He has been very unfortunate. He was ill himself last autumn, and his children had scarlet fever. He is in trouble about his rent now. Newick tells him if he doesn't pay it he must leave the place; and of course that would be a very serious
20 matter. His wife is ill, and he came to me yes'erday to beg me to see you about it, and ask you for time. He thinks if you would give him time he could catch up again."

"They all think that," said the Earl, looking
25 rather black.

Fauntleroy made a movement forward. His eyes were wide open and were fixed upon Mr. Mordaunt with intense interest as that gentleman went on with the conversation.

“Higgins is a well-meaning man,” said the rector, making an effort to strengthen his plea.

“He is a bad enough tenant,” replied his lordship. “And he is always behindhand, Newick tells me.”

5

“He is in great trouble now,” said the rector. “He is very fond of his wife and children, and if the farm is taken from him they may literally starve. He cannot give them the nourishing things they need. Two of the children were left very low after the fever, 10 and the doctor orders for them wine and luxuries that Higgins cannot afford.”

At this Fauntleroy moved a step nearer.

“That was the way with Michael,” he said.

The Earl slightly started. “I forgot *you!*” he said. 15
“I forgot we had a philanthropist in the room. Who was Michael?” And the gleam of queer amusement came back into the old man’s deep-set eyes.

“He was Bridget’s husband, who had the fever,” answered Fauntleroy; “and he couldn’t pay the rent 20 or buy wine and things. And you gave me that money to help him.”

The Earl drew his brows together into a curious frown, which somehow was scarcely grim at all. He glanced across at Mr. Mordaunt. 25

“I don’t know what sort of a landed proprietor he will make,” he said. “I told Havisham the boy was to have what he wanted — and what he wanted, it seems, was money to giye to beggars.”

“Oh! but they weren’t beggars,” said Fauntleroy eagerly. “Michael was a splendid bricklayer! They all worked.”

“Oh!” said the Earl, “they were not beggars.”

5 He bent his gaze on the boy for a few seconds in silence. “Come here,” he said, at last.

“What would *you* do in this case?” his lordship asked.

Fauntleroy drew a little nearer, and laid one hand
10 on his knee, with the most confiding air of good comradeship.

“If I were very rich,” he said, „and not only just a little boy, I should let him stay, and give him the things for his children; but then, I am only a boy.”
15 Then, after a second’s pause, in which his face brightened visibly, “*You* can do anything, can’t you?” he said.

“Humph!” said my lord, staring at him. “That’s your opinion, is it?”

20 “I mean you can give any one anything,” said Fauntleroy. “Who’s Newick?”

“He is my agent,” answered the Earl, “and some of my tenants are not over-fond of him.”

“Are you going to write him a letter now?” in-
25 quired Fauntleroy. “Shall I bring you the pen and ink? I can take the game off this table.”

It plainly had not for an instant occurred to him that Newick would be allowed to do his worst.

The Earl paused a moment, still looking at him. "Can you write?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Cedric, "but not very well."

"Move the things from the table," commanded my lord, "and bring the pen and ink, and a sheet 5 of paper from my desk."

Mr. Mordaunt's interest began to increase. Fauntleroy did as he was told very deftly. In a few moments, the sheet of paper, the big inkstand and the pen were ready. 10

"There!" he said gaily, "now you can write it."

"You are to write it," said the Earl.

"I!" exclaimed Fauntleroy, and a flush overspread his forehead. "Will it do if I write it? I don't always spell quite right when I haven't a dictionary and 15 nobody tells me."

"It will do," answered the Earl. "Higgins will not complain of the spelling. Dip your pen in the ink."

Fauntleroy took up the pen and dipped it in the 20 ink-bottle, then he arranged himself in position, leaning on the table.

"Now," he inquired, "what must I say?"

"You may say, 'Higgins is not to be interfered with, for the present,' and sign it 'Fauntleroy,'" said 25 the Earl.

Fauntleroy dipped his pen in the ink again, and resting his arm, began to write. It was rather a slow and serious process, but he gave his whole soul to it.

After a while, however, the manuscript was complete, and he handed it to his grandfather with a smile slightly tinged with anxiety.

"Do you think it will do?" he asked.

5 The Earl looked at it, and the corners of his mouth twitched a little.

"Yes," he answered; "Higgins will find it entirely satisfactory." And he handed it to Mr. Mordaunt.

What Mr. Mordaunt found written was this: —

10 "Dear mr. Newik if you pleas mr. higgins is not to be in-
turfeared with for the present and oblige

"Yours rispecferly

"Fauntleroy."

"Mr. Hobbs always signed his letters that way,"
15 said Fauntleroy; "and I thought I'd better say 'please.'
Is that exactly the right way to spell 'interfered'?"

"It's not exactly the way it is spelled in the dic-
tionary," answered the Earl.

"I was afraid of that," said Fauntleroy. "I ought
20 to have asked. You see, that's the way with words of
more than one syllable; you have to look in the dic-
tionary. It's always safest. I'll write it over again."

And write it over again he did, making quite an
imposing copy, and taking precautions in the matter
25 of spelling by consulting the Earl himself.

When Mr. Mordaunt went away, he took the letter
with him, and he took something else with him also
—namely, a pleasanter feeling and a more hopeful
one than he had ever carried home with him down



that avenue on any previous visit he had made at Dorincourt Castle.

When he was gone, Fauntleroy, who had accompanied him to the door, went back to his grandfather.

"May I go to Dearest now?" he said. "I think 5 she will be waiting for me."

The Earl was silent a moment.

"There is something in the stable for you to see first," he said. "Ring the bell."

"If you please," said Fauntleroy, with his quick little 10 flush, "I'm very much obliged; but I think I'd better see it to-morrow. She will be expecting me all the time."

"Very well," answered the Earl. "We will order the carriage." Then he added dryly, "It's a pony."

Fauntleroy drew a long breath. 15

"A pony!" he exclaimed. "Whose pony is it?"

"Yours," replied the Earl.

"Mine?" cried the little fellow. "Mine — like the things upstairs?"

"Yes," said his grandfather. "Would you like to 20 see it? Shall I order it to be brought round?"

Fauntleroy's cheeks grew redder and redder.

"I never thought I should have a pony!" he said. "I never thought that! How glad Dearest will be. You give me *everything*, don't you?" 25

"Do you wish to see it?" inquired the Earl.

Fauntleroy drew a long breath. "I *want* to see it," he said. "I want to see it so much I can hardly wait. But I'm afraid there isn't time."

"You *must* go and see your mother this afternoon?" asked the Earl. "You think you can't put it off?"

"Why," said Fauntleroy, "she has been thinking about me all the morning, and I have been thinking
5 about her!"

"Oh!" said the Earl. "You have, have you? Ring the bell."

As they drove down the avenue, under the arching trees, he was rather silent. But Fauntleroy was
10 not. He talked about the pony. What colour was it? How big was it? What was its name? What did it like to eat best? How old was it? How early in the morning might he get up and see it?

"Dearest will be so glad!" he kept saying. "She
15 will be so much obliged to you for being so kind to me! She knows I always liked ponies so much, but we never thought I should have one."

He leaned back against the cushions and regarded the Earl with rapt interest for a few minutes and
20 in entire silence.

"I think you must be the best person in the world," he burst forth at last. "You are always doing good, aren't you? — and thinking about other people. Dearest says that is the best kind of goodness; not
25 to think about yourself, but to think about other people. That is just the way you are, isn't it?"

His lordship was so dumbfounded to find himself presented in such agreeable colours, that he did not know exactly what to say.

Fauntleroy went on, still regarding him with admiring eyes — those great, clear, innocent eyes!

"You make so many people happy," he said. "There's Michael and Bridget and their ten children, and the apple-woman, and Dick, and Mr. Hobbs, and 5 Mr. Higgins and Mrs. Higgins and their children, and Mr. Mordaunt — because of course he was glad — and Dearest and me, about the pony and all the other things. Do you know, I've counted it up on my fingers and in my mind, and it's twenty-seven people you've 10 been kind to. That's a good many — twenty-seven!"

"And I was the person who was kind to them — was I?" said the Earl.

"Why, yes, you know," answered Fauntleroy. "You made them all happy. Do you know," with 15 some delicate hesitation, "that people are sometimes mistaken about earls when they don't know them. Mr. Hobbs was. I am going to write to him, and tell him about it."

"What was Mr. Hobbs's opinion of earls?" asked 20 his lordship.

"Well, you see, the difficulty was," replied his young companion, "that he didn't know any, and he'd only read about them in books. He thought — you mustn't mind it — that they were gory 25 tyrants; and he said he wouldn't have them hanging around his store. But if he'd known *you*, I'm sure he would have felt quite different. I shall tell him about you."

"What shall you tell him?"

"I shall tell him," said Fauntleroy, glowing with enthusiasm, "that you are the kindest man I ever heard of, and I hope when I grow up, I shall be
5 just like you."

"Just like me!" repeated his lordship, looking at the little kindling face.

Fauntleroy thought the Earl's foot must be hurting him, his brows knitted themselves together so,
10 as he looked out at the park; and thinking this, the considerate little fellow tried not to disturb him, and enjoyed the trees and the ferns and the deer in silence. But at last they reached Court Lodge; and Fauntleroy was out upon the ground almost before the
15 big footman had time to open the carriage door.

The Earl wakened from his reverie with a start.

"What!" he said. "Are we here?"

"Yes," said Fauntleroy. "Let me give you your stick. Just lean on me when you get out."

20 "I am not going to get out," replied his lordship brusquely.

"Not — not to see Dearest?" exclaimed Fauntleroy with astonished face.

"'Dearest' will excuse me," said the Earl dryly.
25 "Go to her and tell her that not even a new pony would keep you away."

"She will be disappointed," said Fauntleroy. "She will want to see you very much,"

"I am afraid not," was the answer. "The carriage will call for you as we come back. — Tell Jeffries to drive on, Thomas."

Thomas closed the carriage door, and, after a puzzled look, Fauntleroy ran up the drive. The Earl 5 had the opportunity — of seeing a pair of handsome, strong little legs, flash over the ground with astonishing rapidity. Evidently their owner had no intention of losing any time. The carriage rolled slowly away, but his lordship did not at once lean back; he 10 still looked out. Through a space in the trees he could see the house door; it was wide open. The little figure dashed up the steps; another figure — a little figure too, slender and young, in its black gown — ran to meet it. It seemed as if they flew together, 15 as Fauntleroy leaped into his mother's arms, hanging about her neck and covering her sweet young face with kisses.

CHAPTER VII AT CHURCH

20

On the following Sunday morning, Mr. Mordaunt had a large congregation. Indeed, he could scarcely remember any Sunday on which the church had been so crowded. People appeared upon the scene who seldom did him the honour of coming to hear his 25 sermons. There were even people from Hazelton, which was the next parish. There were hearty, sun-

burned farmers, stout, comfortable, apple-cheeked wives in their best bonnets and most gorgeous shawls, and half a dozen children or so to each family.

In the course of the preceding week, many wonderful stories had been told of little Lord Fauntleroy, and first of all the story of Higgins. The Reverend Mr. Mordaunt had told it at his own dinner table, and the servant who had heard it had told it in the kitchen, and from there it had spread like wildfire.

10 And on market-day, when Higgins had appeared in town, he had been questioned on every side, and Newick had been questioned too, and in response had shown to two or three people the note signed „Fauntleroy.“

15 And so the farmers' wives had found plenty to talk of over their tea and their shopping, and they had done the subject full justice. And on Sunday they had either walked to church or had been driven in their gigs by their husbands, who were perhaps a
20 trifle curious themselves about the new little lord who was to be in time the owner of the soil.

It was by no means the Earl's habit to attend church, but he chose to appear on this first Sunday — it was his whim to present himself in the huge
25 family pew, with Fauntleroy at his side.

And they went into the church, and were looked at there, on their way up the aisle to the square red-cushioned and curtained pew. When Fauntleroy was fairly seated he made two discoveries which

pleased him: the first was that, across the church where he could look at her, his mother sat and smiled at him; the second, that at one end of the pew against the wall knelt two quaint figures carven in stone, facing each other as they kneeled on either side of a pillar supporting two stone missals, their pointed hands folded as if in prayer, their dress very antique and strange. On the tablet by them was written something of which he could only read the curious words:

10

„Here lyethe ye bodye of Gregorye Arthure Fyrst Earle of Dorincort allsoe of Alisone Hildegarde hys wyfe.“

„May I whisper?“ inquired his lordship, devoured by curiosity.

„What is it?“ said his grandfather.

15

„Who are they?“

„Some of your ancestors,“ answered the Earl, „who lived a few hundred years ago.“

„Perhaps,“ said Lord Fauntleroy, regarding them with respect, „perhaps I got my spelling from them.“ 20 And then he proceeded to find his place in the church service. When the music began, he stood up and looked across at his mother, smiling. He was very fond of music, and his mother and he often sang together, so he joined in with the rest, his pure, sweet, 25 high voice rising as clear as the song of a bird. He quite forgot himself in his pleasure in it. The Earl forgot himself a little too, as he sat in his curtain-shielded corner of the pew and watched the boy. His

mother, as she looked at him across the church, felt a thrill pass through her heart, and a prayer rose in it too, a prayer that the pure, simple happiness of his childish soul might last, and that the strange, great
5 fortune which had fallen to him might bring no wrong or evil with it. There were many soft anxious thoughts in her tender heart in those new days.

“Oh, Ceddie!” she had said to him the evening before, as she hung over him in saying good-night,
10 before he went away; “Oh, Ceddie, dear, I wish for your sake I was very clever and could say a great many wise things! But only be good, dear, only be brave, only be kind and true always, and then you will never hurt any one so long as you live, and you
15 may help many, and the big world may be better because my little child was born.

And on his return to the Castle, Fauntleroy had repeated her words to his grandfather.

“And I thought about you when she said that,”
20 he ended; “and I told her that was the way the world was because you had lived, and I was going to try if I could be like you.”

“And what did she say to that?” asked his lordship, a trifle uneasily.

25 “She said that was right, and we must always look for good in people and try to be like it.”

Perhaps it was this the old man remembered as he glanced through the divided folds of the red curtain of his pew to where his son's wife sat,

As they came out of the church, many of those who had attended the service stood waiting to see them pass. As they neared the gate, a man who stood with his hat in his hand made a step forward and then hesitated. He was a middle-aged farmer, 5 with a careworn face.

“Well, Higgins,” said the Earl.

Fauntleroy turned quickly to look at him.

“Oh!” he exclaimed; “is it Mr. Higgins?”

“Yes,” answered the Earl dryly; “and I suppose 10 he came to take a look at his new landlord.”

“Yes, my Lord,” said the man, his sunburned face reddening. “Mr. Newick told me his young lordship was kind enough to speak for me, and I thought I’d like to say a word of thanks, if I might 15 be allowed.”

Perhaps he felt some wonder when he saw what a little fellow it was who had innocently done so much for him, and who stood there looking up just as one of his own less fortunate children might have 20 done — apparently not realising his own importance in the least.

“I’ve a great deal to thank your lordship for,” he said; “a great deal. I — —”

“Oh,” said Fauntleroy; “I only wrote the letter. 25 It was my grandfather who did it. But you know how he is about always being good to everybody. Is Mrs. Higgins well now?”

Higgins looked a trifle taken aback. He also was somewhat startled at hearing his noble landlord presented in the character of a benevolent being, full of engaging qualities.

5 "I — well, yes, your lordship," he stammered; "the missus is better since the trouble was took off her mind."

"I'm glad of that," said Fauntleroy. "My grandfather was very sorry about your children having the
10 scarlet fever, and so was I."

"You see, Higgins," broke in the Earl with a fine grim smile; "you people have been mistaken in me. Lord Fauntleroy understands me. Get into the carriage, Fauntleroy."

15 And Fauntleroy jumped in, and the carriage rolled away down the green lane, and even when it turned the corner into the high-road, the Earl was still grimly smiling.

CHAPTER VIII

20

LEARNING TO RIDE

Lord Dorincourt had occasion to wear his grim smile many a time as the days passed by.

The morning the new pony had been tried the Earl had been so pleased that he had almost for-
25 gotten his gout. When the groom had brought out the pretty creature, which arched its brown glossy neck and tossed its fine head in the sun, the Earl

had sat at the open window of the library and had looked on while Fauntleroy took his first riding lesson. He wondered if the boy would show signs of timidity.

Fauntleroy mounted in great delight. He had never been on a pony before, and he was in the highest spirits. Wilkins, the groom, led the animal by the bridle up and down before the library window.

After a few minutes Fauntleroy spoke to his grandfather — watching him from the window. 10

“Can’t I go by myself?” he asked; “and can’t I go faster?”

His lordship made a sign to Wilkins, who at the signal brought up his own horse and mounted it and took Fauntleroy’s pony by the leading-rein. 15

“Now,” said the Earl, “let him trot.”

The next few minutes were rather exciting to the small equestrian. He found that trotting was not so easy as walking, and the faster the pony trotted, the less easy it was. 20

“It j-jolts a g-goo-good deal -- do-doesn’t it?” he said to Wilkins. “D-does it j-jolt y-you?”

“No, my Lord,” answered Wilkins. “You’ll get used to it in time. Rise in your stirrups.”

“I’m ri-rising all the t-time,” said Fauntleroy. 25

He was both rising and falling rather uncomfortably and with many shakes and bounces. He was out of breath and his face grew red, but he held on with all his might, and sat as straight as he could,

The Earl could see that from his window. When the riders came back within speaking distance, after they had been hidden by the trees a few minutes, Fauntleroy's hat was off, his cheeks were like poppies, and
5 his lips were set, but he was still trotting manfully.

"Stop a minute!" said his grandfather. "Where's your hat?"

Wilkins touched his. "It fell off, your lordship," he said, with evident enjoyment. "Wouldn't let me
10 stop to pick it up, my Lord."

"Tired?" said the Earl to Fauntleroy. "Want to get off?"

"It jolts you more than you think it will," admitted his young lordship frankly. "And it tires you
15 a little too; but I don't want to get off. I want to learn how. As soon as I've got my breath I want to go back for the hat."

The cleverest person in the world, if he had undertaken to teach Fauntleroy how to please the old
20 man who watched him, could not have taught him anything which would have succeeded better. He sat and watched quite eagerly until the sound of the horses' hoofs returned. When they did come, which was after some time, they came at a faster pace.
25 Fauntleroy's hat was still off, Wilkins was carrying it for him; his cheeks were redder than before, and his hair was flying about his ears, but he came at quite a brisk canter.

"There!" he panted, as they drew up, "I c-cantered and I stayed on!"

He and Wilkins and the pony were close friends after that. Scarcely a day passed on which the country people did not see them out together, cantering gaily on the high road or through the green lanes. Sometimes he would stop and talk with the children,⁵ and once Wilkins came back to the Castle with a story of how Fauntleroy had insisted on dismounting near the village school, so that a boy who was lame and tired might ride home on his pony.

When the Earl heard the story, he was not angry, 10 as Wilkins had been half afraid that he would be; on the contrary, he laughed outright, and called Fauntleroy up to him, and made him tell all about the matter from beginning to end, and then he laughed again. And [actually, a few days later, the Dorin- 15 court carriage stopped in the green lane before the cottage where the lame boy lived, and Fauntleroy jumped out and walked up to the door, carrying a pair of strong, light, new crutches, shouldered like a gun, and presented them to Mrs. Hartle (the lame 20 boy's name was Hartle) with these words: "My grandfather's compliments, and if you please, these are for your boy, and we hope he will get better."

"I said your compliments," he explained to the Earl when he returned to the carriage. "You didn't 25 tell me to, but I thought perhaps you forgot. That was right, wasn't it?"

And the Earl laughed again, and did not say it was not. In fact, the two were becoming more inti-

mate every day, and every day Fauntleroy's faith in his lordship's benevolence and virtue increased.

There was one thing, it is true, which puzzled the little fellow very much. Being quick to observe, 5 the little boy could not help wondering why it was that his mother and grandfather never seemed to meet. And yet, every day, fruit and flowers were sent to Court Lodge from the hothouses at the Castle. But the one virtuous action of the Earl's which had set 10 him upon the pinnacle of perfection in Cedric's eyes, was what he had done soon after that first Sunday when Mrs. Errol had walked home from church unattended. About a week later, when Cedric was going one day to visit his mother, he found at the 15 door, instead of the large carriage and prancing pair, a pretty little brougham and a handsome bay horse.

"That is a present from you to your mother," the Earl said abruptly. "She cannot go walking about the country. She needs a carriage. The man who 20 drives will take charge of it. It is a present from *you*."

Fauntleroy's delight could but feebly express itself. He could scarcely contain himself until he reached the lodge. His mother was gathering roses in the garden. He flung himself out of the little brougham 25 and flew to her.

"Dearest!" he cried, "could you believe it?" This is yours! He says it is a present from me. It is your own carriage to drive everywhere in!"

He was so happy that she did not know what to say. She could not have borne to spoil his pleasure by refusing to accept the gift, even though it came from the man who chose to consider himself her enemy. She was obliged to step into the carriage, 5 roses and all, and let herself be taken for a drive, while Fauntleroy told her stories of his grandfather's goodness and amiability. They were such innocent stories that sometimes she could not help laughing a little, and then she would draw her little boy closer 10 to her side and kiss him, feeling glad that he could see only good in the old man who had so few friends.

The very next day after that, Fauntleroy wrote to Mr. Hobbs. He wrote quite a long letter, and after the first copy was written, he brought it to his grand- 15 father to be inspected.

"Because," he said, "it's so uncertain about the spelling. These were the last lines :

I should like to see you and i wish dearest could live at the castle but I am very happy when I dont miss her too much 20 and i love my granfarther every one does plees write soon

"your afechshnet old friend

"Cedric Errol

"Do you miss your mother very much?" asked the Earl when he had finished reading this. 25

"Yes," said Fauntleroy, "I miss her all the time. And when I miss her very much, I go and look out of my window to where I see her light shine for me every night through an open place in the trees. It is

a long way off, but she puts it in her window as soon as it is dark and I can see it twinkle far away, and I know what it says."

"What does it say?" asked my lord.

5 "It says, 'Good-night, God keep you all the night!' — just what she used to say when we were together. Every night she used to say that to me, and every morning she said, 'God bless you all the day!' So you see I am quite safe all the time — —"

10 "Quite, I have no doubt," said his lordship dryly. And he drew down his beetling eyebrows and looked at the little boy so fixedly and so long that Fauntleroy wondered what he could be thinking of.

CHAPTER IX

15

THE POOR COTTAGES

The fact was, his lordship the Earl of Dorincourt thought in those days of many things of which he had never thought before, and all his thoughts were in one way or another connected with his grandson. His
20 pride was the strongest part of his nature, and the boy gratified it at every point. Through this pride he began to find a new interest in life. He began to take pleasure in showing his heir to the world. The world had known of his disappointment in his sons;
25 so there was an agreeable touch of triumph in exhibiting this new Lord Fauntleroy, who could disappoint no one. Sometimes in this new interest he forgot his



gout, and after a while his doctor was surprised to find this noble patient's health growing better than he had expected it ever would be again. One fine morning, people were amazed to see little Lord Fauntleroy riding his pony with another companion than Wil- 5 kins. This new companion rode a tall, powerful gray horse, and was no other than the Earl himself.

And in their rides together through the green lanes and pretty country roads, the two riders became more intimate than ever. And gradually the old man 10 heard a great deal about "Dearest" and her life.

It had not displeased the Earl to find that the mother of his heir had a beautiful young face and looked as much like a lady as if she had been a duchess, and in one way it did not displease him to 15 know that she was popular and beloved by the poor. And yet he was often conscious of a hard, jealous pang when he saw how she filled her child's heart and how the boy clung to her as his best beloved. The old man would have desired to stand first himself and 20 have no rival.

He was very silent as they rode home.

It was only about a week afterwards when, after a visit to his mother, Fauntleroy came into the library with a troubled, thoughtful face. He sat down in that 25 high-backed chair in which he had sat on the evening of his arrival, and for a while he looked at the embers on the hearth. The Earl watched him in silence,

wondering what was coming. It was evident that Cedric had something on his mind. At last he looked up. "Does Newick know all about the people?" he asked.

"It is his business to know about them," said his
5 lordship. "Been neglecting it — has he?"

Contradictory as it may seem, there was nothing which entertained and edified him more than the little fellow's interest in his tenantry.

"There is a place," said Fauntleroy, looking up
10 at him with wide-open, horror-stricken eyes — "Dearest has seen it; it is at the other end of the village. The houses are close together, and almost falling down; you can scarcely breathe; and the people are so poor and everything is dreadful! The rain comes in at the
15 roof! Dearest went to see a poor woman who lived there. The tears ran down her cheeks when she told me about it!"

The tears had come into his own eyes, but he smiled through them.

20 "I told her you didn't know, and I would tell you," he said. He jumped down and came and leaned against the Earl's chair. "You can make it all right," he said, "just as you made it all right for Higgins. You always make it all right for everybody. I told her you
25 would, and that Newick must have forgotten to tell you."

The Earl looked down at the hand on his knee. Newick had not forgotten to tell him; in fact, Newick had spoken to him more than once of the desperate condition of the end of the village known as Earl's

Court. Mr. Mordaunt had painted it all to him in the strongest words he could use, and his lordship had used violent language in response; and, when his gout had been at the worst, he had said that the sooner the people of Earl's Court died and were buried 5 by the parish the better it would be — and there was an end of the matter. And yet, as he looked at the small hand on his knee, and from the small hand to the honest, earnest, frank-eyed face, he was actually a little ashamed both of Earl's Court and of himself. 10

"What!" he said; "you want to make a builder of model cottages of me, do you?" And he positively put his own hand upon the childish one and stroked it.

"Those must be pulled down," said Fauntleroy, with great eagerness. "Dearest says so. Let us — let 15 us go and have them pulled down to-morrow. The people will be so glad when they see you! They'll know you have come to help them!" And his eyes shone like stars in his glowing face.

The Earl rose from his chair and put his hand 20 on the child's shoulder. "Let us go out and take our walk on the terrace," he said, with a short laugh; "and we can talk it over."

And though he laughed two or three times again, as they walked to and fro on the broad stone terrace, 25 where they walked together almost every fine evening, he seemed to be thinking of something which did not displease him, and still he kept his hand on his small companion's shoulder.

CHAPTER X

THE EARL ALARMED

The truth was that Mrs. Errol had found a great many sad things in the course of her work among the
5 poor of the little village that appeared so picturesque when it was seen from the moor-sides. Everything was not as picturesque when seen near by, as it looked from a distance. She had found idleness and poverty and ignorance where there should have been
10 comfort and industry.

As to Earl's Court, it was a disgrace, with its dilapidated houses and miserable, careless, sickly people. When first Mrs. Errol went to the place, it made her shudder. And a bold thought came into her
15 wise little mother-heart. Gradually she had begun to see, as had others, that it had been her boy's good fortune to please the Earl very much, and that he would scarcely be likely to be denied anything for which he expressed a desire.

20 "The Earl would give him anything," she said to Mr. Mordaunt. "He would indulge his every whim. Why should not that indulgence be used for the good of others?"

She knew she could trust the kind, childish heart;
25 so she told the little fellow the story of Earl's Court, feeling sure that he would speak of it to his grandfather, and hoping that some good results would follow.

And strange as it appeared to every one, good results did follow. The fact was that the strongest power to influence the Earl was his grandson's perfect confidence in him — the fact that Cedric always believed that his grandfather was going to do what 5 was right and generous. He could not quite make up his mind to let him discover that he had no inclination to be generous at all. And so, after some reflection, he sent for Newick, and had quite a long interview with him on the subject of the Court, and 10 it was decided that the wretched hovels should be pulled down and new houses should be built.

"It is Lord Fauntleroy who insists on it," he said dryly; "he thinks it will improve the property. You can tell the tenants that it's his idea." 15

When the cottages were being built, the lad and his grandfather used to ride over to Earl's Court together to look at them, and Fauntleroy was full of interest. He would dismount from his pony and go and make acquaintance with the workmen, asking them 20 questions about building and bricklaying and telling them things about America.

When he left them, the workmen used to talk him over among themselves, and laugh at his odd, innocent speeches. And they would go home and 25 tell their wives about him, and the women would tell each other, and so it came about that almost every one talked of, or knew some story of little Lord Fauntleroy; and gradually almost every one knew that the

“wicked Earl“ had found something he cared for at last — something which had touched and even warmed his hard, bitter old heart.

But no one knew quite how much it had been warmed, and how day by day the old man found himself caring more and more for the child, who was the only creature that had ever trusted him.

He never spoke to any one else of his feeling for Cedric; when he spoke of him to others it was always with the same grim smile. But Fauntleroy soon knew that his grandfather loved him and always liked him to be near — near to his chair if they were in the library, opposite to him at table, or by his side when he rode or drove or took his evening walk on the broad terrace.

„Do you remember,“ Cedric said once, looking up from his book as he lay on the rug, “do you remember what I said to you that first night about our being good companions? I don’t think any people could be better friends than we are, do you?”

“We are pretty good companions, I should say,“ replied his lordship. “Come here.”

Fauntleroy scrambled up and went to him.

“Is there anything you want,“ the Earl asked; “anything you have not?”

The little fellow’s brown eyes fixed themselves on his grandfather with a rather wistful look.

“Only one thing,“ he answered.

“What is that?” inquired the Earl.

Fauntleroy was silent a second.

"What is it?" my lord repeated.

Fauntleroy answered.

"It is Dearest," he said.

The old Earl winced a little.

5

"But you see her almost every day," he said.

"Is not that enough?"

"I used to see her all the time," said Fauntleroy.

"She used to kiss me when I went to sleep at night, and in the morning she was always there, and we 10 could tell each other things without waiting."

The old eyes and the young ones looked into each other through a moment of silence. Then the Earl knitted his brows.

"Do you *never* forget about your mother?" he 15 said.

"No," answered Fauntleroy, "never; and she never forgets about me. I shouldn't forget about *you*, you know, if I didn't live with you. I should think about you all the more."

20

"Upon my word," said the Earl, after looking at him a moment longer, "I believe you would!"

The jealous pang that came when the boy spoke so of his mother seemed even stronger than it had been before — it was stronger because of this old 25 man's increasing affection for the boy.

But it was not long before he had other pangs, so much harder to face that he almost forgot, for the time, he had ever hated his son's wife at all. And

in a strange and startling way it happened. One evening, just before the Earl's Court cottages were completed, there was a grand dinner party at Dorincourt.

Mr. Havisham had been expected to arrive in the afternoon, but, strange to say, he was late. Such a thing had really never been known to happen before during all the years in which he had been a visitor at Dorincourt Castle. He was so late that the guests were on the point of rising to go in to dinner when he arrived. When he approached his host, the Earl regarded him with amazement. He looked as if he had been hurried or agitated; his dry, keen old face was actually pale.

"I was detained," he said, in a low voice to the Earl, "by — an extraordinary event."

He did not exactly know how the long, superb dinner ended. He sat through it as if he were in a dream, and several times he saw the Earl glance at him in surprise.

But it was over at last, and the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room. They found Fauntleroy sitting on a sofa with Miss Vivian Herbert, — the great beauty of the last London season; they had been looking at some pictures, and he was thanking his companion, as the door opened.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you for being so kind to me!" he was saying; "I never was at a party before, and I've enjoyed myself so much!"

He had enjoyed himself so much that his eyelids began to droop. He was quite sure he was not going to sleep, but there was a large, yellow satin cushion behind him and his head sank against it, and after a while his eyelids drooped for the last time. 5

No sooner had the last guest left the room than Mr. Havisham turned from his place by the fire, and stepped nearer the sofa, where he stood looking down at the sleeping occupant.

“Well, Havisham,” said the Earl’s harsh voice 10 behind him. “What is it? It is evident something has happened. What was the extraordinary event, if I may ask?”

Mr. Havisham turned from the sofa rubbing his chin. 15

“It was bad news,” he answered, “distressing news, my Lord — the worst of news. I am sorry to be the bearer of it.”

The Earl had been uneasy for some time during the evening, as he glanced at Mr. Havisham, and when 20 he was uneasy he was always ill-tempered.

“Why do you look so at the boy!” he exclaimed irritably. “You have been looking at him all the evening as if — What has your news to do with Lord Fauntleroy?” 25

“My Lord,” said Mr. Havisham, “I will waste no words, My news has everything to do with Lord Fauntleroy. And if we are to believe it—it is not Lord Fauntleroy who lies sleeping before us, but only the

son of Captain Errol. And the present Lord Fauntleroy is the son of your son Bevis, and is at this moment in a lodging-house in London."

The Earl clutched the arms of his chair with both
5 his hands until the veins stood out upon them; the veins stood out on his forehead too; his fierce old face was almost livid.

"What do you mean!" he cried out. "You are mad! Whose lie is this?"

10 "If it is a lie," answered Mr. Havisham, "it is painfully like the truth. A woman came to my chambers this morning. She said your son Bevis married her six years ago in London. She showed me her marriage certificate. They quarrelled a year after the
15 marriage, and he paid her to keep away from him. She has a son five years old. She is an American of the lower classes, — an ignorant person, — and until lately she did not fully understand what her son could claim. She consulted a lawyer, and found out
20 that the boy was really Lord Fauntleroy and the heir to the earldom of Dorincourt; and she, of course, insists on his claims being acknowledged."

The handsome, grim old face was ghastly. A bitter smile fixed itself upon it.

25 "I should refuse to believe a word of it," he said, "if it were not such a low, scoundrelly piece of business that it becomes quite possible in connection with the name of my son Bevis. It is quite like Bevis.

He was always a disgrace to us. The woman is an ignorant, vulgar person, you say?"

"I am obliged to admit that she can scarcely spell her own name," answered the lawyer. "She cares for nothing but the money. She is very handsome in 5 a coarse way, but — —"

The fastidious old lawyer ceased speaking and gave a sort of shudder.

The veins on the old Earl's forehead stood out like purple cords. Something else stood out upon it 10 too — cold drops of moisture. He took out his handkerchief and swept them away. His smile grew even more bitter.

"And I," he said, "I objected to — to the other woman, the mother of this child" (pointing to the sleep- 15 ing form on the sofa); "I refused to recognize her. And yet she could spell her own name. I suppose this is retribution."

Suddenly he sprang up from his chair and began to walk up and down the room. Fierce and terrible 20 words poured forth from his lips. His rage and hatred and cruel disappointment shook him as a storm shakes a tree. He came slowly back to the sofa, at last, and stood near it.

"If any one had told me I could be fond of a 25 child," he said, his harsh voice low and unsteady, "I should not have believed them. I always detested children — my own more than the rest. I am fond of this one; he is fond of me" (with a bitter smile).

“I am not popular; I never was. But he is fond of me. He never was afraid of me — he always trusted me. He would have filled my place better than I have filled it. I know that. He would have
5 been an honour to the name.”

He bent down and stood a minute or so, looking at the happy, sleeping face. He put up his hand, pushed the bright hair back from the forehead, and then turned away and rang the bell.

10 When the largest footman appeared, he pointed to the sofa.

“Take” — he said, and then his voice changed a little — “take Lord Fauntleroy to his room.”

CHAPTER XI

15

ANXIETY IN AMERICA

When Mr. Hobbs's young friend left him to go to Dorincourt Castle and become Lord Fauntleroy, and the grocery-man had time to realize that the Atlantic Ocean lay between himself and the small
20 companion who had spent so many agreeable hours in his society, he really began to feel very lonely indeed.

This went on for two or three weeks, when a new idea came to him. He would go to see Dick.
25 He knew all about Dick. Cedric had told him, and his idea was that perhaps Dick might be some comfort to him.

So one day when Dick was very hard at work blacking a customer's boots, a short, stout man with a heavy face and a bald head, stopped on the pavement and stared for two or three minutes at the bootblack's sign, which read: 5

**PROFESSOR DICK TIPTON
CANT BE BEAT.**

He stared at it so long that Dick began to take a lively interest in him, and when he had put the finishing touch to his customer's boots, he said: 10

"Want a shine, sir?"

The stout man came forward deliberately and put his foot on the rest.

"Yes," he said.

Then when Dick fell to work, the stout man 15 looked from Dick to the sign and from the sign to Dick.

"Where did you get that?" he asked.

"From a friend o' mine," said Dick, — "a little feller. He was the best little feller ye ever saw. 20 He's in England now. Gone to be one o' those lords."

"Lord—Lord—" asked Mr. Hobbs, with ponderous slowness, "Lord Fauntleroy — Goin' to be Earl of Dorincourt!"

Dick almost dropped his brush. 25

"Why, boss!" he exclaimed, "d'ye know him yerself?"

"I've known him," answered Mr. Hobbs, wiping his warm forehead, "ever since he was born. We

were lifetime acquaintances — that's what *we* were."

It really made him feel quite agitated to speak of it. He pulled the splendid gold watch out of his pocket and opened it, and showed the inside of the
5 case to Dick.

It proved that they had so much to say to each other that it was not possible to say it all at one time, and so it was agreed that the next night Dick should make a visit to the store and keep Mr Hobbs
10 company.

Mr. Hobbs seemed to derive a great deal of comfort from Dick's visit. Before Dick went home, they had a supper in the small back room; they had biscuits and cheese and sardines, and other canned things
15 out of the store, and Mr. Hobbs solemnly opened two bottles of ginger ale, and pouring out two glasses, proposed a toast.

"Here's to *him!*" he said, lifting his glass, "an' may he teach 'em a lesson — earls an' markises an'
20 dooks an' all!"

After that night, the two saw each other often, and Mr. Hobbs was much more comfortable and less desolate.

Dick told Mr. Hobbs all about his life and his elder brother Ben, who had been very good to him
25 after their mother died. Their father had died some time before. But then Ben married a girl, called Minna, who was very cruel to poor Dick. He told Mr. Hobbs many stories of her. Once she had fired a plate at him and hit her own baby boy and cut his

chin. Soon after she had left her husband, and he had never heard anything about her and his son, and he had gone to California where he was at work at the time when Dick became acquainted with Mr. Hobbs.

5

Once they were sitting in the store doorway together, and Mr. Hobbs was filling his pipe.

As he took the match from its box, he stopped and looked down on the counter.

"Why!" he said, "if here isn't a letter! I didn't see it afore. The postman must have laid it down when I wasn't noticin'."

He picked it up and looked at it carefully.

"It's from *him!*" he exclaimed. "That's the very one it's from!"

15

He forgot his pipe altogether. He went back to his chair quite excited, and took his pocketknife and opened the envelope.

"I wonder what news there is this time," he said.

And then he unfolded the letter and read everything about the terrible change which was likely to take place in his little friend's life.

When he had finished, Mr. Hobbs fell back in his chair, the letter dropped on his knee, his penknife slipped to the floor, and so did the envelope.

25

"Well," said Dick, "the whole thing's bust up, hasn't it?"

"Bust!" said Mr. Hobbs.

“They’re trying to rob him! that’s what they’re doing, and folks that have money ought to look after him.”

And he kept Dick with him until quite a late hour 5 to talk it over, and when that young man left he went with him to the corner of the street; and on his way back he stopped opposite the empty house for some time, staring at the “To Let,” and smoking his pipe in much disturbance of mind.

10

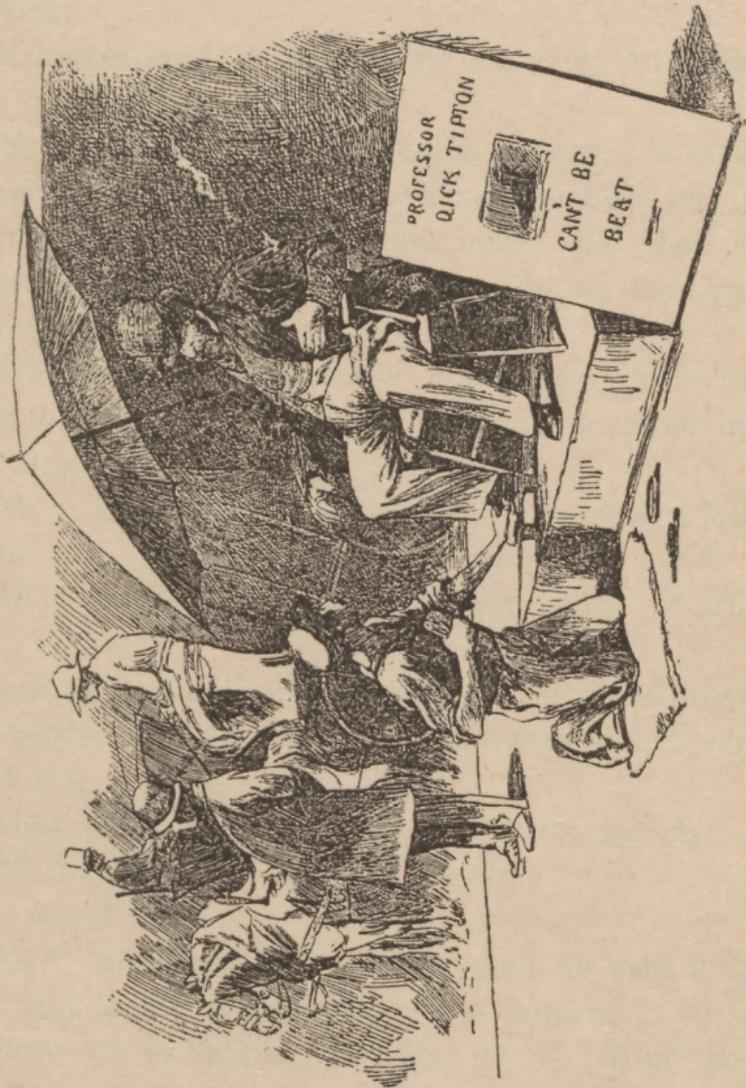
CHAPTER XII

THE RIVAL CLAIMANTS

A very few days after the dinner-party at the Castle almost everybody in England who read the newspapers at all knew the romantic story of what had hap- 15 pened at Dorincourt.

There was excitement everywhere; but in the midst of all the disturbance there was one person who was quite calm and untroubled. That person was the little Lord Fauntleroy who was said not to be Lord 20 Fauntleroy at all. When first the state of affairs had been explained to him, he had felt some little anxiousness and perplexity, it is true, but its foundation was not in baffled ambition.

While the Earl told him what had happened, he 25 had sat on a stool holding on to his knee, as he so often did when he was listening to anything interesting;



and by the time the story was finished he looked quite sober.

"It makes me feel very queer," he said; "it makes me — queer!"

The Earl looked at the boy in silence. It made 5 him feel queer too—queerer than he had ever felt in his whole life. And he felt more queer still when he saw that there was a troubled expression on the small face which was usually so happy.

"Will they take Dearest's house away from her 10 — and her carriage?" Cedric asked in a rather unsteady, anxious little voice.

"No!" said the Earl decidedly — in quite a loud voice in fact. "They can take nothing from her."

"Ah!" said Cedric with evident relief. "Can't 15 they?"

Then he looked up at his grandfather, and there was a wistful shade in his eyes, and they looked very big and soft.

"That other boy," he said rather tremulously — 20 "he will have to — to be your boy now — as I was — won't he?"

"No!" answered the Earl — and he said it so fiercely and loudly that Cedric quite jumped.

"No?" he exclaimed, in wonderment. "Won't he? 25 I thought — —"

He stood up from his stool quite suddenly.

"Shall I be your boy, even if I'm not going to be an earl?" he said. "Shall I be your boy, just as

I was before?" And his flushed little face was all alight with eagerness.

How the old Earl did look at him from head to foot, to be sure! How his great shaggy brows did draw themselves together, and how queerly his deep eyes shone under them — how very queerly!

"My boy!" he said, "yes, you'll be my boy as long as I live; and, by George, sometimes I feel as if you were the only boy I had ever had."

10 Cedric's face turned red to the roots of his hair; it turned red with relief and pleasure. "Do you?" he said. "Well, then, I don't care whether I'm an earl or not. I thought — you see, I thought the one that was going to be the Earl would have to be your boy
15 too, and—and I couldn't be. That was what made me feel so queer."

The Earl put his hand on his shoulder and drew him nearer.

"They shall take nothing from you that I can hold
20 for you," he said, drawing his breath hard. "I won't believe yet that they can take anything from you. You were made for the place, and — well, you may fill it still. But whatever comes, you shall have all that I can give you — all!"

25 Within a few days after she had seen Mr. Havisham, the woman who claimed to be Lady Fauntleroy presented herself at the Castle, and brought her child with her. She was sent away. The Earl would

not see her, she was told by the footman at the door; his lawyer would attend to her case.

Not many days after that, a visitor was announced to Mrs. Errol, who was waiting in her little morning room. "It's the Earl hisself, ma'am!" said her maid in tremulous awe.

When Mrs. Errol entered the drawing-room, a very tall, majestic-looking old man was standing on the tiger-skin rug. He had a handsome, grim old face, with an aquiline profile, a long white moustache, and an obstinate look.

"Mrs. Errol, I believe?" he said.

"Mrs. Errol," she answered.

"I am the Earl of Dorincourt," he said.

He paused a moment, almost unconsciously, to look into her uplifted eyes. They were so like the big, affectionate, childish eyes he had seen uplifted to his own so often every day during the last few months, that they gave him a quite curious sensation.

"The boy is very like you," he said abruptly. 20

"It has been often said so, my Lord," she replied, "but I have been glad to think him like his father also."

Her voice was very sweet, and her manner was very simple and dignified. She did not seem in the least troubled by his sudden coming. 25

"Yes," said the Earl, "he is like — my son — too." He put his hand up to his big white moustache and pulled it fiercely. "Do you know," he said, "why I have come here?"

"I have seen Mr. Havisham," Mrs. Errol began, "and he has told me of the claims which have been made — —"

"I have come to tell you," said the Earl, "that
5 they will be investigated and contested, if a contest can be made. I have come to tell you that the boy shall be defended with all the power of the law. His rights — —"

The soft voice interrupted him.

10 "He must have nothing that is *not* his by right, even if the law can give it to him," she said.

"Unfortunately the law cannot," said the Earl. "If it could, it should. This outrageous woman and her child — —"

15 "Perhaps she cares for him as much as I care for Cedric, my Lord," said little Mrs. Errol. "And if she was your eldest son's wife, her son is Lord Fauntleroy, and mine is not."

"I suppose," he said, scowling slightly, "that you
20 would much prefer that he should not be the Earl of Dorincourt?"

Her fair young face flushed.

"It is a very magnificent thing to be the Earl of
Dorincourt, my Lord," she said. "I know that, but
25 I care most that he should be what his father was — brave and just and true always."

"In striking contrast to what his grandfather was, eh?" said his lordship sardonically

"I have not had the pleasure of knowing his grandfather," replied Mrs. Errol, "but I know my little boy believes — —" She stopped short a moment, looking quietly into his face, and then she added, "I know that Cedric loves you." 5

"Would he have loved me," said the Earl dryly, "if you had told him why I did not receive you at the Castle?"

"No," answered Mrs. Errol; "I think not. That was why I did not wish him to know." 10

"Well," said my lord, brusquely, "there are few women who would not have told him."

He suddenly began to walk up and down the room, pulling his great moustache more violently than ever. 15

"Yes, he is fond of me," he said, "and I am fond of him. I can't say I ever was fond of anything before. I am fond of him. He pleased me from the first. I am an old man, and was tired of my life. He has given me something to live for. I am proud 20 of him. I was satisfied to think of his taking his place some day as the head of the family."

He came back and stood before Mrs. Errol.

"I am miserable," he said. "Miserable!"

He looked as if he was. Even his pride could not keep his voice steady or his hands from shaking. 25 For a moment it almost seemed as if his deep, fierce eyes had tears in them. "Perhaps it is because I am miserable that I have come to you," he said,

quite glaring down at her. "I used to hate you; I have been jealous of you. This wretched, disgraceful business has changed that. I went to see that repulsive woman who calls herself the wife of my son 5 Bevis; after that, I actually felt it would be a relief to look at you. I have been an obstinate old fool, and I suppose I have treated you badly. You are like the boy, and the boy is the first object in my life. I am miserable, and I came to you merely be- 10 cause you are like the boy, and he cares for you, and I care for him. Treat me as well as you can, for the boy's sake."

He said it all in his harsh voice, and almost roughly, but somehow he seemed so broken down for 15 the time that Mrs. Errol was touched to the heart. She got up and moved an arm-chair a little forward.

"I wish you would sit down," she said in a soft, pretty, sympathetic way. "You have been so much troubled that you are very tired, and you need all 20 your strength."

It was just as new to him to be spoken to and cared for in that gentle, simple way as it was to be contradicted. Very soon he began to feel less gloomy, and then he talked still more.

25 "Whatever happens," he said, "the boy shall be provided for. He shall be taken care of, now and in the future."

Before he went away, he glanced around the room.

"Do you like the house?" he demanded.

"Very much," she answered.

"This is a cheerful room," he said. "May I come here again and talk this matter over?"

"As often as you wish, my Lord," she replied. 5

And then he went out to his carriage and drove away, Thomas and Henry almost stricken dumb upon the box at the turn affairs had taken.

CHAPTER XIII

DICK TO THE RESCUE

10

Of course, as soon as the story of Lord Fauntleroy and the difficulties of the Earl of Dorincourt were discussed in the English newspapers, they were discussed in the American newspapers. Mr. Hobbs used to read the papers until his head was in a whirl, and 15 in the evening he and Dick would talk it all over. They found out what an important personage an Earl of Dorincourt was, and what a magnificent income he possessed, and how many estates he owned, and how stately and beautiful was the Castle in which he lived; 20 and the more they learned the more excited they became.

But there really was nothing they could do but each write a letter to Cedric, containing assurances of their friendship and sympathy. 25

The very next morning, one of Dick's customers was rather surprised. He was a young lawyer just

beginning practice; as poor as a very young lawyer can possibly be, but a bright, energetic young fellow, with sharp wit and a good temper. He had a shabby office near Dick's stand, and every morning Dick blacked 5 his boots for him. That particular morning, when he put his foot on the rest, he had an illustrated paper in his hand — an enterprising paper with pictures in it of conspicuous people and things. He had just finished looking it over, and when the last boot was polished, 10 he handed it to the boy.

The pictures were on the front page, and Dick was staring at one of them with his eyes and mouth open, and his sharp face almost pale with excitement.

He pointed to the picture, under which was 15 written:

“Mother of Claimant (Lady Fauntleroy).”

It was the picture of a handsome woman, with large eyes and heavy braids of black hair wound around her head.

20 “Her!” said Dick. “My, I know her better'n I know you!” The young man began to laugh.

“Never mind,” said Dick. “I know her! An' I've struck work for this mornin'.”

And in less than five minutes from that time he 25 was tearing through the streets on his way to Mr. Hobbs and the corner store. Mr. Hobbs could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses when he looked across the counter and saw Dick rush in with the paper in his hand. The boy was out of breath

with running; so much out of breath, in fact, that he could scarcely speak as he threw the paper down on the counter.

"Look at it!" panted Dick. "Look at that woman in the picture! She's no lord's wife. You may eat me, if it aint Minna — *Minna!*

And that there boy o' hers aint no more a lord than I am! It's *Ben's* boy — the little chap she hit when she let fly that plate at me.

Professor Dick Tipton had always been a sharp boy, and earning his living in the streets of a big city had made him still sharper.

"Say," he said, "the feller that give me the paper, he's a lawyer. Let's ax him what we'd better do. Lawyers knows it all." 15

Mr. Hobbs was immensely impressed by this suggestion and Dick's business capacity.

"That's so!" he replied. "This here calls for lawyers."

And leaving the store in care of a substitute, he struggled into his coat and marched down town with Dick, and the two presented themselves with their romantic story in Mr. Harrison's office, much to that young man's astonishment.

"Well," said Mr. Harrison, "it will be a big thing if it turns out all right, and it will be almost as big a thing for me as for Lord Fauntleroy. It appears there has been some dubiousness about the child. The woman contradicted herself in some of 25

her statements about his age, and aroused suspicion. The first persons to be written to are Dick's brother and the Earl of Dorincourt's family lawyer."

And actually before the sun went down, two
5 letters had been written and sent in two different directions — one speeding out of New York harbour on a mail steamer on its way to England, and the other on a train carrying letters and passengers bound for California. And the first was addressed to T. Ha-
10 visham, Esq., and the second to Benjamin Tipton.

CHAPTER XIV

THE EXPOSURE

It is astonishing how short a time it takes for very wonderful things to happen. It had taken only
15 a few minutes, apparently, to change all the fortunes of the little boy dangling his red legs from the high stool in Mr. Hobb's store, and to transform him from a small boy, living the simplest life in a quiet street, into an English nobleman, the heir to an earldom and
20 magnificent wealth. It had taken only a few minutes, apparently, to change him from an English nobleman into a penniless little impostor, with no right to any of the splendours he had been enjoying. And, surprising as it may appear, it did not take nearly so long
25 a time as one might have expected to alter the face of everything again and to give back to him all that he had been in danger of losing.

It took the less time because, after all, the woman who had called herself Lady Fauntleroy was not nearly so clever as she was wicked; and when she had been closely pressed by Mr. Havisham's questions about her marriage and her boy, she had made one or two 5 blunders which had caused suspicion to be awakened; and then she had lost her presence of mind and her temper, and in her excitement and anger had betrayed herself still further. Mr. Havisham found out that—her story of the boy's being born in a certain part of 10 London was false; and just when they all were in the midst of the commotion caused by this discovery, there came the letter from the young lawyer in New York, and Mr Hobbs's letter also.

What an evening it was when those letters arriv- 15 ed, and when Mr. Havisham and the Earl sat and talked their plans over in the library!

She was told nothing, and Mr. Havisham kept her from suspecting anything by continuing to have interviews with her, in which he assured her he was 20 investigating her statements; and she really began to feel so secure that her spirits rose immensely and she began to be as insolent as might have been expected.

But one fine morning, as she sat in her sitting-room at the inn called "The Dorincourt Arms," mak- 25 ing some very fine plans for herself, Mr. Havisham was announced; and when he entered, he was followed by no less than three persons — one was a

sharp-faced boy and one was a big young man, and the third was the Earl of Dorincourt.

She sprang to her feet and actually uttered a cry of terror. She had thought of these new-comers as 5 being thousands of miles away, and had never expected to see them again. It must be confessed that Dick grinned a little when he saw her.

"Hello, Minna!" he said.

— The big young man — who was Ben — stood 10 still a minute and looked at her.

"Do you know her?" Mr. Havisham asked, glancing from one to the other.

"Yes," said Ben. "I know her and she knows me." And he turned his back on her and went and 15 stood looking out of the window, as if the sight of her was hateful to him, as indeed it was.

Then he clenched his hand suddenly and turned on her.

"Where's the child?" he demanded. "He's going 20 with me! He is done with you, and so am I!"

And just as he finished saying the words, the door leading into the bedroom opened a little, and the boy, probably attracted by the sound of the loud voices, looked in. He was not a handsome boy, but 25 he had rather a nice face, and he was quite like Ben, his father, as any one could see, and there was the three-cornered scar on his chin.

Ben walked up to him and took his hand, and his own was trembling.

"Tom," he said to the little fellow, "I'm your father; I've come to take you away. Where's your hat?"

The boy pointed to where it lay on a chair. It evidently rather pleased him to hear that he was going 5 away. He objected so much to the woman who had come a few months before to the place where he had lived since his babyhood, and who had suddenly announced that she was his mother, that he was quite ready for a change. Ben took up the hat and mar- 10 ched to the door.

"If you want me again," he said to Mr. Havisham, "you know where to find me."

He walked out of the room, holding the child's hand and not looking at the woman once. She was 15 fairly raving with fury, and the Earl was calmly gazing at her through his eye-glasses, which he had quietly placed upon his aristocratic eagle nose.

"Come, come, my young woman," said Mr. Havisham. "This won't do at all. If you don't want to 20 be locked up, you really must behave yourself."

And there was something so very businesslike in his tones that, probably feeling that the safest thing she could do would be to get out of the way, she gave him one savage look and dashed past him into 25 the next room and slammed the door.

"We shall have no more trouble with her," said Mr. Havisham.

And he was right; for that very night she left the Dorincourt Arms and took the train to London, and was seen no more.

* * *

When the Earl left the room after the interview, he went at once to his carriage.

"To Court Lodge," he said to Thomas.

"To Court Lodge," said Thomas to the coachman as he mounted the box.

When the carriage stopped at Gourt Lodge, Cedric was in the drawing-room with his mother.

The Earl came in without being announced. He looked an inch or so taller, and a great many years younger. His deep eyes flashed.

"Where," he said, "is Lord Fauntleroy?"

Mrs. Errol came forward, a flush rising to her cheek.

"Is it Lord Fauntleroy?" she asked. "Is it, indeed?"

The Earl put out his hand and grasped hers.

"Yes," he answered, "it is."

Then he put his other hand on Cedric's shoulder.

"Fauntleroy," he said in his unceremonious, authoritative way, "ask your mother when she will come to us at the Castle."

Fauntleroy flung his arms around his mother's neck.

"To live with us!" he cried. "To live with us always!"

The Earl looked at Mrs. Errol, and Mrs. Errol looked at the Earl. His lordship was entirely in earnest. He had made up his mind to waste no time in arranging this matter. He had begun to think it would suit him to make friends with his heir's mother.

"Are you quite sure you want me?" said Mrs. Errol, with her soft, pretty smile.

"Quite sure," he said bluntly. "We have always wanted you, but we were not exactly aware of it. We hope you will come."

CHAPTER XV

HIS EIGHTH BIRTHDAY

Ben took his boy and went back to his cattle ranch in California, and he returned under very comfortable circumstances. Just before his going, Mr. Havisham had an interview with him in which the lawyer told him that the Earl of Dorincourt wished to do something for the boy who might have turned out to be Lord Fauntleroy. And so when Ben went away, he went as the prospective master of a ranch which would be almost as good as his own, and might easily become his own in time, as indeed it did in the course of a few years; and Tom, the boy, grew up on it into a fine young man and was devotedly fond of his father; and they were so successful and happy

that Ben used to say that Tom made up to him for all the troubles he had ever had.

But Dick and Mr. Hobbs — who had actually come over with the others to see that things were properly looked after — did not return for some time. It had been decided at the outset that the Earl would provide for Dick, and would see that he received a solid education; and Mr. Hobbs had decided that as he himself had left a reliable substitute in charge of his store, he could afford to wait to see the festivities which were to celebrate Lord Fauntleroy's eighth birthday.

What a grand day it was when little Lord Fauntleroy's birthday arrived, and how his young lordship enjoyed it! How beautiful the park looked, filled with the thronging people dressed in their gayest and best, and with the flags flying from the tents and the top of the Castle! Nobody had stayed away who could possibly come, because everybody was really glad that little Lord Fauntleroy was to be little Lord Fauntleroy still, and some day was to be the master of everything. Every one wanted to have a look at him, and at his pretty, kind mother, who had made so many friends.

What scores and scores of people there were under the trees, and in the tents, and on the lawns! At the Castle, there were ladies and gentlemen who had come to see the fun, and to congratulate the Earl, and to meet Mrs. Errol.





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The whole world seemed beautiful to little Lord Fauntleroy.

There was some one else who was happy too,— an old man, who, though he had been rich and noble all his life, had not often been very honestly 5 happy.

As the old Earl of Dorincourt looked at Fauntleroy that day, moving about the park among the people, making his ready little bow when any one greeted him, entertaining his friends Dick and Mr. Hobbs, or 10 standing near his mother or Miss Herbert listening to their conversation, the old nobleman was very well satisfied with him. And he had never been better satisfied than he was when they went down to the biggest tent, where the more important tenants of the 15 Dorincourt estate were sitting down to the grand collation of the day.

They were drinking toasts; and, after they had drunk the health of the Earl with much more enthusiasm than his name had ever been greeted with 20 before, they proposed the health of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." And if there had ever been any doubt at all as to whether his lordship was popular or not, it would have been settled that instant. Such a clamour of voices and such a rattle of glasses and applause | 25

Little Lord Fauntleroy was delighted. He stood and smiled, and made bows, and flushed rosy red with pleasure up to the roots of his bright hair.

"Is it because they like me, Dearest?" he said to his mother. "Is it, Dearest? I'm so glad!"

And then the Earl put his hand on the child's shoulder and said to him:

5 "Fauntleroy, say to them that you thank them for their kindness."

Fauntleroy gave a glance up at him and then at his mother.

"Must I?" he asked just a trifle shyly, and she
10 smiled, and so did Miss Herbert, and they both nodded. And so he made a little step forward, and everybody looked at him — such a beautiful, innocent little fellow he was, too, with his brave, trustful face! — and he spoke as loudly as he could, his childish voice
15 ringing out quite clear and strong.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you!" he said, "and — I hope you'll enjoy my birthday — because I've enjoyed it so much — and — I'm very glad I'm going to be an earl — I didn't think at first I should
20 like it, but now I do — and I love this place so, and I think it is beautiful — and — and — and when I am an earl, I am going to try to be as good as my grandfather."

And amid the shouts and clamour of applause,
25 he stepped back with a little sigh of relief, and put his hand into the Earl's and stood close to him, smiling and leaning against his side.

And that would be the very end of my story; but I must add one curious piece of information, which

is that Mr. Hobbs became so fascinated with high life and was so reluctant to leave his young friend that he actually sold his corner store in New York, and settled in the English village of Erlesboro, where he opened a shop which was patronized by the Castle and consequently was a great success. 5

lhk. 3

chapter päätükk
surprise üllatus
to mention mainima, nimetama
to tell ütlema; jutustama
to die surema
to remember mälestama, mee-
letuletama
except that pääle selle
moustache vurrud
splendid hiilgav, suurepärane
on shoulder õladel
death surm
ill haige
to send away ära saatma
to return tagasi tulema
everything was over kõik oli
mööda
too samuti, ka
just vaevalt, just
pale kahvatu
thin lahja, kõhn
dimple põse-lohukene
had gone kadusid
mournful kurb, hale
black must, leinariie
people inimesed, rahvas
lonely üks

lhk. 4

to grow older suuremaks kas-
vama, vanemaks saama
visitor külaline, võõras

he was told temale räägiti
orphan orb, vaenelaps
companion seltsiline
rich rikas
lady daam
kind lahke, hää
one day kord, ükspäev
stair trepp
tear pisar
eyelashes silmaripsmed
innocent süütu
sorrowful kurb, murelik
to forget unustama
to happen juhtuma
strange kummaline, iseäralik,
imelik
dearly hellalt, õrnasti
marriage abielu
ill-will rahulolematuus, mee-
härm, tusk
angry tige, kuri
important tähtis, suursugune
nobleman aadel
temper iseloom, karakter
violent äge, kustutamatu
dislike põlgus, vastikus
law säädus
inherit pärima
estate varandus, mõis
heir pärija
family perekond
member liige
chance võimalus, juhus
gift kingitus, väimuanne

to bestow annetama, kinkima
fine ilus
graceful sihvakas, gratsiaalne
strong tugev
bright selge, hele, lõbus
smile naeratus, muige

lhk. 5

gay rõõmus, lustiline
voice hääl
generous helde, suurmeelne
heart süda
power jõud, mõju
handsome ilus, meeldiv
clever tark, andekas
Eton linn Inglismaal, tähtis
 oma õpiasutusega
popular meelepärane, populaarne
college kolleegium
to care for hoolitsema, armastama
to waste raiskama, kulutama
constantly alati, ühtepuhku
to disappoint pettuma
to humiliate alandama
honour au
third kolmas
fortune varandus; õnn
charm külgetõmbus
strength jõud
to hate vihkama
stately kuulus, uhke
magnificent suurepärane
fit tuhing, hoog
petulance viha
off ära
to long igatsema
in secret salaja
to order käskima
to cross ärritama, üleminema, lahutama
love armastus

to intend kavatsema, ettevõtma
to receive saama
furiously hirmus, kole
to rage mässama, möllama

lhk. 6

ill-tempered tujukas, halva iseloomuga
to sympathise kaasatundma
disappointment pettumus
to need tarvitsema
to expect lootma
kindness häätegu
scarcely vaevalt
business amet
experience oskus, vilumus
courage julgus
plenty küllus, rohkus
determination nõu, otsus
commission aukraad
trouble vaev, mure
situation teenistuse-koht
change muudatus
though ehkki, ehk küll
happy õnnelik
young noor
to hope lootma
hard agar, hoolas, tugev
quiet vaikne
cheap odav
well terve
pleasure häämeel, rõõm
beautiful ilus
picture pilt
rosy roosa-värviline
to attract ligitõmbama
attention tähelepanu
nurse lapsehoidja

lhk. 7

to stop kinni pidama, seisma
 jätma
carriage tõld

cheerful lõbus
 fearless julge
 quaint algupärane
 to amuse kedagi lõbustama
 to interest huvitama
 to walk jalutama
 together seltsis
 to play mängima
 fellow väike poisike
 to lie lamama
 hearth-rug vaip kamina ees
 aloud kuuldavalt
 newspaper ajaleht
 kitchen köök
 to laugh naerma
 delight rõõm
 proud uhke
 cook köögitüdruk
 housemaid toatüdruk
 Ristocratic etc. peab olema:
 "Aristocratic, is he? He
 looks like a young lord"
 Aristocratic suursugune
 to look like kellegi sarnane
 olema
 groceryman vürtspoodnik
 corner nurk
 cross kuri, vihane
 to admire vaimustet olema

lhk. 8

to respect, austama, lugu pi-
 dama
 powerful vägev
 store pood
 prune ploom
 fig viigimari
 orange apelsiin
 waggon vanker
 milkman piimamüüja
 baker pagar
 apple-woman õunamüüja
 terms suhted, vahekorrad

intimacy intiimsus, südamlük-
 kus
 to discuss arutama
 topic teema, aine
 for instance näituseks
 opinion arvamine
 whole terve, kõik
 to relate jutustama
 wonderful imestamisväärt
 patriotic isamaalne
 villainy häbematus, toorus
 enemy vaenlane
 bravery vahvus, vaprus
 to repeat kordama
 hero vägilane
 Declaration of Independence
 iseseisvuse kuulutamine
 to excite ässitama, õhutama
 to shine särama
 hardly vaevalt
 to wait ootama
 anxious rahutu
 duty kohustus
 curious uudishimuline

lhk. 9

severe karm, vali
 aristocracy aristokraatia
 special iseäralik
 indignant vihane, pahane
 marquis markiis
 midst kesk
 conversation jutuaajamine, kes-
 kustelu
 to appear ilmuma
 to buy ostma
 darlint peab olema: darling
 kallis
 mistress peab olema: mis-
 tress proua
 is wanting soovib
 yes peab olema: you

to slip down maha libisema
 headache päävalu
 to inquire küsima
 to reach saabuma, pärale
 jõudma
 coupé-carriage tõld
 parlour saal
 to hurry tõttama
 upstairs ülesse
 suit ülikond
 cream-coloured kohvpruun
 scarf vöö
 waist pluus
 to comb out sugema, kammima
 curly kähar
 locks lokkid
 downstairs trepist alla
 tall pikk
 sharp terav, kitsas
 arm-chair tugitool
 near by ligidal, juures
 to catch haarama
 to frighten hirmutama
 to trouble tülitama

lhk. 10

to rise tõusma
 to rub hõõruma
 chin lõug
 bony kondine
 to displease mitte meeldima
 at last viimaks
 slov pikaldane
 to amaze imestama
 during the week that fol-
 lowed järgneva nädala jook-
 sul
 strange imelik
 unreal ebaloomulik
 to oblige kohustet olema
 to imagine ettekujutama
 uncle onu
 to kill tapma

fall kukkumine
 sudden järskune, ootamatu
 fever palavik
 to leave jätma
 to be left jääma

lhk. 11

to turn pale kahvatama
 rather häämeelega
 unavoidable möödapääsematu
 to send for järel saatma
 selfish isekas, egoist
 sorry kurb, murelik
 lawyer advokaat, säädusetundja
 somehow siiski
 to console rahustama, meeli-
 tama
 castle loss
 deep sügav
 mine kaevandik
 tenantry rentnik
 breakfast hommikusöök
 to approach lähenema
 grave tõsine
 demeanour ülespidamine; ilme,
 nägu
 shock löök, hoop

lhk. 12

to climb ronima
 usual harilik
 to clasp kätega ümbert kinni
 võtma, haarama
 knee põlv
 silent vaikne, kõneaher
 moment silmapilk
 finally viimati, lõpuks
 inquiringly küsivalt
 to gather (together) koguma,
 kokku korjama
 strenght of mind tahtejõud

“we was mentioning“ peab
olema: we were mentio-
ning (meie) kõnelesime
hesitating kindluseta, kaht-
lev

barrel väike tünn
stout julge, südi,
one s. t. an earl krahv
to jump kargama

lhk. 13

to exclaim hüüdma
to announce kuulutama
modesty tagasihoidlikus
to deceive petma
agitated erutet
mercury elavhõbe, siin: pala-
vus, kuumus
to examine vaatlama, uurima
countenance näo ilme
hot palav
to feel tundma
right parem; J'm all right
(mina) olen terve
matter põhjus
it's = it is see on
true tõsi, õige
to sink tagasi laskuma, vajuma
to mop pühkima
forehead otsaesine
handkerchief taskurätt
sunstroke päikesepiste
to stare üksisilmi vaatama
wildly metsikult
serious tõsine
pocket tasku
careful ettevaatlik, hoolikas
to draw out välja tõmbama
piece tükk
irregular ebakindel

lhk. 14

couldn't = could not ei saand
shouldn't = should not ei võind

hadn't = had not ei olnud
remarkable tähelepanuväärt
wha'? what mis?
to answer vastama
jiggered äraneetud
exclamation hüüatus
to use tarvitama, pruukima
to astonish imestama
puzzling raske, mõistatuslik
wistful mõtiskellevalt
that's = that is see on
the worst pahe

lhk. 15

to part lahkuma
was born oli sündind
to remark tähendama, märkama
sigh ohkamine
to get out of pääsma (hädast,
õnnetusest)
there's no getting out of it
see on möödaminematu, möö-
dapääsematu
to try püüdma
tyrant türann, hirmuvalitseja
to get over vastu pidama,
välja kannatama
to endeavour püüdma
to resign oneself alluma
situation seisukord
interview jutuajamine, kes-
kustelu
question küsimus
to explain seletama
probably vististi, arvatavasti
could that gentleman = if
that gentleman could kas
võis see herra
fierce metsik
rage viha

gentle tasane, armas
 widow lesk
 cruel vali, halastamatu
 word sõna
 to insist kinnitama, tõendama
 common lihtne, harilik
 to entrap võrgutama, meeli-
 tama

lhk. 16

to believe uskuma
 to stop peatama
 actually tõesti
 to shock imestama, üllatama
 critically arvustavalt
 plain lihtne
 to furnish möbleerima
 home-like mõnus, kodune
 adornment kaunistus
 wall sein
 taste maitse
 shrewd kaval; osav, terav
 mistake viga, eksitus
 vulgar lihtne, harimata
 mercenary auahne, rahahimu-
 line
 to take away ära võtma
 happiness õnn
 to tremble värisema
 to rush tungima, voolama
 tear pisar
 to clear the throat kõhatama
 (kõhides kurku puhastama)
 prejudice eelarvamine
 especially iseäranis
 to dislike põlgama, vihkama
 to enrage vihale ärritama

lhk. 17

bearer teadaandja
 unpleasant halb
 communication sõnum, tea-
 dustus
 fixed kindel

plan kava, plaan
 supervision järelvaatus
 to attach kellegi poole hoidma
 to spend raiskama, kulutama
 a great deal palju
 therefore sellepärast
 chiefly pääasjalikult, kõige
 päält

to offer pakkuma
 pleasant meeldiv, kena
 suitable ilus, kohane
 to separate lahutama, eral-
 dama
 to cry nutma, kisendama
 scene etendus, siin: ärritet esi-
 nemine
 to turn away ärakeerama
 to steady oneself ennast pi-
 dama, hoiduma
 gently lahket
 husband abikaasa
 I am sure olen kindel
 unkind vastutulematu, mitte
 sõbralik
 even kuigi
 like sarnane
 to harm kahju tegema
 affectionate õrn; armas
 gouty jooksjahaige
 fiery-tempered äkiline, äki-
 loomuline

lhk. 18

credit au
 to desire soovima
 frequently sagedasti
 to recognise tunnistama, ära
 tundma
 lithe painduv
 body keha
 manly mehelik; julge
 to startle imestama, üllatama
 timid kartlik, arg

to fear kartma
 to doubt kahtlema
 best-bred hästi kasvatet, viisakas
 simple lihtne; otsekohene
 to behave ülal pidama
 ordinary harilik
 to shake hands... kätt suruma, pigistama
 to introduce esitellema
 unhesitating otsustav
 readiness valmisolek
 to meet kokku saama

lhk. 19

to smile naeratama, muigama
 to make up one's mind otsustama
 elderly elatand
 to relieve kergendama, toetama
 to put in siin: kellegi kõne vahele rääkima
 to go on siin: kõnet edesi jätkama
 ancient põline

lhk. 20

lineage suguvõsa
 extreme äärmine
 to thrust toppima, pistma
 to suppose arvama, oletama
 J dare... mõtlen...
 loss kaotus, kahju; to be at a loss kahevahel olema, kahtlema
 companion kaaslane
 to mean mõtlema, arvama
 country maakoht
 J've = J have mul on
 solemn pühalik
 to create looma; asutama

intrust peab olema: interest
 cur'us peab olema: curious
 imelik
 to help aitama
 to govern juhatama, valitsema
 to fight võitlema
 battle lahing, võitlus
 in the old days vanasti, ennemuiste
 soldier soldat
 advantage kasu, paremus, siin: eesõigus

lhk. 21

to wonder imeks panema, imestama
 tent telk
 stall kaubalaud (turul)
 stove ahi
 to afford võimalduma
 J'd = J would võiksin
 of course teadagi, iseenesest mõista
 all sort of things kõiksugu asju
 needle-book nõelaraamat
 fan lehvik
 thimble sõrmkübar
 ring sõrmus
 encyclopedia lühike teaduste kogu
 needn't = need not ei tarvitse
 street-car tramvai
 boot-black saapapuhastaja
 lordship lordi aunimi
 nice meeldiv, kena
 to bounce karglema

lhk. 22

middle keskpaik
 to wipe off ära pühkima
 young'un peab olema: young one noor

to settle oneself asetama,
paigutama
to buy out lahti ostma
partner osanik
square õiglane, aus
to cheat petma
mad vihane, kuri
to get muretsema; ostma
clothes riided
brush hari
lots of palju, suur hulk
brisk elav, rõõmus
out of work ilma tööta
watch taskukell
chain kett
meerscham pipe merevaigust
piip
poor vaene
trouble raskus

lhk. 23

rheumatic jooksja, luuvalu
sword mõõk
instructions juhatus, näpunäide
to express avaldama
wish soov
to gratify rahuldama, nõud-
mist täitma
aware teadja; ettevaatlik
to assist aitama, abiks olema
glad rõõmus

lhk. 24

to deserve ära teenima, millegi
väärt olema
breast pocket rinnatasku
to draw forth väljavõtma
pocket-book taskuraamat, kirja-
task
to realise aru saama
exceedingly üliväga, iseäranis
caprise tuju, isemeel

to indulge nõudmist täitma,
vastu tulema
fancy soov, tahtmine
to call back tagasi kutsuma
to allow lubama
pound Inglise raha
wealth vara, rikkus
to touch (süda) liigutama
worldly ilmlik, maine
to judge otsustama
to trust lootust, usaldust kel-
legi pääle panema

lhk. 25

awkward piinlik, kohmetu
undecided kindiuseta, kahtlev
to glance silmitsema, vaatlema
involuntary tahtmata, koge-
mata
to kneel põlvitama
tender õrn
dead surnud
enough küllalt
isn't = is not ei ole
cheek põsk
she's = she is ta on

lhk. 26

to hand kätte andma, ulatama
fresh värske; uus
greenback paberraha, panga-
täht
neat puhas
roll rull
to fly lendama; siin: välja
tormama
to shout kisendama
to tear sisse tormama
awestricken hirmund, ehma-
tand
twenty-foive peab olema:
twenty five — 25

where be's the mistress
 peab olema: where is the
 mistress kus on emand
 to go out välja minema
 for a while mõneks ajaks
 reflective mõttes
 gloomy pime, valguseta
 to surround ümbritsema
 grandeur hiilgus, suur ilu
 luxury uhkus, toredus
 by heart pääst
 narrow kitsas
 contrast vastand
 cheery rõõmus
 honest aus

lhk. 27

immense määratu suur
 majestic majesteetlik
 evil pahe, halbust
 chubby jäme, paks
 deep sügav
 difference vahe
 high spirits hää tuju, rõõmus
 meeleolu
 to glow särama
 relief troost
 rapture meeleliigutus, rõõmu-
 joovastus
 for joy rõõmu pärast
 didn't = did not ei olnud
 agreebler peab olema: agree-
 able meelepärane, mõnus
 to increase kindlustama, suu-
 rendama
 impossible võimatu
 it may be said võib ütelda
 full täis

lhk. 28

to proceed jätkama

simplicity otsekoheesus, õiglane
 meel

diversion meelelahutus
 to sail purjetama. ära sõitma
 visit külaskäik
 sweet-tempered lahke, sõbra-
 lik

proprietary perenaine
 breath hingamine
 to fall down maha kukkuma
 for nothing muidu, tasuta
 to occur juhtuma, ette tulema
 kindness hääduus, häätegu
 object eesmärk, siht
 unceremonious lihtne,
 possessor omanik
 business amet, äri
 astonishing imelik, imestuse-
 vääriline

lhk. 29

outfit kaasavara, siin: sisse-
 sääd
 luck õnn
 steady kindel
 tremble värisemine
 to wink pilgutama
 trade kauplus
 you'd = you would võiksite
 slip tükk, riba
 moist niiske, röske
 ye peab olema: you teie
 wasn't peab olema: were not
 goin' peab olema: going
 husky kähisev, hääletu
 thanku . . . peab olema:
 thank you, sir, for briu-
 ging him down here and
 for what you have done
 until kunni
 departure ärasõit, ärareisi-
 mine

possible võimalik
 gloom kurbus, mure
 to depress rõhuma, maha suruma
 in triumph pidulikult, võidurõõmsalt
 parting lahkumise
 proper sünnis, kohane
 case vutlar, karbike
 to blow the nose nina nuuskama

lhk. 30

a trifle pisut, vähe
 some time mõnikord
 preparation ettevalmistus
 complete lõpul, otsas
 trunk kohver
 steamer aurik
 to stroke silitama, paitama
 directly kohe, silmapilk
 bustle segadus, sinna-tänna jooksmine
 confusion korratus
 passenger reisija, sõitja
 to get into sattuma
 state seisukord
 excitement ärevus, rahutus
 baggage bagaas, kraam
 to arrive kohale jõudma
 to threaten ähvardama
 to be late hiljaks jääma
 case kast
 to bump down maha viskama
 to drag kandma
 about edestagasi
 sailor merimees, madrus

lhk. 31

to uncoil lahti tegema, lahti harutama

rope köis, ohelik
 to hurry ruttama, töttama
 to and fro sinna-tänna
 order käsk
 board laeva äär
 pile hunnik
 to furl (purjud) kokku tõmbama ja kinni siduma
 sail puri
 mast laeva mast
 to converse juttu ajama
 to gain muretsema, (andmeid) koguma
 information teade, sõnum
 pirate meriröövel
 to lean toetama
 railing käsipuu
 deck laevatekk
 to watch vaatlema, tähelepanema
 group salk, kogu
 to force a way iäbi tungima
 breathless hingetu
 trade's been prime äri õitseb
 ye kin peab olema: you can
 to wear kandma
 swell riidehalb, siin: aristokraat, kõrgema seisuse liige
 handkercher peab olema: handkerchief
 to pour forth välja puistama, välja rääkima
 sentence lause, ütlus
 bell kell
 to ring helistama
 leap hüpe
 to have time jõudma

lhk. 32

to pant lõõtsutama
 to dart off kiiresti ära jooksmas
 silk siid

to ornament ilustama, kaunis-
tama

purple purpurne, tulipunane

horseshoe hobuseraud

forward edesi

to wave lehvitama

lusty lõbus

to move away edesi liikuma

to cheer rõõmuga tervitama

shore mere kallas; rand

breeze tuulekene

to lift tõusma, kerkima

heartly südamlik

to steam ära sõitma (laevaga)

unknown tundmata, teadmata

land maa; ilmakaar

ancestor esiisa

voyage reis

grief mure, kurbus

to refer meele tuletama, ni-
metama

way siin: kaugus, vahe

lhk. 33

to run in sisse jooksuma

affair asjalugu

mysterious salapärane, müsti-
line

reason põhjus

arrangement korraldus

to comfort rahustama, tröö-
tima

gradually järkjärgult, aegapidi

to fade out kaduma, kustuma

now and then aegajalt

queer algupärane, iseäralik

old-fashioned vanamoeline,
vanaaegne

attitude olek, ülalpidamine

sea meri

unchildish mitte lapselikult

lip huul

lhk. 34

station jaam

gate värav

to attend teenima, hooldkandma

to take away vähendada, ker-
gendama

strangeness iseärsus; vöö-
rastus

to squeeze suruma, pigistama

encouragingly julgustavalt

curiosity uudishimu

to pull off maha võtma

overcoat ülikuub

broad lai; suur

hall eestuba

stag's antlers põdra sarved

private house eramaja

lhk. 35

to compare võrdlema

shabby armetu, vilets

to lead sisse viima; juhtima

ceiling lagi

furniture mööbel

to carve välja lõikama, niker-
dama

tiger-skin tiigri nahk

to respond vastama

stroking silitamine, meelita-
mine

rug vaip

to curl oneself up kerra tõm-
buma

indeed tõesti, tõepoolest

necessary tarviline

to inform teadustama

arrival kohale jõudmine

faint nõrk, abitu

to propose pakkuma, ette pa-
nema

to settle kindlaks määrama

lhk. 36

won't = will not
deliver teada andma, edesi
 andma
message ülesanne; antud toi-
 metus
to take a seat istent võtma
to pur nurama (kassi laul)
to present oneself esitlema,
 tutvustama
luxurious tore, uhke
easy-chair pehme tool, tugi-
 tool
gout-stool jalapink
what's = what is
to bear välja kandma, kannata-
 tama
excellent väga häa
health tervis
half-impatient pool kannata-
 matu, kärsitu
sound hääl, toon
restless rahutu
brusquely käredasti, järsku

lhk. 37

to remain jääma
elbow küünarnukk
to rest nõjatama
to shield varjama, hoidma
lad poiss
cautious ettevaatlik
silence vaikus
to growl pomisema, nurisema
the less... the better mida
 vähem, seda parem
to prefer paremaks pidama
to start võpatama
visibly silmnähtavalt
relations vahekorrad
to ejaculate hüüdma

savage vihane; metsik
sharp-voiced terava häälega

lhk. 38

to snap nähvama, riikalt kõne-
 lema
beggar kerjus
I don't care minul ükskõik
to bluster lärmitsema, kisen-
 dama
to poison ära mürgitama; üles
 ässitama
to prove tõendama
to separate lahutama, eral-
 dama
to convince usutama, tõen-
 dama
barrier vahesein, takistus
shadow vari
meeting kokkusaamine
to sink back tagasi tõmbuma
deep-set sisse vajund (silmad)
to gleam särama
brow silmakulm
cool külmavereline
to assure tõendama, kinni-
 tama
to prepare ettevalmistama
amiable lahke, armas

lhk. 39

to carry out täitma
command käsk
while in N. Y. = when I
was in N. Y.
certain kahtlemata, kindel
wonder ime, imetegu
generosity heldus
he does, eh? kas tõesti?
word of honour ausõna
impression mulje, mõjund
to depend, kellegi mõju all
 olema

entirely täiesti, täitsa
to pardon andeks andma, va-
bandama

liberty vabadus; õigus
to make a suggestion nõu
andma, juhatama

to succeed õnnestama; hää
tagajärg olema

precaution ettevaatus

slightingly põlgusega

affection armastus

avenue allee, puiestee

alone üksinda

lhk. 40

on and on ikka kaugemale ja
kaugemale

to stretch välja sirutama, laiali
laotama

to sway kiigutama, kõigutama
branch oks

arch võlv

huge määratu suur

trunk tüvi

rival võistleja, vastane

the length pikkus; kestus

at length viimaks

front door paraaduks

grey hall

ray kiir

to dazzle pimestama

light valgus; siin: kuma

turret väike torn

tower torn; kindlus

ivy luuderohi, eefeu

space avar ruum; plats, lagen-
dik

terrace terraass; kõrge lahtine

plats astmetaolise tõusmisega

lawn lage rohumaatükk

bed peenar

flower lill

to flush punastama; särama

lhk. 41

to remind meele tuletama

king kuningas

palace palee, loss

fairy näkineid, fairy-book
muinasjutud

entrance sissekäik

to throw open pärani lahti
tegema

line rida

livery livree, teendri ülikond

splendour toredus, hiilgus

to belong päralt olema

gown naister, riided, kleit

cap tanukene

to pause seisatama

housekeeper pereemand

to light up valgustama

ma'am = madam auline proua

kitten kassipoeg

nursery lastetuba

lhk. 42

footman teender, toapoiss

to escort saatma

to cross üle minema

threshold (ukse) lävi

to go down looja minema

effect mõju

to burn põlema

floor põrand

tawny punakas-pruun (pargi-
karvaline)

mastiff bulldog, suur koer

body keha

limb liige

creature loom

step samm

fear hirm, kartus

collar kaelarihm

to stray edesi minema; lon-
kima
to sniff nohisema; nuusutama

lhk. 43

to look up üles vaatama
shaggy sassis; kräsus
eagle kull
beak nokk
velvet sammet
suit ülikond
lace pitsidest
collar krae
good-fellowship hää seltsime-
hisus
glow leek; plahvatus
exultation hõiskamine
grandson lapselaps
neck kael
polite viisakas
to continue edesi jätkama
utmost äärmine
friendliness sõbralikus
high-backed kõrge seljatoega

lhk. 44

august kuulus, suursugu
relative sugulane
intently põnevusega
modestly tagasihoidlikult, aland-
likult
to draw together the eye-
brows kulmu kortsutama
secretly salaja

lhk. 45

particular iseäranis, eriti
fast ruttu
to make all right korda
säädma, hääks tegema
What does that mean? mis
see tähendab?

sure kindel
to hit lööma
under his size temast vähem
to black boots saapaid puhas-
tama
to make shine läikivaks tegema
he is a professional boot-
black tema on ametildasa
saapapuhastaja

lhk. 46

acquaintance tuttav
present kingitus
to fold kokku panema
pride uhkus; toredus
to keep hoidma, pidama
keepsake kingitus mälestuseks
sensation tundmus, mõju
Right Honourable kõrgeauline
to describe kirjeldama
odd imelik, isemoodi
to become enthusiastic vai-
mustet saama

lhk. 47

kinsman sugulane
to hurt ennast millegi vastu
äralööma, viga saama
potato-barrel kartuli tünder
to look over silmitsema, vaat-
lema
valliant vahva, südi, julge
gruff tusane; kare
I'm seven olen seitsmeaastane
stick kepp
to try proovima, katsuma
to swear riidlema, sõimlema
twinge valu, piste
to choose tahtma, soovima
experiment katse, proov
to get up üles tõusma
to present ette panema

to support toetama, talutama
 to rest millegi najale toetama,
 nõjatama
 assistant abiline
 burden koorem, raskus
 weight raskus (kaalumisel)
 to brace oneself püüdma,
 ennast kokku võtma
 sturdy julge

lhk. 48

dining-room söögituba
 to remove ära võtma: vabas-
 tama
 fairly hästi, mõnusasti
 to be seated istent võtma
 to take out välja võtma
 to wipe ära- puhtaks pühkima
 exactly just, nimelt; täpikäält
 damp niiske, röske
 vigorous tugev; kõva
 gorgeous kirju
 indifferent tähtsuseta
 to-day täna
 however siiski
 to manage oskama, mõistma
 to entertain huyitama, lõbu
 tegema
 to finish lõpetama
 to take a survey of silmitsema,
 ümberringi vaatama

lhk. 49

of course arusaadav, iseenesest
 mõista
 for an instant silmapilguks
 movement liigutus
 bushy tihe

lhk. 50

inclined valmis, kalduv
 shadow wari
 to bear oneself ennast ülal
 pidama

ear kõrv
 master herra, isand
 thoughtful mõtetes olev
 twice kaks korda
 still vaikne
 manful mehine, julge
 effort püüdmine, jõu kokku võt-
 mine
 up and down the room edesi
 tagasi mööda tuba
 lazy laisk

lhk. 51

feeling tundmus
 instead of selle asemel, et...
 picture pilt, siin: päevapilt
 velvet-covered sammetiga kae-
 tud
 to press pääle suruma, pres-
 sima
 spring vedru
 to knit kulme kortsutama
 in spite of kiuste; vastu taht-
 mist

lhk. 52

directness otsekohehus
 thought mõte
 to pass läbi minema
 to stretch oneself out ennast
 välja sirutama
 paw käpp
 to usher (someone) in kellegi
 tulekust teatama
 to enter sisse astuma
 to hold up üles tõstma
 gesture liigutus
 warning hoiatus
 to sleep magama
 to waken üles ärkama, vir-
 guma

lhk. 53

bed voodi
 to be conscious of aru saama

crackling praksumine
murmur sosistamine
pillow padi
to turn over ümber keerama
middle-aged keskealine
good humoured hääsüdamlik
bedroom magadistuba
to take care of hoolitsema
how do you do? kuidas käsi
 käib?
to ask küsima
to bless õnnistama

lhk. 54

button nõõp
adjoining kõrval olev
indeed tõesti; tõepoolest
to come over siin: wõimust
 võtma
to confide usaldama
service söögiriistad
to arrange korraldama, valmis
 panema
to miss vaja leidma, puudu
 tundma
abit natuke, pisut
stable hobusetall

lhk. 55

naturally loomulikult
assiduous hoolas
to lead the way teed juhutama
amazement imestus
shelf riul
toy mänguasi, kann (-i)
ingenious vaimukas, osavasti
 väljamõeldud
to catch the breath hinge
 tõmbama
star täht
to pass the night öö veetma
noon keskpäev

lhk. 56

summons kutse
to bound hüppama
to sparkle särama
ready valmis
base-ball Ameerika pallimäng
game mäng
cricket Inglise rahvusmäng
to show näitama

lhk. 57

to bother tüütama, igavust sün-
 nitama
entertainment lõbustus, mee-
 lelahutus
to offer ette panema
to lurk peitma, varjama
to contain sisaldama, sees
 olema
expression avaldus, ilme
eager äge, süttiv; kärsitu
to pull over ühest kohast teise
 kandma
to deepen suurenema
to absorb ära neelama, sisse
 imema
absorbed interest suur huvi
explanation seletus
illustration kujutus, seletus
in good earnest tõsiselt
curly-headed kähar pää

lhk. 58

without doubt kahtlemata
to forget oneself ennast unus-
 tama
clergyman preester, vaimulik
parish kogudus
pace samm
to run a risk hädaohus olema
to collide kokku põrkama
duty kohus, kohustus
Reverend vaga, püha
decided kindel, otsustav

to compel sundima, käskima
call upon võõraks käima
disagreeable vastumeelne, halb
lordly aadeli, mõisniku
to abhor vihkama, põlgama
church kirik
charity häätegevus
assistance abi, tugi
charge hoolekandmine; eestkostmine
rector pääpreester
free vaba
of one's own free will vabatahtlikult
circumstance asjalugu, olutingimine
to greet tervitama; vastu võtma
laughter naer
to surprise imestama

lhk. 59

harsh terav, käre
gracious armulik, sõbralik
employment tegevus, toimetus
stir rahutus; ärritus
spark säde
clerical vaimulik
garments riided
acquaintance tutvus
to delight rõõmustama
journey reis, teekond
safe hädaohuta

lhk. 60

to congratulate tervitama, õnne soovima
warm siin: südamluk
plain selge, silmnähtav
intention nõu, tahtmine
let us hope loodame
to conduct ennast ülal pidama
creditable auväärne; laitmata

to add juure lisama
to be in trouble raskes seisukorras olema
second sekund
farm karjamõis piimatalitusega, piima vabrik
unfortunate õnnetu
autumn sügis
scarletfeversariak(lastehaigus)
to beg paluma
to catch up tasuma
intense põnevil; pingul

lhk. 61

well-meaning häätahtlik
to strengthen kinnitama
plea kaitse, eestseisimine
tenant rentnik
behindhand pikaldane; hiljaksjääja
literally kindlasti
to starve nälga surema
nourishing toitav; rammus söök
low siin: nõrk
to order ette kirjutama, käsikima
luxury maiusroog
philanthropist inimesearmastaja
amusement lõbutsemine, lõbu
frown kulmukortsutamine
grim hirmus, kole
landed proprietor maaomanik
beggar kerjus

lhk. 62

bricklayer kivilõhkuja
case juhus (puhk, võimalus)
to draw near liginema, lähemale astuma
comradeship sõprus, seltsimehesus

to be over fond of üliväga
armastama

lhk. 63

to move from kõrvale lükkama
to command käsikama
a sheet of paper üks poogen
paberit, leht
deft osav, kärmas
to overspread katma
to spell kokku veerima
dictionary sõnastik
to complain kaebama
spelling õigekirjutus
to dip sisse kastma
ink-bottle tindipott
position seis, olek
to interfere with teise asja-
desse ennast segama
sign alla kirjutama
to rest toetama, nõjama
soul hing

lhk. 64

after a while mõne aja pärast
manuscript käsikiri
to tinge üle värvima
anxiety rahutus, mure
corner of the mouth suunurk
to twitch tõmbuma, kokku
suruma
satisfactory rahuloldav
respectfully peab olema: res-
pectfully austusega, aupak-
likult
syllable silp
to write over ümber kirjutama
imposing mõjuv, aukartust
äratav
in the matter of ses suhtes
to consult ühes nõu pidama
namely nimelt
hopeful lootusrikas

lhk. 65

previous möödaläind, eelmises
to accompany saatma
to expect ootama
dry kuiv
pony poni (väikest tõugu hobune)
to draw a long breath süga-
valt ohkama

lhk. 66

to put off edesi lükkama, tei-
seks korraks jätma
cushion padi
rapt vaimustus; joovastus
to burst forth äkki, järsku
midagi ütleva
to do good hääd tegema
goodness südame häädus
to dumbfound kokkuma pa-
nema, rahutuks tegema

lhk. 67

to count up kokku arvama
hesitation kahevahel olek,
kindluseta meel
to mistake eksima
gory verejanuline
differently teisiti

lhk. 68

enthusiasm ülisuur vaimustus
to kindle lõkendama, põlema
considerate terava mõistusega;
tark
to disturb kellegi rahu rikku-
ma, eksitama
fern sõnajalg
deer põder
reverie unistus
start värin, vöbin
to excuse vabandama

to disappoint kurvastama

lhk. 69

opportunity võimalus; paras
aeg

to flash vilksatama

rapidity kiirus

evidently silmnähtavalt

owner omanik

to lose kaotama

space siin : läbipaistus (valguse)

house door maja uks

wide open pärani lahti

to dash up kiirelt üles jooksmas
step aste

slender sale, sirge

to leap hüppama, kargama

to hang rippuma

to cover katma

kiss suudlus

congregation jumalateenistus

crowded puupüsti täis

sermon jutlus, kõne

sunburned päevitand

apple-cheeked punapõseline

bonnet tanu, mütsikene (naist.)

dozen tosin

to precede eel käima; **prece-**
ding möödäänd

to tell jutustama

to spread laiali laotama

like wildfire välkkiirelt

lhk. 70

market-day turupäev

to question küsima

response vastus

shopping sisseostmine

justice õigus, kohus

gig kaarik

soil maa, maapind

habit harjumus, komme

whim tuju, tahtmine

pew kinni pandud koht kirikus,

perekonnatool kirikus

aisle kõrvaline altar

curtain eesriie

discovery leidus

lhk. 71

facing vastamisi

pillar sammus

missal kirikuteenistuse raamat
(katolik.)

pointed terava otsaga

folded as if in prayer palwes
kokkupandud

prayer palve

antique vanaaegne, antiik

tablet tahvlike

to whisper sosistama

to devour ära neelama, ära
sööma

ancestors esivanemad

respect aukartus, lugupidamine

church service kirikuteenistuse

raamat

to join in with ühinema

pure puhas

high kõrge

to rise kõvemaks, valjumaks
minema

clear selge, puhas

song laul

curtain-shielded eesriidega
varjatud

lhk. 72

thrill kerge värin

to pass through läbi käima

simple lihtne, harilik

to last edesi kestma

to fall to someone kellegille
osaks saama

wrong ekslik, mitte õige; siin :
ülekohus, meelepaha

soft pehme, õrn

the evening before *eelmine õhtu*
 to hang over *kummardama*
 for the sake of (kellegi) tõttu
 wise *tark*
 true *südamlik*; aus, truu
 so long as you live *niikaua*
 kui teie elate
 return *tagasitulek*
 to end *lõpetama*
 to be like *järeltegema, järel-*
 aimama
 fold *volt, korts*

lhk. 73

to come out *välja tulema*
 service *jumalateenistus*
 to near *lähenema, ligemalle*
 tulema
 gate *jalgvärv*
 careworn *muredest vananend*
 to take a look at *kellegi*
 päale vaatama
 landlord *maaomanik, mõisnik*
 to redder *punastama*
 word of thanks *tänuõnad*
 if I might be allowed *kui*
 minule lubatakse
 just as just nii, kui
 apparent *silmnähtav, selge*
 importance *tähtsus, suurus*
 not in the least *ei sugugi*

lhk. 74

to take aback *segaseks tege-*
 ma, rahutuks saama
 benevolent *helde, häatahtlik*
 being *loomus, olevus*
 engaging *armas, sõbralik*
 to stammer *kogeleva, pomi-*
 sema
 missus *peab olema: mistress*
 perenaine
 took *peab olema: taken*

to break in *vahela rääkima*
 grim *mittesõbralik, õel*
 to jump in *sisse kargama*
 green *roheline*
 lane *väike tee, rada*
 to turn a corner *ümber nurga*
 pöörama
 high-road *kivitee*
 to ride *ratsutama*
 occasion *juhtumine, sündmus*
 many a time *mitu korda*
 the days passed by *järgmiste*
 päevade sees
 groom *tallipoiss*
 to arch *vibuna painutama*
 glossy *läikiv*
 to toss *raputama, väristama*

lhk. 75

while *sel ajal, kui*
 riding lesson *ratsutamise tund*
 sign *tundemärk*
 timidity *argus, kartus*
 to mount *ratsa istuma*
 animal *loom, elajas*
 bridle *ohi, ratsut*
 sign *märk; liigutus*
 signal *märkuandmine*
 to bring up *ette tooma*
 leading-rein *päitsed*
 to trot *traavima (traavlit jooks-*
 ma)
 equestrian *ratsanik*
 to jolt *raputama, põrutama*
 to get used to... *harjuma*
 millegiga
 stirrup *sadula jalgraud*
 shake *vapustus, põrutus*
 bounce *lõök, hoop*
 to be out of breath *lõõtsu-*
 tama
 to hold on *tagasi hoidma;*
 taltsutama

might jõud, võim
straight sirgelt

lhk. 76

rider ratsanik
to hide kaduma
F's hat was off F. oli mütsita
like a poppy mooni sarnane
were set kokku surutud, pres-
situd

to stop seisatama, peatama
to touch the hat au andma
to fall off kukkuma
enjoyment lõbustamine
to pick up üles tõstma
tired väsind, roidund
to get off maha ronima
to admit tõendama
frank otsekohene
to fire väsitama
to learn how... ära õppima,
selgeks õppima
to get the breath hinge tõm-
bama
to undertake ette võtma
hoof kabi
canter kerge galopp (nelja-
jooks)
to draw up hobust peatama

lhk. 77

country people küla inimesed,
maarahvas
village küla; talu
lame lonkaja, lombak
or the contrary selle vastu
to laugh outright valjusti
naerma
beginning algus
a few days later mõni päev
hiljem
cottage onn, urtsik

to jump out välja kargama
to walk up lähenema, juure-
tulema

crutches kargud
gun püss
to present kinkima
compliment tervitus
to get better paranema, ter-
veks saama
to tell siin: käskima
intimate südamlük, sõbralik

lhk. 78

faith usaldus, usk
benevolence halastus
virtue häätegu; voores
to observe tähele panema, vaat-
lema
fruit puuvili
hothouse soojala, triiphoone
action tegu, toimetus
pinnacle latv, hari, tipp
perfection täius, täieline olek
unattended üksinda, ilma saat-
jata
to visit külaliseks, võõraks
käima
to prance tagumiste jalgade
pääle püsti ajama
brougham kinnine tõld
bay horse kõrb hobune
abruptly järsku, äkki
country küla, alev
to drive hobuseid juhtima,
ajama
to take charge of hoolitsema
järel vaatama
feeble nõrk
to express oneself avalduma,
üles näitama

to contain oneself tagasi hoiduma
everywhere igal pool

lhk. 79

to spoil rikkuma, nurja ajama
to refuse ära ütlema, eitavalt vastama

to step astuma, sammuma
amiability sõbralikkus, lahkus
to inspect läbi vaatama
uncertain kahtlane
line rida

grandfather peab olema :
grandfather

plees peab olema : please
afeshshnet peab olema : affectionate

light valgus, tuluke
to shine paistma, vilkuma
in the trees puude vahelt

lhk. 80

a long way off kaugel
as soon as it is dark nii pea
kui pimedaks läheb

to twinkle vilkuma, virvendama
far away kaugel, eemal
to keep hoidma, kaitsma
doubt kahtlus

fixedly teravasti, üksisilmi
in one way or another nii
ehk teisiti

to connect ühendama, siduma
touch tundmus

lhk. 81

exhibit näitama, esitama
patient arstitav, haige
powerful tugev
ride ratsasõit
road tee

duchess hertsogi abikaas ehk
tütar

in one way osalt, jaolt
beloved armsam

jealous kade

pang kurbus, südamevalu,
tusk

to fill täitma

to cling (kellegi) poole hoidma
embers tulised söed

lhk. 82

the people s. t. the tenantry
business kohustus

to neglect põlgama, tähelepä-
nemata jätma

contradictory vasturääkiv vas-
tuseisev

wide-open pärani-avatud

horror-stricken hirmuga täi-
det

to fall down kokku langema
dreadful kole, õudne

rain vihm

roof katus

tear pisar

to run down voolama

more than once rohkem kui
ükskord

desperate meelegeitlik

condition seisukord, olek

lhk. 83

language keel

to use violent riidlema, sõi-
mama

to bury maha matma

there was an end of the
matter ja sellega oli asjal
lõpp

earnest tõsine

frank-eyed õiglaste silmadega

I' am ashamed minul on häbi

builder ehitaja, asutaja

model eeskujuline

to pull down maha kiskuma,
ära lõhkuma
eagerness ägedus, palavus
to go out välja minema
laugh naer
to take a walk jalutuskäiku
ettevõtma
to talk over läbi rääkima, aru-
tama

lhk. 84

to alarm rahutuks tegema
truth tõde; tõsine sündmus
work among the poor hääte-
gev töö vaeste seas
picturesque piltilus, kaunis
moor-side kanarpiku lagendik,
nõmm
idleness laiskus
poverty vaesus, viletsus
ignorance harimatus, vaimu
pimedus
comfort hää elukord, jõukas
olek
industry tööarmastus, usinus
as to ... mis puutub ...
disgrace häbi, teotus
dilapidated rusuks langend,
äralagunenud
miserable õnnetu, viletsusrikas
careless muretu, hoolimatu
sickly põdur, haiglane
shudder kohutama; värisema
bold julge, südi
motherheart emasüda
to deny tagasi lükkama, ära
üttelema
desire soov
anything kõik
to feel sure kindel olema
result tagajärg, resultaat

lhk. 85

to influence mõjuma

confidence usaldus
to discover üles leidma; teada-
saama
inclination kalduvus
reflection järelmõtlemine, jä-
relkaalumine
to decide otsustama, kindlasti
nõuks võtma
wretched kõlbmata, vilets
hovel onn, urtsik
to improve parandama
property omandus, varandus
idea mõte, aade
to ride over läbi sõitma
to make acquaintance tutvust-
tegema
workman töömees, tööline
building, ehitus
bricklaying telliskivide ladu-
mine
speech kõne, kõnelemine
to come about juhtuma, ette-
tulema

lhk. 86

wicked tige, õel; patune
day by day päev-päevalt
opposite vastu
once ükskord
pretty good kaunis hää
to scramble up üles kargama,
püsti tõusma

lhk. 87

to wincc kulme kortsutama
waiting viivitus; ootamine
silence vaikus
all the more seda enam, seda
rohkem
upon my word minu sõna,
ausõna

lhk. 88

to complete ära lõpetama
party seltskond; pidustus

a dinner party pidusöök
guest võõras, külaline
host peremees
keen kitsas, terav
to detain takistama, kinni pi-
 dama
extraordinary iseäraline, ha-
 ruldane
event juhtumine, sündmus
superb tore, hiilgav
as if in a dream nagu unes
to join ühinema
drawing-room võõrastetuba
season hooaeg, aeg

lhk. 89

to enjoy oneself ennast lõbus-
 tama
eyelid silmalaug
to droop kinni vajuma
yellow kollane
satin atlas-riie
no sooner... than nii pea,
 kui
distressing kurb, murelik
uneasy rahutu
irritable ärritav

lhk. 90

lodging-house mööbleeritudtoad
to clutch kinni haarama, kinni
 võtma
vein veresoon
to stand out välja paistma,
 nähtavalle tulema
livid sinikas-punane
lie vale
painful piinlik
marriage certificate abielu
 tunnistus
to quarrel riidlema, tülitsema
to keep away eemal hoidma
ignorant harimata, toores

lately hiljuti
to claim õiguse teel nõudma
ghastly hirmus, kohutav
scoundrelly alatu, häbemata
connection sidemed, ühendus

lhk. 91

coarse jäme, toores
fastidious inimene, kes palju
 valida armastab; põlgaja
to cease ära lõpetama
purple tulipunane, purpurne
cord nõör, köis
drop tilk, piisk
moisture higi; rõskus
to sweep away ära pühkima,
 kuivatama
to object to vastu seisma;
 põlgama
to point näitama, tähendama
recognise tunnistama
retribution tasumine; käte-
 maksmine
terrible hirmus, kole
to pour forth välja voolama
 (sõnad)
hatred viha, põlgus
to shake põrutama, vapustama
storm torm, maru
unsteady nõrk; värisev
to detest põlgama, miite sal-
 lima

lhk. 92

to bend kummardama
to push back kõrvale lükkama
to change muutma
society seltskond
to go on kestma, vältama
comfort rahustus

lhk. 93

customer ostja, klient

bald (juustest) palja pääga
pavement kõnnitee, jalgte
to read siin: teatama, kuuluta
finishing lõpulik
deliberate ettevaatlik, tagasihoidlik
rest tugi, alusjalg
to fall to work tööle hakkama
feller peab olema: **fellow**
 poiss
ye peab olema: **you** teie
ponderous tähtis
slowness viivitus, pikaldus
goin peab olema: **going**
to drop maha pillama
boss (rahv. kõnekäänd) herra, isand
d'ye peab olema: **do you**
yerself peab olema: **yourself**

lhk. 94

lifetime eluaeg; eluaegne
inside sisemine; seespool
to prove avalikuks, nähtavalle tulema
at one time ühekorraga; kohe
to agree kokku leppima, nõus olema
it was agreed tehti kindlaks, otsusteti
to keep company juttu vestma
to derive saama
supper õhtusöök
cheese juust
sardine sardiin (väike kala)
canned things konservid
to open lahti tegema
bottle pudel
ginger ingver; juur, mis teatud söökidele ja jookidele maitseks juure lisatakse
ale hele õlu

to pour out välja valama
toast terviseks joomine
here's to him tema terviseks
an' peab olema: **and**
'em peab olema: **them**
markises peab olema: **marquises**
dooks peab olema: **dukes**
desolate üksik, üksildane
to fire laskma; viskama
plate taldrik
to hit lööma, trehvama

lhk. 95

to be at work tööil olema, ametis
to become acquainted tundma saama, tutvunema
pipe piip
to fill a pipe piipu tubakaga täitma
match tuletikk
box karp, toos
counter lett, müügilaud
afore peab olema: **before**
postman kirjakandja, postimees
noticin peab olema: **noticing**
to pick up üles tõstma
altogether hoopis, koguni
pocketknife taskunuga
envelope ümbrik
to unfold lahti tegema
penknife sulenuga
bust peab olema; **burst**
to whole thing's **bust up**
 kõik asi läks nurja, luhta

lhk. 96

to rob röövima
folk rahvas
to look after hoolitsema, muretsema
to leave ära minema

empty tühi
 "to let" korter üüritakse välja
 to smoke suitsetama
 disturbance rahutus, mure
 rival vastane, võistleja
 claimant õigusenõudja
 romantic romantiline
 calm rahulik, vaikne
 untroubled mureta; segamata
 perplexity segadus, kohmetus
 foundation põhjus
 to baffle petma
 ambition auahnus, võimuhimu
 interesting huvitav, põnev

lhk. 97

sober kaine, karsk; siin: rahu-
 line, külmavereline
 shade vari
 tremulous värisev, vabisev
 wonderment imestamine, imeks
 panemine

lhk. 98

to be alight särama, hiilgama
 to turn red punastama
 root juur
 to draw the breath hingama
 within a few days mõne päe-
 va pärast

lhk. 99

to attend to millegi asja juures
 ametis olema; toimetama
 morning-room kabinet, kirju-
 tustuba
 hisself peab olema: himself
 ma'am=madam proua
 maid tüdruk, teenija
 awe hirm, kartus
 majestic-looking majesteetlik
 aquiline kotka-noka sarnane
 profile profiil

obstinate isemeelne, kange-
 kaelne
 unconsciously tahtmata, vastu
 tahtmist
 to uplift üles tõstma
 dignified auväärne, lugupeetud
 coming külaskäik
 to pull tõmbama

lhk. 100

to investigate teateid koguma,
 järel kuulama
 to contest vastu vaidlema;
 eneselle nõudma
 a contest vaielus, võistlus
 to defend kaitsma, eest kostma
 rights õigused
 to interrupt katkestama, jutu
 vahele kõnelema
 unfortunately kahjuks
 outrageous häbemata, alatu,
 kole
 to scowl kulme kortsutama
 just õiglane
 contrast vastand, kontrast
 sardonically tagedalt, kurjalt

lhk. 101

to stop short äkki peatama,
 seisatama
 to be tired of life elust tü-
 dind, väsind olema
 to satisfy rahuldama
 to shake värisev

lhk. 102

to glare välkuma, läikima
 (silmad)
 disgraceful teotav, alandav
 repulsive vastik, vastumeelne
 fool narr, rumal
 to treat ümber käima kohtlema
 merely lihtsalt
 rough karm, vali

somehow nii ehk teisiti
broken down mahalöödud,
 purustet
sympathetic kaastundlik, osa-
 wõtlik
to contradict vasturääkima,
 vaidlema
to provide for kindlustama,
 muretuks tegema

lhk. 103

to demand küsima, nõudma
dumb tumm, keeletu
box pukk
rescue päästmine
whirl ringikäimine, keerutus
to possess omanduse üle valit-
 sema
assurance kinnitamine, tõendus

lhk. 104

practice praktika
energetic energiline, agar
wit mõistus, meel
office kontor
stand seisukoht; paik, kus D.
 töötab
illustrated paper illustreeri-
 tud ajakiri
enterprising ettevõtlik, hakkaja
conspicuous tähtis, silmapais-
 tev
to look over läbi vaatama
front eespoolne, esimene
page lehekülj
braid väike juuksepalnik
to wind põimima, piirama
her peab olema: she
better'n peab olema: better
 than
never mind ükskõik
to strike tööd seisma jätma,
 lõpetama

evidence tunnistus, tõendus
sense tundmus, tunne

lhk. 105

running jooksmine
ain't peab olema: is not
that there peab olema: that
chap poiss
to let fly viskama, pilduma
give peab olema: gave
ax peab olema: ask
we'd=we should
knows peab olema: know
capacity osavus, tublidus
care hoolekandmine, eeskost-
 mine
substitute asemik
dubiousness kahtlus

lhk. 106

statement teadaandmine, ette-
 näitamine
to arouse äratama
suspicion umbusaldus, kahtlus
to speed ruttama, töttama
harbour sadam
mail steamer postlaev
train rong
exposure avalikuks tulek, pal-
 jastamine
to dangle kiigutama, õõtsu-
 tama
to transform ümber muutma,
 teisiti pöörama
penniless rahata, ilma pennita
impostor valenimeline, petis
to alter muutma
danger hädaoht

lhk. 107

after all viimaks, lõpuks
blunder eksitus, viga
to cause tekitama, äratama
 (kahtlust)
presence of mind julgus

to lose the temper kurjaks
saama, vihastama
to betray väljaandma
further enam, rohkem
certain tuntud, teatud
false vale, võlts
commotion segadus, kohmetus
secure kindel, julge, muretu
insolent häbemata, jultund
sitting-room võõrastetuba
inn võõrastemaja
arms wapp

lhk. 108

sharp-faced targa näoga
to utter häälitsema, kisa te-
gema
terror hirm, ahastus
new-comer juuretuliija
to confess tunnistama, tõen-
dama
to grin pilkavalt naeratama,
muigama.
sight nägu; välimus
hateful vastik, jälk
to clench the hand kätt rusi-
kasse pigistama
three-cornered kolmnurklik
scar arm, märk

lhk. 109

babyhood lapsepõli.
to rave (with fury) wiha pä-
rast määratsema
to gaze at uurivalt vaatlema
eye-glasses prillid
eagle kotka-
to lock kinni panema; luku-
tama
businesslike ametlik, asjalik
to get out of the way ära-
sõitma, kaugelle minema

to slam the don prantsatades
ust kinni viskama

lhk. 110

coachman kutsar
without being announced il-
ma ettepanekuta, teadusta-
mata
inch toll
to grasp suruma, pigistama
authoritative käskiv, valitse-
jalik

lhk. 111

to suit rahustama
birthday sünnipäev.
cattle kariloom, loomad
prospective tulevane
master peremees, juhataja
devoted truu, poolehoidja
successful õnnestand, hääde
tagajärgedega

lhk. 112

to make up for tasuma
outset algus, hakatus
solid põhjalik, täieline
reliable kindel, usaldetav, ustav
festivity pidustus, pühitsemine
to celebrate pühitsema, mäles-
tama
to throng kokku tulema; ki-
hama
flag lipp
to fly lehvima
to stay away puuduma, ära
jääma
fun rõõm, lõbustus

lhk. 113

honestly siin: tõesti, tõepoolest
ready valmis, tahtlik
bow tervitus, kummardus
collation pidusöök

to drink the health terviseks
jooma

to settle siin: ära hävitama,
purustama

clamour kisa, kära

rattle prigin-pragin, paukumine

applause kätteplaksutamine

lhk. 114

glance vaade, pilk

trustful õiglane, aus
to ring kõlama, kostma

lhk. 115

to fascinate vaimustama

reluctant vastumeelt, raske

to settle asuma

to patronise kaitsma, toetama

consequently järjekindlalt

Trükivigade õiendus

	trükitud :	peab olema :
Lhk. 11 rida 7 ülalt	hat	had
„ 14 lehekülje -päälkiri	Lorde	Lord
„ 17 rida 7 ülalt	Faundleroy	Fauntleroy
„ 24 „ 13 „	Mr.	Mrs.
„ 27 „ 15 „	thought	thought
„ 35 „ 12 „	noticin g	noticing
„ 35 „ 12 „	wha	what
„ 37 „ 6 „	:	;
„ 39 „ 9 „	succed	succeed
„ 59 „ 1 „	hat	that
„ 83 „ 16 „	Thel	The
„ 83 „ 17 „	They'l	They'll

*„ODAMEHE“ KIRJASTUSEL
ILMUND KOOLIKIRJANDUS:*

A. Audova: **Järve taimed.** Piltidega. Hind 30.—

Audova ja Bekker: **Andmed Pühajärve uurimisest II** piltide ja kaartidega. Hind 150.—

H. Bekker: **Paeseina profiil Märtsal.** Hind 15.—

F. H. Burnett: **Little Lord Fauntleroy.** Väike lord Fauntleroy. Sõnastiku ja piltidega. Hind 145.—

J. Jõgever: **Eesti keele grammatika**

I — Sõnade muutmise õpetus. Hind 60.—

II — Muutelõpud. Hind 60.—

III — Sõnade tuletus ja lauseõpetus. Hind 75.—

E. Kikas: 1) **Ladina keele lugemik**, 2) **Ladina keele grammatika** ja 3) **Ladina-Eesti sõnastik.**

J. Koppel: **Metoodiline matemaatika õperraamat I.** Hind 25.—

J. Koppel: **Aritmeetika ülesannete kogumik rahvakoolidelle.**

Meumann: **Esteetika süsteem.**

F. V. Mikkelsaar: **Geomeetria rahvakoolidelle**

I õpeaasta

II „ Hind 75.—

III „ Hind 75.—

F. Tuglas: **Eesti uuem ilukirjandus.** Hind 60.— ja 75.—

M. Univer: **Bioloogia.** Hind 75.—

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PROMENAAD 7-a*

„ODAMEHE“ KIRJASTUSEL ILMUND
TEADUSLIKUD RAAMATUD:

J. Aavik: **Muusikalised kirjad I.** Hind 75.—

H. Bekker: **Pühajärve ümbruse taimeühingud.**
Hind 5.—

R. Griwing ja P. Ilves: **Evangeeliumi kiriku-
muusika.** Hind 100.—

P. Grünfeldt: **Mälestused Juhan Liivist.**
Hind 30.— ja 40.—

H. Kruus: **Jaan Tõnisson Eesti kodanluse ju-
hina.** Hind 90 —

H. Kruus: **Saksa okkupatsioon Eestis.** Hind 150.—

A. Kruusberg: **Ajaloo arkiiv I. A. Grenzsteini
võitlus J. Tõnissoniga.**

N. Kulbin: **Kubism.** Tõlkind A. Kivikas. Hind 30.—

V. Lunkevitsch: **Sipelgate elu.** Tõlkind A. Rõuk.
Hind 50.—

J. Semper: **Näokatted.** Esseede kogu. Hind 125.—
ja 150.—

A. Tomberg: **Sisuline analüüs.** Praktiliste
tööde käsiraamat Hind 35.—

F. Tuglas: **A. H. Tammsaare.** Essee. Hind 75.—

Henrik Ibsen inimesena. Essee. Hind 30.— ja 50.—

William Shakespeare. Essee. Hind 60.— ja 75.—

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PROMENAAD 7-a.

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