

Douglas Amanda M.

A Little Girl in Old Pittsburg



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CHAPTER I

A LITTLE GIRL

"Oh, what is it, grandad! Why is Kirsty ringing two bells and oh, what is he saying?"

Grandfather Carrick had come out of his cottage and stood in the small yard place that a young oak had nearly filled with a carpet of leaves. He was a medium-sized man with reddish hair streaked with white, and a spare reddish beard, rather ragged, bright blue eyes and a nose *retroussé* at the best, but in moments of temper or disdain it turned almost upside down, as now.

"What is he sayin'. Well, it's a dirty black lee! Lord Cornwallis isn't the man to give in to a rabble of tatterdemalions with not a shoe to their feet an' hardly a rag to their back! By the beard of St. Patrick they're all rags!" and he gave an insolent laugh! "It's a black lee, I tell you!"

He turned and went in the door with a derisive snort. Daffodil stood irresolute. Kirsty was still ringing his two bells and now people were coming out to question. The street was a rather winding lane with the houses set any way, and very primitive they were, built of logs, some of them filled in with rude mortar and thatched with straw.

Then Nelly Mullin came flying along, a bright, dark-haired, rosy-cheeked woman, with a shawl about her shoulders. She caught up the child and kissed her rapturously.

"Oh, isn't it full grand!" she cried. "Cornwallis has surrendered to General Washington! Our folks caught him in a trap. An' now the men folks will come home, my man an' your father, Dilly. Thank the Saints there wasna a big battle. Rin tell your mither!"

"But grandad said it was a – a lee!" and the child gave a questioning look.

"Lie indeed!" she laughed merrily. "They wouldna be sending all over the country such blessed news if it was na true. Clear from Yorktown an' their Cornwallis was the biggest man England could send, a rale Lord beside. Rin honey, I must go to my sisters."

The little girl walked rather slowly instead, much perturbed in her mind. The Duvernay place joined the Carrick place and at present they were mostly ranged round the Fort. That was much smaller, but better kept and there were even some late hardy flowers in bloom.

"What's all the noise, Posy?" asked Grandfather Duvernay. He was an old, old man, a bright little Frenchman with snowy white hair, but bright dark eyes. He was a good deal wrinkled as became a great-grandfather, and he sat in a high-backed chair at one corner of the wide stone chimney that was all built in the room. There was a fine log fire and Grandmother Bradin was stirring a savory mass of herbs. The real grandfather was out in the barn, looking after the stock.

"It was Kirsty ringing two bells. Cornwallis is taken."

"No!" The little man sprang up and clasped his hands. "You are sure you heard straight! It wasn't Washington?"

"I'm quite sure. And Nelly Mullin said 'run and tell your mother, your father'll be coming home.'"

"Thank the good God." He dropped down in the chair again and closed his eyes, bent his head reverently and prayed.

"Your mother's asleep now. She's had a pretty good night. Run out and tell gran."

Grandfather Bradin kissed his little girl, though he was almost afraid to believe the good news. Three years Bernard Carrick had been following the fortunes of war and many a dark day had intervened.

"Oh, that won't end the war. There's Charleston and New York. But Cornwallis! I must go out and find where the news came from."

"Grandad don't believe it!" There was still a look of doubt in her eyes.

Bradin laughed. "I d' know as he'd believe it if he saw the articles of peace signed. He'll stick to King George till he's laid in his coffin. There, I've finished mending the steps and I'll slip on my coat and go."

"I couldn't go with you?" wistfully.

"No, dear. I'll run all about and get the surest news. I s'pose it came to the Fort, but maybe by the South road."

He took the child's hand and they went into the house. The streets were all astir. Grandfather stood by the window looking out, but he turned and smiled and suddenly broke out in his native French. His face then had the prettiness of enthusiastic old age.

"We'll shake hands on it," said Bradin. "I'm going out to see. There couldn't be a better word."

The autumnal air was chilly and he wrapped his old friese cloak around him.

"Mother's awake now," said Mrs. Bradin. "You may go in and see her."

The door was wide open now. It was as large as the living room, but divided by a curtain swung across, now pushed aside partly. There was a bed in each corner. A light stand by the head of the bed, a chest of drawers, a brass bound trunk and two chairs completed the furnishing of this part. The yellow walls gave it a sort of cheerful, almost sunshiny look, and the curtain at the window with its hand-made lace was snowy white. The painted floor had a rug through the centre that had come from some foreign loom. The bedstead had high slender carved posts, but was without a canopy.

A woman still young and comely as to feature lay there. She was thin, which made the eyes seem larger and darker. The brown hair had a certain duskiness and was a curly fringe about the forehead. She smiled up at the little girl, who leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

"You are better, mother dear," she said as she seated herself with a little spring on the side of the bed. "But you said so yesterday. When will it be real, so you can get up and go out?" and a touch of perplexity crossed the child's face.

"Gra'mere thinks I may sit up a little while this afternoon. I had no fever yesterday nor last night."

"Oh, mother, I was to tell you that Cornwallis has – it's a long word that has slipped out of my mind. Nelly Mullin said her husband would come home and my father. Kirsty Boyle rang two bells –"

"Oh, what was it? Go and ask grandfather, child," and the mother half rose in her eagerness.

"It was 'sur-ren-dered' with his army. Father has gone to see. And then the war will end."

"Oh, thank heaven, the good God, and all the saints, for I think they must have interceded. They must be glad when dreadful wars come to an end."

She laid her head back on the pillow and the tears fringed her dark lashes.

The child was thinking, puzzling over something. Then she said suddenly, "What is my father like? I seem to remember just a little – that he carried me about in his arms and that we all cried a good deal."

"It was three years and more ago. He loved us very much. But he felt the country needed him. And the good Allfather has kept him safe. He has never been wounded or taken prisoner, and if he comes back to us –"

"But what is surrendered?"

"Why, the British army has given up. And Lord Cornwallis is a great man. England, I believe, thought he could conquer the Colonies. Oh, Daffodil, you are too little to understand;" in a sort of helpless fashion.

"He isn't like grandad then. Grandad wants England to beat."

"No, he isn't much like grandad. And yet dear grandad has been very good to us. Of course he was desperately angry that your father should go for a soldier. Oh, if he comes home safe!"

"Dilly," said gran'mere, pausing at the door with a piece of yellow pumpkin in her hand which she was peeling, "you must come away now. You have talked enough to your mother and she must rest."

The child slipped down and kissed the pale cheek again, then came out in the living-room and looked around. The cat sat washing her face and at every dab the paw went nearer her ear.

"You shan't, Judy! We don't want rain, do we, grandfather?" She caught up the cat in her arms, but not before pussy had washed over one ear.

Grandfather laughed. "Well, it *does* make it rain when she washes over her ear," the little girl said with a very positive air. "It did on Sunday."

"And I guess pussy washes over her ear every day in the week."

"It's saved up then for the big storms;" with a triumphant air.

"Get the board and let's have a game. You're so smart I feel it in my bones that you will beat."

She put Judy down very gently, but the cat switched her tail around and wondered why. She brought out the board that was marked like "Tit tat toe," and a box that she rattled laughingly. Pussy came when they had adjusted it on their knees and put two white paws on it, preparatory to a jump.

"Oh, Judy, I can't have you now. Come round and sit by the fire."

Judy went round to the back of Dilly's chair and washed over both ears in a very indignant manner.

The play was Fox and Geese. There was one red grain of corn for the fox and all the geese were white. One block at the side was left vacant. If you could pen the fox in there without losing a goose or at the most two or three, you were the winner. But if once you let the fox out the geese had to fly for their lives. Grandfather often let the little girl beat.

He was very fond of her, and he was a sweet-natured old man who liked to bestow what pleasure he could. Just now he was feeling impatient for the news and wanted to pass away the time.

Dilly was quite shrewd, too, for a little girl not yet seven. She considered now and moved a far off goose, and the fox knew that was sour grapes.

"Oh, you're a sharp one!" exclaimed grandfather. "I'll have to mind how I doze on this bout."

But alas! On the next move she let him in a little way, then she fenced him out again, and lost one goose repairing her defences. But it wasn't a bad move. The great art was to keep one goose behind another for protection. He couldn't jump over but one at a time.

She beat grandfather, who pretended to be quite put out about it and said she'd do for an army general. Grandmother was making a pumpkin pudding with milk and eggs and sugar and stick-cinnamon, which was quite a luxury. Then she poured it into an iron pan that stood upon little feet, drew out a bed of coal, and plumped it down. The cover had a rim around the top, and she placed some coals on the top of this. She baked her bread in it, too. Stoves were great luxuries and costly. Then she laid some potatoes in the hot ashes and hung a kettle of turnips on the crane.

Grandfather and the little girl had another game and she was the fox this time and lost, getting penned up.

"Grandfather," she said sagely, "if you know the good early moves and don't make any mistake, you're sure to win."

"I believe that is so. You're getting a stock of wisdom, Dilly. Oh, won't your father be surprised when he comes home. You were a mere baby when he went away."

She was an oddly pretty child. Her hair was really yellow, soft and curly, then her eyes were of so dark a blue that you often thought them black. The eyebrows and lashes were dark, the nose rather piquant, the mouth sweet and rosy, curved, with dimples in the corners. But in those days no one thought much about beauty in children.

The door was flung open.

"Ugh!" ejaculated Gran Bradin. "It's fairly wintry. Fire feels good! The news is just glorious! They headed off Cornwallis after having destroyed their fortifications and dismantled their cannon."

The British works were so in ruins they tried escape. One section of troops crossed over to Glous'ter Point, but a storm set in and dispersed the boats. There was nothing left but surrender. So the great army and the great general who were to give us the finishing stroke, handed in their capitulation to General Washington. There are between seven and eight thousand prisoners and all the shipping in the harbor. Grandfather, you may be proud. We had, it is thought, seven thousand French troops, with Count De Rochambeau, and Count De Grasse."

He reached over and wrung grandfather's slim white hand with its tracery of blue veins. Then he kissed his wife. "They've been good friends to us. We'll never forget that!"

"And the war is over?"

"Not exactly that. We've yet to dislodge them from various places. But they think now England will be willing to treat. And we'll have a country of our own! Well, it was three weeks ago."

There were no telegraphs, and only the more important places had post roads. Pittsburg was quite out of the way. It had no dreams of grandeur in those days, and about its only claim to eminence was Braddock's defeat.

"Lang brought some copies of the Philadelphia *Gazette*, but you couldn't get near one, they were rushed off so. But we'll hear it all in a few days. Too much good news might puff us up with vain glory. We may look for letters any day. Such a splendid victory!"

Grandfather was wiping the tears from his eyes. Marc Bradin went in to comfort his daughter, though he could hardly forbear smiling with a sense of inward amusement as he thought of Sandy Carrick, who had as good as disowned his son for joining the Colonial army. He'd be glad enough to have him back again. Though he had been rather disgruntled at his marrying Barbe Bradin because she had French blood in her veins, as if the Irish Bradin could not in some degree counteract that!

Sandy Carrick had been in the sore battle of Braddock's defeat. But after all the cowardly French had thought retreat the better part of valor and left the Fort that had been partly burned, left that section as well, and the government had erected the new Fort Pitt. He insisted that the French had been really driven out. They certainly had been checked in their advance to the Mississippi.

Pittsburg was a conglomerate in these early days. Welsh, Irish, and English had contributed to its then small population of the few hundreds whose history and beginning were like so many other emigrants. The houses were ranged largely about the Fort for protection from the Indians. There were small crooked lanes, a few dignified by-streets, Penn Street, Duquesne way, Water and Ferry streets. Colonel George Morgan had built a double-hewn log house of considerable dimensions, the first house in the settlement to have a shingle roof. Though the "Manor of Pittsburg" had been surveyed and Fort Pitt had been abandoned by the British under orders of General Gage and occupied by Virginia troops under Captain John Neville.

There were some French residents, some Acadians as well, and a few Virginians who were mostly refugees. The houses were of very primitive construction, generally built of logs, but made comfortable on the inside. The emigrants had brought their industries with them. The women spun and knit, there were several rude looms, but they depended largely on Philadelphia for supplies.

Pierre Duvernay had fled to Ireland in one of the Huguenot persecutions, but more fortunate than many, he had been able to take some of his worldly possessions. Here his only daughter had married Marc Bradin, his only son had died, and his wife had followed. Broken-hearted he had accompanied his daughter and son-in-law to the new Colonies. They had spent a few years in Virginia, then with some French friends had come to Pittsburg and bought a large holding, which seemed at the time a misadventure, and so they had built in nearer to the Fort. Here pretty Barbe Bradin had grown up and married Bernard Carrick, their neighbor's son, but they had not let the hospitable Bradin home. Here Daffodil had been born, and the French and Irish blended again.

"What made you call me Daffodil?" the child said one day to her mother. "You were named after your mother and gran'mere after hers, and you should have called me Barbe."

"It would have made no end of confusion. You see it does with great-grandfather. And when you were born it was lovely sunshiny weather and the daffodils were in bloom with their tender gold. Then you had such a funny fuzzy yellow head. I loved the Daffodils so. They come so early and look so cheerful, and you were such a cheerful baby, always ready to smile."

"Do you suppose my hair will always stay yellow?"

"Oh, no. It will grow darker."

"Like yours?"

"Well, perhaps not quite as dark. I like it. You are my spring. If I were in any sorrow, your brightness would comfort me."

Then the sorrow came. The young husband felt it his duty to join the struggling army and fight for his country. It was in doubtful times.

This queer, rural, primitive settlement knew little about the great causes. Since the new fort had been built and the French repulsed, absolutely driven out of their strongholds, there had been only the infrequent Indian encounters to rouse them. The stern resolves, the mighty enthusiasm of the Eastern Colonies had not inspired them. Even the Declaration of Independence, while it had stirred up their alien and contradictory blood, had not evoked the sturdy patriotism of the larger towns having so much more at stake. They added to their flocks and herds, they hunted game and wild animals, and on the whole enjoyed their rural life.

Sandy Carrick had never known which side to affiliate with the most strongly. There was the brave old Scottish strain that his mother had handed down in many a romantic tale, there was the Irish of his father that had come down almost from royalty itself, from the famous Dukes that had once divided Ireland between them. Why the Carricks had espoused the English side he could not have told. He was glad to come to the new countries. And when, after being a widower for several years, he married pretty buxom widow Boyle, he was well satisfied with his place in life.

He had been in the fateful encounter at Braddock's defeat at his first introduction to the country. The French were well enough in Canada, which seemed not very far from the North Pole, and a land of eternal snow, but when they came farther down with their forts and their claims it was time to drive them out, and nothing gave him greater satisfaction than to think they were mostly out.

He took a great fancy to his next-door neighbor, Marc Bradin, but he fought shy of the old black-eyed Frenchman. Pierre Duvernay had passed through too many vicissitudes and experiences to believe that any one party had all the right; then, too, he was a sweet-natured old man, thinking often of the time when he should rejoin friends and relatives, not a few of whom had died for their faith.

Sandy had not liked his son's marriage with Barbe Bradin, who certainly was more French than Irish, but she had a winsome brightness and vivacity, and indulged in many a laughing tilt with her father-in-law. Nora Boyle openly favored them all. They spun and knit and made lace and wove rugs of rags and compared cookery, and she and Mrs. Bradin were wildly happy over Daffodil.

"If 't had been a boy now!" exclaimed Sandy. "A gal's good for naught when it comes to handin' down the name. Though if its hair'll turn out red, an 't looks so now, it may flout t'other blood," putting a strong expletive to it.

"Don't now, Sandy!" said his wife's coaxing voice. "There's sorts and kinds in the world. The good Lord didn't mean us all to be alike or he'd made 'em so to start with."

"Did make 'em so, woman. There was only two of 'em!"

"Well, some others came from somewhere. And Cain went off an got himself a wife. An' when you think of the baby there's good three parts Irish to the one French. An' I'm sure no one keeps a tidier house, an' the little old man sittin' by the chimney corner hurts no one. And it's handy to have a neebur to play at cards."

When there came an urgent call for men to join what seemed almost a lost cause Bernard Carrick went to Philadelphia with perhaps twenty other recruits, to the sorrow of his wife and the anger of his father.

"For they can't win, the blunderin' fules! D'y spouse King George's goin' to let a gran' country like this slip out of his fingers. Barbery, if you were half a woman you'd 'a' held onto him if y'd had to spit on yer han's to do it. You'll never see him agen, an' it comforts me for the loss of my son that you've lost your husband. Ye can git anither one, but I'll have no more sons to comfort me in my old age."

Poor Barbe was wild with grief, yet somehow Bernard's sense of duty to his country *had* inspired her, and then she had her little darling, her mother, and father, and grandfather, who had not outlived a certain heroic strain if his blood had come through French channels.

The people of Pittsburg had no tea to throw overboard. The Stamp Act bore lightly on them. They could brew good beer, they could distil whiskey and make passable wine. Fish and game were in abundance, the fields laughed with riotous harvests, so what if a few did go to war?

Sandy relented after a little and they took up the evenings of card-playing, with the cider or beer and doughnuts, or a brittle kind of spice cake that Mrs. Bradin could make in perfection. They had arguments, to be sure: Marc Bradin was on the side of the Colonies, and he had taken pains to keep informed of the causes of disaffection. It was going to be a big country and could govern itself since it must know better what was needed than a king thousands of miles away!

Sandy held his spite against the French sufficiently in abeyance to learn to play piquet with great-grandfather. It interested him wonderfully, and since two could play a game the women could knit and sew and gossip. News came infrequently. Bradin often went to the Fort to hear. If there were reverses, he held his peace in a cheerful sort of way – if victories, there was rejoicing among themselves. For they tried not to ruffle Sandy Carrick unnecessarily.

Daffodil went often to see grandad and Norry, as they called the merry-hearted second wife, who nearly always had some tidbit for her. And grandad took her on journeys sitting in front of him on an improvised pillion, teaching her to sit astride and buckling a strap around both bodies.

"For you'll have to be my boy, Dilly. My other boy'll never come back to us."

"Where will he go?" in her wondering tone.

"The Lord only knows, child."

CHAPTER II

A JOYFUL RETURN

"It is so good to get out among you all," Barbe Carrick said, as she was pillowed up in a big high-backed chair and wrapped in a soft gray blanket. Her hair was gathered in a pretty white cap with a ruffle of lace about the edge, framing in her rather thin face. "So good! And the good news! Why, I feel almost well."

It had been a slow autumnal fever, never very serious, but wearing. Mrs. Bradin knew the use of many herbs and was considered as good as a doctor by most of the settlers.

The room would have made a fine "Interior," if there had been a Dutch artist at hand. It was of good dimensions, or the great fireplace would have dwarfed it. Marc Bradin was a handy man, as not a few were in those days when new settlers could not encumber themselves with much furniture. There were some of the old French belongings, a sort of escritoire that had drawers below and shelves above and was in two pieces. But the tables and chairs and the corner cupboard were of his fashioning. There was china, really beautiful pewter ware, some pieces of hammered brass, candlesticks, and one curious lamp. The rafters were dark with age and smoke, but they were not ornamented with fitches of bacon, for there was a smoke-house out one side.

The chairs would pass for modern Mission furniture. A few had rockers, notably that in which the little girl sat, with Judy on her lap, and the cat almost covered her. Grandfather was in his accustomed place. There was a small table beside him on which were his old French Bible, a book of devotion, and a volume or two of poems, and a tall candlestick with two branches. Gran'mere was doing some white embroidery, a frock for the little girl's next summer's wear. Mrs. Bradin had been settling her daughter and now stood undecided as to her next duty.

"Has father gone out again?" Barbe asked.

"Yes, to the Fort – to see if he can't get one of the papers."

"It's wonderful news!" and the invalid drew a long breath of delight. "But it isn't real peace yet."

"Oh, no, I do believe it is the beginning, though," said her mother.

"I wish the sun would shine. It ought to;" and Barbe gave a wan half smile.

"But it isn't going to," announced Daffodil confidently. "And it *is* going to rain."

Grandfather laughed.

"Why, Dilly?"

"Because." The child colored. "Oh, you will see."

There was a tap at the door and then it opened. Norah Carrick dropped the shawl she had thrown over her head. A still pretty, heartsome-looking woman, with a merry face bright with roses, laughing blue eyes, and dark hair.

"It's good for sore eyes to see you up, Barbe. I hope we'll have some fine weather to brace up one. An' – an' 'twas good news you heard the morn." Then she gave a funny, rippling laugh.

"But he'll be glad to have Bernard come back," Barbe exclaimed resentfully.

"Ah, that he will! Ye mustna mind him child, if he's cranky for a bit. He's been that set about England winning the game that you'd take him for wan of the high dukes that sit in state and tell what shall be done. I've been for the country all along. It runs in my mind that Ireland owes the king a gredge. She's been a cross-grained stepmother, say your best. An' why couldn't she let us go on an' prosper! We'd been willin' enough to work for her part of the time. An' it's not such an easy thing to lave your own bit of a home and come over here in these wilds, an' hew down trees for your houses and clear land for the corn, an' fight Indians. So I'm wishin' the country to win. But Sandy's carryin' the black cat round on his back to-day, an' it makes me laugh, too. He's that smart when he gets a little riled up, and he's husked corn to-day as if he was keepin' time with Nickey Nick's fiddle."

"What makes the black cat stay on his back?" asked Daffodil, stroking her own pussy softly.

"Ah, that's just a say so, Dilly darlin', for a spell of gettin' out of temper when there's no need. But he made a good dinner. I had just the stew he liked, an' a Donegal puddin' that come down from my great-grandmother. An', Barbe, you begin to look like crawlin' about again an' not so washed out. The good news should make a warm streak all through you."

"Oh, I'm much better. If it will come off nice an' warm – "

"We'll have a storm first. And is there any more news?"

She had been taking some work out of a bag after she had nodded to gran'mere and shaken hands with great-grandfather. Now she settled herself and began to sew. She was never idle. Sandy Carrick had the smartest wife anywhere about and few women would have minded his queer quips so little.

Then the door opened and Marc Bradin entered, thrusting out a newspaper.

"I've been waiting my turn and have promised to have it back in half an hour, but I'll not count the coming and going," laughing. "And it's news worth waiting for. It's all true and more, too. And if we want a King or an Emperor, General Washington's the man. Now I'll read, since that's the cheapest way, as you can all hear at once."

He dropped into a chair and threw his old cap on the floor. Bradin was an excellent reader. Yes, it was glorious news. A big battle averted and soldiers disabled by honor rather than wounds. A vivid description of what had led up to the surrender and the conditions, the enthusiasm and the predictions that at last victory was achieved for the Colonies. And although numerous points were still held by the English, it would be difficult to rouse enthusiasm after this crushing blow.

"Time's up," said the reader. "But you have all the real gist of the matter. Norah, how's Sandy?"

Norah gave a laugh and a shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh, he'll come round. I can't see, with all the Scotch an' Irish in him, why he must be shoutin' for King George just because he happened to fight on that side years ago. An' it was under Washington, too, an' people do say if Braddock hadn't been so high an' mighty, and taken some of the young man's counsel, there wouldna have been such an awful defeat."

"I'll come right back, jinky! It begins to rain."

Dilly looked up in triumph. "I told you so," she said, "and you just laughed, grandfather. Now you see Judy knew."

She gave Judy an extra hug and squeezed a faint mew out of her.

"Judy is a wise cat," admitted grandfather.

"And I must run home an' get a supper that'll be a soothin' poultice to the inside of the man," laughed Norah. "I'm glad I know about how things stand, so my heart will be light. An' we will have Bernard home safe and sound, never you fear, so, Barbe, get well to welcome him. I'm cooking chicken to-morrow an' I'll send over broth an' a bit of the breast. Run over to-morrow, little one. Grandad'll be all right."

Barbe was tired and went to bed. Dilly moved over by grandfather and begged for a story. He and Norah had a packful of them. It grew darker and rained, with a sort of rushing wind.

When Dilly grew older and began to understand what real living was, it seemed as if this was her actual induction into it. She had run about and played, listened to stories and songs, gravitated between the two houses, ridden with grandad, who was always a little jealous that most of her relatives should be on the French side. She could shut her eyes and hear Kirsty's raucous voice and the two bells he was ringing and see grandad's upturned nose and his derisive tone. She awoke to the fact that she really had a father.

Grandad used to come over in the evening and play piquet with old grandfather. It was a game two could enjoy, and the women folk were no great hands at card-playing. Now and then, when Norah was not too busy, they had a friendly, social game. It rained two days and then cleared up in the glory of perfect autumn weather. Nothing came to counteract the good tidings. Grandad came for Daffodil

to take a ride with him, and that evening he sauntered in and had a game of piquet and beat. It always delighted him. It was fighting the French over again.

Barbe improved rapidly now. People were quite apt to have what was called a run of fever in the autumn at the change of the seasons, and there were some excellent home-brewed remedies and tonics that answered, if the case was not too severe.

Dilly and her mother talked a great deal about the return of the husband and father.

"Is he like grandad?" she inquired with a little contraction of the brows.

"Oh, not much. He was called a handsome young fellow. Your eyes are like his, and he had such a brilliant color then," sighing a little and wondering if the hardships had made him old before his time.

"And – and his nose?" hesitatingly.

Barbe laughed. "It isn't short like grandad's. His mother was a handsome woman."

"It's queer," said the child reflectively, "that you can have so many grand relatives and only one father. And only one gran'mere. For Norry isn't *real*, is she, since she isn't father's mother. And how many wives can one have?"

"Only one at a time. It's quite a puzzle to little folks. It was to me."

Daffodil looked at her mother with wondering eyes and said thoughtfully, "Were you truly little like me? And did you like grandad? Did he take you out on his big horse?"

"We were living in Virginia then. Great-grandfather and great-grandmother were living there – she was alive then. And when she died gran'mere and gran came out here. I was about eight. And we didn't like it here. The children were so different."

"It is all very queer," said Dilly. "You are little, and then you grow, and – and you get married. Will I be married? Must you find some one –"

"Oh, Dilly, I think some one will find you;" and her mother laughed. "You will have to grow up and be – well, eighteen, I think, almost a dozen years before you need to think about it."

"I'm very glad," she said soberly.

She did not like things that puzzled her. The war was another. What had it been about? Grandad was sure the English were right, and great-grandfather was glad they were going to be beaten.

She used to dream of her father, and watch out for him. For some of the companies were furloughed, his among them. And now he was Captain Carrick.

Christmas came. There was not much made of it here, as there had been in Virginia, no gift-giving, but family dinners that often ended in a regular carouse, sometimes a fight. For Pittsburg had not reached any high point of refinement, and was such a conglomerate that they could hardly be expected to agree on all points.

The little girl lost interest presently in watching for her father, and half believed he was not coming. She was very fond of grandad, and Norry, and the wonderful stories she heard about fairies and "little folk," who came to your house at night, and did wonderful things – sometimes spun the whole night long, and at others did bits of mischief. This was when you had offended them some way.

She liked the Leprecawn so much. He was a fairy shoemaker, and when all was still in the night you sometimes heard him. "Tip tap, rip rap, Tick a tack too!" And the little Eily, who wished so for red shoes, but her folks were too poor to buy them. So she was to find six four-leaf clovers, and lay them on the doorstep, which she did.

"What a queer noise there was in the night," said the mother. "It was like this, 'Tip tap, rip rap,'"

"Sho!" said the father, "it was the swallows in the chimney."

Eily held her peace, but she put four-leafed clovers again on the doorstep, and tried to keep awake, so she could hear the little shoemaker.

"I'll clear them swallows out of the chimney, they disturb me so," declared the father, and he got a long pole and scraped down several nests. But the next night the sound came again, and the mother began to feel afeared. But when Eily went downstairs there was a pair of little red shoes standing in

the corner, and Eily caught them up and kissed them, she was so full of joy. Then her mother said, "The Leprecawn has been here. And, Eily, you must never wear them out of doors at the full of the moon, or you'll be carried off."

"Was she ever, do you think, Norry?"

"Oh, her mother'd be very careful. For if you go to fairyland, you'll have to stay seven years."

"I shouldn't like that," subjoined Dilly. "But I *would* like the red shoes. And if I could find some four-leaf clovers – "

"You can't in winter."

"Well – next summer."

"Maybe grandad can find you some red leather, and lame Pete can make them."

"But I rather have the fairy shoemaker, with his 'tip tap, rip rap';" laughing.

"Don't minch about him. Here's a nice chunk of cake."

Dilly had cake enough to spoil a modern child's digestion. But no one understood hygiene in those days, and kept well.

There were no schools for little girls to go to. But a queer old fellow, who lived by himself, taught the boys, and tried to thrash some knowledge in their brains. It was considered the best method.

Dilly's mother taught her to read English, and great-grandfather inducted her into French. Gran'mere talked French to the old man. Every morning she brushed his hair and tied it in a queue with a black ribbon. He wore a ruffled shirt front, and lace ruffles at his wrist; knee breeches, silk stockings, and low shoes with great buckles.

Dilly learned to sew a little as well. But early industry was not held in as high esteem as in the Eastern Colonies. There was plenty of spinning and knitting. Fashions did not change much in the way of dress, so you could go on with your clothes until they were worn out. The nicest goods were imported, but there was a kind of flannelly cloth for winter wear, that was dyed various colors, mostly blue and copperas, which made a kind of yellow.

So the winter went on, and in February there came a great thaw. Oh, how the river swelled, and rushed on to the Ohio. It was very warm. And one day Daffodil sat on the great stone doorstep, holding the cat, and munching a piece of cake. Judy ate a few crumbs, but she did not care much for it.

"There's a peddler," said Dilly to Judy. "He has a big pack on his back, and he walks with a cane, as if he was tired. And there's something hanging to his waist, and a queer cap. He seems looking – why, he's coming here. Gran'mere wants some thread, but he isn't our – Mother," she called.

He was thin, and pale, and travel-stained, and had not the brisk, jaunty air of the peddler.

But he came up the little path, and looked at her so sharply she jumped up, hugging Judy tightly. "Some one, mother," she said, half frightened.

Mrs. Carrick stepped to the door, and glanced. Then, with a cry, she went to her husband's arms. They both almost fell on the doorstep.

"Oh," she cried, "you are tired to death! And – "

"Never mind; I'm home. And I have all my limbs, and have never been ill. It has been a desperate struggle, but it's ending grandly. And everybody – "

"They are all alive and well. Oh, we've been watching, and hoping – it doesn't matter now, you are here;" and she leaned down on his shoulder and cried.

"Three years and four months. I couldn't get word very well, and thought I'd rather come on. You see, my horse gave out, and I've had a ten-mile walk. And – the baby?"

"Oh, she's a big girl. She was sitting here – "

"Not that child!" in surprise.

"Daffodil," called her mother.

The child came shyly, hesitatingly.

"Dilly, it's father. We've talked of him so much, you know. And you have watched out for him many a time."

Somehow he didn't seem the father of her imagination. He took her in his arms, and dragged her over in his lap.

"Oh, I forgot you could grow," in a tone broken with emotion. "But her blue eyes, and her yellow hair. Oh, my little darling! We shall have to get acquainted over again;" and he kissed the reluctant lips. "Oh, it is all like a dream! Many and many a time I thought I should never see you again;" and he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"If you are glad, what makes you cry?" asked the child, in a curious sort of way.

Barbe put her arms around Dilly. Of course, no child could understand.

"And the others," began Bernard Carrick.

"Oh, let us go in." There was a tremble of joy in her voice. "Mother, grandfather, he has come!"

Mrs. Bradin greeted her son-in-law with fond affection, and a great thanksgiving that he had been spared to return to them. They talked and cried, and Daffodil looked on wonderingly. Great-grandfather Duvernay, who had been taking his afternoon rest, came out of his room, and laid his hand tremblingly in the younger one, that had not lost its strength. Yes, he was here again, in the old home, amid them all, after many hardships.

"Oh, sit down," said Mother Bradin. "You look fit to drop. And you must have something to eat, and a cup of tea. Or, will it be a man's tippie? There's some good home-brewed beer – or a sup of whiskey."

"I'll take the tea. It's long since I've had any. And if I could wash some of the dust off – it must be an inch thick."

Ah, that was something like the old smile, only there was a hollow in the cheek, that used to be so round and so pink. She took him into her room, and, filling a basin with warm water, set it on the cedar chest, spreading a cloth over it, that he might splash in comfort.

"It's been a long journey," he said. "But the poor horse gave out first. Boyle, and Truart, and Lowy were with me, but not to come quite so far. Some of the young fellows remained, though the feeling is that there won't be much more fighting. The impression is that England's about as tired of the war as we."

"But you wouldn't have to go back again?" Barbe protested, in a sort of terror.

"Well – no;" yet the tone was not altogether reassuring.

She took his coat out by the door and brushed it, but it was very shabby. Still, he looked much improved when he re-entered the room, where Mrs. Bradin had set a tempting lunch at the corner of the table. But he could hardly eat for talking. Barbe sat beside him – she could scarce believe he was there in the flesh.

Daffodil went out in the sunshine again. She started to run over to grandad's. Norry would be so glad. Well, grandad too, she supposed. Had he really believed father would never come home? Somehow, it was different. In Norry's stories the soldiers were strong, and handsome, and glittering with gold lace, and full of laughter. She couldn't recall whether they had any little girls or not. And there was her mother hanging over the strange man – yes, he *was* strange to her. And her mother would care for him, and stay beside him, and she somehow would be left out. Her little heart swelled. She did not understand about jealousy, she had had all the attention, and it was not pleasant to be pushed one side. Oh, how long he was eating, and drinking, and talking, and – yes, they laughed. Grandad was coming up to the house with a great two-handled basket – she knew it was full of ears of corn, and she did so like to see him shell it, and hear the rattle as it fell down in the tub. He sat on a board across the tub, and had a queer sort of affair, made by two blades, and as he drew the ears of corn through it, scraped off both sides.

No, she wouldn't even go and see grandad, for he would say, "Well, yellow-top, your father hasna come home yet;" and, she – well, she could not tell a wrong story, and she would not tell the true one. Grandad wouldn't go back on her, but he could wait.

"Oh, Dilly, here you are!" said her mother, coming out of the door, with her husband's arm around her. "We're going over to grandad's; come;" and she held out her hand.

The soldier looked more attractive. His faded cap had been thrown aside, and his short dark hair was a mass of curls. He looked sharply at the little girl, and she turned away her face. Still, she took her mother's hand.

Norry had been sitting by the window. Now she rushed out with a shriek of joy.

"Oh, Barney! Barney! Sure, I've been afraid we'd never set eyes on you again! The saints be praised! Sandy!"

Sandy Carrick came and put his arms around his son. Both were rather tall men. For some moments neither spoke. Then the father said, "Cross the threshold, Barney. An' here's a silver shilling – kiss it for good luck an' a long stay."

Bernard did as his father bade him, and the two crossed the threshold together.

"Now, you must have something to eat and drink," began hospitable Norah. "Deed an' true, the crows would hardly make a meal of you."

"But I've been stuffed already," he protested.

"No matter. There's always room intil you're laid on your back for the last time. An' you're that thin, 't would take two of you to make a shadow."

She set out cold chicken, and boiled bacon, and bread that would tempt one on a fast day, with a great loaf of cake, and Bernard and Barbe sat down. Sandy brought out the whiskey bottle. No one thought of objecting in those days.

"Oh, where's the colleen?" and Norah stepped to the door.

"Has she gone back home? She takes it a little strange," said Barbe. "She can't remember well. But she'll come to it presently." Then Barbe raised her eyes and met her husband's, that were so full of adoration; she blushed like a girl.

"And the war is over," declared Norah. "Did they all have leave to go home?"

"Oh, no. We can't say it's over, though the thought is there'll be no more hard fighting. And we've some good friends on the other side to argue the case for us."

"No, no," snorted Sandy. "It's not over by a long shot. An' then they'll get to fightin' atween theirselves, and split here an' there. Weel, Mr. Captain, are we to have a King or a great Emperor, like him of France, with a court an' all that?"

Bernard laughed. "We'll have neither. We've gotten rid of kings for all time."

"Don't do your skreeking until you're well out o' the woods. But I hope you'll be wise enough next time to let t'other fellow take his chance. An' it beats me to think a great Lord an' a great soldier, too, should be put about, and captured by a crowd of ignoramuses without training."

"Oh, you learn a good deal in five or six years," said the son good-naturedly. "There have been the Indians and the French."

"And I can't abide turn-coats. First we fight for th' old country, then turn around and fight forninst it. We lick the French, an' then ask their aid. A fine country we'll have, when no one knows his own mind!"

"You'll see the sort of country we'll make when we get about it. And we have no end of brave fine men who'll plan it out for us. Here's to your health and luck. And now tell me what Pittsburg has been doing."

He raised his glass and barely touched it to his lips. Sandy drained his.

"There's not much doin' – how could there be, with no money?" he answered shortly.

"But you've the place for a fine town. New York and Philadelphia may have the start, but it's up to us to come out fair in the race. You have the key to the great West. Some day we'll clear the French out of that."

"Oh, don't talk war," interposed Norah. "Tell us if you're glad to get home. And should you have known Dilly? She'll be the one to set hearts aching with those eyes of hers, when she gets a bit grown up."

"We must go back," said Barbe. "And, Bernard, you must be stiff with your long tramp. They rode mostly all night, and when the horses gave out, walked. You must go to bed with the chickens."

Sandy gave a snort.

"I'll be over in the morn, ready for a talk or a fight," laughed Bernard. "God be praised that He has cared for us all these years, and let us meet again."

Sandy looked after his son, who had the fine air of a trained soldier.

"An' when we get him fatted up," said Norah, "he will be main good-looking."

Daffodil had sauntered slowly homeward. She looked for some one to call after her, but there was no sound. Oh, her mother did not care for her now, and Norry had not so much as coaxed her in and offered her a piece of cake. She entered the house rather sadly. Gran'mere was concocting some treat for supper. She just turned and said, "Were they glad to see your father?"

"I don't know. I didn't go in." Then she crept up alongside of grandfather, and leaned her face down on his breast and cried softly.

"Dear, what has hurt my little girl?" pushing aside the mop of hair.

"Mother won't want me any more. Nor grandad, nor Norry, nor – nor any one;" and Daffodil seemed very lonesome in a great cold world, colder than any winter day.

"Yes, I want you. Oh, they'll all want you after a day or two. And it's a great thing for your father to come home safe."

"I don't believe I am going to like him. He isn't like what I thought."

Grandfather smiled. "Wait and see what he is like to-morrow. It's almost night now, and things look different, cloudy-like. There, dear, don't cry when we are all full of joy."

CHAPTER III

WELCOME

Neighbors kept dropping in, and the table was crowded at supper time. Hospitality was ungrudging in those days. Grandfather had the little girl close under his wing, but she had a curiously strange feeling, as if she was outside of it all. Then her mother said:

"Wouldn't you rather go to bed, dear? The men will want to talk about battles, and things, not best for little girls to hear. When you are older they will interest you more."

"Yes," she replied, and kissed grandfather. Then her mother undressed her and tucked her in her little pallet.

"Oh, you *will* always love me?" she cried, in a tremulous tone.

"Always, always. And father, too." Even if other children should come, the years when Daffodil had been her all could never be dimmed.

The mother shut the door softly. They were kindly enough, this conglomerate population, but rough, and the French strain in the Bradins had tended to refinement, as well as living somewhat to themselves.

Daffodil cried a little, it seemed a comfort. But she was tired and soon fell asleep, never hearing a sound, and the company was rather noisy. When she woke, the door to the living room was partly open, and the yellow candlelight was shining through. Mornings were dark, for they had come to the shortest days. There was a curious rustling sound, and Dilly ran out in her little bare feet, though the carpet was thick and warm. Gran'mere was cooking, Barbe was washing dishes, Judy sat by the fire in a grave upright fashion. How white the windows were!

"Oh, it's snow!" cried the little girl. "Are we snowed up, as grandad tells about? Why, we can't see out!"

"Yes, it's a tremendous snow. Bring out your clothes, and let me dress you. Don't be noisy."

The child seldom was noisy. She wondered at the request. And what had happened? She had a confused sense of something unusual in her mind.

"Father is asleep. It was late when he went to bed last night, and he is so tired out that we shall let him sleep as long as he will. Get your clothes, and shut the door softly."

She did as she was bidden, with a furtive glance at the mound under the blankets. Her mother soon had her dressed in a sort of brownish red flannel frock, and a blue and white checked apron. Then she brushed out her silky hair, and made three or four thick curls.

"Oh, isn't it funny! Why, we can't see anything, not a house, or a tree, nor grandad's."

They could see that in almost any storm.

She went and patted Judy. Gran'mere was frying bacon, and when that was brown and crisp, she slipped some eggs in the pan. Grandfather kept his bed late winter mornings, and only wanted a bit of toast and a cup of coffee. That was generally made by roasting wheat grains, with a tiny bit of corn, and made very fair coffee. But it was necessity then, not any question of nerves or health.

So they ate their breakfast and everything seemed quite as usual except the snow. So far there had been none to speak of. Gran'mere put out the candle, and the room was in a sort of whitey-gray light.

There was queer, muffled banging outside, that came nearer, and finally touched the door, and a voice said "Hello! hello!"

Barbe opened it. There was grandad, in his frieze coat and fur cap, a veritable Santa Claus.

"Well, was there ever the beat of this! Stars out at twelve? The old woman's geese are gettin' plucked close to the skin. Why, it's furious! Dilly, come out and let me tumble you in the snow bank."

She shrank back, laughing.

"I'd have to dig you out again. How is the lad? Did we upset grandfather with the racket?"

"Oh, no. He always sleeps late. Have a cup of hot coffee."

"An' that's just what I will. Well, the lad's lucky that he was no' a day later, he'd been stumped for good. By the nose of St. Andrew, I never saw so much snow fall in a little time. An' it's dark as the chimney back."

"The snow is white," interposed Daffodil.

"Ah, ye're a cunnin' bairn. But put a lot of it together, and it turns the air. The coffee's fine, it warm the cockles of one's heart."

"What are they?"

"Oh, the little fellys that get hot, an' cold, an' keep the blood racin' round. And have delight bottled up to give out now and then when one is well treated."

Daffodil nodded. She was not going to say she did not understand.

"An' the b'y? He wants fat, sure. The country's made a poor shoat out of him. Well, I must go back, shovelin' for the path's about grown up. The boss out to the barn?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll kem over agin, an' give him a hand."

"Grandad has a good heart," said Mrs. Bradin.

Mr. Bradin came in presently with a pail of milk. "This beats all for a storm," he said. "Now, I'll take a second breakfast. Dilly, come and sit here beside me, and take a taste of things. Not a livin' hen is up yet, just balls of feathers on the perch."

"Couldn't you take me out to see them?"

"If you get snowed under, we'll have to send for grandad. Well, they did have a roarin' time last night. He was plucky to take that long walk, though the poor fellows have had many a wearisome march."

He wrapped Dilly in a blanket, and carried her out to the barn. There was Mooley munchin' her hay, there was the pen of sheep that was always safe-guarded at night, and the hens, funny balls of feathers, sure enough. But the head of the flock stretched up his long neck and crowed. The pigs grunted and squealed a request for breakfast. Mr. Bradin threw them a lot of corn.

"Oh, let me walk back," she exclaimed. But the snow drifted in her eyes, and she tumbled over in the snow bank. He picked her up, and they both laughed.

Grandfather was up now, looking as neat and trim as possible. He always read a chapter in his French Bible, and Daffodil sat on the broad arm of the chair and liked to listen. Then he had his breakfast on the little stand, and Dilly ate the crust of his toast. She liked so to crunch it in her teeth. Then she always wanted a story about France, that seemed heroic to her, though she hardly knew the meaning of the word. But Norah's stories were generally amusing, and grandfather did not believe in the "little people."

It was noon when the soldier made his appearance. He really looked much refreshed, though his clothes were worn and shabby. And he kissed his little girl very fondly. Why, his blue eyes were very much like hers, and his smile won one to smile in return.

And then the sun suddenly broke through the gray clouds, and a gust of wind began tearing them to tatters, and letting the blue through. Gran'mere opened the door, and the very air was warm. She drew long, reviving breaths. Grandad was coming over again, with a great dish of roasted apples Norah had sent.

"I should be ungrateful if I didn't get fat by the minute," Bernard Carrick said. "But such a snow!"

"I never saw so much business done in the same time, but it'll run off like a river. And the sun is fairly hot. But there's plenty of time for winter yet. How does it seem to be out of barracks, or tents, or whatever you had, or didn't have?"

"There was a good deal of *not* having. But no one hardly knows all the hardships, and the danger. The wonder to me is that so many come out of it alive. And home is a better thing for all a man has passed through. I'm anxious to see how the town has gone on."

"H-u-g," with a sort of disdain. "It hasn't gone on. How could it, with the likeliest men thrashin' round the country worse than wild Indians. For we counted on their having a little more sense."

Bernard laughed. His father had been very angry about his going, and it was funny to see him try to be a little ungracious over his return, as he had been so sure he would never come back alive.

"Suppose we go out and take a look at it?"

"In all the snow!" so amazed he reverted to the ancient tongue. With the variety of people, and the admixture of English, the rugged points of dialect were being rubbed off.

"I've seen some snow, and travelled through it. But this is rather queer. Such a glorious air, and fairly a May day sun.

"Who dances barefoot in Janiveer will greet in March."

"But they wouldn't go barefooted in the snow," exclaimed Daffodil, in surprise.

"They wouldn't do it for choice, though I've seen them dance with their feet tied up in rags. Dance to keep themselves warm," said her father.

"Yes. Let us go to the Fort. You'll be wanting to see the b'y's grown up now. An' the old folk."

"You haven't grown much older," looking his father over affectionately.

"Bedad! It's not much beyant three years, and does a man get bowed over, an' knock-kneed, an' half-blind, an' bald-headed, an' walk with a stick in that little time. Havers! Did you expect to see me bed-ridden!"

Bernard laughed. The same old contrariness that was not so much temper after all.

"I can't say the same of you, more's the pity. You've given the country, a pack of men who'll never give you a thankee, your good looks, an' your flesh, an' at least ten years. Ye're a middle-aged man, Bernard Carrick!"

Bernard laughed again. It was like old times, and, oh, how glad he was to be home again.

"Come, then; and, Dilly, run down an' see Norah, an' have a good time."

Sandy took his son's arm, and they went off together. Daffodil looked after them with long breaths that almost brought tears to her eyes. Grandad hadn't been glad when the news came; she could see just how he had turned with his nose in the air, and now he was claiming his son as if he had all the right.

Gran'mere was concocting some mystery on the kitchen table, Barbe sat at the little wheel, spinning. And she was singing, too. A faint pink had come back to her cheek, and her eyes almost laughed with delight.

"What's a' the steer, kimmer.

What's a' the steer,

Jamie has landed, and soon he will be here."

She had a soft sweet voice. How long since she had sung with that gayety. True, she had been ill, and now she was well again, and Jamie had come home. But grandad had taken him off, and that somehow rankled in the child's heart.

She stood by the window, uncertainly. There were only two small windows in the large room that were of glass, for glass was costly. Another much larger had board shutters, closed tightly, and a blanket hung over it to keep out the cold. They called it the summer window. One looked over to the other house and Daffodil was there.

"I wouldn't go over if I were you," said her mother. "It is very wet. Grandad might have carried you, but he hardly knows whether he's on his head or his heels."

"He'd look very funny on his head. What makes him so glad? He was angry about – if that great general hadn't – I can't say the long word, father couldn't have come home."

She turned a very puzzled face to her mother.

"There might have been a big battle;" and the mother shuddered. "Oh, grandad will be as glad as the rest of us presently that we have a country. Now we can begin to live."

It was all very strange to her small mind. The sun was making rivulets through the snow, and the great white unbroken sheets sparkled with iridescent lights. Out beyond there was the Fort; she could see figures moving to and fro. Everything seemed so strange to her. And a country of one's own! Would the farms be larger, and, if England was beaten, what would become of it? Would they, our people, go over and take what they wanted? Would they drive the people away as they did the Indians?

She was tired of so much thinking. She went over to grandfather, and seated herself on the arm of the chair. She did not want Norry's fairy stories. Leaning her head down on the dear old shoulder, she said, "Tell me about a great King, who beat the English."

"Are you going mad about the English?" her mother asked laughingly. "We shall all be friends again. Quarrels are made up. And so many of us came from England."

"We didn't," returned Dilly decisively.

"Well – on the one side Scotch and Irish."

"And on the other French, pure French, until your mother married a Bradin, and you –"

"And Marc Bradin has been a good husband to me," said his wife, looking up from her preparations.

Truly, he had, and a kind son to him as well, though he had not been in favor of the marriage at first.

The story was about the grand old times in France. He never told of the religious persecutions to the little girl. He had a soft winsome sort of voice, and often lapsed into French idioms, but she was always charmed with it, even if she could not understand all he said. Presently she went fast asleep.

Then the darkness began to fall. The candles were lighted, and that roused both sleepers. There was a savory smell of supper, even Judy went around sniffing.

"We won't wait any longer," gran'mere said, with a little impatience. She had been cooking some messes that she remembered her son-in-law was very fond of, and she was disappointed that he was not here to enjoy it.

After that grandfather went to bed. Dilly was wide awake and held her cat, telling her a wonderful tale of a beautiful woman who had been turned into a cat by an ugly witch, and all the adventures she could remember. Judy purred very loudly now and then.

"Don't you want to go to bed?" asked Mrs. Carrick.

"Oh, I'm not a bit sleepy." Then, after a pause, "Will father stay at grandad's?"

"Oh, no. He is with the men at the Fort."

"But grandad took him away."

"Oh, they all want to see him."

"Doesn't he belong to us?"

"Yes, dear. But they always make a time when one comes home from the war."

"What queer things there are in the flames," the child went on. "I think they fight, too. Look at that long blue streak. Just as soon as the little red ones come out, he swallows them up. Then he sits and waits for some more, just as Judy does for a mouse. It's funny!"

"There, I've spun out all my flax. Now let us both come to bed."

There was a sound of voices outside. Then the door was flung open, and Bernard Carrick entered, with a rather noisy greeting, catching his wife in his arms, and kissing her vehemently. Then he clasped his arms about Dilly, and threw her up, she was so small and light. She stretched out her hands to her mother.

"Don't, Bernard; you frighten the child. We have been waiting for you to come home. And now Dilly must go to bed."

She took her little girl by the hand. Bernard dropped in the big chair.

Barbe seldom undressed her now, but she did this night. Presently Daffodil said in an imperious tone, "Do you like my father? I don't. I like grandfather, and gran, and grandad sometimes, but not always. And – father – "

"Hush, dear. You will come to like him very much, I know, for I love him dearly. Now, say your little prayer and go to bed."

Barbe went out, poked the fire a little, put on another log, and then sat down by her husband, who had fallen into a heavy sleep. Had he given the country something more than his service these three years – his manhood, the tender and upright qualities that dominated him when he went away? Sandy Carrick was of the old school, strong and stalwart, and not easily overcome, although he could not be called dissipated in any sense. But Bernard had never been of the roystering kind. She prayed from the depths of her heart that he might be made aware of the danger. The fire dropped down again, and she roused with a sudden shiver, rising and looking intently at him. The flush was gone, he was pale and thin again. Then he opened his eyes and saw her standing there. After a moment he held out both hands, and clasped hers.

"Forgive me, Barbe," he said. "I ought not have come home to you like that, but they are a wild lot and I hadn't the strength to stand it after the months of privations. Zounds! what a head my father has! I haven't been indulging in such junkets. I wanted to come home alive to you and the little one. But I couldn't get away without offence and one goes farther than one can bear. Don't think I brought the detestable habit home with me, though many a poor fellow does yield to it and you can't blame them so much, either."

"No," she answered softly, and kissed him on the forehead, much relieved at his frankness. Then as an afterthought – "I hope you didn't quarrel with anybody."

"Oh, no. Party spirit runs high. A man who has never seen anything beyond an Indian skirmish thinks he could set the country on its feet by any wild plan. And here we have so many shades of opinion. Father's amuse me; I wonder how he and great-grandfather keep such amicable friends!"

"Oh, he has no one nearby to play a game of piquet with him. And the Duvernay temper is much milder. But you must be tired. Let us fix the fire for the night."

"Tell me when I have it right. I am not quite sure, though I have looked after many a camp fire. And now I am here to ease you up somewhat, and look out for you. Your father has been very good through these troublous times, and I will see that he need not be ashamed of his son."

"Oh," she cried with deep emotion, "you make me very happy. So much of our lives are yet to come."

There followed several pleasant days. The snow ran off and another came and vanished.

There was little doing. Some people had looms in their houses and were weaving goods of various rather common kinds and many of the women were kept busy spinning thread and woolen yarns for cloth. Money was scarce, most of the trade was carried on by barter.

"It has the making of a magnificent city," Bernard Carrick said, surveying its many fine points. "From here you will go straight over to the Mississippi. Some day we shall have both sides. What have the French been about to let such a splendid opportunity slip through their hands."

"Don't stir up a hornet's nest at home," counseled the elder Carrick.

"Oh, you mean great-grandfather! He sees the mistakes and shortsightedness, and while he would have been proud enough to live here under French rule, he understands some aspects at the old home better than we, the extravagance of the Court, the corruption of society, and," laughing, "he is hardly as hot for France as you are for England. After all, what so much has been done for you or Scotland or Ireland for that matter?"

"This will be fought all over again. You will see. The country will be broken up into little provinces. Yankee and Virginian will never agree; Catholic and Puritan are bound to fight each other."

"Hardly! They fought together for the great cause and they'll hardly turn their swords on each other. I've been from New York to Yorktown. And now the great work is for every man to improve his own holding, his own town."

Pittsburg then had enjoyed or hated successive rulers. Great Britain, then France, Great Britain again, Virginia and Pennsylvania. It had been a strategic point worth holding, but no one then had dreamed of its later renown.

Bernard Carrick did not seem to make much headway with his little daughter. She had been startled with his rudeness, though he was gentle enough now. But what with her mother, grandad, and Norah, who was the most charming of stepmothers, she felt he had enough care and attention. She was not going to sue for any favors.

"Daffodil," he said one pleasant day when they had been rambling round the old Block House, not so very old then, though it could count on over twenty years, "Daffodil, why can't you love me as well as you love great-grandfather. I think you scarcely love me at all."

She kicked some gravelly stones out of her path and looked over the river. It was all so beautiful then, no smoke to obscure it anywhere.

"They all love you, they're always wanting you. Grandad doesn't care for me any more. And he wasn't a bit glad when the news came. He went in the house saying it was a 'lee' and Norry said the black cat was on his back. It wasn't a real cat, but like those in the stories. And he stayed there all day. And he wouldn't believe you were coming home or that the war was ended."

"He hardly believes it yet;" laughing. "But he *was* glad to have me come back. And are you not a little glad?"

"You have all mother's gladness. And gran'mere's."

She made a funny little movement with her dimpled chin, that if she had been older would have been coquettish. Her lashes were long and a sort of bronze brown, and her eyes made a glitter through them. Barbe had been a very pretty girl but the child was not much like her mother only in certain dainty ways. And her blue eyes came from him. He was rather glad of that.

"Don't you want them to be glad that I am back?"

"Why?" – she looked up perplexed. She was not old enough to define her emotions. "Of course I should want them to be glad."

"Yet you are a little jealous."

"Jealous!" she repeated. The word had no clearly definite meaning to her.

"Maybe I have crowded you out a little. But you will find as you grow that there is a great deal of love that can be given and not make any one the poorer."

"What is jealousy?"

She had been following out her own thought and hardly minded his truism.

"Why" – how could he define it to the child's limited understanding? "Jealousy is wanting *all* of another's regard and not being willing that any other shall have a share. Not being willing that grandad shall care for me."

"He wasn't glad at first." She could not forget that.

"It wasn't a question of wanting or not wanting me that made him captious. He could not enjoy the English being beaten. I do not understand that in him since he means to spend all the rest of his life here, and has never wanted to go back. He was only a little boy, not older than you when he came here. And he fought in the battle of Braddock's defeat. Though the French gained the day it was no great victory for them, for they gave up their plan of taking possession of all the country here about. And he has not much faith in the rebels, as he used to call us, and didn't see what we wanted to fight for. And he *is* glad to have me back. But he isn't going to love you any less."

"Oh, yes he does," she returned quickly. "I used to ride with him and he never asks me now. And he takes you away – then they all come asking for you and if everybody likes you so much – "

"And don't you like me a little?" He gave a soft, wholesome laugh and it teased her. She hung her head and returned rather doubtfully – "I don't know."

"Oh, and you are my one little girl! I love you dearly. Are you not glad to have me come back and bring all my limbs? For some poor fellows have left an arm or a leg on the battlefield. Suppose I had to walk with a crutch like poor old Pete Nares?"

She stopped short and viewed him from head to foot. "No, I shouldn't like it," she returned decisively.

"But you would feel sorry for me?"

"You couldn't dance then. And grandad tells of your dancing and that you and mother looked so pretty, that you could dance longer and better than any one. And he was quite sure you would come home all – all – "

"All battered up. But I think he and Norry would have been very good to me. And mother and everybody. And now say you love me a little."

"I was afraid of you," rather reluctantly. "You were not like – oh, you were so strange."

What an elusive little thing she was!

"But you are not afraid now. I think I never heard of a little girl who didn't love her father."

"But you see the fathers stay home with them. There are the Mullin children and the Boyles. But I shouldn't like Mr. Boyle for a father."

"Why?" with a touch of curiosity.

"Oh, because – "

"Andy Boyle seems very nice and jolly. We used to be great friends. And he gave me a warm welcome."

"I can't like him;" emphatically. "He beat Teddy."

"I suppose Teddy was bad. Children are not always good. What would you have done if you had been Teddy?" he asked with a half smile.

"I would – I would have bitten his hand, the one that struck. And then I should have run away, out in the woods and frozen to death, maybe."

"Why my father thrashed me and I know I deserved it. And you are not going to hate grandad for it?"

She raised her lovely eyes and looked him all over. "Were you very little?" she asked.

"Well – I think I wasn't very good as a boy."

"Then I don't like grandad as well. I'm bigger than Judy, but do you suppose I would beat her?"

"But if she went in the pantry and stole something?"

"Can you steal things in your own house?"

"Oh what a little casuist you are. But we haven't settled the other question – are you going to love me?"

"I can't tell right away;" reluctantly.

"Well, I am going to love you. You are all the little girl I have."

"But you have all the other people."

He laughed good-naturedly. She was very amusing in her unreason. And unlike most children he had seen she held her love rather high.

"I shall get a horse," he said, "and you will ride with me. And when the spring fairly comes in we will take walks and find wild flowers and watch the birds as they go singing about. Maybe I can think up some stories to tell you. I am going to be very good to you for I want you to love me."

She seemed to consider. Then she saw grandad, who had a little squirrel in his hands. Some of them were very tame, so she ran to look at it.

"A queer little thing," said the father to himself.

CHAPTER IV

OLD PITTSBURG

Spring came with a rush. Barbe Carrick glanced out of the south window one morning and called her little girl.

"Look, Dilly, the daffodils are opening and they make the garden fairly joyous. They are like the sun."

There was a long border of them. The green stalks stood up stiff like guards and the yellow heads nodded as if they were laughing. Wild hyacinths were showing color as well, but these were the first save a few snowdrops and violets one found in woody nooks. Birds were singing and flying to and fro in search of nesting places.

Pittsburg was not much of a town then, but its surroundings were beautiful. The two rivers were rushing and foaming now in their wild haste to pour their overflow into the Ohio. The houses had begun to stretch out beyond the Fort. Colonel Campbell some years before had laid out several streets, the nucleus of the coming city. Then Thomas Hickory completed the plans and new houses were in the course of erection. Still the great business of the time was in the hands of the Indian traders that the French had found profitable. Beyond were farms, and the great tract, afterward to be Allegheny City, lay in fields and woods.

A post road had been ordered by the government between Philadelphia and the town. And there were plans for a paper. For now most people were convinced that the war was at an end, and the Southern cities had been turned over to the Continental government.

There was a brisk, stirring air pervading the place. Business projects were discussed. Iron had been discovered, in fact the whole land was rich in minerals. The traders were bringing down their furs. It had not been a specially cold winter and in this latitude the spring came earlier.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" The child clapped her hands. "Can't I bring in some of them?"

"Oh, yes. But pick only the largest ones. Leave the others on to grow."

She came in with an apron full. "Some are for grandfather," she said.

"Yes, fill this bowl and put it on his table."

She had just finished when he came out. He was always immaculate, and his hair had the silvery tint. His daughter saw that it was always neatly brushed and the queue tied with a black ribbon. He was growing a trifle thinner and weaker.

"Oh, little one," he cried, "did you get a posy for me? Is it your birthday?" and he stooped to kiss the golden hair, then the rosy lips.

"Her birthday will not be until next week," said her mother.

"I had forgotten. I am almost a hundred. And she is –"

"Seven."

"And when I get to be a hundred I'll have a little table like yours, and read out of the Bible, and we'll talk over things that happened when we were children."

He laughed and patted her shoulder. "I shall not be here," he said slowly.

"Oh, where are you going? I do not want you to go away," and she drew an apprehensive breath.

"We do not always stay in one place. I came from France years and years ago. And I shall go to another country, heaven. It is always summer there."

"Can't you take me?" with an eager, upward look.

"Mother wants you. And you are to be a little old lady and sit in this chair."

"And wear a cap like gran'mere? And have two little creases in my forehead, so?"

She tried to make them but they were not much of a success, and the smile returned. "Now let us read."

She took her seat on the arm of the chair. Gran'mere came in and busied herself about breakfast. The reading was from one of the minor prophets. Dilly did not understand it very well but she could converse in the language quite fluently. Her mother had taught her to spell and read English. Girls were not expected to have much education in those days; indeed, here they grew up mostly like the flowers of the field. While the little girls to the eastward were working samplers, sewing long overhand seams, hemming, and doing beautiful darning, these little girls ran about, romped, helped to take care of the next younger baby, grew up and married, no one could have told just how.

After breakfast when the sun was warm and bright grandfather started for his walk. He always felt stronger in the morning. Sometimes Barbe went, often only Dilly. He liked the child's prattle. He liked, too, the way the denizens of the woods came to her, and the birds. True she always had some bread to crumble and she talked in her low sunny voice. Now and then a squirrel would run up her shoulder, watch her with beady eyes that almost laughed and whisk his feathery tail about.

"It does seem as if they ought to talk," she often said.

"They do in their language, only we can't understand them; at least we do in part. Doesn't he say in his fashion, 'I'm glad to see you? Have you any crumbs to-day.' And how one of them scolded when another ran off with that piece you dropped."

"That was funny, wasn't it!" and she laughed. They were sitting on a fallen log in the warm sunshine. Bees were out also, buzzing and no doubt grumbling a little because there were not more sweet flowers in bloom. And the birds sang and whistled in great glee.

They returned from their walk presently through the woods, where she gathered some curious wild flowers. Then they came out by the river, foaming and tumbling about as if it longed to overflow its banks. Now and then a rough kind of boat came down laden with stores of some kind, but there was no hurry visible anywhere.

About sixteen years before the Indians had ceded all the lands about Pittsburg to the Colonies. The six nations assembled with their principal chiefs and warriors and gave the strongest assurance of treaty keeping, which after all were not well kept, as usual. But they had retreated to better hunting grounds and for some time had made little trouble, though many friendly Indians remained.

The wanderers came out to the town proper. Streets were being surveyed, straightened, new ones laid out. There were about a hundred houses ranged round the Fort, but they had begun to spread outside. The disputes with the Pitt family, who had held the charter of Pennsylvania, had been mostly settled and grants of land given to many of the returned soldiers in lieu of the money the Colonial government could not pay. Pittsburg now belonged to the State, and a project had been broached to make it the county seat.

Grandfather looked very tired and pale as he came in and went straight to his chair. His daughter took his hat and cane.

"I did not mean to go so far. I wanted to look at the spot where I had buried my money;" with a little hollow laugh.

"Did you bury some money?" asked Daffodil, with eager curiosity. "Can't you dig it up again?"

"No, dear; it has to stay there for years. It may be dug up in your time, but I shall not need it." She looked puzzled.

"You must have a cup of tea," said Mrs. Bradin, and immediately she set about it. Grandfather leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. Dilly espied her mother in the adjoining room and went thither to exploit the splendid time with the squirrels and show the flowers she had gathered. Then she stood rather wistfully.

"Well?" said her mother in a tone of inquiry.

"Grandfather went to look at the money he had buried, but he couldn't find it. Do you suppose some one has taken it away?"

"Buried?" She seemed mystified a moment, then smiled. "It wasn't as we bury things. A long time ago when the French held the Fort and seemed likely to keep a good part of the country

grandfather bought a large tract of land. Then the French were driven out by the English and they in their turn by the Colonists. But the land is there and some day the money may come out of it. Granddad thinks he might as well have thrown it into the river. But he has never wanted for anything, and it would likely have been spent for something else. It's odd grandfather should have said that to-day. He seldom mentions it. He was quite troubled over it at first – when *I* was a little girl."

"Oh," returned Daffodil, relieved, though she did not understand the matter.

"Go and put your flowers in water;" said her mother.

Grandfather was soundly asleep and did not wake until dinner was on the table. Then he scarcely tasted it.

"You must not take such long walks," his daughter said. "You cannot stand it any more."

"No, I am getting old," rather sadly. "When your mother died I felt that I didn't want to live, and now I am content to go on in this lovely world until the Lord calls me home. I thought once I should round out the century. There have been many changes in the hundred years."

And though he had been on exile for his faith's sake, though he had seen the blunders and sins of his country's rulers, he could not help reverting to the grand old dream of the magnificent empire of New France that would never come to pass now. How they had let all the advantages slip through their fingers that had grasped only at the wildest pleasures and dissipations.

Barbe went out in the sunshine to garden a little. She was so fond of growing and blooming things. And they yielded such a beautiful return. She sang snatches of songs, sometimes in French, sometimes the gay or sad Scotch ditties. Dilly went over to see Norah, all the men were out now at the spring work. Norah was spinning on the big wheel, but she could raise her voice above its whir and to-day she was full of merry legends. Dilly had brought the cat and Judy never objected to being held.

"I'm going to be seven years old," she said in a pause. "And when will I be almost a hundred like great-grandfather?"

"Oh, you've gone only a little bit toward it," laughed Norah. "Why I'm not half way there myself. And I don't want to be. I'd like never to grow any older. But you shouldn't stop at seven. You haven't come to the cream of life. There's more fun at seventeen and that's ten years away. But you're big enough to have a party."

"What is a party like?"

"Oh, you little innocent! A party is a lot of people together who laugh and tell stories and have a good time and something to eat and drink. And you must have a cake with seven candles around it."

"What are the candles for?"

"To light your way;" laughing. "No, to tell how many years you have lived. I'll make the cake, and the candles too. They'll have to be dips for I haven't any small mould. Don't you remember how your mother and gran'mere made candles last fall? And I haven't a bit of wax myrtle. Oh, I can melt up two or three of mine. They are more fragrant than tallow. Yes, you shall have a party. I'll talk to your mother about it."

Dilly was all interest and excitement. Her mother agreed at once. A modern little girl would have refused such a party. For there would be all grown people. Barbe Carrick had been a little exclusive with her child and she had not felt the need of playmates. Then they were rather out of the range of the Fort people as the somewhat crowded settlement was called. There were no schools nor Sunday-schools for little folks. Sunday was not very strictly kept. The schoolmaster read prayers, the litany, and a sermon from some volume on Sunday morning and the rest of the day was given over to social life. There were a few Friends who held their meeting in each other's houses; some of the Acadians had found their way thither, and now and then a priest came who took in the more devout of the Irish population. But there was a large liberty of opinion.

Norah would have the house decorated with blossoming shrubs and she made a wreath for the little girl to wear, for a few neighbors were asked in. James Langdale had been in Bernard's company,

and Mrs. Langdale and Barbe had exchanged many a fear and a few hopes. There were two Langdale boys, but of course they were not eligible for a girl's party.

They had some idea of the fitness of things even then. Barbe and Bernard Carrick were at the head of the table with Daffodil on her mother's side and great-grandfather on the other. At the foot were grandfather and grandmother Bradin and on one side grandfather Carrick and Norah, fresh and smiling and full of gayety in the pretty lavender crêpe she had worn at her own wedding and that she saved now for high occasions, with her sapphire earrings and brooch that had come down to her through several generations and had been worn at Court and danced with royalty.

It was what we would call a high tea, a bountiful spread, and there was much jesting and joking. I think they didn't mind the little girl very much. She was perched up higher than usual and wore a white robe that was kept as a sort of heirloom when she outgrew it, for it was lace and needlework of her mother's making.

Jetty, a half Indian woman, waited on the table, and when the meats were taken out and the dessert brought in there was Daffodil's beautiful cake with the seven candles all alight. She thrilled with the pleasure. They passed around other cakes and home-made wine and drank great-grandfather's health and wished him many more years. Grandfather Carrick drank to Daffodil's future, wishing her long life and a happy marriage with great prosperity.

Then her mother helped her up on her feet. She felt very bashful with everybody's eyes upon her and almost forgot the little speech Norah had taught her, but her mother prompted and she replied amid great applause. The toasting went all around, then her candles were put out and she had to cut the cake, which she did with a silver knife that had a Louis stamp upon it. The cake was declared excellent.

"I'm going to take my piece home to the boys," declared Mrs. Langdale. "Husband, give me a taste of yours."

After that there was more merriment. Then Jetty took off the things, the tables were pushed back, and Norah and grandfather Carrick danced a jig. And it *was* dancing such as you seldom see nowadays. Norah could have made her fortune on a modern stage.

After Daffodil's party broke up the men went over to grandfather Carrick's, where they made a night of it, as was the fashion of the times. But Dilly and great-grandfather wanted to go to bed.

"A party is just beautiful!" declared Dilly. "Couldn't I have another sometime!"

"Oh, you are getting spoiled," laughed her mother. "Let me see – when you are ten, maybe."

So many new thoughts came to Daffodil that she was surprised at herself. Of course it was being seven years old. She began to sew a little and knit and make lace over a cushion. Very simple at first, and oh, the mistakes! Then there was gardening. How curious to plant a dainty little seed and have it poke a green head out of the ground. But funniest of all were the beans coming up with their shells on their heads; she was sure at first they must be upside down.

The men were very busy about the new town and sometimes they almost quarreled over the improvements. It was taking on quite a changed aspect. They were giving names to the streets and building much better houses of hewn logs, making plaster walls. But glass was very dear and for a long while they could only put in a few windows. The rest were openings, closed by shutters at night or in a storm.

The paper was a great source of interest, the *Pittsburg Gazette*. What they did without any telegraph and depending only on post horses puzzles us now. And the General Government had a hard task on its hands reconciling the different states and trying ways of getting money.

"They'll see, an' a sorry time they'll have of it," predicted Sandy Carrick. "It's settin' up housekeeping for yourself on nothing. Th' ould country's paid our bills and sent us what we needed an' they'll be glad to go back, mark my words now."

Bernard took his father's talk in good part. His knowledge was so much wider. There would be hard times, but there were brave men to meet it. Sometimes he wished they could go to a big city, but it would be cruel to tear Barbe away from the household when she was its light.

Daffodil had another wonderful pleasure. The old English people kept up some of their customs and they had a gay time over the Maypole. It was like a grand picnic. They had a smooth grassy place at the edge of the woods and the pole was a young tree that was denuded of its limbs as it stood in just the right place. They could not get ribbon, but strips of dyed muslin answered for the streamers. There were two fiddlers, there were gay choruses. One song grandad sang with great gusto. Captious as he could be when people did not agree with him, he had a fund of Irish drollery.

"Come, lasses and lads, get leave of your dads
And away to the Maypole hie;
For every fair has a sweetheart there,
And the fiddlers standing by,
Then trip it, trip it, up and down."

And grandad did trip it merrily. It was fortunate for Norah that she was not jealous, but she enjoyed a bit of fun, and her arch smile, the merry flash of her eyes, with the color coming and going, made her very attractive. Dilly wished she was big enough to dance – her little feet kept patting the turf and keeping time with the fiddle.

"You're Daffodil Carrick, aren't you?" said a boyish voice almost in her ear.

She turned, startled, and her eyes were so lovely they fairly transfixed him, and she stared unconsciously.

She did not speak but nodded.

"I'm Ned Langdale. My mother was at your party and brought us home a piece of your birthday cake. She said you were seven and as pretty as a fairy, and I'm fourteen, just twice as old."

"Oh," she said, "that's funny. And will you always be twice as old."

"Why – no. You can never be that but just once in your life – I mean with that special person. And when you were twenty I wouldn't like to be forty."

"Is that so very old? Great-grandfather is ninety-seven."

"Whew! That is old! But you see now I am seven years older than you and that is the way it will be all our lives. Do you go to school? There's a lady in Water Street who takes little girls, though she's only just begun."

"No; but I can spell, and read, and do little sums. And read in French."

"Oh, that's great! I'm studying Latin, but it's awful tough. Isn't it gay here? Can you dance?"

"I never tried with music."

"I can, just a little. Oh, say, it's splendid! If I knew just how I'd ask you to try it with me. It seems so easy when you look at them. It's so and so – " moving his hands. "Yes, do try. You whirl round – "

And without any real intention they started. It was like floating. Yes, she had done it when she thought of the little people dancing on the green.

"Oh," with a soft laugh of protest, and all out of breath. "It's – delicious! I didn't think I could do it for fair. I sometimes make believe. I'll get Norry to teach me."

"Norry? Who?"

"Why – " she flushed daintily. "That's grandad's wife."

"Then she's your grandmother."

"Oh, no, she isn't. You see the other wife died; she was father's mother and he married Norah. We all call her Norry."

"She doesn't look old enough to be any one's grandmother. And isn't she gay? She has such a merry face, pretty too."

"And she sings such gay songs. She knows all about the fairies, too, and she's seen them at home, that's Ireland. Why don't they come to America?"

"Maybe the witches drive them away. Witches are just awful! Come; let us try again."

He placed his arm around her and they whirled off to the fascinating music. Is there anything like a fiddle to put the spirit of delight in one's feet? Other couples were floating round or doing jigs with fancy steps and laughter. Now and then a bright, mirthful young lad ran off with some girl and left the first partner in the lurch, at which there was a shout.

"Oh, I wish you were my sister! Wouldn't we have fun! I have only one brother, Archie, and he's stupid as an owl – well, I mean he hasn't any fun in him, and he'd dance about like a cow. Oh, there's your – well, it would be queer to call her grandmother."

They both laughed at that.

"I wondered where you were, Daffodil. Isn't this Ned Langdale? I know your mother. Dilly, I think I had better take you home. I promised your mother I wouldn't keep you very long."

"Oh, no; let me stay just a little while. It's all so gay and they dance so – so – isn't it like a fairy ring?"

Norah laughed. "Well, I'll take another round, then we must go. You keep her just about here, then I shall know where to find you. Aren't you tired, though?"

"Oh, not a bit."

Her eyes shone like stars and there was a most delicious color in her cheeks like the dainty first ripeness of a peach.

"There's a tree over there – go and sit down. I won't be long."

The great tree had been cut down and there were no end of chips lying about.

"Now, if I was home I'd get a basket and gather them up," said Ned. "Mother thinks they make such a splendid fire. It's odd that our fathers were out in the war together, and are real good friends. I mean to be a soldier."

"But if there isn't any war?"

"There'll be Indian wars until they are all cleared out. They're a treacherous lot and never keep their word. And governments need an army all the time."

"But it's dreadful to fight and kill each other."

"Still you have to. History is full of wars. And there were so many in the Bible times. The children of Israel had to fight so many people to get the land of Canaan that the Lord promised them. And we've been fighting for a country – that is, our fathers have – and now we've gained it. Oh, wasn't it splendid when Cornwallis surrendered. Did you hear Kirsty that morning? I thought the place was on fire."

That brought grandad's face before her and she laughed.

"I didn't know what it meant nor who Cornwallis was. I'm only a little girl – "

"But you're awful smart to read French. Can you talk it?"

"Oh, yes. Grandmother Bradin was French. They went to Ireland and then came to America, and since father has been away they have talked it a great deal more, so you see I know both."

"Mother said your party was so nice. And the old grandfather was like a picture. When they drank your health you had to reply."

Daffodil's face was scarlet.

"I almost forgot. Norry made me say it over and over, but mother whispered and then I remembered."

"Oh, I wish I could have seen you. And you are so little and pretty. I'd like to see your French grandfather. Could I come some time?"

"Why, yes. And you'd like Norry so much."

"Do they live with you?"

"Oh, no; but it's only a little way off – "

Norah came flying back. "Come," she said hurriedly. "Grandad's had a fit about you because I did not have you tucked under my wing. Why, I should have dropped you while I was dancing. Glad you've taken such good care of her;" and Norah nodded to him as she took the child by the hand. "Don't say a word about the lad, or grandad will show his claws and scratch all round."

He was waiting where a path turned off.

"Well, Yellow-top," he began, "so you're not lost. Had a good time?"

"I was watching them dance. And they were so merry. Oh it was fine!"

"No place for a little youngster like you. Norry was crazy to think of it."

"I saw some other little children –"

"Yes, rabble;" and the nose went up.

"Grandad, don't be cross. I had such a nice time;" and she slipped her small hand in his.

"You're 'most a witch, you cunning little thing;" and he gave her a squeeze. "Now, Norry, take her to her mother's arms before you let her go."

They turned off, and grandad, who had not had his fun out, went back.

"It was all splendid, Norry. I want you to show me how to dance and teach me some songs – some of those gay and pretty ones."

"Well, well! you *are* getting along. Daffodil Carrick, you'll break hearts some day;" and Norah laughed.

She had so much to tell them at home and she spoke of Ned Langdale, but she did not quite like to tell about the dancing, wondering if there had been anything wrong in it, and she did not want to have Norah blamed. She liked the gayety so much. It was rather grave at home, with all grown people. And her mother was not *all* hers now. Father was very fond of her. And she was coming to like him very much.

He was pleased that she had such a nice time. He wondered if it would not be well to send her to this school for small children that had lately been opened. But her mother objected decidedly.

Oh, how beautiful the summer was with its flowers, and then its fruits. One Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Langdale came up with their son Edward, and Daffodil was glad to see him again. He was a nice, well-behaved lad, and very deferential to great-grandfather. The two soldiers talked over their battles and the state of the country. The preliminaries of peace were under way, but the settlement seemed to drag along. France still stood our friend.

Daffodil took him out to see the squirrels that came at her call and inspected him with such curious, inquiring eyes that he laughed about it.

"You see they are not used to boys," she explained.

The quails were very much at their ease as well, and robins flew and fluttered. Judy never tried to catch them, though sometimes she hunted out in the woods.

"Ned Langdale is a nice boy," said Dilly's father. "I don't wonder they are proud of him. His heart is set on being a soldier."

"I'm glad he isn't my son if that is his bent," Barbe said. "And I hope we'll hear no more of war."

CHAPTER V

HOW THE WORLD WIDENED

The summer passed rapidly. Daffodil found many things to entertain her, but grandfather demanded much of her time. He took his morning walk with her hand in his, but he did not go as far as formerly. Then, on his return, he had a nap in his chair. He lost his appetite during the latter part of the season. In the afternoon he took a long nap. Daffodil read to him now, and he did not appear to notice her blunders.

"Father fails rapidly, I think," Mrs. Bradin said to her husband.

He shook his head with a slow, sympathetic movement.

"We shall miss him very much. And Dilly will feel it. I am sorry to have her know the mystery no child can understand."

"We won't go for a walk this morning, Dilly," he said one day in later August. "The air is very close. We will wait until evening."

"But you go to bed so early."

"Yes, I'm getting old," with his faint, sweet smile.

"But everybody says you must live to be a hundred. That's a whole century."

"Sometimes I feel as if it were two centuries since I began. But it has been a pleasant journey toward the last. I'm glad to have had you, Dilly."

"I'm glad, too," the child said with her bright smile.

"Now you may sing to me a little."

So she sang him to sleep. Then she went to wait on her grandmother. Her mother was sewing by the window in their sleeping-room.

"Go and look at grandfather," she said presently.

"He is still asleep. Mother, I wish you would show me that stitch I began yesterday."

So she sat down at her work.

Mrs. Bradin went to her father. His head had drooped a little forward. She placed her hand on his forehead, and drew a long quivering breath. The summons had come, peacefully, for him.

She was still standing there when her husband entered, and at a glance he knew what had happened.

"It is best so," he said.

Barbe was startled beyond measure. Latterly her thoughts had been revolving much about herself, and though she had remarked the slow alteration, she had put off the assumption of the great change. Somewhere in the winter – maybe spring, and here it was with the ripening of summer.

They carried him to his room and laid him tenderly on his bed. A long, well-used life it had been.

To Daffodil it was a profound mystery. No child could comprehend it. This was the journey grandfather had spoken of, that she had imagined going back to France.

"What is it, mother? How do people go to heaven?" she asked.

"Some day we will talk it all over, when you can understand better. We must all go sometime. And we shall see each other there."

"Then it isn't so bad as never seeing one again," and there was a great tremble in her voice.

"No, dear. And God knows about the best times. We must trust to that."

He looked so peaceful the day of the burial that Daffodil thought he must be simply asleep. She said good-by to him softly. There had been no tragedy about it, but a quiet, reverent passing away.

Still, they missed him very much. Barbe wanted to set away the chair that had been so much to him. She could not bear to see it empty.

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