

when one is young things comes back; things comes back, i say, as they says ghosts does. and when we camps near trees with long branches, like them over there, that waves in the wind and confuses your eyes among the smoke, i sometimes think i sees her face, as it was before she died, with a pinched look across the nose. that is christians mother, my sons first wife; and it comes back to me that i believes she starved herself to let him have more; for hes a man with a surly temper, like my own, is my son george. he grumbled worse than the children when he was hungry, and because she was so slow in getting strong enough to stand on her legs and carry the basket. you see he didnt hold his tongue when things were bad to bear, as she could. men doesnt, my daughter. i know, i know, said the girl. i thinks i was jealous of her, muttered the old woman; it comes back to me that i begrudged her making so much of my son, but i knows now that she was a good un, and i speaks of her accordingly. she fretted herself about getting strong enough to carry the child to be christened, while we had the convenience of a parson near at hand, and i wasnt going to oblige her; but the day after she died, the child was ailing, and thinking it might require the benefit of a burial service as well as herself, i wrapped it up, and made myself decent, and took my way to the village. i was half way up the street, when i met a young gentlewoman in a grey dress coming out of a cottage. good day, my pretty lady, says could you show an old woman the residence of the clergyman that would do the poor tinkers the kindness of christening a sick child whose mother lies dead in a tilted cart at the meeting of the four roads in the clergymans wife, says she, with the colour in her face, and im sure my husband will about it as we go. jump in. dick wanted no second invitation, and the decoy man sent the punt along rapidly, and by following one of the lanes of water pursued a devious course toward grimsey, whose blackened ruins now began to come into sight. dick talked away about the events of the night, but dare became more and more silent as they landed and approached the farm where people were moving about busily. nay, he said at last, it weer some one smoking. nobody would her set fire to the plaace. why, they might her been all bont in their beds. tom tallington saw them coming and ran out. why, dare, he cried, id forgotten all about the fishing, but we cant go now. nay, we couldnt go now, said the man severely. wouldnt be neighbourly. tom played the part of showman, and took them round the place, which looked very muddy and desolate by day. i say, dick, do you know how your father made the horses come out he said, as they approached the barn, which had been turned into a stable. hit em, i suppose, the stupid, cowardly brutes no; hitting them wouldnt have made them move. he pricked them with the point of his knife. did he, though said dare, who manifested all the interest of one who had not been present. at last he took his departure. soon as you like, lads, he said; soon as its a fine day. ill save the baits, and get some frogs too. big pike like frogs. theers another girt one lies off a reed patch i know on. i shall be ashore every day till youre ready. he nodded to them, and pushed off. you wont go without us, dare said dick, as the boat glided away. nay, not i, was the reply; and the boys watched him till he poled in among the thin dry winter reeds, through which he seemed to pass in a feel any loss of confidence, and it was harder to him to bear than any reverse of fortune. it urged him to hasten his return to egypt. there was another thing which embittered his victory. mena, whom he loved as his own son, who understood his lightest sign, who, as soon as he mounted his chariot, was there by his side like a part of himself had been dismissed from his office by the judgment of the commander in chief, and no longer drove his horses. he himself had been obliged to confirm this decision as just and even mild, for that man was worthy of death who exposed his king to danger for the gratification of his own revenge. rameses had not seen mena since his struggle with paaker, but he listened anxiously to the news which was brought him of the progress of his sorely wounded officer. the cheerful, decided, and practical nature of rameses was averse to every kind of dreaminess or self absorption, and no one had ever seen him, even in hours of extreme weariness, give himself up to vague and melancholy brooding; but now he would often sit gazing at the ground in wrapt meditation, and start like an awakened sleeper when his reverie was disturbed by the requirements of the outer world