



Amelia & Barr

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CHAPTER I.

It would be easy to walk many a time through "Fife and the lands about it" and never once find the little fishing cottage...

Yet as the fifty-mile-wide straits of hills between the sea follows, and there is a fair harbor, where the fishing boats ride together, while the sails dry in the afternoon sun...

The cottages also have their individualities. Although of one size and one style, they would have picked out the Binnie cottage as distinctive and prepossessing.

Christiana was 20 years old and still unmarried—a strange thing in Pitterraige, where early marriage is the rule.

"Are you then Glasgow born, Jamie Lauder?" "No Glasgow born! What are you thinking of? I'm from the wild East Neuk and I'm proud of being a Piter."

At these words there was a momentary shadow across the door, and a little lassie slipped in, and when she did so every one drew reddened to the roots of his hair; his eyes filled with light, a tender smile softened his firm mouth, and he put out his hand and drew the girl to the chair...

"You're a sight for sair e'en, Sophy Trill," said Mistress Binnie; but for all that she said speculation, not unmixt with fear and disapproval, for it was easy to see that Andrew Binnie loved her, and that she was not at all like the other girls of Pitterraige.

"I know that, mother," said Andrew, "and it's Jamie Lauder you're thinking of, let me tell you it's poor business, I have a fond and an inward down-sinking look that young man has."

"Perfect nonsense, mother! There's nothing to fear you about Jamie."

"On, ay, senselessly civil, nae doubt o' it," said Janet. A peddler eye gives the whole village a fit of the liberality.

Then Jamie took a letter from his pocket and showed it to Andrew. "Robert brought it this afternoon," he said, "and as you may see, it is from the Hendersons of Glasgow, and they say there will be a berth soon for me in one of their ships."

"I do, fine," said Andrew. "It wouldna be hard to do." "I'll be glad to see you."

"I would tell Andrew this?" "You are a false, little cutty, Sophy Trill. I would tell Andrew myself, but I'm loth to hurt his true heart."

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"I'll be away from Pitterraige tomorrow." "What for?" "I have my reasons."

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home, and somehow as they talked through accidentally Christina told her mother what Sophy had said about Archie Braelands.

"For a moment Janet Binnie was glad; she lifted the poker and struck a block of coal into a score of pieces, and with the blow scattered the unkindly, selfish thoughts which had invaded her heart."

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heart throbb'd hotly with anger and pity. "Speak, and let your grief have some way, Andrew," she said.

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put up what I'll need in the wee bag, and say naething to mother till it's things are settled. I told her I was going about it."

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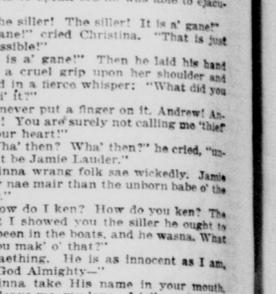
STANDING TRUS IN THE CLEAR, STRONG LIGHT.



"THEN I'LL BE CAPT. BINNIE, OF THE NORTH SEA FLEET."



"THE SILLER! THE SILLER! IT IS A' GANE!"



"THE SILLER! THE SILLER! IT IS A' GANE!"

"There was One thole for me the lash and the buffet and answered never a word. I canna thole the lash for Sophy's sake. A poor-like love I would have for Sophy if I put my ain pride afore her good name."

"Oh, the dreary wastes left by the loved who have deserted us. These are the vacant places of life which we water with bitter tears."

"You'll be changing that soon for what they call a gown. I am going to buy you a silk gown for your wedding, Christina."

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fare worse, for she's turned twenty; yet she showed a little reserve as she asked: "Are you then Glasgow born, Jamie Lauder?"

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