

... a rush to the door; Glory-Ann was foremost. "Gret King!" she exclaimed.

"Dis de way you look ater mawster's child?" said old Gilbert, rebukingly. "Wet ez a drowned rat, you is. What you ter beagin' in de rain? Amity! You go fetch me a pair dry stockin', dem ole linen gaiters in de bottom wardrobe drawer. If ever I see sich a child! What Missie-virey gwan seh ter you?"

"What Missie-virey gwan seh ter you?" demanded old Gilbert. "Dis de way you tek care o' mawster's child?" "Is it you gret de mawster's child, or is it me?" retorted Glory-Ann, arresting the work of pulling off Missy's stockings, and setting her arms akimbo.

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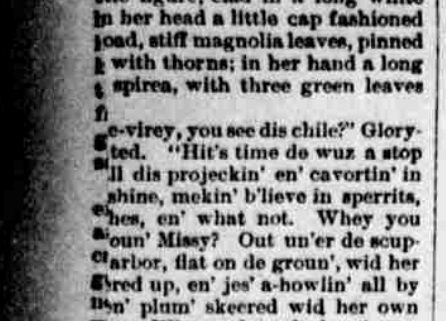
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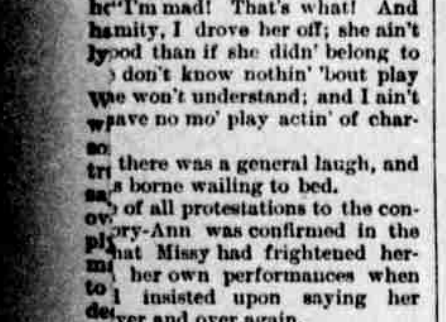
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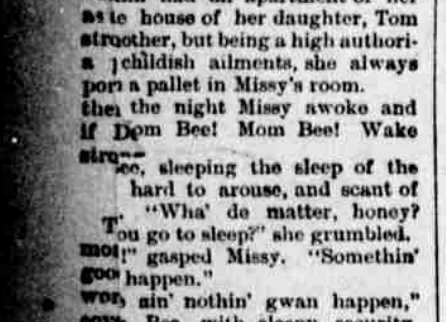
... thundered the colonel.



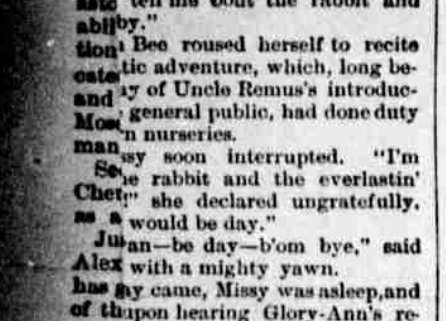
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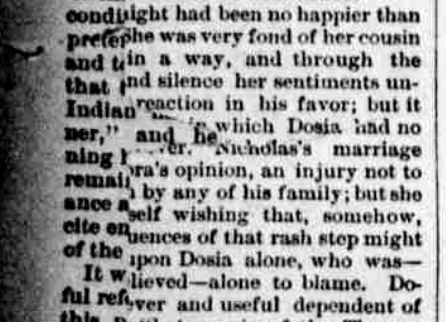
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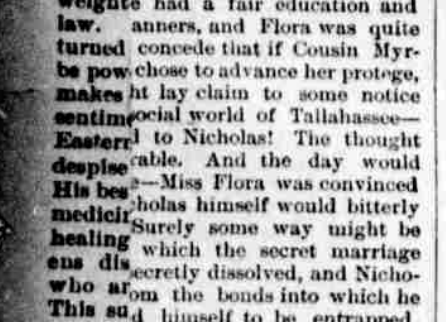
... thundered the colonel.



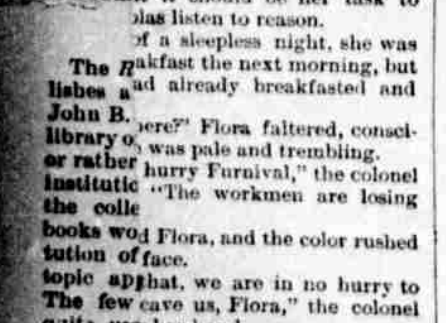
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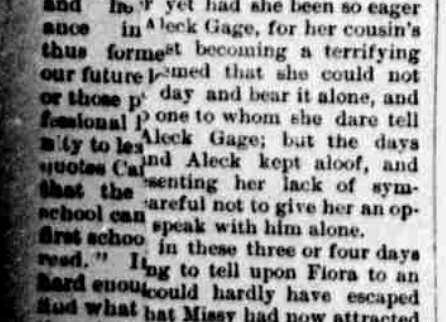
... thundered the colonel.



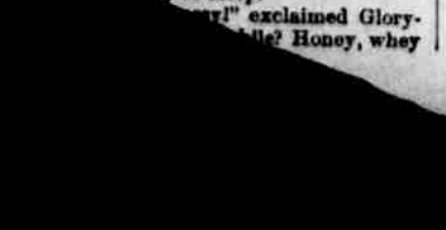
... thundered the colonel.



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... thundered the colonel.

CHAPTER IX. OLD GILBERT TO THE RESCUE.



... thundered the colonel.

CHAPTER X. MISS ELVIRA'S WAY AND THE COLONEL'S WAY.

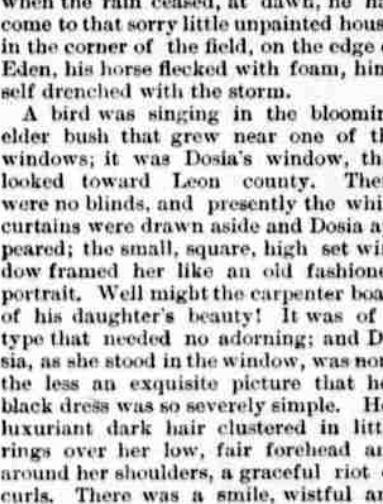


... thundered the colonel.

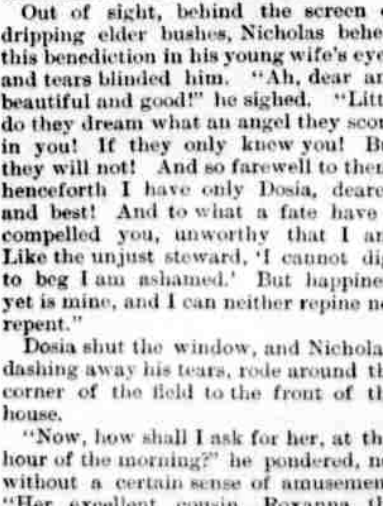
CHAPTER XI. MISS ROXANNA MAKES UP HER MIND.



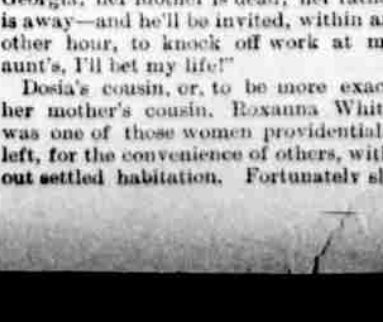
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