



Henry French, Del.

[Edmund Evans, '86.]

"I had rather lose my life than lose you."

DAWN

10. 12.

DAWN

BY

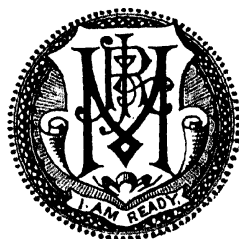
H. RIDER HAGGARD

AUTHOR OF

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "THE WITCH'S HEAD,"
"SHE," ETC. ETC.

"Our natures languish incomplete;
Something obtuse in this our star
Shackles the spirit's winged feet;
But a glory moves us from afar,
And we know that we are strong and fleet"

EDMUND OLLIER.



LONDON

JOHN AND ROBERT MAXWELL.

MILTON HOUSE, ST. BRIDE ST., LUDGATE CIRCUS

AND

SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

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A

“Once more I behold the face of her
Whose actions all had the character
Of an inexpressible charm, expressed ;
Whose movements flowed from a centre of rest,
And whose rest was that of a swallow, rife
With the instinct of reposing life :
Whose mirth had a sadness all the while
It sparkled and laughed, and whose sadness lay
In the heaven of such a crystal smile
That you longed to travel the self-same way
To the brightness of sorrow. For round her breathed
A grace like that of the general air,
Which softens the sharp extremes of things,
And connects by its subtle, invisible stair
The lowest and highest. She interwreathed
Her mortal obscureness with so much light
Of the world unrisen, that angel’s wings
Could hardly have given her greater right
To float in the winds of the Infinite.”

EDMUND OLLIER.

A

DAWN

CHAPTER I.

"You lie; you always were a liar, and you always will be a liar. You told my father how I spent the money."

"Well, and what if I did? I had to look after myself, I suppose. You forget that I am only here on sufferance, whilst you are the son of the house. It does not matter to you, but he would have turned me out of doors," whined George.

"Oh! curse your fine words; it's you who forget, you swab. Ay, it's you who forget that you asked me to take the money to the gambling-tent, and made me promise that you should have half of what we won, but that I should play for both. What, are you beginning to remember now—is it coming back to you after a whole month? I am going to quicken your memory up presently, I can tell you; I have got a good deal to pay off, I'm thinking. I know what you are at; you want to play cuckoo, to turn 'Cousin Philip' out that 'Cousin George' may fill the nest. You know the old man's soft points, and you keep working him up against me. You think that you would like the old place when he's gone—ay, and I daresay that you will get it before you have done, but I mean to have my penn'orth out of you now, at any rate," and, brushing the tears of anger that stood in his brown eyes away with the back of his hand, the speaker proceeded to square up to George in a most determined way.

Now Philip, with his broad shoulders and his firm-knit frame, would, even at eighteen, have been no mean antagonist for a full-grown man; much more then did he look formidable to the lanky, overgrown stripling crouching against the corner of the wall that prevented his further retreat.

"Philip, you're not going to strike me, are you, when you know you are so much stronger?"

"Yes, I am, though; if I can't match you with my tongue, at any rate I will use my fists. Look out."

"Oh, Philip, don't! I'll tell your father."

"Tell him! why, of course you will, I know that; but you shall have something to lie about this time," and he advanced to the