



AMOS
JUDD

By
J.A. MITCHELL

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PRINTED

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speaking introduced a friend,
herself again in the presence
ecticut farmer, the young man of
ght. But this time he wore a very
expression from that of the conser-
There was a pleasant smile on the
nd somewhat boyish face as he apolo-
for the scene among the plants. "I am
y if it annoyed you, but I was startled by
unexpected resemblance."

She looked into his eyes as he spoke, and
understood why the sculptor should have been
enthusiastic over such a face. It was of an un-
familiar type, and bore a curious resemblance
to those she had attributed as a child to the
heroes of her imagination. The eyes were long,
dark, and seemed capable of any quantity of
expression, either good or bad. Miss Cabot was
uncertain as to whether they pleased her. At
they looked somewhat anxiously into
touch of misgiving. Neverthe-



Mr. Calver,
and asked,
do you think it
ed the actions of
yourself, that you
at?"

and me, for instance, of some
to do to-morrow at twelve o'clock,
?"

ask us."

ell, what am I going to do to-morrow at
n, as the clock strikes twelve?"

"Give me five minutes," and with closed
eyes and head slightly inclined, the young
man remained leaning against the mantel
without changing his position. It seemed a
long five minutes. Outside, the breeze beat
violently against the window, then with rattling
shards whirled away into the night. To
Molly's excited fancy the evening storm

[135]



ers,
s trea-
As her
ne looked
ement.
ne one!" and
h.
e n't we in luck!"
book, with a blue
edges, published in
the leaves with eager
a bookmark opposite a
raving, showing the head
a bejewelled prince.
nt be you! It is exactly like
nd she held it before him.
perhaps they all are. Let's
sure he is our man."
the image of
he began



