

**ALLAN
HAYWOOD**

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Allan Haywood by Julia A. Mathews

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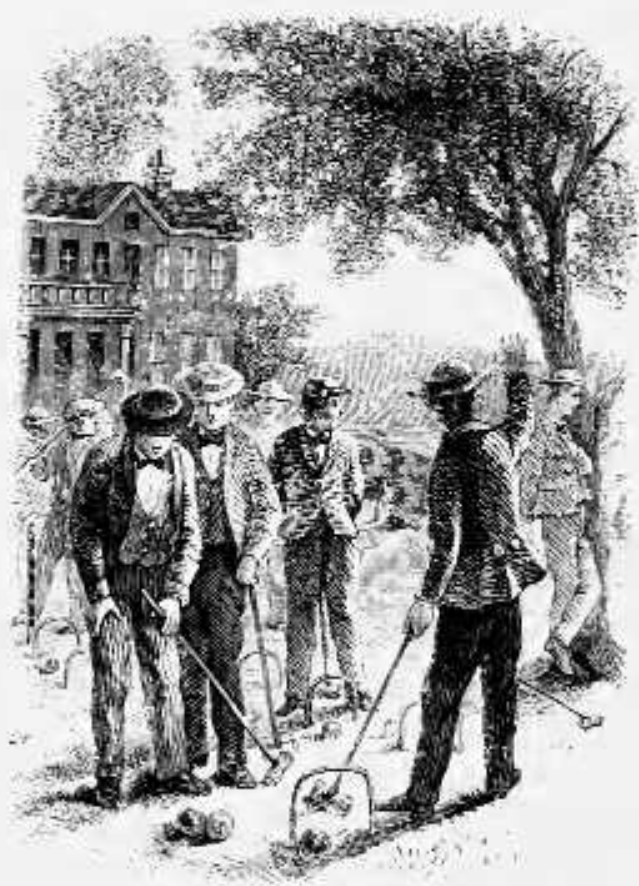
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JULIA A. MATHEWS

**ALLAN
HAYWOOD**



ALLAN HAYWOOD.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

THE "GOLDEN-LADDER" SERIES, "LITTLE KATY AND JOLLY
JIM," ETC.



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ALLAN HAYWOOD.

I.

DRAYTON BOYS.

“COME, Allan, come! How long do you mean to keep us waiting?”

The words were spoken in a very impatient tone by a boy who stood, croquet-mallet in hand, among a group of his school-mates on the lawn which fronted the long-established institution known through all the country round as “Drayton Hall.” The afternoon sun was throwing long shadows across the grass, warning the croquet-players that if their game were not soon ended the supper-bell would summon them indoors before they could decide which side was to bear away the palm of victory. It had been a hotly contested game, and perhaps this was



the reason of Will Seaton's impatient call; for his broad, laughing face was not wont to wear that look of annoyance.

The boy addressed, a tall, slight young fellow who had been leaning thoughtfully against a tree, started suddenly, almost as if wakened from sleep, at his companion's summons.

"I beg your pardon," he said, hastily catching up the mallet which lay on the grass at his feet. "I believe my wits were wool-gathering."

"If you would attend to your affairs instead of dreaming away your life, you might be able to do something," said the sharp voice of Arthur Bentley, who, standing beside him, looked at him as he spoke with an expression of unconcealed contempt.

The rude speech was unanswered save by a good-humored smile as Allan sprang toward his ball.

As he struck it into position it touched