

**AS THE
HART PANTETH**

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As the Hart Panteth by Hallie Erminie Rives

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BY
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TO
A MEMORY.

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AS THE HART PANTETH.

THE CHILD.

CHAPTER I.

HE sat just outside the lofty doorway, that opened between the bare hall and front verandah. The great white columns held a wild clematis vine, the leaves of which almost concealed the bricks where the plaster had fallen off. Presently a child came out with a violin in her hand. She went up to him, and laying her full cheek against his shrunken one, caressed him. Her

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blue eyes that went black in an instant, from the pupils' swift dilation, had the direct gaze of one knowing nothing of the world and never fearing to be misunderstood. She was slim yet strong; her waving hair that fell softly about her face was the color of sunburnt cornsilk, her skin ovalling from it, smooth and white, like a bursting magnolia bud.

"Grandpa, I can play 'The Mocking Bird' for you now."

"Play it, God's child; play it," he said.

As she leaned against the column and began playing, his face, old and worn with many griefs, seemed, for a moment, rejuvenated by the spirit of his lost youth. His heart stirred strangely within him, and he was minded of another slim, little girl, who came down to the gate to meet him when the day was done in the long ago. She had the same glorious hair, and tender, fearless eyes and love for him. But that was more than forty years gone by and she was dead.

As the strains became fuller and sweeter, a