EYEBRIGHT: A STORY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649580170

Eyebright: A Story by Susan Coolidge

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

SUSAN COOLIDGE

EYEBRIGHT: A STORY





To her there was a great charm in all that goes to the making of pictures. — Page 7.

Sarah Chauncey Wooksey

EYEBRIGHT.

A STORY.

By SUSAN COOLIDGE, preside

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW YEAR'S BARGAIN," "WHAT KATY DID," "WHAT
KATY DID AT SCHOOL," "MISCHIEF'S THANKSGIVING,"
"NINE LITTLE GOSLINGS."

CMith Illustrations.

BOSTON: ROBERTS BROTHERS. 1894 Copyright,
By Roberts Brothers,
1879.

Education GIFT

UNIVERSITY PRESS: JOHN WILSON & SON, CAMBRIDGE.

956	
W916	
eye	
Educ.	
Library	

CONTENTS.

CHAPT	**					PAGE
I.	LADY JANE AND LORD GUILDFORD		•	٠	٠	1
п.	AFTER SCHOOL	٠		×	٠	18
ш.	Мя. Јочев		•	٠	•	43
IV.	A DAY WITH THE SHAKERS	٠	•		٠	66
v.	How the Black Dog had his Da	T	•	٠	•	85
VI.	CHANGES	٠	•	٠		104
VII.	BETWEEN THE OLD HOME AND TH	E 1	VEY	W		122
VIII.	CAUSEY ISLAND		•	٠	•	148
IX.	SHUT UP IN THE OVEN	•	•	٠	*:	166
x.	A LONG YEAR IN A SHORT CHAPT	RR	•3	•3	•	188
XI.	A STORM ON THE COAST	•	•	•		204
YII	TRANSPIANTEN	120	20	20	537	998

	1

EYEBRIGHT.

CHAPTER L.

LADY JANE AND LORD GUILDFORD.

IT wanted but five minutes to twelve in Miss Fitch's schoolroom, and a general restlessness showed that her scholars were aware of the fact. Some of the girls had closed their books, and were

putting their desks to rights, with a good deal of unnecessary fuss, keeping an eye on the clock mean-

while. The boys wore the air of dogs who see their master coming to untie them; they jumped and quivered, making the benches squeak and rattle, and shifted their feet about on the uncarpeted floor, producing sounds of the kind most trying to a nervous teacher. A general expectation prevailed. Luckily, Miss Fitch was not nervous. She had that best of all gifts for teaching, - calmness; and she understood her pupils and their ways, and had sympathy with them. She knew how hard it is for feet with the dance of youth in them to keep still for three long hours on a June morning; and there was a pleasant, roguish look in her face as she laid her hand on the bell, and, meeting the twenty-two pairs of expectant eyes which were fixed on hers, rang it - dear Miss Fitch - actually a minute and a half before the time.

At the first tinkle, like arrows dismissed from the bow-string, two girls belonging to the older class jumped from their seats and flew, ahead of all the rest, into the entry, where hung the hats and caps of the school, and their dinner-baskets. One seized a pink sun-bonnet from its nail, the other a Shakerscoop with a deep green cape; each possessed her-