

**FRAMILODE HALL;
OR, BEFORE HONOUR
IS HUMILITY**

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Framilode Hall; Or, Before Honour Is Humility by Emma Marshall

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EMMA MARSHALL

**FRAMILODE HALL;
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IS HUMILITY**



"CARRY ME UP; MOTHER IS TIRED."—p. 25.

FRAMILODE **H**HALL;

OR,

BEFORE HONOUR IS HUMILITY.

BY

EMMA MARSHALL,

AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES," "THE HOUR ON THE WOLD,"
ETC. ETC.



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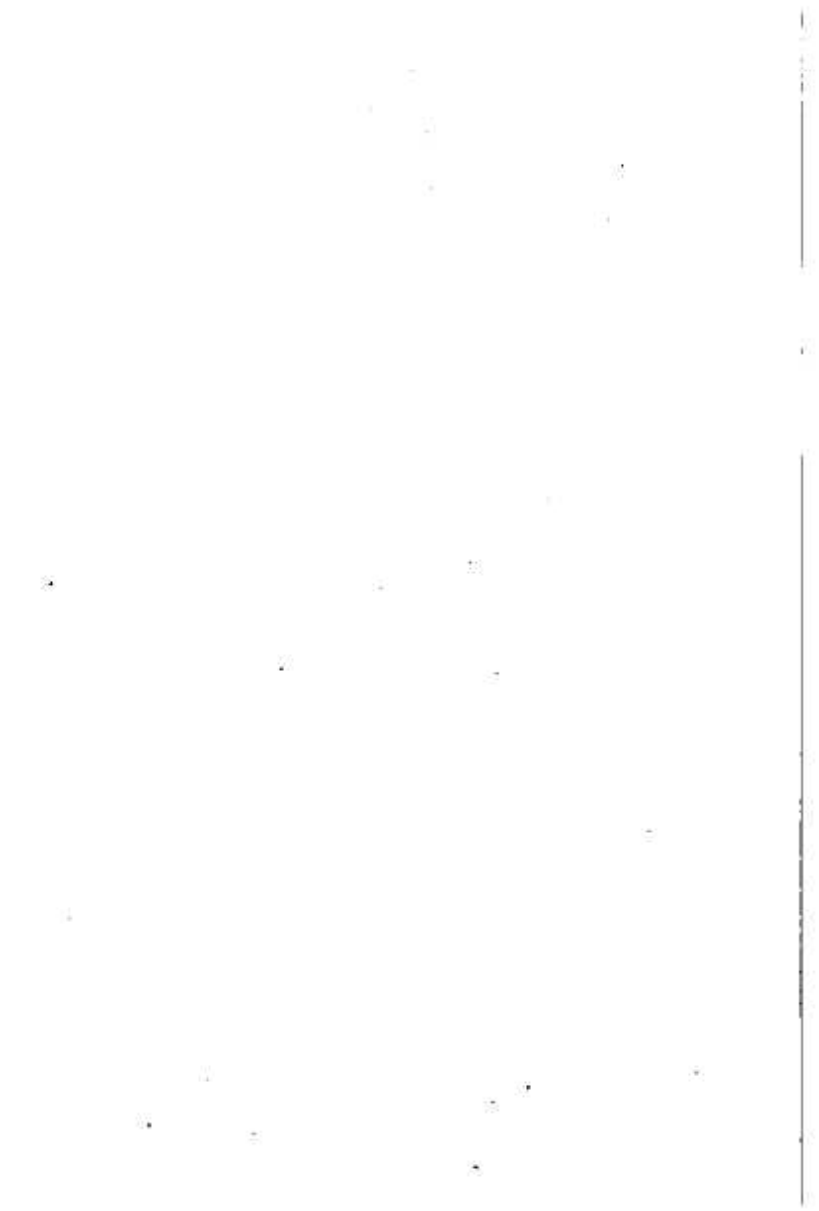
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FRAMILODE HALL.



CHAPTER I.

The Workman's Home.

THE people of King's Frampton watched with much interest the building of the new Hall on the slope of the hill leading from the town. The old Hall had fallen into decay, and when the young squire, Mr. Mansfield, came into possession on the death of his uncle, he determined to sweep it away. The old Hall lay in the valley. It was damp and gloomy and uninviting; suggestive of

mice, and rats, and cobwebs, still more of fever and rheumatism. The new house, now raising its roof against the blue sky of a radiant spring-time, was, on the contrary, suggestive of light, and air, and health. Some old things and some old houses command a certain degree of respect, but old Framilode Hall was not amongst these. Its age was unlovely, and its loss unmourned, and the young squire's decision was met by unanimous applause in the town and neighbourhood.

Then he won popularity by electing to employ King's Frampton tradespeople. Barnes & Baring were his architects, Pearse & Parsons his builders; while Hume, the King's Frampton nurseryman and seedsman, was to have the laying out of the grounds and gardens put into his hands.

This was a good beginning, and indeed I think a just beginning, of a young squire's career. For it makes a tie between the