

**FAITH HARROWBY;  
OR THE  
SMUGGLERS' CAVE**

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Faith Harrowby; Or the Smugglers' Cave by Sarah Doudney

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**SARAH DOUDNEY**

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MARGARET HOLT'S STORY, p. 12.



FAITH HARROWBY;

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The Smugglers' Cave.



BY

SARAH DOUDNEY,

*Author of "The Beautiful Island," "Under Grey Walls," &c.*

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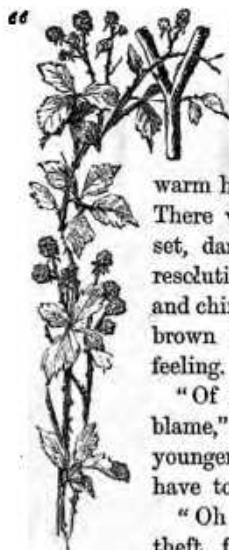
# FAITH HARROWBY;

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE DISCOVERY.



“ES,” said Faith Harrowby, “aunt Dorcas is very harsh in her judgments—very harsh indeed.”

Faith was fourteen years of age, a clever, clear-headed girl, with a warm heart and a strong will of her own. There was a determined look in her deep-set, dark eyes, and an expression of quiet resolution about the outlines of her mouth and chin. And as she spoke, her handsome brown face was flushed with suppressed feeling.

“Of course poor Tom was greatly to blame,” said Violet, who was two years younger than her sister; “he oughtn’t to have touched his master’s money.”

“Oh no, I don’t mean to excuse the theft, for it *was* a theft, although he intended to restore the sum; but it was his first offence,

and I think aunt Dorcas need not have spoken of it so harshly to the poor fellow's own mother!"

"That's just her way," rejoined Violet; "she has a fashion of stiffening her face when she's going to reprove anybody. If she only knew how dreadfully hard and unpleasant she looked at such times she'd never do it again."

"She doesn't care about her looks," said Faith, sagely; "she's gone past all that sort of thing."

The two girls were walking rapidly over a wide common, covered with short, thymy grass, which made the turf elastic under foot. A few cattle were scattered browsing here and there, but there was no human habitation in sight, although one or two charred and blackened spots on the sod betokened the recent encampment of gipsies. They went their way silently, absorbed in thinking about Tom Warner and his difficulties.

Tom was a fine, intelligent lad, the brother of their own maid Eliza. He had lately obtained a situation as junior clerk in a merchant's office, and appeared at first to have given much satisfaction to his employer. But trouble came to the Warners in the person of John, the eldest son, who was the black sheep of the family. This scapegrace, after causing his friends great uneasiness, finally enlisted, and having taken the Queen's shilling, instantly repented of the freak. And foolish Tom, anxious to get his brother out of the scrape, took his master's money to buy John's release, intending to pay back the sum.

Perhaps, in the end, it was well for Tom that this, his