

**SAM  
LOVEL'S BOY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649167982

Sam Lovel's boy by Rowland E. Robinson

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**ROWLAND E. ROBINSON**

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LOVEL'S BOY**



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BY

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
*The Riverside Press, Cambridge*  
1901

PS  
2719  
R63S29  
1901

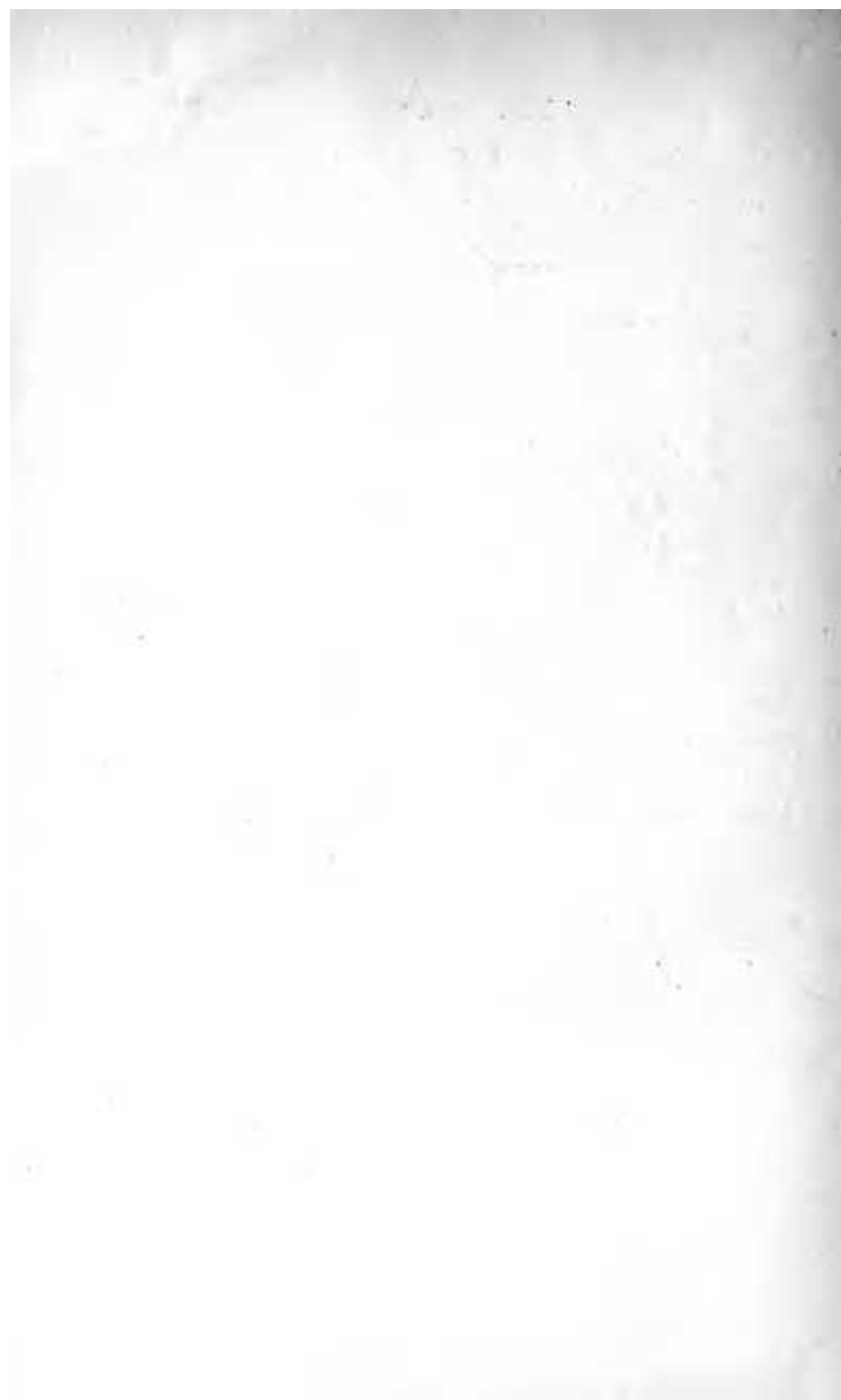
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# SAM LOVEL'S BOY

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## CHAPTER I

### NAMING THE BOY

"NAOW, Bub, he come here, an' le' me comb his hair," said Huldah Lovel, seating herself in a rocking-chair and settling restfully against the high back, holding a comb in one hand and a brush in the other, wherewith she tapped lightly on the polished arms to further attract the attention of her three-year-old son. He was so busily engaged in the construction of a corncob house that he only heard as in a dream his mother's call, till it was more imperatively repeated, and his father, sitting astride a pod auger on a wooden-bottomed chair, shelling seed corn into a washtub, tossed a cob lightly against the child's back and said with cheerful brevity, —

"Come, hyper, Bub."

Then the little boy began to rise reluctantly, slowly getting his chubby legs under him, and while yet on all fours, protesting, "Bub don't want him hair comb. Pull, it do."

"Why, yes he does, Bub, tew, wanter hev his hair all slick," said Aunt Jerusha Peggs, removing her eyes from the stocking she was narrowing, and regarding him with smiling benignity over the rims of her spectacles. "It looks ju' like a maouse nes' made aouten corn silks, naow. He do' wanter hev the nice think it's their'n, I know he don't."

"Course he don't, an' mother won't pull," Huldah assured him, adding, "not no mor'n she c'n help. My sakes, Bub," she exclaimed, as she drew him toward her and cast a despairing glance on his tangled flaxen poll, "it's jest a mess o' witch knots!" The boy shut his eyes and set his milk teeth with heroic resolution.

"Bub, Bub, Bub!" Sam repeated with disgusted emphasis as he detached another of the ears from the braid of their own husks and began crunching off the kernels on the