

**DOWN AND UP AGAIN:
BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF
THE FELTON FAMILY, AND
THE ODD PEOPLE THEY MET**

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Down and up Again: Being Some Account of the Felton Family, and the Odd People They Met
by Gregson Gow

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ALLAN FRASER'S RETURN.

DOWN AND UP AGAIN:

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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FELTON FAMILY,
AND THE ODD PEOPLE THEY MET.

BY

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DOWN AND UP AGAIN.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN FELTON.

IN a certain November night, some seventeen or eighteen years ago, a mother and her three children were assembled in the usual family sitting-room. The house was in Glasgow, and consisted of an upper flat in one of the better streets on the south side of the river. Though only a flat, it was not at all a small or mean residence. Numbers of the well-to-do classes in Glasgow and other Scottish towns live in flats, reached by a stair common to two or three families. The flats may be small or large according to circumstances. In the present case the house consisted of several finely finished and commodious apartments. The parlour in which the Feltons were now sitting was a comfortable well-furnished room. The brilliant light from a pen-

dent gasalier was reflected from a large handsomely-framed mirror over the mantel; and the night being cold, a cheery fire burned in the grate, and threw a warmer glow on the faces of the small party which had gathered round it.

There was Mrs. Felton, a pleasant-faced, pleasant-voiced woman of forty-two or forty-three. One would have said she must have been very pretty when young. Her smile was very sweet; but when her features were at rest there was that something in their expression which hinted of some sorrow patiently borne. She looked fragile and delicate; yet when she opened her eyes there was a collected, steady, straight-out look in them which seemed to indicate clear-sightedness, and some firmness of character. There was Elizabeth—"Lesbie," as she was usually called—(when the boys wished to tease her they called her "Betty," and sometimes "Queen Bess"), a pretty girl of seventeen, very like her mother, but with more colour in her face. These two were sitting on one side of the hearth sewing, and talking in a low tone, not to disturb the boys at the other side, who were both busy preparing lessons for next day's school. Edward was fourteen, and Johnny was eight. There were only the three children now. There had been others,

but they had passed away when babies, and were now only sad, solemn, yet not unpleasing memories in a mother's heart.

"Don't you think, mama," Leslie was saying, "that I have had enough of one kind of thing and another, now?"

Mrs. Felton looked up fondly, but a little anxiously, at the girl.

"You mean education?" she said.

"Yes; when is it to be done? I have more than I can find any use for."

"You must try to put it to some use."

"Well, but I mean useful use. You are often straitened for money, mama. I found that out some time ago—"

"Well—no—" said Mrs. Felton, sighing slightly. "We always get what we need, Leslie."

"At all events, I am not learning anything which will enable me to help you that way."

"Leslie, your father would not permit it. He says always that since we have only one girl we can afford to keep her at home. He means you always to be at home—he has brought you up as a young lady; though I sometimes think, considering the precariousness of our income, it would have been better—but there—never mind; your father—hush! is that him?" and an anxious look

started into her eyes. "No, it is some one for the house below."

"Well, and if I am only to help you at home, I've surely had enough of music, French, drawing, and such like? There has been enough spent—"

"Hillo! Betty!" cried Edward, "you are getting rather loud. How's a fellow to get out the fifth of a ninth of seven-eighths of goodness knows what else if you chatter like a magpie?"

"Put cotton in your ears, Ned."

"I'll rather slap yours, Betty. You're precious well off with no lessons to do."

"Haven't I?"

"Drawing and playing tunes is just amusement; not like this at all. And I've got Morell yet, with his subject and object, and clauses of one kind and another. Tries a fellow's brains, I can tell you."

"I've been through all that, too, Ned."

"Yes; but you hadn't a big sister to chatter at your ear."

"I had worse; I had two stirring boys making a racket around me."

"Now, now," said the mother; "let us have quiet. Hurry on, boys, and be done before papa comes in!"

Leslie cast a good-humoured smile at Ned and