

**CHEAP JACK  
ZITA. VOL. II**

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Cheap Jack Zita. Vol. II by S. Baring Gould

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**S. BARING GOULD**

**CHEAP JACK  
ZITA. VOL. II**



# CHEAP JACK ZITA

BY

S. BARING GOULD

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'MEHALAH' 'URITH' 'IN THE ROAR OF THE SEA'  
'MRS. CURGENVEN' ETC.

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# CHEAP JACK ZITA



## CHAPTER XIV

### ON ONE FOOTING

**Z**ITA was back at Prickwillow long before the master.

She anticipated a scene with him and prepared for it. He was wont to domineer in his house and on the farm, and she had just seen how he domineered and enforced his will on an assemblage of men not under subjection to him.

She was sensible that he had gradually assumed towards herself an air of authority, but he had not hitherto addressed her in a dictatorial tone so distinct as to provoke resistance. She

had, however, perceived that the time was approaching when some understanding must be reached as to her position and their mutual relations. She was not a domestic in the house, to be ordered about or to have her liberty curtailed. She had accepted his hospitality, not entered into his service.

Zita was alive to the fact that every one in the house and on the farm—Mrs. Tunkiss, the shaking maid-of-all-work, the herd, the labourers, the stable-boy—all stood in awe of him. The housekeeper was as a lamb under his reprimand ; a word addressed to the girl with St. Vitus' dance drove her into convulsions ; an order given to the men galvanised them into momentary agility and sent the boy skipping like a flea. Zita despised them for their subserviency. She was not afraid of Drownlands. She knew that concerning him which was sufficient to make him quake before her.

Zita had been accustomed to face men of every

description. Her father had stood between her and coarse insult, but she had been obliged to confront men rude, boisterous, and disposed to take advantage of her weakness, and had acquired readiness in dealing with them, and nerve not to show timidity.

When she had seen the cringe and cower of those whom Drownlands had threatened, she tossed her chestnut-gold head in a manner expressive of impatience.

Drownlands had noticed this, and Zita had seen in his darkening brow that he had observed, was surprised and offended at the contemptuous action. The moment was not far off when he would test his strength against hers.

‘The sooner the better,’ said Zita to herself; and, instead of avoiding him, she went across the yard to meet him as he rode up the drove. She took his horse by the bridle and said, ‘I will lead him to the stable; the men are at chapel or the beerhouse, and the boy is with the cows.’