

wind is coming sobbing over the moor like a naughty child : signs of rain, sure enough ; and there will be a gale too : don't you see how the dust is swirling round and round."

As he spoke they somewhat quickened their pace, and walked on for a mile without quitting the road that crossed the moor. By the time that mile was passed over, however, the clear space at the edge of the sky was covered with black cloud, and though the arch of the vapoury canopy above was still tinged with a faint shade of purple, all looked lurid and heavy, and twilight was waning fast.

At length, upon the edge of the moor—and, indeed, stolen from it about fifty years before—was a tract of woodland, through which the rushing wind was heard rising higher and higher every moment, while a few large drops of rain fell pattering among the crisp, yellow leaves that strewed the ground beneath.

"Hark !" cried the man named Ben, as they were following the path into the woods ; "there is some one hallooing down below there."

"It is that devil's imp, Tommy Hicks," said the other ; "I know his shout well enough. He is worse than a will-o'-the-