

you cut the young lady one of your horse's-legs from the chestnut-tree before we go!"

It was a perfectly-shaped shoe and foot and pastern that the boy made from a joint of the huge horse-chestnut without the Hall where the green mounds of an ancient fort and moat circled the whole; and then Peggy took photographs of the splendidly-preserved Buttercross which spread its wide wings in a high-pitched round in the street, cherishing yet in its shade a long strong set of stocks, so arranged that a man on the stone step of the centre pillar could be locked into them, and so sit in the midst of the on-going market in open shame.

It was Wylde who offered himself as a victim to be photographed in them; and Peggy took this, her third picture of him, with a curious feeling of unreality somewhere. She was taking him shackled and helpless when he was just going to be free. In the little fifteenth-century church they found a Norman font, and then Surrey laughed.

"And this is really all there is in Oakham," he said. "Shall we go and see if the Colonel is ready?"

"But it was a dear little church," said Peggy. "And there should never be a picture of an English landscape without a church spire in it, for they are always there in reality. And on this side of the country it is all spires and windmills like razors with all their blades spread, or a collection of combs without any brushes."

"One missed the spires in Scotland," said Wylde. "I can't remember seeing any there. . . . I reckon that is the Colonel coming now."

His manner was quiet, almost to sternness, and he talked little with Surrey when Surrey swung the car out of the small town and up the road to a green bank set about with enormous chestnuts, where a small blacksmith's shop with brown horses dappled in sun and shadow outside it claims to be the original of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith."

"And quite probably it is," said Peggy. "It could easily be the little church at Oakham where—