

Bulkley, and to feel his slippery neck under my fingers, I guess that I would give him a twist that he would not soon forget, just to pay him out for all the bad turns he has done me, but you never can have all that you want in this world, and so I suppose that I will have to go without that satisfaction," replied the old man with a sigh of regret.

Elgar shivered, and seeing that the old man's mood was so bitter, he was for going, and leaving him to his fate, but when he made a move, Reuben stretched out an imploring arm.

"Say you'll stop a bit longer, it is awful lying here alone, and waiting for death to come. And you are a downright good sort. I don't remember that ever I came across a boy like you before, for you have always treated me decent, though goodness knows I've done you as many ill turns as I could, and I guess I should be like it again to-morrow, if I had got half a chance."

"I'll stay with you if it is any sort of a comfort to you, but look here, one good turn deserves another you know, so if I stay here with you through the night, will you tell me where I can find Edith Hunt, when the morning comes?" asked Elgar.

The old man cackled in feeble amusement, then he said, "What do you suppose that Sally would say to me if I did such a thing? Why it would be clean taking the bread out of her mouth, and it is little enough of anything but bread, and not enough of that which they have had this winter," and then he roamed off into delirious wanderings, which filled Elgar with awe, but never one word did the old fellow