

"Oh, thee be allus a-squaring things for th' Almighty for us poor volks; but don't tell I — I zay it's not vair."

Knighton went on his way over a ridge of hill.

When the coach stopped, it put down only one passenger and his luggage. He was a young man, and, seen at a little distance, he was quite like the ordinary young man that one sees in the illustrations of magazine stories. That is to say, his clothes were made by a good tailor, his features were regular, and his hair and mustache were just what they ought to be. Observed more closely, he had, of course, an individuality; it would have been natural to suppose that he was a person of good taste and good feeling, probably strongly actuated by both. Knighton greeted him.

"Good of you to come," said the traveler. "A tremendous comfort to see some one person I know. Old Crusoe, marching out of the waves, couldn't have been much more *in terra incognita* than I am." He