

"I'll tell 'ee a thing I've been a-thinken of, zir. There's beätles as crawl about; they've got feälers, zoo they can know where they be going an' what they be doing. If half the beätles wer' a-given no feälers, an' had to run among them as has, would that be right and vair?"

"Very hard on them, Gor, I should say."

"But moäst o' men are a-made thet way zhure enough, an' it's no vault to them thet they know no moor of God or man than they can zee and 'ear and zmall — beätles wi'out feälers they be. Is it right and vair?"

The Squire meditated a moment. He was accustomed to have many questions brought to him to decide, but perhaps few as congenial.

"Their forefathers neglected to use the feelers that were given them; they grew weak and dropped off, so their children had none."

He looked, not without a good deal of inward curiosity, to see how far the shrewd old woman would understand.