

covered by a wild vine, and a quantity of hop plants, still green and leafy. The roof, instead of shingles, was thatched with sheets of bark, and an iron stove pipe passing through these was the only visible chimney. But the place had a well-to-do look, which was not likely to improve the Doctor's good humour. There was a little garden roughly railed in, in front, and some children playing there. At the end of the house was a small farm-yard, with pigs, a cow, and a shaggy horse, all looking out serenely at the stranger. Each one of the occupants of the place seemed to feel perfectly secure and at home, and to have neither suspicion nor fear of the speedy ejection which was being planned for them. No doubt it was very absurd, but even the serene sleepy eyes of the cow seemed to have aggravation in them, and the Doctor turned his horse round to return home, in the worst possible humour.

The country roads were so bad, however, that though it always appears natural for a man in a passion to ride fast, he was obliged to check his horse and pick his way among the deep ruts and holes. Going on in this way and having some little trouble with the animal, which was young and