

"That's it, is it," said Wyatt, "well what had we better do?"

"Come this way," said Jim; and the two moved away across the fields at a rapid pace.

Jim took the lead and Wyatt followed, quite satisfied that his guide knew what he was about. Suddenly, as they approached a low wall, Jim stopped, and motioned to Wyatt by raising his hand, then cautiously peered over the wall and pointed downward. Wyatt crept up and looked in the direction indicated. Where they stood, rather, where they were crouched, was on the very brink of a deep, narrow gully, up which three men were hurrying as fast as they could go without running. After watching them until their forms disappeared round a curve Jim said "now it will be best to try and cross this gully if we can, and give yond fellows the slip in a way 'at will astonish 'em."

"Very well," said Wyatt, "let us look out for the best place, and see what we can do."

After considerable trouble and some hazard they succeeded in descending to the bottom of the ravine, and with equal difficulty to scramble up its other side. At length they attained the summit, along which they pursued their homeward course.

The three poachers, who had meditated the attack upon Wyatt, emerged from the head of the gully, and, as well as the dusk would permit, scanned the field road above, but no Wyatt was to be seen; as they were quite certain he ought to be by that time.

"This is queer, lads," said red neckcloth, staring around.

"He canno' have past us an' given us t' slip surely," said Snap, "he must have stopped somewhere, or else he's turned back for something."

They waited for some time in expectation that every minute would bring their victim. Much disappointed, they slowly walked back across the fields to the brow of the hill, and looked over to the village, now lit up throughout its straggling extent.

They returned down the hill, and went straight to the Red Bull; but no Wyatt

had been there since he left in the evening. Much mystified by his disappearance, they drank their beer, and nodded significantly to each other, ashamed of confessing it; but strongly impressed with the belief, that he was aided in his movements by the great grand-father of prestiges,—and that they had very likely had a narrow escape from contact with so notable an individual, who, for anything they knew, could disappear like a puff of smoke, but by no means so harmlessly.

A few days after, these hints were so far elaborated, that a circumstantial report was being circulated, that three men had every one actually seen the great cornigerous apostate, or at the very least one of his representatives, flying over the hill, and leaving behind him a long stream of fire and sulphureous smoke.

While the men were wondering which way Wyatt was gone, he was making the best of his way across the moor pastures to regain the footpath.

"I'm afraid we shall be rather late to the meeting," said Wyatt to his companion, "however we cannot help it."

"I should like to know," said Jim Snarr, "who that farmer chap was that started from the Public House just before us. It keeps running in my head I've seen him before, but when or where I cannot recollect; but I cannot get his face out of my mind."

"I've often seen folks the same way," said Wyatt, "and I could not remember for certain, whether I had, or only imagined I had seen them before, but I think we shall have to come this way again, before long, and if we do, we can try to find out who he is."

"Yes," said Jim, "and whether he had anything to do with yond three we've tricked so nicely."

"Oh," said Wyatt, "that's it, is it? I never thought about anything of that sort."

"No, because you did not see him," said Jim, "but if ever I saw an ugly, vicious look on a fellow's face, it was on his as he sat listening to what was said; and I'm sure he was listening."

"Well, well," said Wyatt, "I cannot imagine who it could be. I suppose we shall have to wait till circumstances turn