

hatred. The matter arose about a contract with the great War Prison at Princetown. Thousands of captive French lay there, and the requirements of so many souls offered opportunity to the Dartmoor husbandmen. But Roger Honeywell, by some means not necessary to detail, had gone behind Newcombe's back and undersold him in the matter of beef. Then upon this outrage fell out another, and, at the opening of the present narrative, a case was waiting to be tried between the enemies—a matter that would take them both before the justices at Moretonhampstead within the week.

The trial is important, and shall immediately be treated; but we are first concerned to describe the master of Vitifer Farm, so that these opposed protagonists may clearly stand before you.

Roger Honeywell was no conventional knave. He came from good stock, and had enjoyed an education above the average of the time in England. He was a widower of fifty or thereabout, and had no family. Two brothers, however, he had possessed. One was in the Navy; the other, who had been a clergyman, was dead; and Roger Honeywell's wife, before her own demise, adopted the orphaned son of this minister. Roger liked the boy well enough, and he was now articled to a lawyer in London. Himself, Roger Honeywell, loved the law as a pastime, and, though he