

out about three o'clock from Brownswick, to walk up to the house of a gentleman on the other side of the moor; but just as I had come out of a village—I don't know its name—”

“ Ay, it is Allenchurch,” said Ben Haliday.

“ And had gone about half a mile upon the moor, just where the path crosses a little stream, I saw a nice-looking boy lying on his back on the bank.”

“ Ah, my poor lad !” cried Jacob.

“ As he seemed in some pain,” continued the gentleman, “ I stopped to ask what was the matter, and he told me that as he was crossing the little wooden bridge a part of it broke down under his feet, and he fell forward, catching his leg against the broken part. He had contrived to scramble to the bank, he said, but he could not stand ; and after examining his leg, I thought it better to take him up in my arms and carry him to a cottage which I had seen not far off. I found an old man and woman there, of the name of Grimly, who kindly took him in, and put him to bed. I sent the old man off to Brownswick for a surgeon, and waited till he had come and set the leg. He assured me that there was no danger, and that he would soon be