

wisp of nights, and I'll break his bones for him some day."

"Nonsense, Jacob, nonsense!" said the other; "he is but an idiot, man, and you would not go to hit a thing that's got no sense."

"He has sense enough to do a deal of mischief," answered Jacob; "and he never loses time when any is to be done. A licking would do him a vast deal of good. Why, he nearly strangled Mrs. Gibb's boy t'other day, because he would not let him take away his mother's turnips."

"He is a spiteful chap," answered Ben; "and I don't let him come near our place for fear of his doing mischief to some of the children; but I don't hit him for all that. I wonder what he is hooting and hallooing at that way."

"Just because he sees us walking along, and wishes to lead us into a pond or a moss," said the other; "but the rain is coming fast, and we shan't get home very dry, do what we will."

Concluding that it was as his companion said, and that the shout proceeded from an idiot well known in the country, the other man pursued the path through the wood, merely saying,