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scratches his head, in a case of puzzle, has often been a question of deep interest to me ; but I have never been able to solve the problem. Whether it is that he seeks, by a natural instinct, to stimulate the organ of cogitation, or whether it is that the unusual exercise of something within the skull makes its external teguments to itch, or whether there is an irresistible inclination in man's nature to do something with the hands when the mind is busy, and that the first thing that presents itself to work upon is the head, I do not know, but certain it is that Ben Halliday was in a puzzle, and did scratch a spot a little above the left ear with a great deal of vigor and determination.

"Well now, sir," he said, at length, "if you had asked for anything else in the world I could have better told you where to find it than a public-house. There is not a place where you would like to sleep, I think, nearer than Brownswick."

"Why, my good friend, that is just where I have come from," replied his visitor ; "and I should not like to go back again over the moor to-night."

Ben Halliday was exceedingly disposed to be hospitable, and so was his wife ; and they looked at each other for a moment