sweet and still, and one looks for the sunbreak any minute, a crisp dawn is nothing to one who has worked on a farm. I was glad to quit the stable-smell, and breathe the scent of the fresh frost—you know it?

"I walked the length of the Box Walk twice, glad to find none afoot so early; for though 'twas sport to see them run from the ghost, there was danger in it . . . why! —I had no mind to be in disgrace for the playing of a trick when I did come out of hiding, as to my thinking I was bound to do in the end. So I was not sorry to be free of them, and wished the cold might keep them all abed yet a little, and was vext to hear a footstep and a rustle in the hedge at the end of the walk farthermost from me as I turned to go back the third time.

"But it was none of the household. It was the Squire himself, dressed as he often would be if he came from his room o' nights, in a silk dressing-gown with a broidery of jessamine flowers. But he had no warm wrap against the cold, and in my day he had not been one to face needless hardships.

"Then I had to make my choice, whether to try to slip away from him down some side-alley; or to meet him boldly, trusting he would take me for the ghost I had played off so successfully on the silly household. To do so would be daring; but I had run risks with him before, and not done ill. For better or for worse I chose the perilous way, walking straight for him, adding always somewhat to the limp I had brought with me from Bury, that was now greatly on the mend. My heart was in my mouth to know what would come of this.

"As I advanced to him, so he came forward to meet me. And no sooner was I near enough to get a plain sight of his features, than I saw that he was not himself. . . . What do I mean, Master Absalom? Why—thus: . . .

"Have you never chanced to meet, or hear tell of, one