

good scamper about the grass before any of us could catch them. At last I could stand it no longer: I felt that I must go down and sit by that ugly hole until I was quite certain that the children were asleep. I tried to tell Helen about it, but I was not sure that I made her understand: she saw that I wanted to leave her for something, and yet did not like to, and she said, "Yes, go if you wish to, Jock; mamma will be here presently."

It was a very warm evening, and all the windows and doors were open. Aunt Nancy had left her door—I suppose when she saw the children go up stairs—and was in the kitchen-garden with Uncle Jake. Madame and the sweet sister and May were all in the dairy taking care of the milk, which Uncle Jake had just brought in, and Master was out seeing sick people, and had taken Roland with him. I lay down on the nice cool earth, and before I had been there five minutes I heard a little laugh behind me, and looked around; and there stood Phil in his night-gown, with his little white feet quite bare. He came on, talking to himself in a funny fashion he had, and I heard him say, "Man tell Phil mustn't look in hole—Phil *will* look in hole; Phil will go down hole if he wants to."

There was no time to lose: he was almost at the edge of the hole. I caught his night-gown, but it was old and thin, and parted in my teeth; that would not stop him. There was nothing else to do; if I waited to call some one, he would be gone. It made me