

ever, it started up, rolling Jane over into the ferns. It looked this way and that, trembling like an aspen leaf, and then away it galloped, giving Jack, who had tried to throw his arms round it, a kick in the stomach with its hind hoofs that sent him sprawling on to Jane. Jane laughed so that Jack got quite sulky. But he brightened up again before they got home, because he had made Jane once more cling to him as her protector.

He had tried to frighten her at the Pixies' Bowl, showing her the very hole, at the bottom of a mossy stone on one side of the heathery hollow, through which the fairies tumbled out by moonlight. But the sun was then shining brightly down on the little hollow, blue butterflies were flitting over the heather, and yellow-banded bees were buzzing and burying themselves in the pink and purple blossoms. Except for the buzzing of the bees, and now and then a faint rustle of the grass and heather as a lazy breath of wind sighed over it, the hot hollow was somewhat eerily quiet, and Jane looked rather shyly at the dark, deep, narrow "Pixies' Gate," down which a bright-eyed lizard, that had been basking sentry outside, slipped noiselessly as soon as Jane and Jack drew near, as if it were going to tell the fairies that their domain had been invaded; but the sun was still so high, and everything around looked so bright and calm, that Jack did not succeed in frightening Jane as he had hoped, and, therefore, continued sulky.

Coming home from the moor in the lingering summer dusk, however, they had to pass, where the moor begins to slope down towards the low-lying lands, through a district that had a very bad name. The hill-side was pitted with quarries and dotted with lime-kilns, and the tumbledown hovels of lime-burners and squatters. The people who lived up there were a different race from those who lived lower down. They were a very wild lot, each doing what seemed good in his own eyes. There was a long-standing feud between the highlanders and lowlanders; and if Jack had not wandered farther on the moor than he had intended, he would not have come home by night through "the Quarries." He gave as wide a berth as he could to the cottage and kiln lights that twinkled and glowed, not cheerfully, but threateningly on the hillside; meanwhile whispering to Jane awful stories about the babies that the lime-burners stole and boiled and ate, &c.

There was one kiln that Jack was specially anxious to avoid, because the most ferocious lime-burners themselves were half afraid of it even by daylight. This was the

"Brothers' Kiln." Over their hard cider in the public-house, and round the cottage fire, the lowlanders had often told the story of that haunted kiln. Jane knew the story well, and the fear of passing the unholy place was the worst of her terrors in the Quarries. The legend ran that two brothers, who worked a quarry in partnership, had quarrelled at the kiln, and fought; that the elder had struck down the other, and finding that he was dead, had thrown the corpse into the burning lime, and then spread abroad a report that his brother had fled the country. The girl about whom they had quarrelled, and who was to have become the younger brother's wife, was at last persuaded by the elder brother to marry him instead. He made her believe that it was to escape from her that his brother had fled. But on the anniversary of the murder, her husband's wickedness was revealed to the wife in a dream. She awoke screaming, and when her husband started up, had accused him of his crime, and threatened to denounce him. He attempted to murder her, and she rushed from the cottage. Her husband overtook her on the rising ground above the kiln, and in her desperation she leaped into it; and as she did so, the dark form of the younger brother sprang out and dragged the elder in.

All this nonsensical story poor little Jane implicitly believed, and so did scores of grown-up persons in those parts: never troubling themselves to ask how any one but the three people concerned could have known anything about the matter, if the story had been true.

The silly story went on to say that when the hot lime into which the wife leaped, and the husband was dragged, had grown cold, no fire had ever again burnt in the Brothers' Kiln; but that any one who approached it after dusk could see the ghosts of the wife and the younger brother chasing the ghost of the husband round and round the kiln-mouth.

You will understand, therefore, poor little Jane's fright when Jack suddenly whispered, "There's the Brothers' Kiln!" Though he had often looked at it from a distance by day, and so knew it well even in the dark, he had had no notion that they were so near to it, and was almost as frightened as Jane.

It stood a good way apart from any other kiln, rising dark against the faint light that still lingered in the western sky. The withering dog-rose bushes that wreathed the kiln scratched the pale patch of light with their black brambles. Bats zigzagged noiselessly about the kiln, almost brushing the children's faces as they swooped past them. Jack and