

Jane could both hear their hearts thumping. "Gie me your hand, Jenny," gasped Jack; "we must bolt by." Accordingly, they began to run, but just as they got alongside of the kiln the dog-rose bushes rustled, and round the kiln-mouth rushed three dusky forms. Jack and Jane for a second were motionless with horror; but the next second rushed terror-stricken down the hill! After them in a mad gallop came the three dusky forms of three moor-sheep so close to them that they almost knocked both Jack and Jane down. Jack grew very brave then, and laughed at Jane for being such a coward.

If I had had my pick of pictures for this little paper, I should have chosen the Brothers' Kiln for the subject, but the clever artist who has kindly consented to illustrate my scribbling (the readers of *G. W. Y.*—and the writers too—ought, I think, to be very grateful to the clever artists who make such a rich picture-gallery of its pages)—*my* clever artist has chosen to give you a pretty picture of the children taking dinner to their father and big brothers in the fields. So I must make my paper a little longer by telling you a story about what happened to Jack and Jane when so employed.

Master Lycett and his two sons, Samuel and Ezekiel, were hoeing turnips one day in the Twenty Acres. Farm-labourers' wages in the West of England are nothing to brag about now, and they were worse then; but since Lycett and his wife, and Samuel and Ezekiel, and little Jane, too, were all hard workers, and clubbed their earnings amicably, the family lived more comfortably than most of their neighbours. When her husband and sons were at work near home, and she was not washing, Mrs. Lycett always tried to send them, as a treat, some *hot* boiled pork and greens and potatoes for dinner. As at other times they did not always get even cold pork, but dined off bread and cheese and cold potatoes, Lycett and his sons appreciated these treats gratefully, and were very glad when they were set to work in the Twenty Acres, or any other field as near to their cottage. The farmer for whom they worked saved money by giving them cider instead of higher wages. They drank the cider, because, as West-countrymen, they were accustomed to drink cider, but I don't think it did them much good. They were sensible enough not to waste money in buying more cider at the "Leather Bottle" or the "Brass Knocker," and would have been very glad to get money instead of the cider allowed them; although most of their mates were of quite a different opinion, and when they had drunk the cider

they got from the farm, would squander their wages in drinking ever so much more of the hard "swipes" at the public-house.

On the day I speak of, Mrs. Lycett had got her husband and her sons' allowance of rough vinegar corked in a stone bottle, with a scrap of an old newspaper rolled round the bung, to serve as a corkscrew, and their hot pork and greens and potatoes covered up with three willow-pattern plates in a great yellow basin; and called to Jane to carry down the dinner to the Twenty Acres. Though it wasn't a washing-day, poor little Jane had been almost run off her feet; and as she toiled down the lane outside the cottage-garden, hugging the yellow basin to her breast with her left arm, and lugging along the heavy bottle that gave her, in sea-phrase, "a list to starboard," she was very pleased to see Jack floundering through the unmortared stone wall that bounded the lane on one side. The lazy, mischievous young scamp, being tired himself, had made a clattering gap in the stone-fence rather than take the trouble of climbing over it. Nevertheless, and though, as was generally the case, when he was not "at work," and had not rambled too far, he was more than punctual in coming home with a keen appetite to the cottage dinner—he instantly ran up to his sister, and insisted on carrying the stone bottle. Jane gladly gave it up to him; and when they got half-way down the lane, she was still more glad that she had her champion with her, for half in the ditch, into which he had wheeled his grind-stone-barrow, sprawled Jane's biggest lowland "bogie," black, bristly-chinned "Tinker Tim," leaning on his elbows, and smoking a black pipe. He got up when he saw the children, and tried to snatch the yellow basin from Jane; but Jack swung the stone bottle against his shins, and brought it down with a pavior's thud upon his toes; and bade Jane run. And Jane did run, smashing two of the willow-pattern plates in her flight; and hugging the stone bottle, Jack ran after her, lustily shouting "Father." Of course, the big, black bullying tinker was a big coward. Long before the children could get to their father, Tinker Tim had dragged his barrow out of the ditch, and was hurrying off with it at the double.

Jane ran like a hare, and had told her father of Jack's pluck some minutes before he toiled up across the turnips, still hugging the stone bottle. He hugged it so tight, and was so full of his adventure, that good-tempered Samuel thought he might as well go on hoeing till the story was finished, but thirsty Ezekiel yawned rather sulkily.

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