

hadn't done it wrong, and father said he had, and then Jim sauced his father a deal, for his spirit was up, and father took his stick and pulled Jim out into the front garden, and gave him a beating there. It was a hard beating too, and mother and me was very frightened.

' Jim said he wouldn't stand that, no, not for nobody, and, instead of coming back into the house, he set off down the Abbotsbury-road. I don't think he cared for the beating, but one of the neighbours was passing by and saw father do it, and Jim was such a proud lad; mother always said he was the proudest lad in the village, was our Jim.

' Father come in and set down to his tea, and we thought Jim would be back after a bit, but he wasn't, and it got dark, and I asked if I might wait while he came in to say good-night to him, for Jim was always very good to me. It got later and later, and I had to go to bed after all, and next morning, when I got up, Jim hadn't come back either, and mother was crying, and father was looking very white and quiet. He had been walking about all night, looking for Jim. He kept going to the beck, and to the mill-stream, and to Tubbs's pond, for he thought he might have slipped in somewhere in the dark; and when it got about in the