

Dinner was soon over, for the food was not long in vanishing before the hungry boy, and then he set out on a tour of discovery to see the servants, the horse, the cow, his favourite house-dog, who was chained up in the yard, and the cat and her kittens. The orchard and paddock, the garden and stable were all visited in turn, and then Ernest challenged his sister to a walk. She soon joined him, and they set off at a brisk pace, as the air was keen and frosty. As they went through the village, Ernest was continually obliged to stop to speak to his friends there, who all welcomed him home with great delight. But at last they had left Enmore behind them, and were walking quickly in the direction of Willingham, the large market-town which was about three miles from them.

It was one of those days in December when it is a real pleasure to walk. The road lay along a high ridge, overlooking all the valley below, and the distant range