

hand — not only stayed his hand, but, apparently, put him in a good humor. He followed John Wesley and said: —

“As you are so brash about it, we’ll go and see the young lady. Come on, boys.”

“What about the horses?” asked one of the men.

“Come on,” said Hildreth of Hall in a low voice. “The horses are all right. These chaps don’t steal. Come on; that house is full of men.”

“I told you you were leading us into a trap,” growled one of his companions; “and here we are.”

When they were out of sight, John Wesley went into the lot and looked at the horses. He was so much interested in their comfort that he loosed their halters. Then he cast a glance upwards and chuckled. A wasps’ nest as big as a man’s hat was hanging between two of the rafters, teeming with these irritable insects. John Wesley went outside, climbed up to the top of the shed, counted the clapboards both ways, planted himself above the wasps’ nest, and with one quick stamp of the foot knocked a hole in the rotten plank. The noise startled the horses,