

the wasps swarmed down on them, and the next instant they were going down the road the way they had come, squealing, whickering, kicking, and running like mad.

When they were out of hearing John Wesley went into the house by a back door, got his rifle, and went off through the woods.

Hildreth of Hall and his companions must have had a cool reception at Parmalee's, for in about an hour they came back in some haste. If they were alarmed, that feeling was increased tenfold at finding their horses gone. Their saddles and bridles were where they had left them, but the horses were gone. They held a hurried consultation in the lot, climbed the fence instead of coming out near the house, skirted through the woods, and entered the road near Mrs. Pruett's, moving as rapidly as men can who are not running. A half-mile farther down, the road turned to the left and led through a ravine.

On one bank, hid by the bushes, John Wesley sat with his rifle across his lap, lost in meditation. Occasionally he plucked a rotten twig and crumbled it in his fingers. After a while he heard voices. He raised himself on his right knee and placed his left