

OR,

but they were not
and they had to
and sunk many
coasts, even round
you will see it all
only one penny."

on one side of the
had arranged a
not tall enough

A considerable
er round, for
lished favorites
al had travelled
fore he had ap-
then had come
ne south-western
evon, and Corn-
m a general fa-

would have no
the boys stand
e never hurried
ee the pictures,
most travelling
at first because
ders and blood-
customed.

in the omission
quite enough
I was a child
re of a woman
husband with
it spoiled my
thing for Ser-
and has seen

THE WINNING OF A CONTINENT.

17

bloodshed enough in his time, and the ground half covered with dead and dying men, but that was duty—this is pleasure. Sergeant Wilks will show the boys and girls who pay him their pennies views in all parts of the world such as would cost them thousands of pounds if they travelled to see them, and all as natural as life. He will show them great battles by land and sea, where the soldiers and sailors shed their blood like water in the service of their country; but cruel murders and notorious crimes he will not show them."

It was not the boys and girls only who were the sergeant's patrons. Picture-books were scarce in those days, and grown-up girls and young men were not ashamed to pay their pennies to peep into the sergeant's box. There was scarcely a farm-house throughout his beat where he was not known and welcomed. His care of the child, who, when he first came round, was but a year old, won the heart of the women, and a bowl of bread and milk for the little one, and a mug of beer and a hunch of bread and bacon for himself, were always at his service before he opened his box and showed its wonders to the maids and children of the house.

Sidmouth was one of his regular halting-places, and, indeed, he visited it more often than any other town on his beat. There was always a room ready for him there in the house of a fisherman's widow when he arrived on the Saturday, and he generally stopped till the Monday. Thus he had come to know the names of most of the boys of the place as well as of many of the elders; for it was his custom of a Saturday evening, after the little one was in bed, to go and smoke his pipe in the tap-room of the "Anchor," where he would sometimes relate tales of his adventures to the assembled fishermen. But, although chatty and cheery with his patrons, Sergeant Wilks was a reticent rather than