

and redundancy which lasted till the end and made him always swift and direct? If so, how little the big negro knew it! And even the conscious teachers perhaps instruct best when they are least conscious.

But when the stick was thrown it was splendid. The negro would point to its passage through the air, his great white teeth and wide nose watching it too. Sometimes Rudd could not see it as it went up, but at some point its whiteness would catch the light and gleam in the sky; and then down it came again, usually very near to the point from which it was thrown (but not so near as the negro had promised), and another servile little boy would retrieve it.

The negro would then place a piece of board in his mouth and balance a boy on it, to prove how strong were his teeth.

So far he had done nothing terrifying; but he always finished his performance in that mood. He turned his back, a great smiling creature, and then, turning again, was a horrible snarling beast, with huge fangs and a foaming mouth and red eyes. Thus disguised, he made rushes at the small boys, from which they fled shrieking. He kept these fangs in his waistcoat pocket, but he was not the less frightening for that. Rudd would not have left the security of the upper promenade for anything.

Then there was a conjurer who carried a tiny circular red table-top and three collapsible legs under