

Among English Inns

"To be sure, there be the Rogers sometimes," said the skipper, who is listening attentively to our ravings.

"The Rogers! Who are they?" asked Polly, looking around, as if she expected to see an army of tramps or worse bearing down upon us from the shore.

"The Rogers? Oh, they are a sort of squall," he explained, and Polly was so relieved that she forgot to ask why they bear that name, and left the skipper to continue his tales of the good skating and ice-boating to be had upon the Bure and the Broads in fine winter weather.

As we neared Yarmouth, the changing sky and the moonlight made lovely the banks which in brighter light might look dull and squalid, and, when the dark outlines of the town houses appeared on the horizon, we had a scene to throw an artist into a state of ecstasy. From our boat at the stone quay, we had but a short walk, amid the old buildings, to the station, where a train returning to Norwich was just about to depart.

The day had been so crowded with experience that it seemed a week long.

"We at least know where to go when, next