

ation becomes a little difficult, after all—even to the teacher who surely ought to know everything the pupil knows.”

“Everything, you should say, perhaps, but Jennie’s Castle; can you tell me where it is yourself Jessie?”

“Why of course I can. An examiner may ask a question which he knows will be answered correctly, but he should never ask a question he cannot answer himself.”

“That’s sound philosophy, and good sense besides”; said Mr. Allan, “but where is Jennie’s Castle?”

“It is about sixty-seven and a half degrees from our second nucleus, and at the same distance from us as the Saracene Hotel.”

“Why that is the Saracene Hotel itself.”

“Of course it is,” said she and the sweet solemn silver bell began to misbehave very mischievously. “But I had to prompt you.”

“And is the Saracene Hotel called Jennie’s Castle?” asked the schoolmaster, delighted to have been able to set the silver bell agoing so cheerily.

“Not now.”

“When, then?”

“Fifty years ago.”

“But I did not promise to answer questions in history.”

“Especially in unwritten history,” she exclaimed.

And the bell was at it again.

“Who told you about Jennie’s Castle?”

“Jennie herself.”

“And who is Jennie?”

“Mrs Macpherson.”

“That lives in Miner’s Lane?”

“Yes,” said the girl. “Before she was married, her name was Janet Semple, and with the money her father gave her as a dower when she married James Macpherson, who now lies in the graveyard yonder, the Saracene Hotel was built, and was called by the folk of these times Jennie’s Castle,” and the sleigh-bell would truly have lost all its solemnity, in presence of the schoolmaster’s discomfiture, but for the light that was wanting to make its silver reflect the sweetness of the soul’s happiness that was within to set it a ringing so modestly.

“I think,” said Mr. Allan “after he and his companion had