

Then they all sang in chorus:

Fio ! Fo ! Fee !Fum !

We smell the blood of an Englishman !

And they all began to be merry. And if they had been allowed their own way that night they would have picked Brownie's bones quite clean, and in the morning there would be nothing left of him but a skeleton. But some good fairy scared the bugs and fleas away and hung a beautiful mosquito-net over his bed.

And he dreamed a dream. He dreamed that he had lost his white skin and grown a yellow one instead. Now I'll be in the fashion, thought he like all the Underlanders. It is so inconvenient to be odd. Everyone stares at you and makes remarks. Of course Brownie had *Gygis* the ring and could make himself invisible, but he wanted to talk to folks, and if he did talk out of nowhere he would be scaring every body out of their wits, and they would not stay to answer him or prolong the conversation.

If he only had a dress like all the Underland boys to put over his skin ! When the dog-days come the Underland boys just wear their yellow skins somewhat blackened, so when they jump into the pond for a wobble (they never bathe) they do not need to be afraid lest bad boys should steal their clothes.

When Brownie awoke next morning he found a new suit of Underland clothes laid across the chair. This was just what he wanted. His old ones he hid under the bed, the new ones he put on ; stockings, shoes, trousers, shirt, fan, that was enough in the hot weather and it was getting pretty hot by this time.

The trousers were fastened at the ankles with garters. Brownie did not like that idea very well, nor was he more pleased when he discovered that there was no trouser pocket not even one ! How do the Underland boys get on without pockets ? And what would become of the ring, and the string and the jack-knife and cetera.

And there were no braces: These difficulties were almost enough to make him change his mind about adopting the Underland style of dress, but a belt was found which did for braces, and the ring he hung on his button-hole, and the string, the knife and cetera went into his stocking. " It will take me some time to get used to it," said he, " but it will be as good as a skating carnival in Upperland when people dress themselves up in strange dresses."

As Brownie came out of his room, a nice old gentleman spied him, and seeing by his walk that

he was a stranger in those parts spoke politely to Brownie, and invited him to drink tea. As tea was bad for boys he declined with thanks, whereupon the following conversation took place:

Mr. Joe: (for that was his name:) "What is your honorable name ?"

To which Brownie made answer: "My humble name is Brownie. My father's name is Brown, but as I am small they call me Brownie."

Mr. Joe : "Strange name, I never heard of any one with that name in these parts. In fact it is not in the Book of Numbers" (and Brownie knew that though there were many names in the Book of Numbers his was not among them) The language the old man spoke was not the Queen's English, but Brownie had no difficulty in using it, for at his age children take it in "spontaneous" at the pores.

Mr. Joe : "How old are you ?"

"Twelve years."

"Are you married ?"

This question took Brownie's breath away, but when he got it again, he said : "Of course, not," but he forgot that in Underland boys and girls are married sometimes when they are babies, which is a shocking custom.

Mr. Joe: "What is your honorable place ?"

"I come from Upperland."

Mr. Joe : "I never heard of that place. Where is it ?"

Brownie: "It is on the other side of the world."

Mr. Joe: "How can that be ? You must have got the name twisted. You mean that your country is called Underland. It is certainly beneath this country."

Brownie: But Mr. Joe, the earth is round."

Mr. Joe: Well then, the people in your land must have their heads hanging downwards, like flies on the ceiling, though I do not see how heavy things like men do not fall off into the heavens. I am sure if they did they would make another crack in them, like the one Eve mended with melted glass."

I have heard that there is a kingdom called "Dog's-head," for all the people have dogs' heads, and one called Amazonia for the people all are women and another called "Gotroo" (go through) on account of the people all having holes through their bodies. When they wish to ride they get two men to run them through with a pole and carry them, one at each end. Besides Dog'shead there is Hog'shead, all with hogs' heads. I suppose you have visited all these kingdoms ?"