

## Wherein a Lad Sees Makers of History 13

and with an imperial decoration on his breast, which told me he was Lord Selkirk.

I remember when the huge salvers and platters were cleared away, I was placed on the table to execute the sword dance. I must have acquitted myself with some credit; for the gentlemen set up a prodigious clapping, though I recall nothing but a snapping of my fingers, a wave of my cap and a whirl of lights and faces around my dizzy head. Then my uncle took me between his knees, promising to let me sit up to the end if I were good, and more wine was passed.

"That's enough for you, you young cub," says my kinsman, promptly inverting the wine-glass before me.

"O Uncle MacKenzie," said I with a wry face, "do you measure your own wine so?"

Whereat, the noble Earl shouted, "Bravo! here's for you, Mr. MacKenzie."

And all the gentlemen set up a laugh and my uncle smiled and called to the butler, "Here, Johnson, toddy for one, glass of hot water, pure, for other."

But when Johnson brought back the glasses, I observed Uncle MacKenzie kept the toddy. "There, my boy, there's Adam's ale for you," said he, and into the glass of hot water he popped a peppermint lozenge.

"Fie!" laughed Sir Alexander to my uncle's right, "Fie to cheat the little man!"

"His is the best wine of the cellar," vowed His Lordship; and I drank my peppermint with as