

no matter how fascinating a neighbouring entertainment might be.

And sometimes he would see the Don being pushed homewards in a distant street, always pale and distinguished and foreign, always the Spanish nobleman, and thrill at the recognition, as we poor ordinary mortals always have thrilled and always will thrill at the spectacle of public performers in any phase of private life.

The Don fascinated Rudd by his wistfulness and aloofness. There was also a huge negro entertainer who fascinated him through his fears.

This man's performance was unique too. He carried with him a little bundle of thin white tapering sticks about three feet long, and these, with the aid of a piece of string, he threw to enormous heights over the big hotels. He first intimated what he would do, and then asked for a shilling's worth of coppers before he would do it. Rudd saw him so often that he grew to estimate the generosity of an audience as accurately as the negro himself. He would look at the crowd and know to a penny what they were worth and what were his chances of seeing this alluring feat again.

At last the money would all be collected, several little boys assisting the negro in harvesting it, and then, after far too much prefatory palaver, he would begin. Can it have been impatience under these preliminaries—the graspingness, the interminable talk—that set up in the child a revolt against ceremonial