

THE USURPER

"Jack! my brother! my brother!" That word was the cause of the terrible confusion which brought so much trouble in the near aftermath. Holding up his hand for silence, Lorrmore raised her head.

"Your brother?" he said. "Where is he?"

She motioned faintly toward the door. "You mean that you left him there?" said Lord Lorrmore.

"Yes," she breathed with painful eagerness and anxiety. "Take me to him! Bring him to me!"

Lorrmore beckoned two of the men, who stood looking on in respectful silence.

"Go back and search," he said. "We will wait here." A pressure of the weak little hand thanked him, as she dropped back exhausted by the few words she had spoken.

The two men went back and commenced their search. They had no difficulty in tracking their way through the bent and crushed undergrowth to the spot where Sylvia and Neville had been surprised and attacked, and there, lying dead, they found the man Neville had shot. He was a young fellow of about Neville's age, and not unlike him. Indeed, all diggers, given similarity of age, are somewhat alike in appearance. While he had been examining the bag he had put on Neville's pea-jacket. It was stained by lust and clay, and the two vigilants at once recognized it as a genuine digger's jacket. They looked no farther, though poor Neville at that very moment lay hidden in the thick bush but a few yards from them.

"This is him," said one of the men; "this is her brother."

"And dead as a herring, poor devil," said the other. "I'm sorry for that poor girl! Let's take the coat; she'll know if it's his or not, and that'll settle the matter."

They hurried back to where Lorrmore and the litter were waiting.

Thinking Sylvia still unconscious, one of the men held up the coat.

"We've found him, sir," he said. "Dead! Here's his coat."

Lorrmore put up his hand to stop him, but it was too late. Sylvia had heard him say the words, and recognized the coat. A shudder shook her, and a faint cry arose from her white lips, then the hand became still as death in Lorrmore's.

"By heaven!" he said. "You've killed her!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Sylvia was not dead, but the hand of death hovered so near that Lord Lorrmore could scarcely tell whether she lived or not.

They placed her gently in the cart the captain had sent to meet them, and Lorrmore rode with her, supporting her head upon his knee.

In the excitement caused by the news of the encounter with the rangers her arrival at the camp was scarcely noticed. Fortunately the doctor was a married man, and she was carried directly to his tent, where she received every attention.

"It's a state of collapse," he said. "Prolonged terror, followed by the shock caused by her news of her brother's death, has simply stunned her. Poor girl! Oh, yes, she'll recover; but she will want careful nursing, and she shall have it."

He was as good as a shipwrecked man, and his wife, a warm-hearted American, devoted herself to the stricken girl as if she had been her daughter.

Lorrmore haunted the tent. In his anxiety for Sylvia he almost forgot his mission, and when it did flash across him that hunting rangers and rescuing damsels in distress was hardly searching for Neville Lynne, he consoled himself with the reflection that when Sylvia recovered he could ask her if such a man as he was looking for was in Lorn Hope Camp.

On the second day he learned from the doctor that Sylvia's condition had improved. She was not yet, however, fully conscious; her mind was only clear at intervals, and would wander off into shadowland as if to come back to real life.

"She thinks of nothing but her brother," said Mrs. Langley, the doctor's wife. "It's pitiable to hear the poor girl call upon his name, and in a voice that brings the tears to your eyes. They must have been fond of each other."

Lord Lorrmore wandered about the camp, watching the diggers, who went on with their work as if the shooting of nine men was a most ordinary occurrence, and occasionally taking his gun and getting a bird or two; but three or four times a day he was at the doctor's tent making inquiries.

A week passed in this way, and one morning the doctor's wife informed him that she thought Sylvia was well enough to see him.

Lorrmore entered the tent and found Sylvia lying in an extemporized arm-chair made out of empty boxes, and his tender heart was touched by her altered appearance.

Neville himself would scarcely have recognized in the thin, wan face, with its black-ringed, mournful eyes, the bright

and happy girl who had walked so happily through the woods with him but seven days ago.

She held out her hand—it was white now, alas! instead of brown, and looked woefully thin and long—and he took it and sat down beside her.

"I am glad to see you are better," he said, scarcely knowing what tone to adopt, for though she looked so young, her sorrow had given her an expression which was almost that of a mature woman. "You have been very ill, I am afraid."

"Yes," she said, emphatically, "I suppose I have."

"But you are better now, and will soon get strong," he said, with the awkwardness a man always displays on such occasions.

Sylvia had learned of the part played by Lorrmore in her rescue, and she gratefully thanked him for his inestimable service on her behalf. She then patiently told her own story in a way that deeply affected the young nobleman, and her constant reference to "dear Jack" brought a mist of moisture to her eyes. He asked her if she wished to return to Lorn Hope Camp, but she promptly declined, saying that she could not endure existence in a place which so constantly reminded her of her faithful Jack.

Lorrmore never for a moment dreamed that she was lamenting the death of the very man of whom he was in quest. It was agreed, after a conversation with Dr. Langley, that as the young nobleman was determined to aid Sylvia in every way in his power, it would be best to remove her from the scenes where she had experienced so much misfortune.

In the doctor's family was a sweet-faced young woman, pale, sad and reserved, whom he had brought with him from England as companion and attendant to Mrs. Langley. This young woman, Mercy Fairfax, had served as nurse to Sylvia during the first days of her illness, and no one could have been more kind and attentive to a place which she had won the highest esteem of Sylvia.

The subject of Sylvia's removal to other scenes was suggested to the latter, and she was in no way averse to the prospect.

Lorrmore, too, was eager to get away and pursue his search in other quarters, for he had been informed by Sylvia that her beloved Jack was the only refined gentleman in Lorn Hope Camp, all the others, in her estimation, being rude, and therefore undesirable acquaintances.

If this were true, reasoned Lorrmore, and he had no reason to doubt her statement, it would be useless for him to visit Lorn Hope, with the expectation of finding Neville Lynne. Therefore, it would be a waste of time for Lorrmore on with their work as if nothing.

The matter of an early fitting was lengthily discussed by the nobleman and the bereaved girl, and the former eloquently pointed out the advantages of a change of scene.

While the two were thus engaged the doctor and his wife came in, and Lorrmore turned to greet them.

"Miss Sylvia and I have just been coming to a decision as to her future. How soon do you think we can start, doctor?"

Mrs. Langley stooped and kissed Sylvia.

"My dear, I shall miss you very much," she whispered. "But it is better for you to go."

"In a day or two," replied the doctor. "I shall want some one, some woman, to accompany her," said Lorrmore, walking toward the door of the tent with the doctor.

"I've thought of that, and will find some one. What you want is a steady, sober person—neither too old or too young—who will not only be a watchdog but a companion for her."

"Exactly," said Lorrmore. "But I'm afraid you'll discover it rather difficult to find such a person in a digger's camp."

"Yes," said the doctor, thoughtfully. As he spoke his glance fell upon the figure of Mercy Fairfax, standing outside the tent with some needlework in her hand. He put his hand upon Lord Lorrmore's arm.

"By Jove!" he said, "there's the very woman, if she will go!"

Lorrmore looked at the pale, sad face curiously.

"Who is she?" he asked. "I noticed her when I entered the tent just now."

"She came out as a companion to my wife," replied the doctor. "As to who she is—well, I'm afraid I can't give you anything like full information. I met her first at one of the London hospitals. She was a nurse and a remarkably good one, too. She attracted my attention by the peculiar—what shall I call it?—quietude of her manner. Look at her now."

Lorrmore did look, and understood what it was the doctor found so difficult to explain.

"A woman with a history," he said, in a low voice.

"Just so. But what that history is no one knows, and I have never asked. Beyond hearing that she is a widow,

have learned nothing about her. But this I can say, he went on earnestly, "that I believe few better women exist. He was patient and kindness and devotion themselves in the hospital, and since she has been with us our respect for her has increased daily. My wife will give her the best of characters. You are content to let the past history remain a blank, and will take her on our credentials, our experience of her, why, I'll answer for it you will get just the woman you want!"

"While he had been speaking Mercy had withdrawn to a little distance. "I'll take her," said Lorrmore. "Her face and manner impress me favorably. Speak to her, doctor."

She turned and came toward them as the doctor called her, and stood with downcast eyes and placidly sad face.

"Mercy," said the doctor, "Lorrmore and I have been talking about you."

She raised her eyes.

"I know it, sir. I heard nearly all you said, until I moved away."

"Well, then," said the doctor, "what you answer? Will you go with Sylvia and take care of her? You know we shall be sorry enough to lose you, but—"

Her lips twitched for a moment, then she looked from one to the other.

"Yes, I will go," she said, in her subdued voice.

And so another link in the chain of coincidence was forged and clasped!

Two days after the fight with the rangers Lockit and the Scuffer, happening in the morning in the direction of the woods, came upon a man lying full length under a big tree.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Lockit. "One of our fellows has been on a tear. Up and dash my wig! If it ain't the young man, I fancy the young man's gone on a spree! I thought he looked rather upset and bowled over when he came upon us in the valley and found we'd tapped his secret. And he's been on a drunk, as we added, looking down at the poor figure with an expression half admiring and half envious."

But the Scuffer, whose experience in such cases was both varied and extensive, looked grave and shook his head.

"Peas to me," he said, as he bent over poor Neville and turned him face upward, "peas to me that this ain't no spree at all. By Jove, if the young un ain't dead, he's pretty near it!"

Carefully they conveyed him to his own tent, and the doctor of Lorn Hope Camp attended him.

He was brought to the invalid. Some of the questions were of Sylvia.

He learned of her rescue from Lavarack by a young Englishman, her careful nursing at Wildall under the ministrations of Dr. Langley and his wife and her heart-rending agony on being informed that her "dear Jack" was dead, for she had been shown the jacket worn by the dead ranger, and even now treasured the contents of the pockets of that garment which had given plausibility to such an appalling blunder.

Yet the news of Sylvia's safety cheered Neville but he was overcome with pain and anxiety when the tidings came to him that, believing him dead, Sylvia had been persuaded to seek recuperation by travel, under the guidance of the young nobleman, who had induced Mercy Fairfax to accompany her as chaperone.

"Alone! my God, I'm all alone!" Neville exclaimed, when the full meaning of Sylvia's departure dawned upon him. "God bless me, I have lost her!" he moaned.

When his strength was well-nigh restored he attempted to banish his sad reflections by work, and again began his search for gold. But he could not labor with his old energy, and his reward was insignificant. Then he wandered here and there that month passed, and then he disappeared from Lorn Hope Camp.

His disappearance caused considerable speculation among the visitors at Macgregor's saloon.

Where had he—a penniless man—gone?

CHAPTER XV.

Two years and five months have passed since the memorable day when Audrey Hope and Lord Lorrmore parted. She had promised him to remain single for two years, and during all that time she had not heard from him. Five months had expired in her promise, had expired, and now she was free-free to bestow her hand on any deserving man whom she could love.

She had many suitors, the most persistent of whom was Sir Jordan Lynne, whose political advancement had been so rapid that now it was popular gossip that he was not unlikely to be selected for the Premiership. In fact, he had aspirations in that direction himself, and already his ambitious eyes, peering into the distant future, saw himself in the chief position in the state, holding the reins of government in his firm grasp, shaping the events of a vast empire.

This ambitious man on a certain evening was sufficiently confidential with Audrey Hope to confide to her his aspirations, thinking that to dispel the indifference with which she had hitherto received his pleadings for that love which was the great longing of his heart. It was at a grand party at the Marlow's mansion in Grosvenor Square. The rest of Sir Jordan had been in the state, holding the reins of government in his firm grasp, shaping the events of a vast empire.

In ardent words, with passionate fervor, he proclaimed his devotion, but she gave no encouragement to him, politely changed the subject of conversation, and had impressed him with the belief that nature had implanted in her breast a heart of marble.

He feared that her affections were bestowed elsewhere—that the very man he detested, Lord Lorrmore, was the man whose image found warm lodgment in her bosom. She had not expressed, at least in his hearing, her preference for Lord Lorrmore, but his suspicions warned him that the impetuous young nobleman was a rival to be dreaded.

With the intention of crushing that young man, and exhibiting him in a detestable light before Audrey, he had supplied himself with a clipping from the Paris Figaro descriptive of a liaison between Lord Lorrmore and a beautiful opera singer whose theatrical name was the Silver Star.

Sir Jordan preceded the presentation of this clipping by keen innuendoes founded on Parisian gossip regarding the admiration of Lord Lorrmore for the operatic beauty, and then showed the newspaper extract to her.

She read it carefully with distressed earnestness, which she strove to conceal from Sir Jordan; then, thinking of the knight-errant whom she had dispatched on an important mission, she mentally said "so much for modern chivalry! And I thought him a most devoted knight—a man to be trusted!"

Had Sir Jordan at that moment renewed his suit it is very probable that he would have been successful; but his repulse about half an hour before had temporarily embittered him against her, and his present object was to wound the woman who, he thought, had been captivated by Lorrmore.

Later in the evening, as Sir Jordan was on the portico of the mansion awaiting the announcement of the arrival of the carriage, a stalwart young man, shabbily dressed, stood near the entrance, among a dozen other wayfarers who had paused there. The vehicle presently drove up and a footman shouted:

"Sir Jordan Lynne's carriage!"

The shabbily dressed young man started, looked up and saw the nobleman, with majestic stride, bowing to the right and left as cheers greeted the well-known statesman.

He entered the vehicle and admiringly shouted to his cars as he was driven off.

The young man in tattered garb raised his cap from his brow, wiped the moisture from his forehead and an involuntary sigh escaped him.

It was Neville Lynne, half brother to Sir Jordan, recently arrived from Australia—the young un of Lorn Hope Camp.

That night, in his lonely garret room, in one of the less attractive localities of London, Neville Lynne threw himself on an humble couch and dreamed of many things—of his half brother; of Audrey Hope, of Sylvia Bond, and of Lorn Hope Camp.

It was the evening later, when, desiring to visit the village of Lynne, he set out for the home of his youth and walked the entire distance, his purse being scant. He merely wished to behold once more the scenes of his happy boyhood days. In his search he was not recognized, and he had no desire to be recognized in his present tattered habiliments.

Keeping in the outskirts of the village until dusk, he then strolled on until he arrived at the house of the young man. Bounding over with the agility of a trained athlete, he advanced until he was close to the house. He thought of the days long past, of his father and of Audrey Hope.

He was in deep reflection when suddenly he found both his elbows grasped from behind.

With a sudden twist of his leg he entangled the lower limbs of his assailant and in a moment the latter found himself whirled to the ground, where he lay panting and astounded.

Presently the man arose, gazed in wonder for a moment at his young adversary and then exclaimed:

"Why, good heaven! may I be jiggered if it isn't the young man! Neville!"

The speaker was Neville's old friend, Inspector Trale, who, from a rear view had mistaken the young man for Jim Banks, a disreputable character, of whom he had for a long time been on the watch.

A hurried explanation of the dog in the park followed, and the mention of this personage revived some recollections of Neville concerning him.

"Jim Banks?" said the young man; "I certainly recall that name."

"Oh, yes; you must have known him," said Trale. "He lived with his daughter in a little cottage on the Stoneleigh road. He was a tough customer, a regular bad un."

"I think I remember something of her. What became of the girl?"

(To be continued.)

ANIMALS ALL AMBIDEXTROUS.

Why Man Gives Preference to Right Hand Over the Left.

Right handedness and right eyedness came with genus homo. Dr. George M. Gould has watched for them in squirrels that use their front paws to hold nuts, cats that strike at insects in the air or pats with wounded mice, and in many other animals, but he is certain no preference is given to the right side over the left.

But in the lowest human savages all over the world choice in greater expression of one hand is clearly present. One cause for its development is in primitive military customs. In all tribes and countries since man used implements of offence and defence the left side, while the right lies, has been protected by the shield, and the left hand was called the shield hand, while the right hand was called the spear hand.

Next to fighting came commerce. The fundamental condition of bartering was counting with the low numbers, one to ten. The fingers of the free or right hand were naturally first used, and all fingers to-day are called digits, as are the fingers themselves, while the basis of our numberings is the decimal or ten-fingered system. Every drill and action of the soldier, from ancient Greece to modern America is right sided in every detail. Firing from the right shoulder and sighting with the right eye brings the right eye into prominence.

It is significant that with the decline of militarism comes the suggestion of schools for ambidexterity and the establishment of a movement for promulgating the gospel of two handedness and its obvious advantages.—Chicago Tribune.

INDICESTION CAN BE CURED.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Succeed After Other Remedies Fail.

There are twenty drugs to help your digestion for a time, but there is only one medicine that can positively cure your indigestion for good. To any one with indigestion a half dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth all the purgatives and mixtures in the drug country. After all these things have failed Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the worst cases of indigestion by going straight to the root of the trouble in the blood.

You can take a purgative to tear through your bowels and make a clean sweep of your food, whether it is digested or not. You can take stomach bitters to create a false appetite—if you don't care what happens after you swallow your meal. You can drug your stomach with tablets and syrups to digest your food for you—if you don't care how soon you ruin your system altogether. You can do all these things—but don't call it "curing your indigestion." There is only one way to cure indigestion, and that is to give your system so much good, pure, red blood that your stomach and liver will have strength enough to do their natural work in a healthy and vigorous way. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion—they actually make new blood. Here is the proof. Mr. R. M. Corkell, St. Thomas, Ont., says: "About a year ago my system became generally wrecked. My stomach was always in a state of nausea. The sight of any kind of food often turned my stomach, and I would arise from the table without eating. Doctors advised different medicines which I took without benefit. Finally I became so run down that I had to build myself up with the aid of doctors, but as time went on and my condition did not improve I became much discouraged. Then a friend told me he thought Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would help me, and I began their use. In three weeks time I was so improved that I went back to my work, but I continued using the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, and now my stomach is strong, and I am ready for a good meal three times a day, and life now really seems worth living."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, red blood, that they cure such common ailments as anaemia, with all its headaches and backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and the secret ailments from which women and young girls suffer so much. You can get the pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at \$2.00 per box or six boxes for \$12.00 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SHOPPING IN HALIFAX.

All the Stores There Give You 10 Per Cent. Off on Everything You Buy.

The shopper in New York takes it for granted that she will not buy at even figures; she pays 98 cents, or \$1.43 or \$3.87, whatever it may be, and is content so long as she is certain she has made a bargain. So it is a shock to her when she goes to some place where a different system of pricing goods and of offering bargains obtains.

"I got my greatest shock in Halifax, N. S.," said a New York woman. "They're the queerest people up there. It's a queer old city anyway. It looks as if it were built in very ancient times; reminded me of an old English garrison town. At every step you took you met a soldier."

"A beautiful old place, though, built on a steep hillside that lovely harbor. But it was telling about the shops."

"You see, I'd been told that it was a good place to buy things much cheaper than in New York, so when my husband and I landed there for a three days' stay I made up my mind I'd do some shopping."

"Well, the shops were lovely—lots of room, attentive salespersons and all that. The first thing I got was marked \$3, and I thought it was a bargain and said I'd take it. I counted my change and found I'd got \$2.30 back for my \$5 bill."

"Guess you've made a mistake," I said to the young woman who waited on me. "You've given me thirty cents too much, and I handed back the 30 cents."

"Oh, no, that's all right," she told me. "Ten per cent. off, you know, special discount on the class of goods I'd bought and went on to another shop."

"The same thing happened again. I began to wonder, then, thinking it odd that I'd struck two 10 per cent. discounts in one morning's shopping."

"At the third store—shop, I mean, I nearly forgot myself and said store—you mustn't do that in an English town—I picked out something I wanted for \$10. I hesitated a moment over the price and the young woman said: 'Of course, with the discount off it's only \$9.'"

"Mercy me! I said. 'What do you mean by your discount? If you only want \$9, why don't you mark it that?'"

"You're a stranger here," she said. "Why, we always give 10 per cent. discount on everything."

"All the shops?" I asked.

"All of them," she said.

"But what good does that do?" I burst out. "Why not mark all goods right in the first place?"

"The people expect 10 per cent. off,

INDIAN PRINCE VISITS LONDON.

The Maharajah of Nepal Travels in Regal State.

Nepal, which covers an area of about 54,000 square miles, and has a population of over 4,000,000, is somewhat bigger than England, and is a very interesting little country if only from the fact that it is from there the Gorkhas come. The de facto maharajah, Sir Chandra Shamsah Jang, Rana Bahadur, was born in 1863 and educated at Calcutta University. He is an honorary major-general in the British army, honorary colonel of the Fourth Gorkha Rifles, became Prime Minister in 1895, succeeded to the supreme government of the country in 1905. He has translated several military books into Nepalese.

London, May 30.—A picturesque Indian visitor is now in London. This is his highness Sir Chandra Shamsah Jang, Rana Bahadur, Prime Minister of Nepal. He travelled in regal splendor, with a suite numbering twenty-two persons and with twenty servants.

The maharajah and his suite brought an extraordinary amount of baggage, consisting of hundreds of packages, including the case containing his highness' famous regalia of jewels.

These jewels are said to be worth nearly \$500,000, one headpiece alone being valued at \$250,000. It is a magnificent ornament. The front is composed of a glittering mass of diamonds, while a border of pure emeralds hangs over the wearer's forehead.

Extraordinary precautions were taken to guard this valuable luggage on its way to London, and special detectives were on duty at Dover and Victoria. The question of catering for the maharajah and his suite is one of no little difficulty. Special sheep, bred in Nepal, were brought to England, as this is the only kind of mutton the party is allowed to eat. Many other provisions were also being brought from the hills of India.

The retinue includes a large staff of cooks, as all the food has to be specially prepared.

The maharajah comes to England as the guest of the British Government, and Mortimer House, near Belgrave Square, is the residence of Lord Penryn, has been taken for his use. Although the house has been gorgeously redecorated and fitted throughout, it forms a striking contrast to his palace at Kathmandu, a building nearly as large as mandu, a block of government buildings from the treasury down to the corner by the Houses of Parliament.

The maharajah, who is an exceedingly shrewd and alert man, is 43 years old. He is an energetic ruler, and is frequently at work from 4.30 in the morning until late at night supervising the various matters connected with the administration of his country and his army. He is a splendid shot, and a keen big-game hunter.

His highness will probably remain in London for about eight weeks. He has already been received by the King, and his royal honors are being paid him.

Chemist Creates Plants.

Artificial plants, as well as artificial seaweed developed from artificial cells, have been developed by Prof. Leduc of the College of Medicine of Nantes, France.

That said on which these were produced consisted of cane sugar, copper sulphate, and potassium ferricyanide.

To create the artificial plants Prof. Leduc proceeded in this wise: An artificial seed was made of two parts of cane sugar and one part of copper sulphate. This seed, about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, was immersed in a solution of potassium ferricyanide, sodium chloride, and gelatin. In a few hours the seed germinated.

The germination can be regulated by the professor, however, according to the temperature he utilizes. He can prolong it over several days if he so wishes.

Leduc's artificial plants would defy many botanists in distinguishing from certain water plants and other representatives of the vegetable kingdom, although they are not living, as are artificial bodies formed in the chemical laboratory.

It is startling to observe how from an artificial seed a small plant or shoot springs up and develops with apparently the same forms of stems, leaves, buds and blossoms as the actual living plant, and all within a few hours' time.

Marvelous as are the results that he has attained, Dr. Leduc has little of the sympathy of other scientific men in his work. While the transmutation of metals and the creation of artificial life was a dream of the alchemist of old, the modern scientist has a strong feeling against converting one element into another or putting life into inert matter. An outward indication of this is the fact that Prof. Leduc's work has been attacked by Prof. Gaston Bonnier of the Paris University and Academy of Sciences.

Not a Chip of the Old Block.

"You want a job, do you young man?" said the manager of the department store.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you willing to begin at the foot of the ladder?"

"No, sir!" answered the applicant.

"That's the way my father began, 25 years ago, and he's still carrying a hod. I want something a little higher up than that."

So the manager, who hadn't encountered that type of boy before, put him in the packing department, on the top floor.

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It Will Tone Up Your Liver and Stomach.

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

Old Lady—Does this parrot use any bad language?

Bird Dealer—No'm; but he's a young bird and easy to teach.