THE ATHENS REPORTER JUNE 26 1901

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#### CEYLON AND INDIA TEA,

# **GREEN OR BLACK.**

### A Wise Housewife

looks out for the family health and the family pocketbook. If she uses Ceylon and India Machine-Made Tea she gets the purest and most econ-omical tea to be had.

Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets SALADA only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green Free samples sent. Address "Salada," Toronte



or Niagara Falls.

### THE HOTEL BRANT BURLINGTON, ONTARIO, CANADA

This elegant and commodious notel crected last year at a cost of 100,000 was opened to the public on the 2nd of July, 1900, and al-though the house was not entirely completed at the opening, and the grounds and out of door amusement features were far from reaching the state of perfection that had been planned, the season proved a suc-cessful one, and the patrons, one and all, expressed themselves as being both delighted and surprised at the beauty of the house and surround-lange.

cessful one, and the patrons, one and all, expressed themselves as being both delighted and surprised at the beauty of the house and surroundings.
Since the close of the season of 1900 \$10,000 has been expended on the grounds. New fences have been built, trees and shrubs planted. Thower beds laid out, perfect tennis courts sconstructed and so located that they are protected from the prevailing winds, golf links with interesting hazards. Clock golf, a new and entertaining game that has recently become so popular in England and America, has been provided, it is called "The Means of Vardon's Success," and is a splendid practice for experts as well as beginners. A bowling green 120 by 130 feet has also been made, which want of space prevents mentioning.
The hotel is most delightfully located on a high bluff within a stone's throw of beautiful Lake Ontario, and overlooks Hamilton Bay, and is in easy access from all points, being only six miles from Hamilton. thirty miles from the provide in hardwool; is modern in construction and equipment. Electricity furnishes the power for the lights, elevators and call bells, a furnace can supply abundance of heat when necessary. The hote is a smintation for two hundred and flity guests.
The guests' chambers are arranged single and en suite. Each floor is amply supplied with lavatories, private and public baths, service and sintation unexcelled.

An orchestra has been secured to furnish music for morning concerts

An orchestra has been secured to furnish music for morning concerts, dancing every evening and for Saturday night hops. The latter will be held on the roof, where selectentertainments will also be given occasionally during the week. Amusements in addition to those above mentioned, which can also be enjoyed, are yachting, canceing and rowing on the lake or bay, modern croquet, ten pins, billiards, pool and bathing on a fine white sand beach. Here also will be found fine roads for automobiles, as well as for cy-

Small mouth bass in the bay and brook, trout fishing in near-by streams can be indulged in.

able to their relief able to their relief. Rates-\$2.50 and upwards per day; \$12 and upwards per week, single; \$22 and upwards per week for two in a room. WACHENHUSEN & BOGGS,

R. M. Boggs, Hotel Oxford,

Avon-by-the-Sea. New Jersey

H. W. Wachenhusen, Hotel Granada, St. Augustine, Florida.

the sort.

yacht.

ette



spoll by any additions. One of the best things I learned in Ana was to take mp\_tee properly. Help your-self, Mr. Watson rather clumsily dropped the piece of sugar which he had been holding out to Mr. Sabin, and the take ship giving a slight lurch just at that moment, it rolled down the deck and apparently into the sea. With a little remark as to his clumsiness he resumed his seat. Mr. Sabin looked into his tea and across to Mrs. Watson. The slighteat of nods was sufficient for him. He drank it off and asked for some more The tea party on the whole was altogether upset and quite indisposed to be amiable towards people who had made a dupe of him. Mrs. Watson seemed to be suffering from a state of nervous excitement and her hms-band was glum and silent. Mr. Sabin alone appeared to be in good spirits, and he talked continually with his customary ease and polish. "The captain did not stay very long and upon his departure Mr. Sabin also rose. "Am I to have the pleasure of tak-ing you for a little walk, Mrs. Wat-son "' he asked. "Am I to have the pleasure of tak-ing you for a little walk, Mrs. Wat-son "' he asked. "She lookad doubifully at the tall, glum figure by her side, and her face was almost haggard. "'I will promise that at any rate,"

a seal

ing you for a little walk, Mrs. Wat-son ?" he asked. She looksd doubtfully at the tall, glum figure by her side, and her face was almost haggard. "I'm afraid—I think—I think — Mr. Watson has just asked me to, waik with him," she said, lamely: "we must have our stroll later on." "I shall be ready and delighted at any time," Mr. Sabin answered with a bow.

any time," Mr. Sab.n a bow. "We are going to have a moon to-"We are going to have a moon tonight; perhaps you may be tempt-ed to walk after dinner."

He ignored the evident restraint of both the man and the woman, and strolled away. Having nothing in par-ticular to do he went into his deck cabin to dress a little earlier than usual and whan he had emerged the usual, and when he had emerged the

usual, and when he had emerged the dinner-gong had not yet sounded. The deck was quite deserted, and lighting a cigarette d'appatit, he strolled past the scene of their tea-party. A dark object under the boat attracted his attention. He stooped down and looked at it. Thomas, the ship's cai, was lying there stilf and stark, and by the side of his out-stretched tongue a lump of sugar. CHAPTER XLVI.

CHAPTER XLVL Mr. Watson is Astonished.

At dinner-time Mr. Sabin was the At dimner-time Mr. Sabin was the most silent of the little quartette who occupied the head of the table. The captain, who had discovered that notwithstanding their stoppage they had made a very fair day's run, and had just noticed a favorable change in the wind, was in a better humor, and on the whole was disposed to feel satisfied with himself for the way he had repulsed the captain of the Kaiser Withelm. He departed from his usual custom so far as to drink satisfied with himself for the way he had repulsed the captain of the Kaiser Withelm. He departed from his usual custom so far as to drink a glass of Mr. Sabin's champagne, having first satisfied himself as to the absence of any probability of fog. Mr. Watson, too, was making an effort to appear amiable, and his wife, though her color seemed a trifle hectic and her laughter not alto-gether natural, contribued her share to the conversation. Mr. Sabin alone was curiously silent and distant. Many times he had escaped death by what seemed almost a fluke; more often than most men he had been at least in danger of losing it. But this last adventure had made a distinct and deep impression upon him. He had not seriously believed that the man Watson was prepared to go to such lengths; he recognized for the first time his extreme danger. Then as regards the woman he was genuinely puzzled. He owed her his life, he could not doubt it. She had given him the warning by which he had profited, and she had given it him behind her companion's back. He was strongly inclined to believe in her. Still, she was doubtless in fear of the man. Her whole appearance denoted it. She was still, without doubt, his tool, willing or unvilling. They lingered longer than usual over their dessert. It was noticeable that throughcut their conversation all mention of the events of the day was excluded. A casual remark of Mr. Watson's the captain had ignored. There was an obvious inclination to avoid the subject. The captain was on the qui vive all the time, and he promptly quashed any embarrassing remark. So far as Mrs. Watson was concerned there was certainly no fear of her exhibiting any curicity. It was hard to believe that she was the same woman who had virtually taken the conversation into her own hands on the previous evening, and had talk-

wet. He laid his nand tenderly upon her arm. "I will promise that at any rate," he said. "And you will remember what I have told you?"

And you will remember what I have told you?" "Most certainly," he promised, "Your warnings are not thing: to be disregarded." She drew a quick little breath and looked nervously over hes shoulders. "I am afraid," he said kindly, "that you are not well to-day. Has that fellow been frightening or ill-using you?" Her face was very close to his, and he fancied that he could hear her teeth chattering. She was obviously terrified. "We must not be talking too seri-

terrified. "We must not be talking too seri-ously," she murmured. "He may be here at any moment. I want you to remember that there is a price set upon you, and he means to earn it. He would have killed you before, but he wants to avoid detection. You had better tell the captain everything. Remember, you must be on the watch always."

"I can protect myself now that ] am warned," he said, reassuringly. "] have carried my life in my hands many time before. But you?

have carried my life in my hands many a time before. But you?" She shivered. "They tell me," she whispered, "that from Boston you can take a train right across the continent, thou-sands of miles. I am going to take the first one that a trirks when I land, and I am going to hide somewhere in the furthest corner of the world I can get to. To live in such fear would drive me mad, and I am not a coward. Let us walk; he will not think so much of our being together then." " I am going to send for a wrap," he said, looking down at her thin dinner dress; "I t is much too cold for you here bareheaded. We will send the steward for something." They turned around, to find a tall form at their elbows. Mr. Watson's voice, thin and satirical, broke the momentary silence. " You are in a great hurry for fresh air, Violet. I have broughty our cape; allow me to put it on." He stooped down, and threw the wrap over her shoulders. Then he drew her reluctant fingers through his arm. " You were desiring to walk," he

his arm. "You were desiring to walk," he said. "Very well, we will walk to

gether."

gether." Mr. Sabin watched them disappear, and, lighting a cigar, strolled off to-wards the captain's room. Many miles away now he could still see the green light of the German man-of-war. CHAPTER XLVII.

A Charmed Life.

A Charmed Life. The night was still enough, but piled-up masses of black clouds ob-scured a weakly moon, and there were only now and then uncertain gleams of glimmering light. There was no fog, nor any sign of any. The captain slept in his room, and on deck the steamer was utterly de-serted. Only through the black darkness she still bounded on, her furnaces conrige and the black teal

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Ask your friends what they think of Blue Ribbon Certon Jea.

## The Live Hog Trade.

### Some Pointers for Breeders and #Feeders.

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The conditions surrounding the for the farmer's benefit, who, so long log market just now seem to be as it continues, need have little com cern as to how the packer is going to finance his end of the business. peculiar to this season only. Never

peculiar to this season only. Never in the history of the bacon trade in this country have such high prices been paid for live hogs as during the past few weeks. For a very short period last year prices reach-ed the seven dollar basis here only to drop again just as quickly. For several weeks now we have had unusually high prices, and every one in the trade seems to be wondering how long they are going to keep up. Packers are seemingly just as much in the dark on this soore as the producers are, and so a kind of a week to week business is being transacted, no one being able to diagnose with any degree of certainty what, the future will bring forth Present birth values

of certainty what the future will bring forth. Present high values may be maintained with slight var-lations the whole of the season, or they may take a sudden slump with-out any previous warning to either packer or producer. An unusual feature of the situa-tion this season, and it is one that seems to be applicable alone to the first yrear of the century, is the somewhat hand to mouth business that is being done by the English trade and the susceptibility of that trade to be influenced by purely local and temporary conditions. A duil day when trade is not briek seems to influence the regular trade as it never did before and prices have fluctuated according as each day's trade has been brisk or duil. Of course, the very high prices would have a tendency to curtail business largely to the present, but this does not altogether account for the influence purely local con-ditions seems to have on the Engi-lish trade this season. The Farmer's Harvest.

The Farmer's Harvest.

But whatever may be the influences affecting it this season it is gratify-ing to know that the farmer is geting to know that the farmer is get-ting good prices for his hogs. And these high values do not appear to be peculiar to Canada Alone. The Danish farmer and the farmer of the Emerald Isle is also reaping a big profit out of the hog producing busi-ness. For the past year at least there has been no more profitable business for the Canadian farmer than the raising of hogs. And the wonder is that our farmers have not gone more extensively into the busi-ness than they have. Though the market has been brisk and active our exports of bacon are

Though the market has been brisk and active our exports of bacon are not increasing very materially. In fact for some months back there has not been the quartity of bacon shipped out of the country that there was during the corresponding period of last year. This will come as a surprise to many who have been led to believe that our exports of bacon were growing very fast because of the increase in the number of pack-ing establishments and the operation of several co-operative pork factories

The quality of Canadian bacon is improving gradually and there is a constantly growing demand for it in Great Britain. The percentage of softs this year is very small as com-pared with a year ago. This is as-cribed by some in the trade to be due to the higher prices which have prevalled for corn, thus compelling farmers to find more suitable feeds for producing bacon. There are a few sections of Western Ontario, however, that are still in bad re-

able to diagnose with any degree of certainty what the future will ing. bring forth. Present high values may be maintained with slight var-lations the whole of the season, or they may take a sudden slump with-

farmers are retaining a larger num-ed twelve sows for breeding purposes. We heard of a farmer last week who went to a drover's yard and select-ed twevel sows for breeding purposes. All this is along the right line, the only objection being that it should have taken place a year or two ago, and then the extra supply would have been on hand for present high values.

### values. Raise More Hogs.

Raise More Hogs. We believe, however, that it will pay farmers even now to go into the raising of hogs on a much larger scale than they have been doing. Though present high values may not be guaranteed for any great length of time, the outlook as far as we are able to estimate it, seems to be very favorable for profitable prices for a considerable time to come. There is quite a margin between \$7 per cwt. and \$4 per cwt., which is perhaps about the price that the av-erage farmer can afford to produce-the bacon hog for, and a radical change in the conditions at present governing the market would have to take place to bring a drop of 50 per cent in price.

cent in price So our advice is to raise more hogs of the bacon type. Feed them with the foods that will produce the

CHAPTER XLV. "What, spies !" the captain ex-Mr. Sabin in Darger. claimed. Mr. Sabin nodded. "Exactly !" Mr. Sabin found the captain by no The captain was still incredulous. Do you mean to tell me," he exclaim-d, "that charming little woman fs means inclined to talk about the visit which they had just received. He was still hurt and ruffled at the same woman who had virtually taken the conversation into her own hands not an American at all-that she is a fraud ??" propositions which had been made to him, and annoyed at the various de-lays which seemed conspiring to prethe conversation into her own hamos on the previous evening, and had talk-ed to them'so wall and so brightly. She sat there, white and cowed, look-ing a great deal at Mr. Sabin with sad, far-away eyes, and seldom origi-nating a remark. Mr. Watson, on "There isn't a shadow of a doubt about it," Mr. Sabin replied. "They have both tacitly admitted it. As a matter of fact, I am in treaty now vent him from making a decent passage. "I have been most confoundedly to buy them over. They were on the point of accepting my terms when these fellows boarded us. Whether they will do so now I cannot tell. I saw that fellow Graisheim taiking to the man just before they left the vessel." "I have been most confoundedly insulted by those d— Germans." he gald to Mr. Sabin, meeting him a little later in the gangway. "I don't know exactly what your po-sition may be, bit you will have to be on your guard. They have gone on to New York, and I suppose they will try and get their warrant en dorsed there before we land." "They have a warrant then?" You are safe while you are on my ship, Mr. Sabia," the captain said, firmly. "I shall watch that fellow Watcon closely, and if he gives me the least chance, I will have him put in irons. Confound the man and his plausible——" "They have a warrant, then?" Mr. Sabin remarked. "They showed me something of e sort," the captain answered profully. "And it is signed by the the sort." the contains signed by the scornfully. "And it is signed by the Kaiser. But, of course, here it isn't worth the paper it is written on, and America would gever give you up without a special extradition They were interrupted by the deck They were interrupted by the deck steward, who came with a message from Mrs. Watson. She was making tea on deck, and would they come?" They crossed the deck to a sunny little corner behind one of the boats, where Mrs. Watson had just complet-ed her preparation for tea. She greeted them gaily and chatted to them while they waited for the kettle to boil, but to Mr. Sabin's ob-servant eyes there was a world. Sabin smiled. He had calculated all the chances nicely, and a volume of international law was lying at that moment in his state-room face downwards. "I think." he said, "that I am quite servant eyes there was a remarkable change in her. Her laughter was forced and she was very sale from arrest; but, at the same time, captain, I am very sorry to be such a troublesome passenger to pale. Several times Mr. Sabin caught her watching him in an odd way as though she desired to attract his at-tention, but Mr. Watson, who for once The captain shrugged his shoulders Oh, it is not your fault," he said but I have made up my mind about one thing. I am not going to stop my ship this side of Boston harbor for anything afloat. We have lost half anything already." day already." "If the Cunard Company will send me the extra coal bill," Mr. Sabin maid, "I will pay it cheerfully, for I am afraid that both stoppages have Mr. Watson sent away the deck steward, who was preparing to wait upon them, and did the honors himself. He passed the sugar to the cap-tain and stood before Mr. Sabin with the sugar-tongs in his hand. "Sugar ?" he inquired, holding out been on my account." "Bosh!" The captain, who was moving away, stopped short. "You had nothing to do with these New Yorkers and their broken-down lump. Mr. Sabin took sugar, and was on Mr. Sabin finished lighting a cigarthe point of holding out his cup. Just then he chanced to glance across to Mrs. Walson. Her eyes were dilated, and she seemed to be on the point of springing from her chair. Meeting his glance she shock her head, and which he had taken from ette which he had taken from his case, and, passing his arm through the captain's, drew him a little fur-ther away from the gangway. "I'm afraid I had," he said, "As a matter of fact, they are not New Yorkers, and they are not husband and wife. They are simply agents in the pay of the German secret police." wered. "This tea looks too good to thanks, and whisper-wards of springing from her chair. Meeting this glance she shook her head, and then bent over her hot water appar-atus. "No sugar, thanks," Mr. Sabin ans-wered. "This tea looks too good to walked swiftly up the stairs after a

nating a remark. Mr. Watson, on the contrary, talked incessantly, in marked contrast to his previous si-lence; he drank no wine, but seemed in the best of spirits. Only once did he appear at a loss, and that was when the captain, helping himself to some must summed towards Mr. Sec. of his deck cabin, and shivered. To sleep had been impossible, his dozing was only fitful and unrestful. His hands were thrust deep down into the pockets of his overcoat—the re-volver had long ago slipped from his cold, ingers. More than once he had made up his mind to abandon his watch. to enter his room, and chance what might happen. And suddenly there came what he had been waiting for all this while—a soft footfall along the deck; some some nuts, turned towards Mr. Sa bin and asked a question— "I wonder, Mr. Sabin, whether you have ever heard of an Indian nut call ed, I believe, the Fakella 2. They say that an oil distilled from its kernel is the most deadly poison in the one was making their way now from the gangway to the door of his "I have both heard of it and seen it," Mr. Sabin answered. "In fact, I may say that I have tasted it—on the tip of my finger." "And yet," the captain remarked The frown on his forehead deepenhe leaned stealthily forward ed; he leaned stearship intently. watching and listening intently. Surely that was the rustling of a that gleam of white "And yet," the captain remarked laughing, "you are alive." Mr. Sabin echoed. "But there is nothing very wonderful in that. I am poisonsilken gown, that gleam of white behind the funnel was the flutter proof." Mr. Watson was in the act of raising of a woman's skirt. Suddenly he ing a hastily filled glass to his lips when his eyes met Mr. Sabin's. He when his eyes met Mr. Sabin's. He set it down hurriedly, white to the lips. He knew, then! Surely there must be something supernatural about the man. A conviction of his own absolute impotence suddenly laid hold of him. He was completely shaken. Of what use were the or-dinary weapons of his kind against an antagonist such as this? He knew nothing of the silent evidence against him on deck. He could only attribute Mr. Sabin's foreknow-ledge of what had been planned against him to the miraculous. He stumbled to his feet, and muttering something about some cigars, left his something about some cigars, left his place. Mrs. Watson rose almost im-mediately afterwards. As she turned to walk down the saloon she dropped her handkerchief. Mr. Sabin, who had risen while she passed out, stooped down and rised it mr. She down the down and picked it up. She took it with a smile of thanks, and whisper

ing of a woman's skirt. Suddenly he saw her distinctly. She was wear-ing a long white dressing gown, and noiseless slippers of some kind. Her face was very pale, and her eyes seemed fixed and dilated. Once, twice she looked nervously behind her, then she paused before the door of his cabin, hesitated for a mo-ment, and finally passed over the threshold. Mr. Sabin, who had been about to spring forward, paused. threshold. Mr. Sabin, who had been about to spring forward, paused. After all, perhaps he was safer where he was. There was a full minute during which nothing happened. Mr. Sabin, who had now thoroughly regained his composure, lingered in the shadow of the boat prepared to wait upon the course of events, but shadow of the boat prepared to wait upon the course of events, but a man's footstep this time fell soft-ly upon the deck. Someone had emerged from the gangway, and was crossing towards his room. Mr. Sabin peered cautiously through the twilight. It was Mr. Watson. of New York, partly dressed, with a revolver flashing in his hand. Then Mr. Sabin perceived the full wisdom of having remained where he was. of having remained where he was. Under the shadow of the boat he drew a little nearer to the door of the cabin. There was absolute sithe

darkness she still bounded on, her furnaces roaring and the black trail of smoke leaving a long clear track behind her. It seemed as though everyone was sleeping on board the steamer except those who fed her ing establishments and the operation of several co-operative pork factories during the present year. The real fact of the matter is that there are not enough hogs in the country to keep the factories we have at the present time running to their full capacity, and packers who have a regular list of English customers to with the foods that will produce the best quality of bacon and a profit-able market is assured. For several years back the periods of low prices have been the exception, not the rule, and they have become much less frequent the past year or two, showing a tendency in the market to approach gradually toward uni-formly high or profitable prices all the year round.—Farming World. steamer except those who fed her fires below, and the grim, sllent fig-Mrs below, and the grin, shert ng-ure who stood in the wheelhouse. Mr. Sabin, who, muffled up with rugs, was reclining in a deck chair, drawn up in the shadow of the long supply are compelled to pay higher prices in order to get sufficient goods to hold the trade. All this is boat, was already beginning to re gret that he had attached any imgret that he had attached any im-portance at all to Mrs. Watson's warning. It wanted only an hour or so of dawn. All night long he had sat there in view of the door of his deck cabin, and shivered. To lence within. What they were do-

lence within. What they were do-ing he could not imagine, but the place was in absolute darkness. Thoroughly awake now, he crouch-ed within a few feet of the door, listening intently. Once he fancied that he could hear a voice, it seem-ed to him that a hand was groping along the wall for the knob of the electric light. Then the door was softly opened, and the woman came out. She stood for a moment leaning a little forward, listening intently, ready to make her re-treat immediately she was assured that the coast was clear! She was a little pale, but in a stray gleam of moonlight Mr. Sabin fancied that he caught a glimpse of a smile upon

of moonlight Mr. Sabin functed that he caught a glimpse of a smile upon her parted lips. There was a whis-per from behind her shoulder; she answered in a German monosyllable. Then, apparently satisfied that she was unobserved, she stepped out, and, flitting around the funnel, dis-appeared down the gangway. Mr. and, flitting around the funnel, dis-appeared down the gangway. Mr. Sabin made no attempt to stop her, or to disclose his presence. His fin-gers had closed now upon his revol ver-he was waiting for the man. The minutes crept on-nothing hap-pened. Then a hand softly closed the window looking out upon the deck, immediately afterwards the door was pushed open and Mr. Watson, with a handkerchief to his mouth, stepped out.

with a handkerchief to his mouth, stepped out. He stood perfectly still, listening for a moment. Then he was on the point of stealing away, when a hand fell suddenly upon his shoul-der. He was face to face with Mr. Sabin.

He started back with a slight but

He started back with a slight but vehement gutteral interjection. His hand stole down towards his pocket, but the shining argument in Mr. Sabin's hand was irresistible. "Step back into that room, Mr. Watson; I want to speak to you." He hesitated. Mr. Sabin, reaching across him, opened the door of the cabin. Immediately they were as-salled with the fumes of a strange, sickly odor! Mr. Sabin laughed soft. sickly odor! Mr. Sabin laughed soft-ly. but a little bitterly. ly.

very old-fashioned device." he

murmured. "I gave you credit for more ingenuity, my friend. Come, I have opened the window and the door, you see! Let us step inside. There will be sufficient fresh air." (To be Continued.)

A Deed of Heroism.

In Julian Ralph's new book, "The Bright Side of War," contains sev-eral letters and articles dealing with single deeds of heroism, none with single deeds of heroism, none more signal than that of Pte. Thompson, of what Canadian com-pany it is not stated. "One of the Gordons who was there" writes the story. Here is an extract: "About 5.30 in the morning wounded man about five hundred yards away was seen to be the

wounded man about five hundred yards away was seen to be trying to make for our trenches, under a heavy fire, but was at last ob-served to fall. Now and then, be-tween the volleys, he was seen to wave his hands as if for assistance. Suddenly from the left of us a form was seen to climb the earthworks in front of our trenches, jumping down to make straight for the down to make straight for the place where the wounded man lay, about 90 yards from the Boer trenches. Utterly regardless of the scattering fire which hissed about him, he ran on, and at last reached the wounded man and tried to lift him, but it was too late, for the poor fellow had breathed his last. Seeing it was of no avail, his would-be rescuer walked back over the ground he had covered, and although bullets whistled around him and tore up the ground in every direc-tion, he cooly regained his trenches with a pipe stuck between his teeth."

### A Sure Safeguard.

A Sure Safeguard. The Captain — Shocking weather they've been having on the Atlantic lately; you must be very anxious about your daughter crossing from the States? Cheerful Mother-Oh, dear, no ! Not a bit. Tou see, I had all my children taught swimming when they were quite young.—The King.