

and in so doing my foot struck against something — the brake! My God! why had I not thought of it before? Is it now too late? Yes, yes, too late, for we are already on the embankment. But no! the horses answer to the rein; they have seen the river; the brake grasps the wheel; we are stopping. One more strong pull, one hard pressure on the brake, and the horses, panting and covered with foam, stand still, but not a moment too soon, for not two feet in front is the edge of the embankment.

Though there is no longer any fear, for the horses realize the danger, I still hold them in, till two policemen, who have seen the wild ride, come to the rescue. They take down my name and address, and with an intimation that I will be wanted at the Magistrate's Court next morning, they call a cab and I drive home. I attend the Police Magistrate's Court next morning and tell my story. The conductor and driver explained that as the night was cold they stepped into a bar to get a "hot Scotch," and when they came out the horses were gone. I did not wait to learn their fate, but on my being dismissed I walked away, thinking I had heard the last of the incident. On my return home that evening a surprise awaited me in the form of a pass over all London Omnibus Company's lines, with the compliments of the President. Nor was this the end of the affair. Two days later another surprise greeted me in the shape of a document in parchment, which informed me that I had been elected an honorary member of the Bus Drivers' Association. This was accompanied by the silver badge of the Association. And this is why all drivers, as they pass me by on their "busses," dip their whip in token of brotherhood.

THE LETTER KILLETH.

"Some men do read the Vedas four,
And many a book of sacred lore,
And know their spirit, by my troth,
As ladle knows the taste of broth."