

spokenness by an oyster supper to the boys, and several dozens of Bass' ale and a box of cigars to myself. Characteristically enough, Billy Nichols vowed that he knew me from the very first moment I opened my mouth in the train. Which, though possible, isn't probable, although Billy, as Jock Fraser says, "isn't, by at least twelve and a half per cent., the fool he looks."

Barkley, as already stated, left without calling upon "the widow." About a twelvemonth later he suc-

cumbed to the blandishments of some "grass widow" in his own town, with whom he mysteriously disappeared, presumably to the States, and has never since been heard of. I can't say I very deeply deplored his downfall. For apart from his milksoppishness, his confounded impudence and lack of delicacy in his contemplated renewal of his suit before I was cold in my supposed grave, disgusted me. But wouldn't my "widow" have promptly sent him to the right about. I think I see her.

## WHERE THAME WINDETH.

The call to early morning pray'r  
Hath rung from gray church tow'r ;  
The anvil-beats sound on the air ;  
The forge-fire glows in Vulcan's bow'r—  
The smithy's tree-clad bow'r.

The forge-fire gleams as in a bow'r ;  
The milk-pail chinks anear ;  
The sun is climbing up to pow'r ;  
The grass still hides a pearly tear,  
Still hides a last-night's tear.

The grass still hides a diamond tear ;  
The lark is in the sky ;  
The squirrel through the leaves doth peer ;  
The stoat doth prey and gambol nigh,  
Doth play right merrily.

The stoat doth play and gambol nigh ;  
The thrush in thicket sings ;  
The field mouse peeps ; the rat runs by ;  
The scythe through all the meadow rings,—  
It swishes and it rings.

The scythe through all the meadow rings ;  
The blackbird pipes a tune ;  
Above the banks, where ivy clings,  
The fragrant hedge doth speak of June,  
Doth tell of coming June.

The scented hedge doth whisper June ;  
The meadow banner waves ;