

an old man who sold for a penny magnifying glasses, with which on sunny days he would light his pipe.

But these were ordinary people, fairly easily passed by without even a second tug at Sarah's hand. Don Patos and the terrible negro were different. They compelled attention.

But were they landmarks? I hear you ask. Surely the life of no boy is worth writhing to whom a nigger and a one-legged Spanish pirouetting gentleman had the dignity of landmarks? Quite so. And the landmark follows: these were merely an ingredient of it; for one day all this mile of fun and interest lost its savour.

You must understand that Rudd knew what it was to be ducked beneath the surface even of the placid waters. Foolish bathing women, too stupid to realize that this alien and hostile element must be allowed to woo—that the approval of sea and child must be mutual—had too often forced him under in a passion of revolt with mouth still open in protest, and landed him half choked and infuriated.

It happened that during breakfast Mr. Sergison read out an account of a tidal wave which had engulfed a large part of an island in the Pacific. The natives, all unsuspecting, had been pursuing their life in the usual manner, when suddenly a mighty and dreadful sound was heard, growing louder and nearer, and out at sea a huge green wall with a roaring foaming top to it was seen advancing steadily on the shore.