

Angel Inn

will fulfil his threat and close its waters to the public.

"South Walsham," said our skipper, "is a charming village, and the Broad small but lovely." We had no time to linger, but flew with well-filled sail past the windmill at its mouth, where another small river joins the Bure. Our course was straight away for Acle Bridge. The stream runs rapidly between banks, protected from the encroachment of the water by bulkheads. The meadows, on which great herds of cattle and horses were feeding, were bright with the scarlet flame of the poppies, and soon the three-arched Acle Bridge was before us, and many windmills twirled their white arms over the flat land. Down went our mast, as we slid under the middle arch of the bridge, and we tied up for tea at the Angel.

"The skipper says we need not hurry; we have but twelve miles still before us. With a good wind we should be in Yarmouth before eight, even if we while away an hour before leaving here. Let us order tea, and then go to the village," suggested our Matron.

Acle proved to be half a mile from the inn. The village consisted of a group of houses without visible gardens, built on three sides