

by the same silent impulse, we entered, sat down, and called for beer.

Our fellow guests were some half dozen fellows of the peasant class—swarthy, long-haired, and wild looking; probably they had been attending the market, and were taking a holiday. In any other country they might well have passed for banditti, and the long knife which each carried did not lessen their capacity for taking, at a minute's notice, their parts in the chorus of a melodrama. They just glanced at us as we entered, without any sign of curiosity; but I noticed that the rapid talk, accompanied by energetic gesture, immediately dropped off into comparative silence. I instinctively had the uncomfortable feeling of being unwelcome; a sensation to which I am unused under any circumstances, and therefore dislike the more especially when it comes. And the impression was emphasised when the tavern-keeper, or waiter, whichever he was, suggested, with extreme politeness, that he had carried the refreshment of two guests so distinguished into the *szoba*, or inner parlour, as being the pleasanter. As it happened, it was neither pleasanter, nor otherwise; except in so far as I no longer felt myself to be intruding where one was not wanted. And, no sooner had we seated ourselves there, than the buzz of voices began again.

"Surely that isn't Magyar they're talking, Phil?" I asked, not having been able, though with a good ear for languages, to catch a word.

"Not a bit of it," said Phil, looking puzzled. I thought I knew every lingo of these parts, laste-