

idol of Buddha. And when you are thin, not bonily thin but temperamentally slender, you don't care for parcels bumping into your curves as if you were made of wood, and mail-bags apparently stuffed with flints and jagged rocks piercing through the thickest cushions into your very marrow.

"*Hirrrrie-yoh doppers! . . . Slaagle . . . Verdommeder skepsels! . . .*"

Heaven knows what terrible significance was contained in these cabalistic words, but the eight mules immediately broke into a shambling run, the post-cart swaggled from side to side, the mail-bags hit me and stabbed me, and clouds of fine dust arose, wrapping us round in a smothering fog. Five minutes later the mules resumed their usual slouch, the fog subsided into a feathery mist, and all was as before. Slowly and deviously we straggled across the landscape. I tried for the hundredth time to arrange my rugs into the semblance of a nest, and for the hundredth time failed to do anything of the kind. There was no rest or comfort anywhere in that post-cart. In spite of my chiffon veil I could feel the fine road-dust powdering thickly on to my charming face. Mosquitoes sped down silently from strongholds in the hooped tent of the cart, and without even a warning sere-nade took long draughts of my nice young blood through the linen sleeves of my blouse. A hundred grass ticks, having at various times of outspan made convenient entry through open-work brown silk stockings, chewed at my ankles, causing exquisite irritation not to be assuaged by a violent application of finger-nails.

The breeze, if heavy turgid masses of air displaced by the movement of the cart might be so called, conveyed to my face the steam arising from the mules and the extraordinarily pungent odour of native that emanated from the driver. It was something to be thankful for that the latter was so busy with the mules and his black bottle that he did not often turn his big *café-au-lait* coloured countenance to me, for when he did there was something so revolting in the spirituous odour of his breath and the expression of his oystery eyes that I could feel my scalp stirring, as though my hair had suddenly been brushed the wrong way. At such moments I was extremely glad that I had a small but business-like Colt slung conspicuously from my waist-belt, and that in the boudoir of a little old hunting-box in Meath there were to be found three rather nice silver cups (probably all filled with late roses), awarded to me by various ladies' shooting clubs for making the highest aggregate of bull's-eyes. It was at