

his arm, to set up here and there by the railings among the cabs. He did not perform on the lower pavement, because that would have given his audience's eyes an unfair advantage. He was an elderly stooping man deeply pitted with small-pox, and his two great tricks were done with three cups and balls and a guinea-pig and a hat.

Rudd saw him do these a thousand times and never discovered the exact moment when the three potatoes got under the cups instead of the little balls, or at what instant the guinea-pig left his pocket and took the place of the cabbage under the hat. But that the guinea-pig lived in his pocket he knew, because the man's coat was getting so old that the pocket sagged and you could see its nose twitching.

For Punch and Judy, Rudd cared very little; but it was a great day when two brothers who were Thought Readers arrived. One was blindfolded, while the other passed among the people and asked the blindfolded one to state what he had in his hand. Talk about magic! These were magicians, if you like. The blindfolded brother hardly ever made a mistake, and if he chanced to do so, it needed only two or three more questions to put him on the right tack. And always when the other brother laid his hand on a perambulator (as he did at some period during every performance) and asked what was there, the blindfolded brother replied, "A beautiful baby," and always when the other brother continued, "Yes, but say now what is the colour of the baby's eyes?" the