The Man Who Knows.

"If I had five thousand pounds to throw away," replied Nikola, "I might think of it, Mr. Baxter, but as I haven't you must understand that it is impossible." Then seeing that the other was anxious to be going, he continued, "Must you be off? then good-night."

Baxter shook hands with us both with laboured cordiality, and having done so slunk from the room. When the door closed upon him Nikola turned to me.

"There must be some fascination about a missionary's life after all," he said. "My old tutor, Baxter, as you are aware, has a comfortable position with the young Marquis of Beckenham, which, if he conducts himself properly, may lead to something really worth having in the future, and yet here he is anxious to surrender it in order to go back to his missionary work in New Guinea, to his hard life, insufficient food, and almost certain death."

"He was in New Guinea then?"

"Five years,—so he tells me."

"Are you certain of that?"

"Absolutely!"

"Then all I can say is that, in spite of his cloth, Mr. Baxter does not always tell the truth."

"I am sorry you should think that. Pray what reason have you for saying so?"

"Simply because in a conversation I had with him at Bournemouth he deliberately informed me that he had never been near New Guinea in his life.'

"You must have misunderstood him. However, that has nothing to do with us. Let us turn to a pleasanter subject."

He rang the bell, and the landlord having answered it, ordered more refreshment. When it arrived he lit another cigarette, and leaning back in his chair glanced at me through half-closed eyes.

Then occurred one of the most curious and weird circumstances connected with this meeting. Hardly had he laid himself back in his chair before I heard a faint scratching against the table leg, and next moment an enormous cat, black as the Pit of Tophet, sprang with a bound upon the table and stood there steadfastly regarding me, its eyes flashing and its back arched. I have seen cats without number, Chinese, Persian, Manx, the Australian wild cat, and the English tabby, but never in the whole course of my existence such another as that owned by Dr. Nikola. When it had regarded me with its evil eyes for nearly a minute, it stepped daintily across to its master, and rubbed itself backwards and forwards against his arm, then to my astonishment it clambered up on to his shoulder and again gave me the benefit of its fixed attention. Dr. Nikola must have observed the amazement depicted in my face, for he smiled in a curious fashion, and chasing the beast down into his lap fell to stroking its fur with his long white fingers. It was as uncanny a performance as ever I had the privilege of witnessing.

"And so, Mr. Hatteras," he said slowly, "you are thinking of leaving us?"

"I am," I replied, with a little start of natural astonishment. "But how did you know it?"

"After the conjuring tricks—we agreed to call them conjuring tricks, I think—I showed you a week or two ago, I wonder that you should ask such a question. You have the ticket in your pocket even now."

All the time he had been speaking his extraordinary eyes had never left my face; they seemed to be reading my very soul, and his cat ably seconded his efforts.

"By the way, I should like to ask you a few questions about those self-same conjuring tricks," I said. "Do you know you gave me a most peculiar warning?"

"I am very glad to hear it; I hope you profited by it."

"It cost me a good deal of uneasiness, if that's any consolation to you. I want to know how you did it?"

"My fame as a wizard would soon evaporate if I revealed my methods," he answered, still looking steadfastly at me. "However, I will give you another exhibition of my powers, if you like. In fact, another warning. Have you confidence enough in me to accept it?"

"I'll wait and see what it is first," I replied cautiously trying to remove my eyes from his.

"Well, my warning to you is this—you intend to sail in the Saratoga for Australia on Friday next, don't you? Well, then, don't go; as you love your life, don't go!"

"Good gracious! and why on earth not?" I cried.

He stared fixedly at me for more than half a minute before he answered. There was no escaping those dreadful eyes, and the regular sweep of those long white fingers on the cat's black fur seemed to send a cold shiver right down my spine. Bit by bit I began to feel a curious sensation of dizziness creeping over me.

"Because you will not go. You cannot go. I forbid you to go."

I roused myself with an effort and sprang to my feet, crying as I did so:

"And what right have you to forbid me to do anything? I'll go on Friday, come what may. And I'd like to see the man who will prevent me."

Though he must have realised that his attempt to hypnotise me, for attempt it certainly was, had proved a failure, he was not in the least disconcerted.

"My dear fellow," he murmured gently, knocking off the ash of his cigarette against the table edge as he did so, "no one is seeking to prevent you. I gave you, at your own request—you will do me the justice to admit that—a little piece of advice. If you do not care to follow it, that is your concern, not mine; but pray do not blame me. Must you really go now? Then good-night, and good-bye, for I don't suppose I shall see you this side of the Line again."

I took his proffered hand, and wished him good-night. Having done so, I left the house, heartily glad to have said good-bye to the only man in my life whom I have really feared.

When in the train, on my way back to town, I came to review the meeting in the "Green Sailor," I found myself face to face with a series of problems very difficult to work out. How had Nikola first learned my name? Now had he heard of the Wetherells? Was he the mysterious person his meeting with whom had driven Wethereil out of England? Why had Baxter telegraphed to him that "the train was laid"? Was I the new danger that had arisen? How had Baxter come to be at the "Green Sailor" in non-clerical costume? Why had he been so disturbed at my entry? Why had Nikola invented such a lame excuse to account for his presence there? Why had he warned me not to sail in the Saratoga? and above all, why had he resorted to hypnotism to secure his ends?

I asked myself these questions, but one by one I failed to answer them to my satisfaction. Whatever other conclusion I might have come to, however, one thing at least was certain; that was, that my original supposition was a correct one. There was a tremendous mystery somewhere. Whether or not I was to lose my interest in it after Friday remained to be seen.

Arriving at Fenchurch Street, I again took the Underground, and, bringing up at the Temple, walked to my hotel off the Strand. It was nearly twelve o'clock by the time I entered the hall; but late as it was I found time to examine the letter rack. It contained two envelopes bearing my name, and taking them out I carried them with me to my room. One, to my delight, bore the postmark of Port Said, and was addressed in my sweetheart's handwriting. You may guess how eagerly I tore it open, and with what avidity I devoured its contents. From it I gathered that they had arrived at the entrance of the Suez Canal safely; that her father had recovered his spirits more and more with every mile that separated him from Europe. He was now almost himself again, she said, but still refused with characteristic determination to entertain the smallest notion of myself as a son-in-law. But Phyllis herself did not despair of being able to talk him round. Then came a paragraph which struck me as being so peculiar as to warrant my reproducing it here:

"The passengers, what we have seen of them, appear to be, with one exception, a nice enough set of people. That exception, however, is intolerable; his name is Prendergast, and his personal appearance is as objectionable as his behaviour is extraordinary; his hair is snow-white, and his face is deeply pitted with small-pox. This is, of course, not his fault, but it seems somehow to aggravate the distaste I have for him. Unfortunately we were thrown into his company in Naples, and since then the creature has so far presumed upon that introduction, that he scarcely leaves me alone for a moment. Papa does not seem to mind him so much, but I continually thank goodness that, as he leaves the boat in Port Said, the rest of the voyage will be performed without him."

The remainder of the letter has no concern for any one but myself, so I do not give it. Having read it I folded it up and put it in my pocket, feeling that if I had been on board the boat I should in all probability have allowed Mr. Prendergast to understand that his attentions were distasteful and not in the least required. If I could only have foreseen that within a fortnight I was to be enjoying the doubtful pleasure of that very gentleman's society, under circumstances as important as life and death, I don't doubt I should have thought still more, strongly on the subject.

The handwriting of the second envelope was bold, full of character, but quite unknown to me. I opened it with a little feeling of curiosity, and glanced at the signature, "Beckenham."

It ran as follows;—

"West Cliff, Bournemouth,
"Tuesday Evening.

"My dear Mr. Hatteras,

"I have great and wonderful news to tell you! This week has proved an extraordinarily eventful one for me, for what do you think? My father has suddenly decided that I shall travel. All the details have been settled in a great hurry. You will understand this when I tell you that Mr. Baxter and I sail for Sydney in the steamer Saratoga next week. My father telegraphed to Mr. Baxter, who is in London, to book our passages and to choose our cabins this morning. I can only say that my greatest wish is that you were coming with us. Is it so impossible? Cannot you make your arrangements fit in? We shall travel overland to Naples and join the boat there. This is Mr. Baxter's proposition, and you may be sure, considering what I shall see en route, I have no objection to urge against it. Our tour will be an extensive one. We visit Australia and New Zealand, go thence to Honolulu, thence to San Francisco, returning, across the United States, via Canada, to Liverpool.

"You may imagine how excited I am at the prospect, and as I feel that I owe a great measure of my good fortune to you, I want to be the first to acquaint you of it.

"Yours ever sincerely,
"BECKENHAM."

I read the letter through a second time, and then sat down on my bed to think it out. One thing was self-evident. I knew now how Nikola had become aware that I was going to sail in the mail boat on Friday; Baxter had seen my name in the passenger list, and had informed him.

I undressed and went to bed, but not to sleep. I had a problem to work out, and a more than usually difficult one it was. Here was the young Marquis of Beckenham, I told myself, only son of his father, heir to a great name and enormous estates, induced to travel by my representations. There was a conspiracy afoot in which, I could not help feeling certain, the young man was in some way involved. And yet I had no right to be certain about it after all, for my suspicions at best were only conjectures. Now the question was whether I ought to warn the Duke or not? If I did I might be frightening him without cause, and might stop his son's journey; and if I did not, and things went wrong—well, in that case, I should be the innocent means of bringing a great and lasting sorrow upon his house. Hour after hour I turned this question over and over in my mind, uncertain how to act. The clocks chimed their monotonous round, the noises died down and rose again in the streets, and daylight found me only just come to a decision. I would not tell him; but at the same time I would make doubly sure that I sailed aboard that ship myself, and that throughout the voyage I was by the young man's side to guard him from ill.

Breakfast time came, and I rose from my bed wearied with thought. Even a bath failed to restore my spirits. I went downstairs and, crossing the hall again, examined the rack. Another letter awaited me. I passed into the dining-room and, seating myself at my table, ordered breakfast. Having done so, I turned to my correspondence. Fate seemed to pursue me. On this occasion the letter was from the lad's father, the Duke of Glenbarth himself, and ran as follows;—

"Sandridge Castle, Bournemouth,
"Wednesday.

"Dear Mr. Hatteras,

"My son tells me he has acquainted you with the news of his departure for Australia next week. I don't doubt this will cause you some little surprise; but it has been brought about by a curious combination of circumstances. Two days ago I received a letter from my old friend, the Earl of Amberley, who, as you know, has for the past few years been Governor of the colony of New South Wales, telling me that his term of office will expire in four months. Though he has not seen my boy since the latter was two years old, I am anxious that he should be at the head of affairs when he visits the colony. Hence this haste. I should have liked nothing better than to have accompanied him myself, but business of the utmost importance detains me in England. I am, however, sending Mr. Baxter with him, with powerful credentials, and if it should be in your power to do anything to assist them you will be adding materially to the debt of gratitude I already owe you.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Hatteras, to be,

"Very truly yours,
"GLENBARTH."

To be Continued.

TO COPY THE GOOD QUEEN

KING EDWARD'S CONSORT, THE POPULAR ALEXANDRA.

Will Carry Out the Customs of Her Who Is Gone—Gossip in London of Royalty and Its Doings—Captives Who Expect Pardon.

In all the homage paid to King Edward, Queen Alexandra, is little heard of, says a London letter. "Proclamation by the King," in big, black type, parades itself curiously on the London boardings, and the young blood of England, is insensibly fired by the idea that a manly, almost martial ruler, once more controls their destinies. There exists something of that feeling with which the London apprentices hailed the accession of the last Edward, so there is little wonder that Queen Alexandra, for the present, comes in for but a small part of this virile enthusiasm.

A diplomat, thoroughly conversant with court details, informed a representative of the Associated Press that her Majesty assumes her increased responsibilities with a feeling almost akin to regret. "I am growing so old," she said the other day, "that I almost feel unable to face the arduous duties before me."

HER GROWING DEAFNESS.

The Queen's appearance belies her words. It is her growing deafness which is likely to prove her greatest handicap. Before long it is feared she will have to use an ear trumpet. In other ways she is not so strong as formerly. The rumour that King Edward is suffering from cancer, promptly denied by Sir Felix Semon, physician for diseases of the throat to the National Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, through the Associated Press, probably arose from the fact that Sir Felix Semon is attending Queen Alexandra, for sore throat, to which recently she has been extremely susceptible, though there are no traces of serious disease. She would be only too glad if destiny had permitted her to finish her days in England as Princess of Wales, the greater freedom and simplicity of the minor title being much preferable to this woman, who by her kindness and goodness has endeared herself to her adopted people.

WILL FOLLOW IN HER FOOTSTEPS

Since the death of Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra has frequently expressed herself as determined to carry out, as far as possible, those old-time public and private customs which made the former rulers of the court so different from any others in Europe.

According to report, King Edward and Queen Alexandra will visit the Dowager Empress Frederick in March, and will spend Easter at Copenhagen with the King of Denmark. But if this programme is carried out, it will be done in the quietest way.

Speculation is rife as to the date of King Edward's coronation, some maintaining that it will occur as early as September, but probably the year of court mourning will be strictly observed, the coronation not occurring until February or later in 1902.

The curious fact of the King's birthday coinciding with Lord Mayor's Day, November 9th, may cause an alteration in the date of one or the other of these celebrations in the immediate future.

Every prison in the United Kingdom is in a state of keen expectation, for the inmates hope the King will signalize his accession by issuing some pardons. The friends of Mrs. Florence Maybrick are taking new heart.

ACROSS THE ALPS.

A German Lieutenant Has Made His Third Journey Across the Alps on an Automobile.

Had Hannibal or Napoleon lived in these latter days their long and death-strown journeys across the Alps, might have been safely and comfortably taken in automobiles. Lieutenant Engler, a German army officer has arrived at Vienna after completing his third journey across the Alps on an automobile. He took with him three travellers and 200 pounds of baggage in his carriage. Starting from Frankfort-on-the-Main he crossed the Danube at Ulm, struck the valley of the Isar at Munich, followed up the valley to the Karwendel Mountains, which he crossed at an elevation of about 4,000 feet, travelled southeast among the mountains into the Tyrol, rode on into the heart of the Austrian Alps, crossing the Brenner Pass at an elevation of about 5,000 feet, and finally descended into the plains of Lombardy and on to Venice. When he returned north through the mountains he travelled a little over 1,200 miles in ninety-nine hours. His machine was the first to ascend some of the steepest slopes on which roads have been built in the Alps.

ALL DOUBT DISPELLED.

Admiring Friend—What makes you think your discovery was so great a success?

Professor—Why, as soon as I announced the idea every savant in Europe remembered that he had known of it since he out his first teeth!

AS TO SPECTACLES FOR ANIMALS.

Horses May Wear Them for Special Purposes but Hardly as an Aid to Vision.

In response to an inquiry, an optician said that he had never known himself, of any animal wearing spectacles, but he had read of a horse in London that had been provided with a pair of spectacles, which the account said, "the horse seemed to find delight in wearing." He had no reason to doubt that this was a true story, though certainly the statement that the horse seemed to find delight in wearing the spectacles did seem a little florid.

As a general proposition the fitting of any sort of spectacles to the eyes of any wearer would require the exercise of intelligence on the part of the wearer, as an aid to the fitting. Intelligent assistance could be given by the human animal to man. But this could not be expected of horses and dogs.

Some defects of vision in their eyes might be determined without the aid of the subject examined, but intelligent co-operation in the fitting, could not be had in their case; even if it were desirable for them to wear spectacles, or practicable for them to do so. At any rate he had never himself known of an animal that did wear spectacles, or of spectacles being made for animals.

A veterinary surgeon said that he had never heard of a horse's wearing spectacles, though it would not be impossible to provide them, if that were desirable.

Horses sometimes wear over the eyes blinders with colored glasses. These are intended to prevent the horse from discerning shadows. Such blinders are some times put on trotting horses in races.

There are trotters that shy or break at the shadow on the track, of the wire over it marking the starting and finishing point, or at the shadow of a building or of some projecting point of one, just as they would at a pool of water or some actual object on the track. A skip or a break might mean enough distance lost to lose the race. These blinders are used so that the horse won't see the shadows.

There are also put on trotting horses sometimes for the same purpose leather blinders so made and adjusted that the horse can look out over them and upward, but not downward over them to the earth in front of him. Some thoroughbred horses shy at mud or sand thrown in their eyes by horses ahead of them, and for these there are, sometimes provided what are in effect spectacles, Blinders covering the eyes for their protection, but having glasses of ordinary glass.

Horses and dogs were sometimes provided with glass eyes to improve their appearance.

LOST INHERITANCE.

Suitor—Permit me to say, Miss Flash, that in suing for your hand I am respecting the wish of my late father—

Miss Flash—Beg pardon, sir; but in this instance you have inherited your father's lateness; I accepted Mr. Foreman last evening.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

The pirates and the buccaneers secured these seas for years, remarked the captain of a ship in the Gulf of Mexico.

And still, murmured a seasick passenger with his head over the lee-rail, they don't seem to be very smooth.

THE INCONSISTENT MAIDEN.

She would not, though I coaxed and teased
And begged of her my bride to be
She said she'd marry whom she pleased,
Yet—goodness knows she pleases me.

SOME ROYAL INVESTMENTS.

CROWNED HEADS HAVE LARGE INTEREST IN THE UNITED STATES

Queen Victoria Was a Large Holder—Empress Eugenie, Kaiser, Czar, King Leopold and King George of Greece Have Large Investments.

The crowned heads and royal personages of the Old World, including Her Majesty Queen Victoria and Empress Eugenie, have large investments in American railroad and mining stocks and in United States Government bonds, according to well posted financial authorities in New York.

Emperor William has about $10,000,000 invested in Union and Southern Pacific, Illinois Central, Atchison, Topeka and other American railroads. His wife's private investments in railroad stocks amount to $3,000,000, while the other members of the royal House of Hohenzollern, including Prince Henry [illegible] Prince Leopold [illegible] Prince Frederick [illegible] American railroad [illegible] of $2,000,000.

The Czar has [illegible] in the Pennsylvania [illegible] New Jersey Central [illegible] and the Northern [illegible] handsome [illegible] stocks having been [illegible] of the Minister of Finance [illegible] Witte.

KING'S QUEEN [illegible] The Queen began [illegible] a number of years [illegible] worth of United States [illegible] deposited with [illegible] holdings of these [illegible] in the Bank of England [illegible] many Continental [illegible] the habit of keeping [illegible] saving.

Queen Victoria, [illegible] received an income of $7,500,000 a year in dividends, being an investor in American sugar, American Steel [illegible] stocks as well as [illegible] Coke & Iron Company [illegible] rond company [illegible] very large [illegible] possessions in New York [illegible] half a dozen houses.

King Edward [illegible] account of the [illegible] of Cornwall [illegible] Prince of Wales to [illegible] erica railroad stocks [illegible] becomes the property [illegible] Edward as [illegible] King Oscar of [illegible] American bonds [illegible] King of Italy [illegible] his father's [illegible] the United States [illegible]

But the sovereign [illegible] doubtedly derived [illegible] of the United States [illegible] Greece, who [illegible] the Delcambre [illegible] business man in the [illegible]

To say King George [illegible] of the safest [illegible] Europe [illegible] bold and successful [illegible] American again [illegible] curing the world [illegible] some three and [illegible]

AN INCONSISTENT [illegible]

They tell me that [illegible] travelling abroad, [illegible] man who trusts [illegible]

And the main [illegible] est pretext to [illegible] were:

Perhaps you would [illegible] explain how [illegible] without travelling.

NOT [illegible]

The goose [illegible] and [illegible] to swim.
The duck [illegible] goose enough for [illegible]

"Grippe Deadlier Than Smallpox"

Says Dr. Dillingham of the New York [illegible] —The Dreadful After-Effects Described.

Every reader of this paper can recall many cases in which the after effects of la grippe have proven fatal. How many people are now complaining of some [illegible] or lingering sufferings or weaknesses which are clearly the results of the debilitating effects of la grippe.

The best plan is to prevent la grippe, if possible, or, once a victim, to apply yourself diligently to obtaining what relief you can. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is wonderfully beneficial, because it allays the inflammation in the throat and bronchial tubes, loosens the cough, heals the lungs, and prevents pneumonia or consumption.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a mere cough remedy. It is far more. It thoroughly cures the cold as well, and seems to take the aches and pains out of the bones. No ordinary cough mixture could ever attain the enormous sale which this medicine now has. For old and young [illegible] effective [illegible] If you [illegible] enervating effects [illegible] no time to spare, [illegible] Dr. Chase's Nerve Food [illegible] nerves. [illegible] The regular and [illegible] This great food cure [illegible] in the building [illegible] cause it contains [illegible] form, the most [illegible] known to man.

Though only known [illegible] a few years, this [illegible] Dr. Chase's Receipt [illegible] has become generally [illegible] physicians and people [illegible] strength-giver and [illegible] no case is it more successful [illegible] restoring and [illegible] tem wasted by [illegible] weakened by overwork, worry or [illegible] ease, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will [illegible] new vigor and vitality. Fifty cents [illegible] box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

All wheelmen and most of the public have known for some time that the bicycle was gaining a place for itself as an implement of war. In delay and orderly duty it has become indispensable, and the cavalry gratefully acknowledges its service in this respect; in patrolling it has also shown itself invaluable. On the battlefield, used in detachments as flanking troops, the value of cyclists is still questioned in many quarters, but on the other hand, some authorities have affirmed that the bicycle will prove its efficiency and advantages even there. The cavalry is, of course, the arm most interested in the development of the cyclist, for the [illegible] purpose of the latter is to [illegible] the cavalry what work and [illegible] can; and when we consider that a cyclist requires only infantry training and is armed with an infantry weapon, and can therefore do [illegible] those cavalry duties requiring infantry work, finally being ready to support the cavalry in the battle itself, his value to that arm is enormous.

The question of the use of cyclist detachments in closed order in the field has been virtually decided by numerous experiments. A Russian officer of authority cites his experiences in the imperial manoeuvres of 1897. Under the existing circumstances, heavy raids, cut up by the passage of troops of the service, nights of [illegible] ness, &c., he conducted a detachment in offence and defence against the enemy's cavalry for seven and one-half hours, followed by a hard day, orderly and reconnoitring, and this by a night of outpost duty, the end every man and machine in perfect condition.

The question of using cyclist detachments independently, that is, without the presence and support of other arms of the service, [illegible] has also been decided in the affirmative. In the Bavarian manoeuvres of 1898 such a detachment was sent alone to reconnoitre the enemy's flank, succeeded in getting around that flank unobserved by the enemy's cavalry, crossing an [illegible] on the way, and on arriving at the enemy's rear was able to report his point of assembly [illegible] the same to the commander without delay. On another occasion a cyclist detachment was sent to reconnoitre came upon a position occupied by the enemy, and [illegible] wheels in a neighbouring wood, in a hostile outpost line and took possession of a height which commanded the town. The advance guard column arriving soon after, the enemy from the town. A movement was then sent to the flanks and succeeded in [illegible] his manoeuvres. The [illegible] fired as the columns approached, mounted its wheels and rode a short distance for further action. This was continued [illegible] time, and the enemy never [illegible] enough to do the detachment harm.

There is, therefore, little doubt as to the possibility of using cyclist detachments independently, but whether these detachments should be trained and organized as independent troops is another question. The present tendency inclines toward training the cyclist detachments, not as entirely independent, but in conjunction with other troops. Cyclists can never replace cavalry in reconnoissance, but these two arms can mutually support, assist and protect each other. Therefore, cavalry should by natural arm be trained with cyclists to work with, as well as trained to fight on foot, and since this training cannot be learned overnight, it should take place in time of peace, and cyclist detachments should for this reason be attached to the cavalry to perform the duties that will be required of them.

THROWING ASHES ON THE SLIDE.

Say, Dad, I wish sometimes that I
Was quite as big as you,
For if I wuz, you bet yer life,
There's some things I could do.
I'd tackle Farmer Saunders,
Who used to wallup me
For stealing all his pears
From his fav'rite Bartlett tree.
I'd make him take his coat off
Fer a rough and tumble fight;
I'd knock him into smithereens—
He'd be an awful sight!
I next would tackle Jenkins,
Him with the wooden leg,
Who'd report the kids in swimming
No matter how they'd beg,
I'd saw his wooden leg off
And cast it in the stream,
And he could then report it, too
Oh, what a happy dream!
But, say, Dad, why I'd like to be
As big a man as you
Is owing to the grudge I've got
Against old Barney Drew,
The kids they used to call him
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,
And now he's getting even
Throwing ashes on the slide.
I guess, Dad, I could quite forgive
Jenkins and Saunders, too;
I'd take an old-time whipping
And a clout or two from you,
If only once I had the chance
To tan the selfish hide
Of the man who takes delight in
Throwing ashes on the slide.