

"It's the publicity that I fear," he wailed. "Is there no possible means of hushing up the affair? You don't know what a question--a single question in the House means to a man of my position--the ruin of my political career, I assure you."

"I shouldn't have imagined it," said the Governor thoughtfully.

"And, though perhaps I ought not to say it, I am not without honour in my own country--or influence. A word in season, as you know, Your Excellency. It might carry an official far."

The Governor shuddered.

"Yes, that had to come too," he said to himself. "Well, look here. If I tell this man of yours to withdraw the charge against you, you can go to Gehenna for aught I care. The only condition I make is that if you write--I suppose that's part of your business about your travels, you don't praise me!"

So far Mr. Groombride has loyally adhered to this understanding.

GALLIO'S SONG

All day long to the judgment-seat  
The crazed Provincials drew--  
All day long at their ruler's feet  
Howled for the blood of the Jew.  
Insurrection with one accord  
Banded itself and woke:  
And Paul was about to open his mouth  
When Achaia's Deputy spoke

"Whether the God descend from above  
Or the man ascend upon high,  
Whether this maker of tents be Jove  
Or a younger deity--  
I will be no judge between your gods  
And your godless bickerings,  
Lictor, drive them hence with rods--  
I care for none of these things!

"Were it a question of lawful due  
Or a labourer's hire denied,  
Reason would I should bear with you  
And order it well to be tried  
But this is a question of words and names  
And I know the strife it brings,  
I will not pass upon any your claims.  
I care for none of these things.

"One thing only I see most clear,  
As I pray you also see.  
Claudius Caesar hath set me here  
Rome's Deputy to be.  
It is Her peace that ye go to break  
Not mine, nor any king's,  
But, touching your clamour of 'conscience sake,'  
I care for none of these things!"

#### THE HOUSE SURGEON

On an evening after Easter Day, I sat at a table in a homeward bound steamer's smoking-room, where half a dozen of us told ghost stories. As our party broke up a man, playing Patience in the next alcove, said to me: "I didn't quite catch the end of that last story about the Curse on the family's first-born."

"It turned out to be drains," I explained. "As soon as new ones were put into the house the Curse was lifted, I believe. I never knew the people myself."

"Ah! I've had my drains up twice; I'm on gravel too."