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Jocelin's Penance

Just at midnight the watchers around the bed heard him murmur, "Peace, peace, at last!" And the Prior bending over him, found the old man dead, with a smile on his face. The body, dressed in full pontificals, was stretched on a bier, with waxen tapers set around it, and the bell was tolled, that the monks might know the Abbey of St. Edmund was ornamed. These services performed, the Prior and Sub Prior departed, leaving Jocelin in charge of Bradfield house; where, surrounded by weeping servants and praying brethren, he passed the night beside the bier; while the Prior sat until morning writing the news to various prelates and dignitaries of the church.

The day broke gray and chill While Jocelin still watched, and Samson mused in his prison house, the monks, after Prime, talked in the refectory among themselves of the election of a new Abbot.

"Now, it seems to me, Brother Tristian," said John O'Dice, "that if the Prior is set in our dead Abbot's place—Mary rest his soul! we will go on eating less and less until we will die of hunger. The Sub Prior, as thou knowest," with a grimace of dislike over the name, "beshrew me, is but an Abbey Lubber with no more learning than thou or I, so what doth our house for an Abbas?" Brother Tristian answered slowly, with the hesitating manner of one who speaks seldom. His shrill voice attracted the attention of the others, who stilled their talk to listen.

"Brother Jocelin remains the only learned one, save Walter the Medicus. Aye, we are fallen into bad times; as the Sub Prior said last eve at meat. I remember when we had ten limners and fifty monks of the schools amongst us. Jocelin is the only one fitted for the Abbotship."

"Peste!" ejaculated Brother Walter, "a popinjay of twenty. Thou forgettest Samson. St. Edmunds cannot be abbotted by one so young."

"Nay, nay," growled Richard of Hennan, and the other monks voiced their approval of his sentiments: leaving the morning meal in groups of two and three, still discussing who should fill the Abbot's place: while the dead man lay decked with jeweled mitre and robe, the crook in his right hand, and the guttering tapers paling about him in the cold morning light. Upon the wall, above his bier, was painted the martyrdom of St. Edmund, and below this a carved figure of the angel Michael supporting a scroll, whereon was inscribed in letters of gold:

"Earthe oute of Earthe ys wondorly wrought.
Earthe hath gotyn uppon Earthe a dygnyte of nought
Earthe uppon Earthe hath set all hys thought.
How Earthe uppon Earthe may be hey brought."

CHAPTER IV.

So large were the securities and mortgages held against the Abbey by Benedict, the chief creditor, that he, with several of his brethren, had bought land from the town folk of St. Edmunds, and erected a stone house where they could be near their debtors. Here they had dwelt for some years, like vultures waiting for a chance to descend upon their prey.

The Jews had suffered long and cruel oppression from the people of England in general, and the church in particular; but at last the time had come in which it seemed possible that Benedict and his friends would become revengeful upon their old-time enemies. Becoming aware of the disorganization of the Abbey, they took advantage of the general excitement, on the morning after the Abbot's death, to seize upon certain chests of gold, vessels of silver, as well as silver and some rare and precious cotton, and, departing suddenly for London, they declared that they would hold them until proper indemnity was paid.

The Prior, in dismay, wrote a lengthy memorial to Prince John, setting forth the state of affairs, begging that they be speedily allowed to elect an Abbot, and that the Jews be compelled to disgorge their plunder. This missive was signed by the Abbey advocates, lords strong in fortress, famous for prowess in war, and was, as far as the abbotship went, a declaration that the monks and knights belonging to the Abbey would hold an election.

This parchment was carried to Prince John one morning as he sat breakfasting at his toilet in his chamber in Northampton Castle. He intended going hawking, and the delay caused by the arrival of this unwelcome message so vexed him that his attendants fared badly, and more than one suitor had a rap from his dagger hilt. One unfortunate varlet received the remains of a venison pasty full in the face, with its silver trencher to keep it company, because he tied the points of the Prince's red Norman shoes to his garters, instead of to his knees, as was his wont to wear them.

His toilet completed, ths Prince dismissed all of his attendants save one, a heavy jowled, handsome young man of twenty-five, rather obese for his age, and dressed in the richly furred robe of a Chancellor. This courtier, noting his highness' ill-humor, remained discreetly silent, taking up a lute from a bench near by and beginning to strum idly upon it (though softly) with his white bejeweled fingers.

John himself had borrowed largely from the Jews of whom the Prior's missive treated, and had shielded the family of Benedict, more than once, against the charges of St. Edmundsbury; as the Abbey and its knights were loyal to the absent King Richard, and the Prince (who conspired with France against his brother) was not sorry to see the Abbey's pride laid low. Indeed, he had cause to fear and dislike the church, for the great Abbeys of England were mighty factors of power, and, joined with the haughty, rebellious nobles, resisted and defied John and the other Regents, the Bishops of Ely and Waltham, whom Richard had left to rule England rather than allow the reins of government to fall into his brother's hands. They, however, looking to John as their future King (if his conspiracy with Philip of France was successful), allowed him to dictate the policy of the government and assume the role of England's ruler.

Prince John finally threw aside the Prior's missive with an exclamation of disgust. "By our Lady," he said to his friend and confidant, Chancellor Geoffrey, "If the Lion of England would but come again to his lair long enough to crush these bickerings, and smite these proud Abbots and nobles to the dust, then could I make England such another kingdom as that my cousin France boasts of."

"But, my Prince, were it not best to pray that the Lion would then return to gnaw the Infidel's bones, and leave thee undisturbed to rule in peace?" the other asked softly and maliciously.

John turned his little eyes frowningly on the favorite. "Thou viper, whom I took unto my breast from the convent dunghill whereon thy mother reared her king's brat, needest remind me that I am not yet king? That I must still bend subservient knee to the preading brigand whom foul fortune hath made England's ruler?"

Geoffrey's face reddened at the insult, but he bit his lip, and affected to hum a song to his lute strumming. His mother, Rosamund de Clifford, when driven by the Queen from the royal manor, where she held sway over the heart of Henry, had retired to a Priory near St. Edmundsbury, an dthere had reared her son, becoming in course of time Prioress, and gaining great fame throughout the country for her virtuous indignation and duress against fragile females. When her son became too old to remain in the convent without scandal, Rosamund sent him to the Abbey schools, and, in lack of any other career (for no great noble would take him as page), she wished to place him as novice at St. Edmundsbury, but the Abbott, for political reasons, refused to receive so undesirable an inmate, and Lady Rosamund was in despair. It was then a courtier who had loved her when she was mistress of the King placed him at court as a Herald, under the unpretentious name of "Master Geoffrey," but after a few months the keen eyes of the Queen spied him out; and, exiled from court, back he must pack to the Priory; for at the age of twenty he knew no more of the profession of arms, save for a little fencing, than a lady's puny page. And thus, with Church and Field closed against him, it would have fared hard with the man, if Prince John (pride and delight of Elinor's heart) had not become attached to him. Finding him with his subservient gaiety, ready wit and flattering tongue the ideal courtier, he demanded that his half-brother be provided for, and as is customary with sons of doting mothers, he had his will. Queen Elinor forewent her hatred against the son of a whilom rival, and Geoffrey was appointed Chancellor. Since Richard's departure, he had ever been at John's right hand a tutor and a sharer in his excesses, a plotter and go-between; the jackel that skulked in the wake of this princely cub.

Like King Henry in feature—Geoffrey was his mother's true son,—well schooled in his years of seclusion; though the insolent irascibility, inherited from his father, sometimes showed, despite him:—as on this occasion. So while he sang a roundelay of "Maidens fair with breasts of snow," he cursed himself heartily for his short wit and long tongue. But happily, John was too changeable of mood to be long vexed at the one man who could charm away that bete noire of Princes,—ennui; and soon turned from the casement where he had stalked in a pet at his brother's inconsiderate reminder, and, laying his hand, hand upon his shoulder, said:

"Nay, Geoffrey, I know thou didst not mean it thus. I have a very devil in me, methinks sometimes, that twists everything askew, and this complaint from the Prior of St. Edmunds, with its insolent accompaniment, vexeth me sore."

"Ods Bodkins! Let the Jew, Benedict, raze the whole damned pile to the earth; 'twill but fill his coffers the fuller, and thence we can draw shekels to fill our own depleted purses. Eh, brother?"

Smiling at this sally, John continued, "Abbot Hugo is dead, and we must appoint another Abbot, though they do so boldly declare the right of election; and as the Abbot, by right of much fief holding, is among the counsellors of the King, beshrew me, Geff, if I wish not now that thou hadst become the sniveling novice thy mother would have made thee And by my troth, thou'st be a mitered Abbot on the morrow!"

Laughing loudly at this, the Favorite clapped the Prince on the back, declaring him to be the most "kingly of kings," and they went to mount their gayly caparisoned horses, and ride away to hawk, followed by a brilliant retinue of lords and ladies. The Prince was in high good humor at the turn his thoughts had taken, and soon imparted them to the rest of the company, so that Geoffrey continued to be addressed all morning by the title of "Abbot."

CHAPTER V.

On a bier, before St. Edmund's high altar, lay the body of Hugo. The tapers' yellow light concentrated around the heavy velvet pall which enveloped it, irradiating from the golden fringe, until the Abbot seemed already surrounded by an aureole of glory. The gold and jewels that decked the altar and shrine cast back the reflection until objects near by were wrapped in a brilliant circle of light, surrounded by the darkness of the great church, whose dim vistas stretched on either hand.

Far down the Abbey wall the rising moon peered in through the painted window panes; her light separated as it fell upon the tasselated floor into mere blotches of green and blue, red and gold, by mullions and tracery of most exquisite designs. Above the tall shafts mounted in massive pride to spread into carved branches upholding the vaulted dome; all showing but dimly, though a hundred tapers would not have dispelled the black shadows massed there for centuries of nights. Thus in state, Hugo had lain seven days and nights, guarded well by his faithful monks. Abbot Hugo now no longer only a pallid, shriveled old man, who, becoming tired of life's burdens, had doffed the cloak of mortality and lain down to rest, leaving the cards of human greatness lying idle and neglected about his couch.

At midnight the Abbey bell began to sound, and the watchers beside the bier disappeared into the semi-darkness of the side aisles. The great door swung open slowly and silently; the organ pealed forth, and up the broad centre aisle came the Bishop of Waltham in full sacerdotals. Behind him the Prior, carrying a silver clasped Missal, led the long procession of monks, who came two by two in sable cowls and scapulars and white stoles. Wending their way to the altar in a blaze of light (for each monk carried a morning taper, and in their midst the bejeweled Host glittered like a miniature sun. When the procession reached the altar, it opened to right and left, and formed two dark wings on either side of the Bishop's purple-robed, lace-draped figure. Then mass was sung with all due pomp and ceremony; prayers were said, and from the fretted choir above them rolled out the solemn notes of the Requiem; while the aromatic smoke of incense enveloped them in a fragrant cloud. When the last notes of the chant had died away, the dead Abbot was laid in a niche cut in the rock of the transept wall, and covered with a slab of polished basalt, whereon was carved his name and degree, above the mitre and crook that his brethren before him had fought long and bitterly to bear.

Thus they left him, to lie through the years, while other Abbots came and went, and ever changing bands of monks murmured their prayers above his unhearing ears. Slowly, sadly, the procession passed, each monk extinguishing his taper at the tomb; and, as the last footfall died away, the bells tolled out a knell for the departed soul.

Yet, there was one who lingered there; the Norfolk monk Samson (released from his prison tower), paced long beneath the great mullioned window, pondering deeply, murmuring to himself; sometimes stretching his hands towards the altar, as if he called the saint to witness some vow he made. "The occasion maketh the man," and in crisis there is ever some one superior to the rest, who steps forward from the ranks and lays his hand upon the rein, and men recognizing in him a leader, follow him. And Samson, the "man" for the occasion of St. Edmunds' orphaning, swore upon her altar to be a father to the orphaned Abbey: to be its Abbas Domimus.

Samson had a few friends and followers in the Abbey (though they had been obscured by the general cloud of his unpopularity), and they saw that his was the only hand strong enough to wield the miter, and raise the Abbey to power and opulence. So, the next morning, when the Prior had summoned the brethren to the Chapter room, and had sworn them to deal justly, they duly appointed twelve of the brethren to repair with the Prior to Waltham Manor, where their Abbot would be elected, and Samson was among those chosen.

When the twelve were counted, Jocelin, Walter the Medicus, and Samson, with the Prior and Sub-Prior, and several of the elder monks, made up the number. Now the Prior, believing that the Abbey would never recover from the ruinous state into which its affairs had lapsed, had no wish to be Abbot. Besides, he desired to pass his declining days in Rome, on the resideu of the convent treasure left by the Jews (which he had carefully appropriated and concealed). So, unconcerned, having already applied to the Pope for office, he presided carelessly, wondering on whose head the mitre would fall, and he, too, thought that Samson was the only one of them fitted to be Abbot.

John O'Dice and Brother Tristian were of the twelve, and they had little preference beyond desiring that the lated Sub-Prior was not set at their head. Richard of Hennan inclined toward Samson, for he was the only man of brawn and bulk in the Abbey, and butcher Richard had no standard save "muscle."

"Will the Prince permit us to choose whom we will?" asked John O'Dice.

"It is our right, and if he does not," snapped Walter, "we can protest and appeal to the Holy Father."

"Ah, I hope we may do this in peace!" murmured Brother Tristian.

"Nay, nay," bawled Richard, "we'll get to arms 'neath our Advocates' banners, and elect whomsoe'er we please by force of arms." Thus many were the questionings and disputes, until Jocelin, the youngest of the body (who has hitherto kept modestly silent), spoke:

"What if we agree not among ourselves?" The electors stared at each other in consternation; they had not thought of that. They looked toward the Prior, but he was deep in reckoning the number of golden cups one could pack into a certain oaken chest, and heeded them not. The Sub-Prior was, as usual, half asleep. Jocelin, tutored by Samson, did not try to answer his own question. Then the big Norfolk monk said quietly:

"It seems best to me that we select six, who shall then agree on three names secretly; these they shall write and seal, and not open until in council with the Bishop of Walthan, when they shall be submitted and our Abbot chosen from them." Relieved to have their thinking done for them, the simple monks assented unanimously, and left the Chapter House, after having named the Prior, Sub Prior, Jocelin, Samson, Walter and old John; who, agreeing on three names, sealed the parchment, and the electors set out presently on jennets, and after half a day's ride, knocked at the gate of my Lord the Bishop.

The courtyard was crowded with soldiers, church servitors and varlets, with an occasional courtier passing through and fro, and the cavalcade was the subject of many a rude jest.

"Here cometh fat, black ducks for Prince John's picking," called one soldier to a fellow, who, stripped to the waist, was burnishing his hauberk. The polisher had his mouth filled with water (which from time to time he squirted upon the hauberk to accelerate the cleansing process), so he made no answer to this pleasantry, save by an inarticulate grunt. But the portly seneschal, who came forward to greet the monks, cursed the jester heartily.

"God's malmaison on thee, thou pork! From these holy men the Abbot of Bury is to be chosen. In my youthful days such as thou wore a collar of brass about his neck, and was whipped with the dog lash if he but spake too loud; but now every popinjay page and preading fool bawleth abroad his fooleries, with none to say him nay." This rebuke somewhat silenced their ribaldry, though there was still much laughter over the poor equipment of the monks, and the effeminate way in which they drew their robes through the crook of the elbow.

The Seneschal led them into a large hall, where a fire had been kindled to ward off the evening chill. Here, on a dais, was Prince John, behind him stood Geoffrey, and at his right hand sat the Bishop of Waltham. All the monks bowed low save Samson, who scarcely bent his untonsured head; then the Prior went forward, and when he had kissed the Prince's hand, he and the bishop conversed apart for some time.

(To be Continued.)

We are not apt to look up to people who look down on us.

EATS DIRT GILLETT'S CLEANS LYE DISINFECTS

LIFEBOAT FAILURE.

Lusitania Disaster Demonstrated Inefficiency of Small Craft.

The sinking of the Lusitania has demonstrated two things important alike to shipowners and passengers: One is the inefficiency of the present lifeboat service and the other is the sinkability of a supposedly unsinkable ship.

As to the lifeboats, of which less than one half the equipment actually performed their missions, it must be noted that they were even in hair readiness for launching, having been swung in the davits and made all ready for loading and lowering. The event occurred in early afternoon, when passengers were dressed and for the most part out of their rooms, and as to the officers and crew was at least anticipated as well within the scope of possibilities. With some fifteen minutes in which to load, lower and get away, fully one half of the boats became unworkable and of those lowered several overturned or were smashed against the ship's side. To the islander who never saw a Lusitania, this failure and loss of boats seems inexplicable. To the passenger who has crossed on such a ship the difficulties and dangers of a launching are very real. In the first place, the boat deck corresponds in height to the eighth or ninth story of an office building. The boats are suspended from an iron ring at each end and a slight overload on one side causes them to list or tip. Nervous passengers are unconsciously apt to spring toward the other side, which then tips still more or spills out its contents. A well-filled canoe in the water is a very fair illustration of the instability of a lifeboat when being lowered. A slight roll of the ship also swings the boat suspended over its side like a pendulum. The outward swing is harmless, but the force of the inward swing is destructive. An ordinary ship's lifeboat, filled to capacity, weighs about four tons and strikes the steel side of the vessel with greatp force. The wash of the waves against the ship where the boat must take the water is the same as where a heavy sea meets a high seawall, producing a boiling effect on a large scale and specially favorable to a turnover. Unless loaded far in excess of capacity, a modern lifeboat should yield a high average of safety after it has gone 100 yards from its ship.

In the old days of sailing vessels, the main deck where the boats were kept was only ten or fifteen feet above the water. As hulls grew in size with stema power, the boat deck and its boats were steadily lifter higher and higher, until no wthey occupy a dizzy height, until now they occupy a dizzy height. Shipowners will dislike to give up the large amount of valuable space on lower decks necessary to accommodate the lifeboats, but apparently something of the kind will eventually be required.

It is evident, therefore, that our present system of lifeboating is absolutely inadequate, especially in the case of the large ships, and that some radical changes are imperative, to some extent in the boat itself, but particularly as to getting it into the water successfully—Popular Mechanics.

"Valley of Dried Bones."

The Island of Jamaica possesses a "valley of dried bones." It is near the Cunacuna gap, in the Maroon county. This valley, though in the heart of the "wet country," is bare of leaf and life. The limestone rock is hot. Giant trees, which seem to have been blighted suddenly, stand up gaunt and dead. Although vegetation seems to have been dense here in former years, nothing will grow now. During the hot season the temperature is almost unbearable. It is visited by seismic disturbances, which cause the dead trees and hot stones to rattle like dry bones.

ENCOURAGE THE BOYS

The keen competition brought out in the boys' hog-feeding competition last year has prompted the management of the Toronto Fat Stock Show to again include this class in their sixth annual show to be held at the Union Stock Yards, December 10th and 11th.

This class is open to boys under 21 years, and carries with it added prizes aggregating $125.

The Provincial Department of Agriculture are offering a free term at the O. A. C. at Guelph along the same lines.

This is the encouragement a boy needs to make him a good farmer and to keep him at home on the farm.

Quite True.

John Smart, Esq., sat in the club dining-room at lunch when a bill-collector, having somehow eluded the attention in the hall, waxed up to him and laid on the table his overdue account.

The diner glared at the account, his fork suspended in the air. Then, solemnly and indignantly, he handed the paper to the collector.

"How dare you," he said, "infringe upon the rules of my club in this manner? Don't you know that a man's club is like his home? Don't you know I can have you forcibly ejected for coming in here without a card of membership or an introduction The rules of this club require that if you have business with a member you wait in the hall when an attendant brings in your name. Now I demand that you go out into the hall at once, takink that bill with you, and that you send in your card in the proper way."

The collector, red in the face, but hopeful on the whole, complied.

John Smart, Esq., eating steadily, received the card on a silver salver. He studied it gravely.

"Ah," he said, sweetly, "tell the gentleman I'm not at home."—London Opinion.

Insinuating.

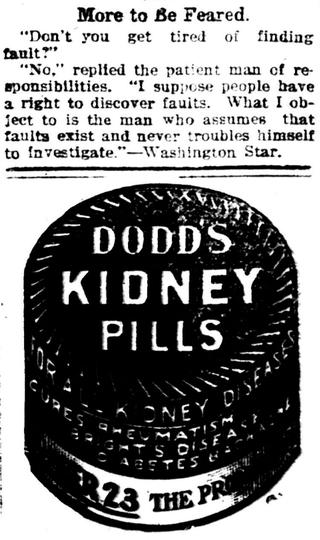
"Yes," boasted Slowpay, "I have bought an automobile now, but I will pay you that $5 I borrowed six years ago."

"Better be careful," responded Binks, with fine sarcasm. "You might be apprehended for speeding."—Chicago News.

More to Be Feared.

"Don't you get tired of finding fault?"

"No," replied the patient man of responsibilities. "I suppose people have a right to discover faults. What I object to is the man who assumes that faults exist and never troubles himself to investigate."—Washington Star.



OBSTINATE INDIGESTION CAN BE CURED

Dr. Williams Pink Pills Go Right to the Root of the Trouble.

No trouble causes more widespread suffering and discomfort than indigestion. The ailment takes various forms. Some victims are ravenous for food; others turn sick at the sight of meals; but as a rule every meal is followed by intense pains in the chest, heartburn, sick headache and often nausea. Indigestion assumes an obstinate form because ordinary medicines only subdue its symptoms—but do not cure. So-called pre-digested foods only make the digestion more sluggish, and ultimately make the trouble take a chronic form.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion because they go right to the root of the trouble. They make new rich blood, which so strengthens the system that the stomach does its own work and digests the food in a natural way. Many a terrible sufferer from indigestion has found a permanent cure through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Among them is Mrs. H. Carmern, Locke street north, Hamilton, Ont., who says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only gave me new health and new life. For five years I was a great sufferer, was almost constantly doctoring, and spent a great deal of money with absolutely no result. My stomach was in such a dreadful condition that frequently it would not retain nourishment of any kind. When I ate I suffered terrible pains, a fluttering of the heart and often a feeling of nausea. In addition to this I was in a very anaemic condition, and felt as if I was lingering between life and death. One day while sitting in a park a lady got into conversation with me, and I told her my trouble She asked me if I had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that they had been a great benefit to her daughter. When I went home I decided to try this medicine. I soon found the Pills were helping me and continued taking them for several months, when I was restored to better health than I had enjoyed for years, and I have since been the picture of health. I hope my experience may be the means of pointing to others the way to health."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHY THE COYOTE HOWLS.

(A Legend of the Pueblo Indians.)

The coyote wanders up and down the earth, howling so loud that he can be heard a long distance away, and all because he has the toothache, and it is a very sharp toothache that he cries so loud, as if that would ease his pain!

But though everyone knows that the coyote howls, yet everyone does not know that he does so because his teeth aches, and even if they do know that he has an aching tooth, very few know how he came to get such a pain. The Pueblo Indians know, however, and even the little children are told all about the coyote, and when they hear his sharp cry they know the toothache is very bad.

The coyote did not always howl so dismally, for in the very beginning of the world his voice was agreeable.

When the world was first made and all the animals came into existence, the gods of the Indians gave the coyote a bag made of skin and told him to carry it to a great white mountain which stood far to the south, but warned him that on no account must he open it. The coyote took the bag and started off, running as hard as he could. He ran and he ran and he ran, for many days and many nights, and he became very hungry, but he could find nothing to eat. "Perhaps," he said to himself, "there is food in this heavy bag I am carrying. And at any rate it will do no harm to look and see."

So he opened the bag, but lo! instead of meat or corn or fish, the bag was full of beautiful, shining stars, which, as soon as the opening into their prison house was made, flew straight up into the sky, and there they have remained ever since.

The gods, however, were very much displeased with the coyote for disobeying them, and letting all the stars escape, so to punish him they ordered him to roam up and down, up and down, through forest and field, crying an howling with the toothache that should afflict him forevermore.

Rough on Tommy.

The mails from home had just been received by a certain regiment. Not only were these letters, but many parcels from relatives and friends at home for lucky soldiers. One of the Tommies received a large box addressed to himself, and with a triumphant yell he rushed off to his company's lines and gathered them around him to share in the eagerly anticipated contents of his box.

"Smokes, lads!" he cried as he undid the wrapping. "From the old man; I knows it. An' there sure to be a bottle or two of Scotch."

He opened the box, gave one look at the contents and collapsed in a heap.

"What it it?" cried his comrades, pressing round.

"It's from 'is Auntie Mary," groaned the disappointed warrior. "Bandages an' ointment an' cotton wool an' splints, an' a book on 'Ow to be your own Surgin'!"—London Tit-Bits.

Sorry for the Germans.

Her son had enlisted and she was a proud old woman as she harangued a knot of friends on the village street. "Garge always done 'is duty by me, 'e 'as, an' now 'e's doin' 'is duty by king an' country," she said. "I feel right down sorry for them Germans, to think of 'im goin' into battle with 'is rifle in 'is 'and and 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary' on 'is lips." "Poor Germans, indeed!" exclaimed one of the audience. "Pity's wasted on 'em, P'raps you 'aven't 'eard of their cruelties?" "P'raps I 'aven't," agreed the old lady. "An' p'raps you 'aven't 'eard Garge sing."