

seat at the "Britannia" as the narrow zigzagging road unfolds before your eyes.

(As sentences like the latter are a tremendous strain on the writer's lungs he is excused if he asks for a short rest before going any further with the story)

After traversing several more miles, with the road still ascending, we made a brief halt at a drinking trough, fed by a tiny spring. While the driver watered his panting horses I seized the opportunity of stretching my legs and went for a short stroll along the road. Peggy declined to accompany me, preferring to remain seated on the coach for some reason known only to herself. (I've met a few girls in my time but Peggy's the biggest mystery of the lot. She gets me fairly "tied up." I never know when to take her seriously & when not to. They say that time solves all mysteries. Well I can only hope & pray that I may solve "mine" before I get grey-headed. — This latter sentence is genuine. Although I can't exactly say "with a trembling hand he wrote it" (I'm a teetotaller now) I wouldn't be far out if I say "with a worried head