

village Inn that has the St. George and the Dragon as his sign.

Huzza! echoes every Knight of the Garter.

Huzza! cries each school-boy who has read the Seven Champions.

Huzza! huzza! roars the illustrator of Schiller's Kampf mit dem Drachen.

Huzza, huzza, huzza! chorus the descendants of Moor of Moor Hall!

The legends *are* all true, then?

Not a bit of it! cries a stony-hearted Professor of fossil osteology—Look at the teeth, they're *all molar*; he's a *Mylodon*! That creature ate neither sheep, nor oxen, nor children, nor tender virgins, nor hoary pilgrims, nor even geese and turkeys—he lived on—

What? what? what? they all exclaim—

Why, on raw potatoes, and undressed salads, to be sure!

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