

taining by actual count two hundred and eleven words to the page. The envelope to the letter had a weather-beaten appearance. It was literally covered with post-marks, save the address and one little spot in a corner, where some one, evidently a postal-clerk in Georgia, had written, "All for Joe!" Sir Waddy's cramped handwriting was trying, but I managed to make out that he had read with great pleasure the learned introduction to the plantation stories, and was proud to know that he and his coadjutors in India and other parts of the world had so worthy a co-worker in the fertile fields of South America. Without further introduction he would take the liberty of sending me a story which he regarded as the key to the folk-lore of India. "If you can find even a trace of this story on the South American plantations," he wrote, "you will solve a riddle that has been puzzling us for years, and give the science of folk-lore a new claim to the consideration of the thoughtful." The story that Sir Waddy sent is interesting enough to narrate here. I have taken the liberty to tell it in my own way, — which is decidedly not the way of a professional folk-lorist.