

For a time Sir Waddy's letter and the story, and all his remarks about Bidpai and other fabulists passed out of my mind. But one day, a few months ago, while adjusting the fixtures of the pump near the kitchen door, I overheard a conversation between my cook, Mrs. Edie Strickland, and Mrs. Caroline Biggers, a colored lady who cooks for a neighbor, and this conversation reminded me of Sir Waddy Wyndham's Indian story. I concluded at once that I had found it here, somewhat disfigured, it is true, but still able to speak for itself. Without loss of time, I reduced the story I had heard in the kitchen to writing, and sent a brief outline of it to Sir Waddy. Perhaps this was a mistake, and yet my intentions were of the best. I regret now that I violated a rule made several years ago, not to reply to letters from strangers. No doubt Sir Waddy regrets it too, but it is only fair to say that no word of complaint has ever come from him. Nevertheless, some one has sent me an envelope containing slips from an Indian newspaper, though neither the name of the paper nor the date accompanies them, and I gather from these that a most furious controversy has been going on