

TYPOSIUM.

We'll begin with box; the plural is boxes. But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. One fowl is goose, but two are geese, yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.

THE KEY.

Mattie Driver sat on a bench under the palm-trees of Alicante fingering a solitary peseta in one of his pockets. It is common saying that no one can really starve in Spain, but Mattie had an uncomfortable suspicion that unless he could rub his two peseta into two and then those two into four, he was going shortly to disapprove that saying.

swifly relaxed, meant a fear lest they were being watched. Mattie was a man of an adventurous spirit and had he needed any other persuasion than his poverty, he would have found it in Fontana's fear. He was still more thrilled when in a corner of the garden he was set face to face with a small, slender, elderly gentleman, scrupulously dressed, who wore a little white pointed beard and a white mustache, and appraised him with eyes of steel.

old gentleman keeping guard in his kasha with its turrets and its crenelated walls over one of the high passes of the Atlas, like some baron of old days. On the other hand he had one peseta in his pocket only, and it would not turn into two. "What do you want me to do?" he asked sullenly.

plained the pass to which he had come. "And you want my key, Mattie?" The kaid did not wait for an answer. He crossed the moonlit patio and lifted the key from its nail. The light from the candles rippled along its stem and its wards until it seemed a thing alive.

returned bright and clean to the Kaid of Taugirt. It was eleven o'clock when Mattie returned to the square. Every house was dark, the roadway deserted. But the lamps of a car were burning on the spot where he and Fontana had stood.

vant rushed into the bedroom. Mattie fitted the key into the lock and locked the door. Then he took the key out again and ran. For a while the house was still. Then the cries, the shouts, broke out again and lights leaped from window to window. Mattie reached the mouth of the lane. His motor car had gone.