

"I SUPPOSE you will be getting away pretty soon, now Fall term is over, Professor," said a person not in the story to the Professor of Ontography, soon after they had sat down next to each other at a feast in the hospitable hall of St. James's College.

The Professor was young, neat, and precise in speech.

"Yes," he said; "my friends have been making me take up golf this term, and I mean to go to the East Coast — in point of fact to Burnstow — (I dare say you know it) for a week or ten days, to improve my game. I hope to get off to-morrow."

"Oh, Parkins," said his neighbour on the other side, "if you are going to Burnstow, I wish you would look at the site of the Templars' preceptory, and let me know if you think it would be any good to have a dig there in the summer."

It was, as you might suppose, a person of antiquarian pursuits who said this, but, since he merely appears in this prologue, there is no need to give his entitlements.

"Certainly," said Parkins, the Professor: "if you will describe to me whereabouts the site is, I will do my best to give you an idea of the lie of the land when I get back; or I could write to you about it, if you would tell me where you are likely to be."

"Don't trouble to do that, thanks. It's only that I'm thinking of taking my family in that direction in the Long, and it occurred to me that, as very few of the English preceptories have ever been properly planned, I might have an opportunity of doing something useful on off-days."

The Professor rather sniffed at the idea that planning out a preceptory could be described as useful. His neighbour continued:

"The site — I doubt if there is anything showing above ground — must be down quite close to the beach now. The sea has encroached tremendously, as you know, all along that bit of coast. I should think, from the map, that it must be about three-quarters of a mile from the Globe Inn, at the north end of the town. Where are you going to stay?"

"Well, *at* the Globe Inn, as a matter of fact," said Parkins; "I have engaged a room there. I couldn't get in anywhere else; most

"Oh, Whistle, a

of the lodging-houses are: they tell me that the only double-bedded one, and to store the other bed, and room, for I am taking some work; and though I don't not to speak of two — in study, I suppose I can manage shall be there."

"Do you call having a Parkins?" said a bluff person down and occupy it for a

The Professor quivered in manner.

"By all means, Rogers. But I'm afraid you would do you?"

"No, thank Heaven!"

"Well, you see, when I on the links, and that, as I'm afraid."

"Oh, I don't know! The place; but, of course, Parkins; I shan't be offering never offensive."

Parkins was, indeed, so It is to be feared that Mr knowledge of these characters a conflict now raging, which him to answer. That interest

"Well, if you want the whether the room I speak accommodate us both could shouldn't have said this if constitute something in the