



A TANGLED TALE

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BY
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C. R. Magpie. Delta. Simple Susan.

III.

Dinah Mite. M. F. C.

I have received more than one remonstrance on my assertion, in the Chelsea Pensioners' problem, that it was illogical to assume, from the datum, "70 per cent have lost an eye," that 30 per cent have not.

Algernon Bry states, as a paralel case, "Suppose Tommy's father gives him 4 apples, and he eats one of them, how many has he left?" and says, "I think we are justified in answering, 3." I think so too. There is no "must" here, and data are evidently meant to fix the answer exactly: but, if the question were set me, "How many must he have left?" I should understand the data to be that his father gave him 4 at least, but may have given him more.

I take this opportunity of thanking those who have sent, along with their answers to the Tenth Knot, regrets that there are no more Knots to come, or petitions that I should recall my resolution to bring them to an end. I am most grateful for their kind words; but I think it wisest to end what, at best, was but a lame attempt. "The stretched metre of an antique song" is beyond my compass; and my puppets were neither distinctly in my life (like those I now address), nor yet (like Alice and the Mock Turtle) distinctly out of it. Yet let me at least fancy, as I lay down the pen, that I carry with me into my silent life, dear reader, a farewell smile from your unseen face, "and a kindly farewell pressure from your unfelt hand! And so, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I Shall say "good night!" till it be morrow.
