

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Pooh!" Hugh answered, in one of his heroically sanguine moods, as he sat in the dining-room with his back to the window and the hated poplar, and his face to the ground-panels and estimates upon the table before him. "I mean to go up to town for the season always, and to keep up my journalistic connections in a general way; and in time, no doubt, I shall begin to get work at the bar also. I shall make friends assiduously with what a playful phrase absurdly describes as 'the lower branch of the profession.' I shall talk my nicest to every dull sellist I meet anywhere, and do my politest to the dull sellist's stupid wife and plain daughters. I'll fetch them lots of other people's As Homes, and shower on them tickets for all the private views we don't care about, and all the first nights at uninteresting theatres. That's the way to advance in the profession. Sooner or later, I'll get on at the bar. Meanwhile, as the estate's fortunately unencumbered, and there's none of that precious nonsense about entail, or remainders, or settlements, or so forth, we can raise the immediate cash for our present need on short mortgages."

"I hate the very name of mortgages," Winifred cried impatiently. "They suggest brokers' men and bailiffs, and bankruptcy and beggary."

"And everything else that begins with a B," Hugh continued, smiling a placid smile to himself, and vaguely reminiscent of "Alice in Wonderland." "Why with a B?" Alice said musingly. "Why not?" said the March Hare. "Alice was silent." "Now, for my own part, I confess, on the contrary, Winifred, to a certain sentimental liking for the mortgage as such, viewed in the abstract. It's a document intimately connected with the landed interest and the feudal classes; it savours to my mind of broad estates; it haunts my aristocratic, and lordly rent-rolls and a baronial ancestry. I will admit that I should feel a peculiar pride in my connection with Whitstrand if I felt I had got it really with a mortgage on it. How proud a moment, to be seized of a mortgage! The poor, the abject, the lowly, and the landless don't go in heavily for the luxury of mortgages. They pawn their watch, or raise a precarious shilling or two upon the temporary security of Sunday suits, kitchen clocks, and second-hand flat-irons. But a mortgage is an eminently gentlemanly form of impecuniosity. Like gout and the lord-lieutenancy of your shire, it's incidental to birth and greatness. Upon my word, I'm not really certain, Winnie, now I come to think upon it, that a gentleman's house is ever quite complete without a History of England, a billiard table, and a mortgage. Unencumbered estates suggest Brummagem; they bespeak the vulgar affluence of the *nouveau riche*, who keeps untold gold lying idle at his bankers on purpose to spite the political economists. But a loan of a few thousands, invested with all the glamour of deposited title deeds, fore-closing, engrossed parchment, and an extremely beautiful and elaborate specimen of that charming dialect, conveyancers' English, carries with it an air of antient respectability and county importance that I should be loath to forego, even if I happened to have the cash in hand otherwise available, for carrying out the necessary improvements."

"But how shall we ever pay it back?" Winifred asked, with native feminine caution.

Hugh waved his hands expansively open. When he went in for the sanguine, he did it thoroughly. "One thing at a time, my child," he murmured low, "first borrow; then set your wits to work to look around for a means of repayment.—In the desk at home in London this very moment lies an immortal epic, worth ten thousand pounds if it's worth a penny, and cheap at the price to a discerning purchaser. Ormuz and Ind are perfect East Ends to it. It teems with Golcondas and Big Bonanzas. In times of war it would most surely discover that this England of our still encloses a great live poet. The blind and battling must open their eyes and look at last placidly about them. They'll then be glad to buy fifty editions of that divine strain, varying in character from the large paper *edition de luxe* in antique vellum at ten guineas—five hundred numbered copies only printed, and issued to subscribers upon conditions which may be learnt on application at all libraries—to the school selection at popular prices, intended to familiarise the ingenious youth of this nation with the choicest thoughts of a distinguished and high-minded living author.—Winnie, I'm tired to death of hearing people say when I'm introduced to them: 'Oh, Mr Massinger, I've wanted to ask, are you descended from the poet Massinger?' I mean the time to arrive before long when I can answer them plainly with a bold face: 'No, my dear sir, no madam, I am not; but I am the poet Massinger, if you care to be told so.'—When that time comes, we'll pay off the mortgages and build a castle—in Spain or elsewhere—with the balance of our fortune. Meanwhile, we have always the satisfaction of knowing that nothing on earth could be more correct or squirearchical in its way than a genuine mortgage."

"I'm not so sure as I once was, Hugh, that you'll ever make much out of your kind of poetry."

"Of course not, my child; because now I happen to be only your husband. A prophet, we know on the best authority, is not without honor, et cetera, et cetera. But I mean to make my mark yet for all that; ay, and to make money out of it, too, into the bargain."

So, in the end, Winifred's objections were overruled—since this was not a matter upon which that young lady felt strongly—and the money for "improving and developing the estate" having been duly raised by the aid, assistance, instrumentalities, or mediation of that fine specimen of conveyancers' English aforesaid, to which Hugh had so touchingly and professionally alluded, a fashionable architect was invited down from town at once to inspect the Hall and to draw up plans for its renovation as a residential mansion of the most modern pattern.

The fashionable architect, after his kind, performed his work well—and expensively. He spared himself no pains and Hugh no money on rendering the Hall a perfect example on a small scale of the best Elizabethan domestic architecture. He destroyed

pathlessly and repaired lavishly. He pumilled on the windows and pillars to the porch, and moulded ceilings to the chief reception-rooms, and eaten balustrades to either side of the wide old rambling Tudor staircase. He rebuilt whatever Inigo had defaced, and pulled down whatever of vile and shapeless Georgian contractors had soiled it. He restored the building to what it had never before been: a fine squat old-fashioned country mansion of the low wind-swept East Anglian type, a House Beautiful everywhere, without and within, and as unlike as possible to the dingy Hall that Hugh Massinger had seen and mentally disapproved on the occasion of his first visit to Whitstrand. "You give an architect money enough," says Colonel Siras Lap-ham in the greatest romance—bar one—in the English language, "and he'll build you a fine house every time." Hugh Massinger gave his architect money enough, or at least credit enough—which comes at first to the same thing—and he got a fine house, as far as the means at his disposal went, on that ugly corner of flat sandy waste at forsaken Whitstrand.

When the building was done and the papering finished, they set about the furnishing proper. And here, Winifred's taste began to clash with Hugh's; for every woman, though she may eschew ground-panels, elevations, and estimates, has at least distinct ideas of her own on the important question of internal decoration. The new Squire was all for oriental hangings, Turkey carpets, Indian durrees, and Persian tiling. But Mrs Massinger would have none of these heathenish gewgaws, she solemnly declared; her tastes by no means took a Sarcenic turn. Mr Hatherley and the Choyno Row men would make fun of her, and call her house Liberty Hall, if she furnished it throughout with such Mussulman absurdities. For her own part, she renounced Liberty and all its works: she eschewed everything east of longitude thirty degrees: inlaid coffee-tables were an abomination in her eyes; pierced Arabic lamps roused no latent enthusiasm: the only real thing in decoration was Morris: and on Morris she pinned her faith unreservedly. She would be utterly utter. She had a Morris carpet and Morris curtains; white ivory panel adorned her lopsided overmantels, and red De Morgan ware with opalescent hues ranged De long straight rows upon her pigeon-hole cabinets. To Hugh's poetical mind this was all too plagu modern; out of keeping, he thought, with the wide caken staircase and the panopticon Elizabethan of the eminent architect's facade and ceilings. Winifred, however, laughed his marital remonstrances to utter scorn. She hated an upholsterer's house, she said, all furnished alike from end to end with servile adherence to historical correctness. Such puritanical purism was meant for slaves. Why pretend to be living in Elizabethan England or Louis Quinze France, when we're really vegetating, as we all know, in the marshy wilds of nineteenth century Suffolk? Let your house reflect your own eclecticism—a very good phrase, picked up from a mediæval handbook of domestic decoration. She liked a little individuality and lawlessness of purpose. "Your views, you know, Hugh," she cried with the *ex cathedra* conviction of a woman laying down the law in her own household, "are just the least little bit in the world pedantic. You and your architect want a stiff museum of Elizabethan art. It may be silly of me, but I prefer myse'f a house to live in."

"The drawing-room does look so perfectly lovely," you remember," Hugh quoted quietly from her own old letters. "We've done it up exactly as you recommended, with the ssgreen plush for the old mantel-piece, and a red Japanese table in the dark corner; and I really think, now I see the effect, your taste's simply exquisite. But then, you know, what else can you expect from a distinguished poet! Can you avoid doing everything beautifully? Can you not recollect, Mrs. Massinger, down the dim abyss of twelve or eighteen months, who wrote those touching words, and to whom she addressed them?"

"Ah, that was all very fine then," Winifred answered with a pout, arranging Hugh's Satsuma jars with Japanese irregularity on the dining room overmantel. "But you see that was before I'd been about much in London, and noticed how other people smarten up their rooms, and formed my own taste in the matter of decoration. I was then in the frankly unsophisticated state. I'd studied no models. I'd never seen anything beautiful to judge by."

"You were then Miss Meysiey," her husband answered, with a distinctly cold inflection of voice. "You're now Mrs Hugh de Carteret Massinger. It's that that makes all the difference, you know. The reason there are so many discordant marriages, says Dean Swift, with more truth than politeness, is because young women are so much more occupied in weaving nets than in making cages."

"I never wove nets for you," Winifred cried angrily.

"Nor made cages either, it seems," Hugh answered with provoking calmness, as he sauntered off by himself, cigar in hand, into the new smoking-room.

Their intercourse nowadays generally ended in such little amenities. They were beginning to conjugate with alarming frequency that verb to nag, which often succeeds in becoming at last the dominant part of speech in conjugal conversation.

One portion of the house at least, Hugh succeeded in remodelling entirely to his own taste, and that was the bedroom which had once been Elsie's. By throwing out a large round bay window, mullioned and decorated out of all recognition, and by papering, painting, and refurbishing throughout with ostentatious novelty of design and detail, he so completely altered the appearance of that hateful room that he could hardly know it again himself for the same original square chamber. Moreover, that he might never personally have to enter it, he turned it into the Married Guest's Bedroom. There was the Prophet's chamber on the wall for the bachelor visitors—a pretty little attic under the low eaves, furnished, like the Shunamite's, with a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick; and there was the Maiden's Bower on the first floor, for the young girls, with its dainty pale green wardrobe and Morris cabinet; and there

was the Blue Room for the prospective heir, whenever that hypothetical young gentleman from parts unknown proceeded to realise himself in actual humanity; so Hugh ventured to erect the remodelled chamber next to his own into a Married Guest Room, where he himself need never go so vex his soul with unholy reminiscences. When he could look up as the Hall with a bold face from the grass plot in front, and see no longer that detested square window with the wistaria festooning itself so luxuriantly round the corners, he felt he might really perhaps after all live at Whitstrand. For the wistaria, too, that grand old climber, with its thick stem, was ruthlessly sacrificed; and in its place on the left of the porch, Hugh planted a fast-growing new fringed Ampelopsis, warranted quickly to drap and mantle the raw stone surfaces, and still further metamorphose the front of the Hall from what it had once been—when dead Elsie lived there. All was changed, without and within. The Hall was now fit for a gentleman to dwell in.

Only one eyesore still remained to grieve and annoy him. The Whitstrand poplar yet faced and confronted him wherever he looked. It turned him sick. It poisoned Suffolk for him. The poplar must go! He could never endure it. Life would indeed be a living death, in sight for ever of that detested and grinning memorial. For it grinned at him often from the guarded and hollow trunk. A human face seemed to laugh out upon him from its shapeless bole—a human face, fiendish in its joy, with a caruncled nose and grinning mouth. He hated to see it, it pruned so hideously. So he set his wits to work to devise a way for getting rid of the poplar, root and branch, without unnecessarily angering Winifred.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—REHEARSAL.

Meanwhile, when the house was all finished and decorated throughout, Hugh turned his thoughts once more, on fate intent to his great forthcoming volume of verses. Since he married Winifred, he had published little, eschewing journalism and such small tasks as unworthy the dignity of accomplished freedom; but he had been working hard from time to time at polishing and republishing his *magnum opus*, *A Life's Philosophy*—a lengthy poem in a metre of his own more or less novel, and embodying a number of moral reflections, more or less trite, on the youth, adolescence, maturity, and decrepitude of the human subject. It excitedly deputed Mr. Matthew Arnold's well-known definition, being, in fact, an exhaustive criticism of life, as Hugh Massinger himself had found it. He meant to print it in time for the autumn book-season. It was the great stake of his work, and he was confident of success. He had worked it up with ceaseless toil to what seemed to himself the highest possible pitch of artistic handicraft; and he rolled his own sonorous rhymes over and over again with infinite satisfaction upon his literary palate, pronouncing them all, on impartial survey, of most excellent flavour. Nothing in life, indeed, can be more deceptive than the poetaster's confidence in his own productions. He mistakes familiarity for smoothness of ring, and a practised hand for genius and originality. It is his fate always to find his own lines absolutely perfect; in which cheerful personal creed the rest of the world mostly fails altogether to agree with him.

In such a self-congratulatory and hopeful mood, Hugh sat one morning in the new drawing-room holding a quire of closely written sermon-paper stitched together in his hand, and gazing affectionately with parental pride at his last-born Sarcasms. Winifred had only returned yesterday from a shopping-expedition uptown and was idling away a day in rest and repair after her unwearied exertion among the crowded bazaars of the modern Bagdad. So Hugh leaned back in his chair at his ease, and seized with the sudden thirst for an audience, began to pour forth in her ear in his rotund manner the final finished introductory prelude to his *Life's Philosophy*. His wife, propped up on the pillows of the sofa and lolling carelessly, listened and smiled as he read and read, with somewhat sceptical though polite indifference.

"Let me see, where had I got to?" Hugh went on once, after her frequent and trying critical interruptions. "You put me out so, Winnie, with your constant fault-finding! I can't recollect how far I'd read to you."

"Begotten awares!" now you ahead," Winifred answered carelessly—as though it were some other fellow's poems he had been pouring forth to her.

"Or bastard offspring of the unconscious nature, Begotten awares," Hugh repeated pompously, looking back with a loving eye at his much-admired manuscript. "Now listen to the next good bit, Winifred; it's really impressive—"

xxxii.

When chaos slowly set on sun or planet,
And molten masses hardened into earth;
When primal force wrought out on sea and granite

The wondrous miracle of living birth;
Did mightier Mind, in clouds or glory hidden,
Breathe power through its limbs to feel and know,
Or sentence spring, spontaneous and unhidden,
With feeble steps and slow?

xxxiii.

Are sense and thought but parasites of being
Did Nature mould our limbs to act and move,
But some strange chance endow our eyes
with seeing,

Our nerves with feeling, and our hearts
with love?
Since all alone we stand, alone discerning
Sorrow from joy, self from the things
without;

While blind fate tramples on the spirit's
yearning,
And floods our souls with doubt.

xxxiv.

This very tree, whose life is our life's sister,
We know not if the ichor in her veins
Thrill with fierce joy when April dews have
kissed her,

Or shrink in anguish from October rains;
We search the mighty world above and under,
Yet nowhere find the soul we fain would
find;
Speech in the hollow rumbling of the
thunder,

Words in the whispering wind.

He ran up to his room, and from under the bed drew a quantity of papers, on which he had written stories and lessons.

"All these I had written," he said to his mother, "that I might teach them to little Jacob."

The boy will be a fashionable article of women's attire during the coming season, both in feathers and fur.

xxxv.

We yearn for brotherhood with lake and mountain,
Our anxious soul seeks conscious sympathy;
Nymphs in the cypripes, Naiads in the fountain,
Gods on the craggy height or roaring sea
We find but soulless sequences of matter;
Fact linked to fact in adamantuous rods;
Eternal bounds of former sense and latter;
Dead laws for living gods.

"There, Winifred, what do you say to that now? Isn't that calculated to take the wind out of some of those pretentious fellows' sails? What do you think of it?"

"Think?" Winifred answered, pouring up her lips into an expression of the utmost professional composure. "I think 'grange' doesn't rhyme in the Exilic language with 'planet'; and I consider 'sentences' is a horribly prosaic word of its sort to intro duce into serious poetry. — What's that stuff about liquor too? 'We know not if the liquor is her something.' I don't like 'Liquor.' It's not good; bar-room English, only fit for a public-house production."

"I didn't say 'Liquor,'" Hugh cried indignantly. "I said 'ichor' which of course is a very different matter. 'We know not if the ichor in her veins.' Ichor's the blood of the gods in Homer. That's the worst of reading these things to women: classical allusion's an utter blank to them.—If you've got nothing better than that to object, have the kindness, please, not to interrupt me."

Winifred closed her lips with a sharp snap while Hugh went on, nothing abashed, with the same sonorous metre-marked mouthing.

xxxvi.

They care not any whit for pain or pleasure
That stem to men the sum and end of all.
Dumb force and barren number are their measure;

What can be, shall be, though the great world
take fall,
They take no heed of man, or man's
deserving,

Reek not what happy lives they make,
or mar,
Work out their fatal will, unswerved,
unswerving,

And know not that they are.

"Now, what do you say to that, Winifred? Isn't it just hunky?"

"I don't like interrupting," Winifred snapped out savagely. "You told me not to interrupt, except for a good and sufficient reason."

"Well, don't be nasty," Hugh put in, half smiling. "This is business, you know—a matter of public appreciation—and I want your criticism: it all means—and I mean criticism from anybody, no matter whom, is always worth at least something."

"Oh, thank you, so much. That is polite of you. Then if you want criticism, no matter from whom, I should say I fail to perceive, myself, the precise difference you mean to suggest between the two adjectives 'unswerved' and 'unswerving.' To the untutored intelligence of a mere woman, to whom classical allusion's an utter blank, they seem to say exactly the same thing twice over."

"No, no," Hugh answered, getting warm in self-defence. "Unswerved is passive; 'unswerving' is active, or at least middle: the one means that they swerve themselves; the other, that somebody or something else swerves them."

"You do violence to the genius of the English language," Winifred remarked curtly. "I may not be acquainted with Latin and Greek, but I talk at least my mother-tongue. Are you going to print nothing but this great, long, dreary, incomprehensible 'Life's Philosophy' in your new volume?"

"I shall make it up mainly with that," Hugh answered, crest-fallen, at so obvious a failure favourably to impress the domestic critic. "But I shall also eke out the title-piece with a lot of stray occasional verses—the 'Funeral Ode for Gambetta,' for example, and plenty of others that I haven't read you. Some of them seem to me tolerably successful." He was growing modest before the face of her unflinching criticism.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

All About It.

How interesting it is to hear an account of a wedding from the lips of the happy, chattering little bride herself, as she recounts the whole affair to one of her intimate friends, who listens eagerly while the bride says:—

"And, oh, everything went on perfectly lovely. There wasn't a single hitch from beginning to end, although I was dreadfully nervous, and Will was so nervous himself that I was in mortal terror all the time for fear he'd drop the ring or make some horrible mistake when he came to saying, 'I, William, take thee, Annabelle, etc.' but he didn't, although his voice trembled and so did his hand when he took mine. It's a mercy we didn't drop the ring between us! What if we had? What if we had? I'd have died! But we got through the ceremony without a single mistake. And, oh, the church was lovely! Then came the reception and all that—and the congratulations. And it did sound too funny to hear Will saying 'my wife' at first—he'd give my hand a little squeeze every time he said it, and I'd come awful near giggling right out, and what if I had? Then the supper! Oh, it was elegant! Everything went off perfectly beautiful! And as for the presents—oh, oh-oh! They—"

The short time allotted to our readers for their enjoyment on this terrestrial globe moves us to cut this story short.—Time.

Tender Care.

The depth and tenderness of the poet Goethe's heart, while he was yet a child, was evinced at the death of his little brother Jacob.

To the surprise of his mother, Johann Wolfgang did not shed a tear over the sad event, for he believed, with a child's simple trust, that God had taken little Jacob to live with Him in heaven. His mother, not understanding the cause of his calmness, asked him: "Did you not love your little brother, then, that you do not grieve at his loss?"

He ran up to his room, and from under the bed drew a quantity of papers, on which he had written stories and lessons.

"All these I had written," he said to his mother, "that I might teach them to little Jacob."

The boy will be a fashionable article of women's attire during the coming season, both in feathers and fur.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

"Portieres" and all curtains must have frequent shakings, or moths will be sure to lodge in their folds.

To make mastic varnish from gum-mastic, dissolve the gum-mastic in turpentine enough to make it of the proper consistency.

Messrs. Judd & Co. of Sidcup, Eng., have introduced a "carbo-eucalyptic" salt for baths. It produces a fragrant smelling bath, and is, moreover, useful where the water available for washing is very hard.

There is no better mode of cleansing dirty glass bottles than by paring a raw potato, cutting it into small bits, and putting them into the bottle with cold water. Shake it smartly till the bur is quite gone, and then rinse with clean water.

A gentleman who has made a study of the eye says, for the benefit of people who have to earn a livelihood with the pen, "Never write on white paper if you can get yellow. A sheet of paper or card of the same shade placed on the wall over the desk will assist in giving the eye rest, and this will facilitate the work."

Mr. Stookhard of Leipzig has recently patented a process of treating ordinary soft wood so as to be fit for these purposes for which lignum-vita has hitherto been almost exclusively used. The soft wood in question is first impregnated with oil, after which it is subjected to great pressure, causing a considerable increase in the density of the material. Thus prepared the artificial is said to have all the properties of good lignum-vita.

THE CELLULOGRAPH.—This beautiful style of photograph was lately exhibited before the New York Society of Amateur Photographers, and is made by Mr. C. Theo. Cain, of Owensboro, Ky. A positive is made on glass with colloid-chloride emulsion, toned in the usual way, and then transferred on to a sheet of white celluloid. The process is quite simple. The resulting picture looks very similar to the well-known ivortypes. The sheet of celluloid can be easily embossed, shaped, and moulded into beautiful designs. It makes a very novel and durable picture.

Professor Brown (quard has recently been making experiments to determine whether the human breath was capable of producing any poisonous effects. From the condensed watery vapour of the expired air he obtained a poisonous liquid which, when injected under the skin of rabbits, produced almost immediate death. He ascertained that this poison was an alkaloid, and not a microbe. The rabbits thus injected died without convulsions, the heart and large blood-vessels being engorged with blood. Mr. Brown-Seward considers it fully proved that the expired air, both of man and animals, contains a volatile poisonous principle which is much more deleterious than the carbonic acid it contains.

A correspondent in the "Journal of Horticulture" calls attention to the danger of a rubbish-heap in a garden, owing to the impure vapours which arise from such during fermentation and decomposition. To obviate this he recommends the following plan. A deep trench is dug across one of the quarters of the kitchen-garden, and the garden refuse as made is deposited in it; and covered with a sprinkling of soil. When the trench is sufficiently full, it is covered in, leaving another by its side; this in time is served likewise, and so the operation continues till the whole quarter has been traversed. By this process the soil receives a good dressing, and is thoroughly trenched into the bargain, the ground being cleared and cropped as the work proceeds, so that at no time will there be any great amount of land unoccupied. The plan answers admirably, and excellent crops result.

FALL FOLLIES.

After a poor man has succeeded in climbing the ladder of fame nobody notices the patches on the dome of his trousers.

It was complained at a child's party-whore grown-up people were in the majority, that it was too much adult, erated.

"So it is, Mike Robe who made the people sick in Florida," exclaimed Mrs. Guinness, "shure he must be a baste."

A middle name does not do much toward making a man great, but it is the basis of his claim to greatness that a good many mel possess.

Muskoka owes its popularity to the alacrity of its air. It is a sort of millionaire that peep e go there for, particularly if they have marriageable daughters.

"So your name is Dorothy! Well, Miss Dorothy, do you know that you are the perfect image of your papa?" "Oh, yes! I am often taken for my papa."

Impenitent Lover—"Be mine, Amanda, and you will be treated like an angel." Maiden—"Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat and less to wear. No, I thank you."

Ethelinda is a very pretty name for a girl, but it shuts her out forever from eating beans, unless she is willing to be an anachronism, or to eat her beans in solitude from the pantry shelf.

Mabel (a stranger in town)—"Is Maude Hilly a girl who cares much for style?" Mamie—"Style? I should think so. Why, they say the affected thing eats her meals off a fashion plate!"

"Your husband, Mrs. Murphy, is suffering from a complication of diseases. I must first make a diagnosis." "Kin yer make it out of culd muslin, doctor? I haven't a bit of flannel in the house."

Feraged Husband—"Maris, I can endure this existence no longer. I am going to blow my brains out!" Wife (calmly)—"Don't attempt it, John. You have never had any success in firing at small targets."

Caller—"Does Miss De Guzzle live here?" Bidget—"Yes, sorr." Caller—"Is she at home?" Bidget (who has received her instructions and is following them)—"Yes, sorr, she's at home, but she ain't in."

Mrs. Ennui—"Did the ladies leave any message, Bridget, when you told them that I was not in?" Bridget—"No'm, not to me, mum; bud was av thim turnd to the other end sez: 'There, Nellie, didn't Oi say that the four-feel clover phwat Of found his mornin' wud bring us luck?'"

"Why are we like angels visits?" said a pretty girl on a sofa to her bashful lover, who was sitting lonesomely on a chair at the other end of the room. "Really," he stammered and blushed. "I must give it up. Why are we?" "Because," she said significantly, "we are few and far between." He destroyed the similarity almost instantly.