Love's Latest Ally.

She will not wander in the wood,
Beneath its bending boughs,
The while he tells his tale of love
And pledges solemn vows.

She will not walk upon the shore
Where Ocean's tireless voice
Would drown the longed for words that bride
Her secret soul rejoice.

Not e'en the twinkling stars above,
Nor yet the timid breeze,
Shall be made silent partners in
Such precious things as these.

She'll hear no word till they are safe
Shut up within four walls,
And then she'll miss no syllable
That from the loved lips falls.

And while she treasures up each oath
Within her heart she'll laugh
To think they're also registered
Upon her phonograph.

And, should he e'er go back upon
His word, she'll bring a breach
Of promise suit, and reproduce—
In court—each silly speech.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"I am afraid not at all," he answered. "I am going back to London to-night. I want to find out, though," he added, suddenly, "who put that lying announcement of my death into the *Times*. Was it Mrs. Clanricarde or Mr. Harford?"

"No one knows who it was," said Lady Elizabeth. "But I am sure it was not Mr. Harford," she added, with emphasis. "He is not the kind of man to do such a thing as that."

"If it was the mother—" began Charlie. He did not complete his sentence, nor say what would follow that contingency. "I telegraphed the contradiction as soon as I saw it," he continued. "It was in the papers on the 26th of April."

"Yes," she answered.

"And there ought to have been a letter from me on the same day," he continued. "As soon as I was able, I wrote to her to tell her that I had been ill but was recovering. She should have got it on the 26th, for I kept note of time and dates."

"I do not suppose she was allowed to have that. And perhaps it was better as things were," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Not better," he answered, fiercely, "if it had prevented this hideous sacrilege. I am sure she would not have committed this crime if she had known that I was alive."

This was one of his thoughts. Another was that she had voluntarily sold herself, now for her mother's sake, and now, when he was especially bitter, for her own.

"She certainly believed you dead," said Lady Elizabeth. "I do not suppose she knows that you are alive now. Her husband would probably not tell her even if he knows, and I am sure Mrs. Clanricarde would not."

"She *shall* know, that I swear," said Charlie, excitedly.

Caleb touched his arm with a deprecating hand.

"Would it not be better to let her live in peace?" he asked, humbly. "It is done now, and cannot be undone. Should she not be left to bear what she has to bear, without more being added to it?"

"That is my affair, not yours," said Charlie, haughtily, and the poor omad' haun for a moment shrank back.

Then, emboldened by his loyal love, and to spare her whom he loved the faintest thrill of pain, he said, steadily: "Not all your affair, Mr. Osborne. There is a right and a wrong to everything, and all who value another have a certain voice in their matters. We have the right to speak—both Lady Elizabeth and I—in a matter which touches the happiness of Mrs. Harford, for we are her friends too, as well as you, Mr. Osborne, though we have not your past; and we may without offence deprecate what would give her pain."

It was scarcely Caleb Stagg who spoke. It was the hunchback whose wings were free and whose hump had gone.

"I shall do as I think best," said Charlie, proudly, unable to meet his former rival on this higher ground. "Some day she shall know the infamous cheat that was practiced on her, and shall recognize all of them as the scoundrels they are. Father, mother, husband, friend—there was not one to warn her, not one to protect her!"

"Her friends did not know," said Lady Elizabeth. "I was not here."

"And it was evening post when I heard the news," said Caleb.

"Among you you have broken my heart and destroyed her life!" said Charlie, with a burst of passion, as he turned abruptly away, feeling truly the Ishmaelite among men—his hand against every man's, every man's hand against his.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOME-COMING.

The Harfords had been many months abroad. A strange instinct of danger kept Anthony out of England and loitering among Italian towns and Swiss chalets, where he had his beautiful young wife all to himself, and where no rocks were ahead which he did not see.

So they wandered over Europe, and Anthony did his best to warm this lovely statue into life, and reanimate the dead heart with a new love. It was all in vain.

Then the home journey was made, and they came back to England, and soon were re-established at Thrift.

He knew that he had not won Estelle. For all his love and care, his passionate desire to gain her heart, his eager devotion, his very fever of endeavor to win her love, he knew that he had not caught one single ray of her affection. She endured him because she was obliged to endure him—because she had no alternative, no place of refuge from him; because, too, she was of a sweet and gentle nature and she could not belie herself. But she only endured him on these lines of compulsion. Mrs. Clanricarde touched the sore by pretending to Anthony that things were other than what they were—that Estelle was loving and responsive when she was dead and inert.

The clear eyes of the clever diplomatist saw the whole situation at a glance. She added, as an afterthought, "At present she is a litte languid, and indeed I should almost say, apathetic; but that will pass when her child is born. I have often seen young mothers expectant like this."

Then Anthony's stern bronzed face brightened.

"Yes," he said. "I suppose so. She is not, as you say, Mrs. Clanricarde, very lively just at present; but I suppose it will pass. Indeed, I am sure it will."

"So am I," said Estelle's mother, briskly, just as her daughter came slowly toward her, saying, "Will you not go to your room, mother?" as if she had said, "Two and two made four," with no more emphasis and no animation.

"Her mind is certainly touched!" said Mrs. Clanricarde to herself as she went upstairs. "What a dreadful thing, and in her state, too. Pray heaven she may never know that this detestable young man is alive! If she finds it out—well, there will be a catastrophe, that is very certain! And the blame will fall on me. It always does fall on the mother when a marriage turns ill!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Hope's tales were false and flattering as usual; Estelle's new state of motherhood left her general condition unchanged. Naturally she loved the child; but she took no more interest than before in anything else.

As she grew stronger in health, her apathy seemed to increase. She cared nothing for her duties as house-mistress and local suzerain, and did not fulfil them. But any one could have opened that window in her breast through which her thoughts could be read, what a wild world would not be revealed!—what mad and feverish plans of escape with her child to some unknown and distant land, where she could live with him and her fatal memories, and forget the hideous slavery into which she had been sold! She had always that money so mysteriously sent to Charlie. Viewed by the light of her desires, it was a bank that would never fail, a river of gold that would never run dry. If only she could escape from England, and put Thrift, her husband, and her hated name forever behind her! What a volcano raged and burnt beneath her soft, still, frozen cover! what a very fierceness of hatred was masked by that gentle sweetness and that unresponsive apathy! And how well she kept the secret of heart, and how perfectly she played her part!

What Anthony suffered, felt or thought, no one knew, and perhaps he scarcely confessed to himself. With his heart's blood he watered the desert sands, which gave him back nothing in return. There was not even the humblest little flower of love; there was nothing but barren sand and lifeless rock.

Closely surrounded as she was by this investing love, Estelle had little or no freedom.

One day Anthony went to a rather distant town where he had to sit judging cases, whence he was sure not to return till night. Estelle had never been to see Mrs. Latimer or her servant—Charlie's Osborne's former nurse—since that day when she had gone with her father and mother and Anthony, then only her lover. To-day the opportunity seemed ready made to her hand. Accordingly she walked across the park and down Meads Lane, till she came to that row of houses standing on the outskirts of the town and at the extremity of the Thrift estate, in one of which Mrs. Latimer and Mary Crosby lived in their strict seclusion and by no means overcharged luxury Estelle knocked at the door, and Mary, after scanning her in the mirror set edgewise against the window, went back to the old lady, and said, in an excited whisper:

"Glory! it's Mrs. Harford at last! Pull down the blind, Mrs. Latimer, muffle your head, and keep the room dark. We can do with her. It's the Lord's mercy she has come!"

"Well, Mary! How glad I am to see you again!" said Estelle, shaking hands impulsively with Charlie's old nurse.

"And I am glad to see you, Miss Estelle," said Mary answering back that friendly impulsiveness with its kind. "Come in, miss—lor, deary me!—Mrs. Harford, I should have said. But one forgets. Mrs. Latimer is in one of her better ways to-day. She'll likely be able to see you. She will if she can, that I know, for I have talked a great deal to her of old times, when I was Master Charlie's nurse you and he were children together. I know she will see you if she can. So come in, please."

"Thank you; yes, I will," said Estelle, who had quivered at the old familiar name.

She took Estelle into the state drawing-room—the same room into which she had been taken on that former visit more than a year ago. And Mary saw how the young wife shuddered as the memory of that day came back on her mind.

"If I don't make something of this," thought Mary, feeling like one tabbing all round a cabinet to find the secret drawer its hidden key.

"I will go and see if Mrs. Latimer can see you, miss—Mrs. Harford," she then said, with a perceptible hestation on the name. Why did she want to recall her unmarried state to Estelle? What ailed her, as the Scotch say, at her present condition as the wife of Mrs. Latimer's landlord? Had Estelle been in full possession of her natural mind she would have seen these ominous little threads, and would have feared them; but she was too preoccupied to see anything but her own inner self, or to be conscious of aught but her own sorrowful thoughts.

In a short time Mary came back. Yes; Mrs. Latimer was well enough to see her to-day. On which Estelle accompanied Charlie's old nurse into the back room, where, sitting in the dim obscurity of a darkened chamber, muffled up in shawls and buried in pillows, sat the tenacious old annuitant whose ugly trick of living was keeping the Clanricardes out of a tidy little income sorely needed, while adding a few unexpected plums to poor Charlie Osborne's not too luscious loaf.

"This is Miss Clanricarde, ma'am, as Mrs. Harford as is," shouted Mary to the old lady. "She is that deaf," she added in a natural voice to Estelle.

"Glad to see you, ma'am," said the old lady, coughing lugubriously.

"I am sorry you have such a cough," said tender-hearted Estelle.

"Hey? what does she say?" asked Mrs. Latimer of Mary.

Mary repeated the phrase in her boatswain's voice, and Mrs. Latimer was made to hear.

"It is my grave-cough, my dear," she answered. "Your father will soon come into my little bit of money. I'm not long for this world, I can tell you, and the Lord will soon have mercy on my old bones."

"I hope not so bad as that," said Estelle.

The old woman's keen black eyes twinkled.

"Lord love your dear innocent heart!" she said, and coughed more vigorously than before.

"Best not let her talk, Mrs. Harford," then interposed Mary. "Talking makes her cough so bad!"

"But I can't fail to say how good you always were," said Estelle.

"To poor dear Master Charlie?"

"Yes," said Estelle, with a quiver in her voice.

"Ah, but then I loved him! Who would not?" said Mary. "He was the bonniest little gentleman as ever wore shoe-leather. I never knew his equal!"

"Nor I," said Estelle, with the frankness of despair.

There was no reason why she should not carry this incense of fidelity to that dear grave, why she should not keep his memory like a perfume in her heart.

"That was a queer start, that word of his death, was it not, Miss Estelle—Mrs. Harford, I mean?" asked Mary.

Estelle opened her eyes. They were full of tears.

"Why?" she asked in her turn. "What was there queer in it?"

"Why, did you not know?" said Mary, in surprise. "It was all false news. He is not dead at all. The back-word came into the paper, let me see, the 26th of April, last year—yes, the 26th of April. And now this is August, a year gone, and we have heard no more about him."

Estelle started up from her place as if she had been struck. Her face was white and rigid; her eyes were dark and strained; her parted lips were as full of horror as a Greek tragic mask. She looked as if suddenly turned to stone, but with always the fiery heart of suffering within the marble body.

"The 26th of April—last year?" she said, slowly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary. "I have it here."

She opened a drawer in the table and took out a *Times* newspaper.

"There," she said, pointing to the "agony column"—"there is Master Charlie's own words."

Overcome, beside herself, like one distraught, Estelle read the words, which she carried to her lips with a low cry of mingled joy and pain, then fell prone on the floor as if she had been shot through the heart.

"Now the road's clear," said Mary, as she lifted her up and dashed cold water in her face. "It is, as plain as daylight, and I was right. They've sold the poor young thing to this man here, and she loves Master Charlie as a wife shouldn't ought. There is a bad day in store for Mr. Harford and the rest of them; and I reckon I've got pepper enough for them now if they come prying about us any more."

"My word, Mary, but you are bold!" said Mrs. Latimer, as she had so often said before. Her admiration of the younger woman's cleverness and audacity increased rather than diminished with each fresh manifestation.

"What I put my hand to I don't turn back from," said Mary, sententiously, as she still busied herself about Estelle.

At last the poor girl came out of her swoon and re-entered the thorny path of consciousness. She could not now, if even she would, deny the confession she had involuntarily made. Nature had forced her secret from her, and the torn veil could not be replaced. Mary knew her heart, and so far held her in the hollow of her hand. But she did not think of this in the light of danger to herself. She thought only of the woman's sympathy, so certain because of her own for Charlie. She would be pitiful to her—understanding how another should also love him, even though that other were now a wife and mother. And she would be some one to whom she, Estelle, could come and talk without fear or stint. Whenever there was a free day she would come over to Highstile Lane and talk to Mary Crosby of Charlie—Charlie, the child whom she had nursed—Charlie, the man whom Estelle still loved. But the black wickedness of those who should have been her best friends, the cruelty of those who should have cared for her and protected her! She saw it all, as clearly as she saw the words themselves. Her mother had inserted the lie of Charlie's death that the way might be free for Anthony. The marriage had been hastened on with such indecent hurry that the contradiction might not arrive meanwhile. It had come on the very day, and it had been kept from her. At the altar itself she would have turned back and refused to become Anthony's wife had she known that Charlie was still alive. Hoodwinked, betrayed, entrapped, what faith did she owe to any of them? What right had they to her life? None! From this moment she felt herself essentially free. The past had come before the present, and her very child had not the claim that Charlie Osborne had.

The wakening from those long months of mental lethargy and emotional death had come with a vengeance. Burning with fever, strong with the fictitious strength of mingled outrage and despair, like the armor in which her love had clothed itself, Estelle felt as if she could have braved the whole world for the sake of the one dear love of her life. All she wanted now was to see him, to hear his voice, to tell him how her heart had been broken—how her life had been ruined by the shameful lie which had been palmed off on her for truth—but how through it all she had kept her love and her faith and constancy intact. They had sold her body into worse than bondage, but they had not touched her soul, her love, her heart. All that she had been she still was, and the love that had grown with her growth and had lived through all opposition was still as pure and true as when they last met and parted. Ay! pure and true, for all that hated ring on her finger and that alien babe at her breast!

Full of these thoughts, she went back through the park to the house she had never adopted as her home. But, like all timid creatures, she knew that she must hide what she felt, if she could not feign what she did not feel. And when Anthony came home he found her as he had left her—silent, quiescent, unresponsive, monosyllabic—neither pleased with nor averse from—a mere sweet and patient living corpse, whose love he poured out his strong heart's blood in vain to win. But he noticed with the quick eyes of love that her hands burned as if with fever, that her usually pale face was flushed and hectic, and that her parched lips were dry. He noticed too, when he took her in his arms and drew her to his breast with that tenderness, that infinite yearning of the unloved seeking to gain what is denied, that she visibly shuddered and drew herself away as if she had been stung. He did not let her see what pain this mute repulse gave him. As gently, as tenderly as he had taken her did he now relinquish her; but over all his inner being came the deadly sickness which men call despair—that anguish of impotent fury which would revenge itself if it could, and which cannot find the object.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIKE A BIRD TO ITS NEST.

Charlie, still lingering at Kingshouse, took that strange pleasure so much indulged in by the sorrowful of adding to his distress of mind by every means in his power. Every one pitied him, so pale and hollow-eyed, so gaunt and sad as he was; and every one prophesied for him a speedy rest beneath the peaceful sods of the churchyard.

Even Mrs. Clanricarde found a compassionate corner in her heart for the enemy whom she had now disabled. She wished that she could have secured her own release from debt, and Estelle's sufficient establishment, by less painful methods than her daughter's life long misery and Charlie Osborne's threatened dissolution. It was very sad; but then people are so headstrong and unreasonable, and will not see things as they are, nor act rationally! What business had these two young people to fall in love as they had done? They knew the thing was impossible. It was their folly, not her falsehood, which had wrought all the mischief, and we must be responsible, each of us, for our own doings.

Nevertheless, she was sorry to see the poor boy look so ill, and wished that she could have comforted him. But Charlie would have none of her sympathy; and Mrs. Clanricarde, with a French shrug of her shoulders, left him to his fate and called him impayable.

One sultry summer's day a letter came to Charlie Osborne—an anonymous letter, in the well-known handwriting, but with a different post-mark. Hitherto all these letters had been posted in London; but this was stamped Thorbergh. It contained money and these words:

"Come to Thorbergh. You are badly wanted. Your old nurse, Mary Crosby, lives at 3, Highstile Lane, and can tell you some things you ought to know."

Thorbergh! the place where his faithless love had her home. What new delusion was this? What meshes were enclosing him? And who was his unknown friend who sent him these sporadic supplies? It could not be she, for they had come to him before her great wealth had come to her. It could not be Mary Crosby herself. How could a poor servant send him money far exceeding any possible wages or savings she might have? Yet the handwriting was the same.

The next day, as early as was practicable, Charlie found the house where Mrs. Latimer lived in such strict seclusion, and was welcomed by Mary with shrill exclamations of wonderment and delight.

He went into the cold, hard, primly set best drawing-room, and there began his cross-examination. He showed Mary the letter he had received, and asked her what she knew about it.

"Nay, what!" she said, in answer, "I know naught at all! If it were the last word I had to speak I'd say with my dying breath. I know naught about it anyway."

"But what have you to tell me?" he asked again. "Why should I be summoned here?"

"That caps me," said Mary. "That's just what gets over me, Master Charlie.'

Charlie thought for an instant before speaking. His eyes were turned to the floor; Mary's were on his face.

"Do you remember Miss Clanricarde?" he then asked, with a certain reluctance. He did not like to bring her name into the vulgar light of a servant's quasi-confidence.

"Mrs. Harford as is?" she returned. "Yes, I know her well. Mr. Harford is the landlord of all this lot. He is Mrs. Latimer's landlord, and Mrs. Harford sometimes comes to see us."

Poor Charlie's face changed as eloquently as Estelle's when she had heard of his continued existence. He covered his eyes with his hand. The mystery deepened, but the glory that shone through its darkness blinded him. Could it have been she herself who had sent the letter? But no! the handwriting was familiar. It was connected with those sporadic supplies, and these were not connected with her. No. It was not Estelle who had summoned him, and not Mary Crosby. Who, in Heaven's name, could it be?

"Mrs. Harford was here only the other day," continued Mary, in an indifferent voice. "She had not heard of your being alive, Master Charlie, as I am that glad to see. She had not heard of it till I chanced to tell her."

"No!" said Charlie, with a shout. "And then?'

"Well, you see, sir, the shock was almost too much for her," continued Mary. "She is in poor health, poor young lady, and looks white and thin—as white and thin as yourself, Master Charlie. And when I showed her the paper, why, she just shrieked and fainted, and fell flat on the floor."

Charlie got up and walked to the window. His heart was beating wildly, his eyes were dim, his head was dizzy. She loved him, then—loved him now as much as ever; and her marriage had been, as he had always believed—forgetting the baser whisperings of his angry suspicions—a forced marriage founded on a lie. She was faithful to him still. Dear, sweet, loving, and beloved Estelle!—faithful, faithful for life and to death—as he to her!

And now what was to be done? He was here, and she was not an hour's walk apart; and yet were they not separated as completely as though impassable mountains and the unharvested sea lay between them? They were, in fact, farther apart than when he had been sick with fever in Yokohama, and she had been free and unfettered at Kingshouse.

But they must meet. He must see her, cost what it might. He owed nothing to the man who had robbed him of her, nothing to the society, the superstition, which sanctioned this sacrilege and called it sacred. He owed himself only to her, to clear himself from any possible charge of indifference or carelessness or wrong-doing anyhow. He owed himself only to her.

"Does Mrs. Harford often come here?" asked Charlie, when he came back to himself so far as to remember that he owed something t

Crosby was not in his confidence.

"Not often, sir. Only when Mr. Harford is away," was the answer. "I fancy he keeps her pretty tight," she added as a compassionate coda or afterthought.

"Brute!" said Charlie, with a groan.

"A little that way, I think," said Mary, with a sigh.

Charlie clinched his hands. If he could but have used them as battering-rams to pound the life out of that scoundrel!

"I should like to see her again," said Charlie, after a pause.

"Why not call, Master Charlie," Mary asked, innocently. "I am certain sure she would be fain to see you. She is of the kind to love her own, and you are like her own—like her very brother, as one might say."

"I do not know Mr. Harford, and I would not care to call at his place," said Charlie, a little reluctantly.

"Perhaps I shall meet her," said Charlie, moving toward the door. "I should like to see."

"Yes, you'll be sure to meet her," returned Mary, cheerfully. "Mr. Harford drives her a good deal about the country. You'll be main sure to meet them."

"Confound and curse Mr. Harford!" cried Charlie, beside himself. "For God's sake, Mary, spare me his name!"

"All right, sir. I have no particular affection for him myself,' was her answer. "All the same, Miss Estelle is his wife, you see, Master Charlie, and a wife is bound to follow her husband's lead."

"I will wring his neck!" groaned Charlie.

Mary looked as she used in olden times when he was naughty and had to be spanked.

"Oh, fie! Master Charlie," she said, in just the old tone of reproof. "What has the poor gentleman done to you, I should like to know?"

"What no gentleman would have done—a cur like him deserves hanging for!" shouted Charlie. "He has taken the woman I love and who loves me—and he has taken her by a lie—and he knew it."

Mary's face took on its natural hardness curves and lines of the softest sympathy.

"I am sorry! oh, my, I am that sorry!" she said, her apron to her eyes, and her womanly sob quite audible. After a time she seemed to compose herself. "Master Charlie," she said, with the straightness of a sudden thought, "why do you not come here to stay, rather than to the hotel? There is plenty of room, and I could do for you fine. Why not send your luggage here? You could then stay as long as you liked in Thorbergh, and no one be a penny the worse or wiser. We live that quiet, no one sees or knows what passes here. You, and even more than you, could have the best bedroom and this parlor, and you'd be as safe as if locked up in a church. If you'd like it, Master Charlie, think of it. You'll find me as good as my word."

"God bless you, Mary! my good dear Mary!" was the poor fellow's reply, as impulsively he put his arm round her waist and kissed her as in his boyish days.

Some vague feeling that this offer might serve him in good stead filled his heart with hope and light. He did not know what he thought—he did not formulate nor arrange his feelings into words—but he felt that he had a hiding-place if he wanted it. And perhaps he might.

With another burst of thanks to this servant of the tough old annuitant, he promised to bring his portmanteau that evening at dark—to bring it himself, no one knowing where he went; and then he left the house and took the road up Mead's Lane, with full directions from Mary where to find the park and grounds of Thrift.

More mad than sane, Charlie walked on with but one hope, one desire, one intention. He would see her again. The mystery of his summons ceased to interest him. He forgot Mary and all that life contained, save that one loadstar of his love—that glorious and beloved Estelle. He would see her again. He would hear from her own lips the story of her sorrow and their sin. He would hold her in his arms and clasp her to his heart. She was his. She was not this man's—this border-ruffian, this gambler, this horse-stealer, this rude rough miner with one hand on his revolver and the other on a secreted card.

Always in this turmoil of tempestuous sorrow and longing Charlie went through the leafy lane till he came to a narrow opening between two uprights which led into a park. He passed through and walked on, knowing well enough where he was. He went on and on, walking always more rapidly, till he came to the gate of the private gardens surrounding a stately mansion, with an upper terrace leading down by a double flight of steps into the lower grounds. On this upper terrace stood a woman, dressed for walking. She was alone. Charlie came up the drive till he was near enough to see the face and figure clearly. It was Estella—looking far away over the gardens and the park to the distant beyond—there, where Charlie Osborne was somewhere to be found. She was too much absorbed in her own thoughts to see the man walking in the shadow of the trees toward the house. He came close under the terrace wall, and then he called her by her name. She heard him, and bent over the parapet above, as one who had expected him—as one who had been waiting for this moment.

"Estelle!' he said. "My darling! My beloved!"

With the old light, eager tread—the old suggestion of a bird running to its nest—she came down the steps and into the shadow of the wall, where, forgetting husband, child, her name of wife, her fair fame, and all the present save that she was his, she flung herself into her old lover's arms, and sobbed out her soul on his lips.

(To be Continued).

Abuse of the Brain.

It is well for us to know that the emotions cause more unhappiness and crime than any other function of the brain. It is its emotions that wear away the brain, and not intellectual work. Very few people suffer from intellectual work, and, if my memory serves me, I do not recollect ever having a mathematician for a patient. It is not intellectual work that causes nervous dyspepsia, but the emotions, such as anxiety, fear, sorrow and love.—*Dr. Wm. A. Hammond.*

How she got in: First Little Girl—Do you live in a flat? I thought they didn't take children in flats. How did you get in? Second Little Girl—I was borned in.—*Puck.*