A Political Paradox.

A politican loved a maid,
And, for his delectation,
Taught her the theory of free trade,
And how to run the nation.

She listened with an ardent zeal
To all her lover told her,
Till her fond interest made him feel
Emboldened to be bolder.

And so one moonlight eve he popped
The one momentous question.
Her heart its beating almost stopped
Just at the bare suggestion

Of matrimonial joys, but soon
She owned his love requitted;
And so beneath the silver moon
Their troth the lovers plighted.

Then said the statesman: "Tell me, now,
My precious darling, whether
You know the meaning of the vow
That we have sworn together."

With a sly blush, she whispered then:
"To me its meaning this is:
Protection—from all other men;
With you—free trade, in kisses."

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

When she went down to her husband in the drawing-room, she could not resist giving vent to her feelings about the Collinsons, and Rilchester people in general, who, by their senseless want of tact and sympathy, had given the poor child such a bad idea of English people.

"Your patriotic soul is grieved, eh, Kate?" said Sir Henry, smiling.

"Well, I really don't think it is fair. The dean is a kind-hearted man—at least you are always saying so, but why does he not see to this child? They will ruin her soon, if he does not descend from his celestial heights."

"Don't speak evil of dignitaries, my dear."

"I can't help it, I never did like Dean Collinson, and I never shall. In this, as in everything else, he seems to me blindly selfish. I can't see why any man, however clever he may be, should receive an enormous salary for doing nothing in the world except looking through his own telescope."

"Shocking! shocking!" said Sir Henry, but he laughed, nevertheless. "Well, Kate, you are a wonderful woman, and in time I dare say you will reform Rilchester, but I very much doubt if you will sever the dean and his hobby, or rouse him to a sense of his duties."

And even hopeful and enterprising Lady Worthington fully acquiesced.

CHAPTER XX.

Esperance went back to Rilchester really the better for her visit to the Worthingtons, and with a desire to make the best of everything at the deanery. She was far brighter than she had been before, and made honest efforts to love her cousins, and though she was daily in despair over her failures the endeavor was doing her great good. Nor was she by any means destitute of pleasures. Frances Neville lent her books, took her for drives in her little pony-carriage, and talked in French as much as she pleased.

Mrs. Mortlake, it is true, was fond of making unpleasant allusions to Esperance's "new friend," and Cornelia indulged in a few sarcasms at her expense, but Esperance could endure this as long as she was allowed still to see Frances.

Soon after Christmas, Bella had a sharp attack of bronchitis, and was so much pulled down by it that as soon as the mild February days began it was decided that she should be taken to the south. Accordingly Mrs. Mortlake, with Esperance as a companion and help, went down to Bournemouth with the fractious little invalid. It was not a lively prospect certainly, and Esperance regretted leaving Rilchester while the Worthingtons, were still at home, knowing that by the time they returned in the spring, the Hall would be empty and deserted. Had it not been for the delicious sea air, and the change of scene, she could hardly have borne the ceaseless fret of her life. Bella was both cross and troublesome, and Mrs. Mortlake being anxious and harassed, and at times rather dull, was more fault-finding and wearisome than usual.

Frances Neville's good counsels, and still more her example, was however fresh in Esperance's mind, and she struggled hard against the despondency and fretfulness which were now her chief temptations, and at last her reward came. Toward the end of their stay at Bournemouth, one rainy, dismal afternoon, when Bella had been more provoking than ever, a letter arrived from Dean Collinson to Mrs. Mortlake, with news which made Esperance almost frantic with delight.

"My father proposes meeting us in London," said Mrs. Mortlake, calmly. "He says;

"'Cornelia and I intend to come up to town next Tuesday, the day you fixed for your return, and if you will leave Bournemouth by an early train, I will see you across London; in the afternoon we have an engagement. Cornelia suggests that your cousin might like to see her brother on the way through, in which case she can return with us by a later train.'"

Esperance uttered half a dozen exclamation in French—then, recovering her senses, went on more quietly in English.

"How very good of them to think of it. To see Gaspard once more! and so soon, too, scarcely a week; it seems too good to be true!"

"It will be very tiresome for me to have to take Bella home all alone," said Mrs. Mortlake, "you have no consideration."

Luckily, Esperance's delight was too deep to be much affected by this wet blanket, nor did she suffer from any pangs of conscience at her desertion of Bella—Gaspard must stand first; and she was in such spirits, that she even turned Mrs. Mortlake's complaint into a sort of compliment, and made herself half believe that she liked it.

How long that week seemed! Yet the anticipation was so delightful that she could afford to wait patiently, and she went about the house with such a radiant face, that Mrs. Mortlake, in spite of herself, was touched.

At length the great day came. Early in the morning the first start was made, and without a shadow of regret—her heart was too full of joy for that—Esperance bade farewell to Bournemouth, to the sea, to the pine woods, to the sands, and, in an ecstasy of happiness, counted the minutes till their arrival.

It was curious to be met by such quiet, uninterested people as the dean and Cornelia, and a little hard to be quite attentive enough to cloaks and umbrellas. But at length all was happily over, the drive across London accomplished, and Mrs. Mortlake left with Cornelia at the station to await her train, while the dean himself escorted Esperance to Gaspard's rooms.

Perhaps had she not been so happy, she would have cared more about the baker's shop, and the shabby lodgings which would probably shock her uncle; but she had not a thought to spare for any one but Gaspard, and sprang from the cab without the least diffidence, running into the shop with all speed to shake hands with the landlady, and leading the astonished and dismayed dean up the dark, narrow staircase. In another moment a door on the first landing was quickly opened, and Esperance, with a cry of joy, flew into Gaspard's arms, while the dean shading his eyes with his hand, looked on bewildered, but half touched. Esperance soon remembered her uncle, and disengaging herself from Gaspard's embrace, turned to him with an apologetic, wistful glance.

"Forgive me for keeping you waiting, uncle; I ought to introduce Gaspard to you."

The dean held out his hand, muttered something polite, and was taken into the dingy little room, which Esperance remembered so well, but looked far more, shabby and comfortless than in her time.

No sooner had she turned to feast her eyes with the sight of Gaspard, however, than her happiness was suddenly chilled, for he was looking very ill, pale, and worn, and frightfully thin, while the scar on his cheek added to the ghastliness of the whole face. She could not help contrasting him with the sleek, comfortable, well-to-do dean who took everything so easily, and found life so pleasant. Apparently, however, he was not quite at his ease now, for he moved his hat nervously between his hands, and seemed to find conversation a difficulty, so Esperance thought at least, for Gaspard, in very good English, did almost all the talking, while she counted from the dean six consecutive remarks of "Oh, indeed." He rose to go very soon, to her relief, Gaspard promising to bring her to the station in time for the 5.45 express, and escorting his guest to the door, with a grave dignity, which reminded Esperance of her father.

She grudged the interruption, and waited impatiently till he returned.

"Ten minutes out of our precious time," she said, half petulantly, as after a few parting words with the dean, Gaspard hurried upstairs. "What were you saying to him?"

"Only a little gratitude, which I couldn't bring myself to with you near, my precious *bien-aimee*. What a delight it is to have you! Let me have a good look at you!"

Each surveyed the other in silence. Gaspard was apparently well satisfied, for the "Mariana" look which he had feared, was not there; but Esperance, after a moment, hid her face on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Cherie, what is it?" he asked, full of concern. "Are you unhappy at Rilchester? is anything wrong?"

"It is not that," she sobbed. "But, oh, Gaspard, you can't think how ill you look!"

"Is that all?" he said, laughing. "Don't break your heart over such trifles—do let us enjoy ourselves in the few hours we have together."

She made an unsuccessful effort to check her sobs, and he, fearing that his attempt to turn away from the subject had wounded her, returned to it.

"*Mon amie*, it is very pleasant to be thought for, and spoiled once more, but you must not really think I am ill. It is not half so trying as life during the siege, and the quality of the food is much better—thinness is natural to the family."

"But tell me, Gaspard, are you really living still without meat?" asked Esperance, with an earnestness which made him laugh.

"Yes, I am turned vegetarian, teetotaler, and all sorts of virtuous things."

"And at the deanery," exclaimed Esperance, passionately, "even Bella's wretched little cat has meat every day."

Gaspard laughed uncontrollably, and Esperance, seeing the ludicrous side of her remark, at length joined him.

"Poor Bismarck! don't you think you could take him back with you to that happy place; he is not half so well used."

"If only you were there."

"What! to eat those terrible breakfasts at eight o'clock, and those joints of meat, which you described to me with such horror? Have you forgotton what happened when

"'Autrefois le rat de ville
Ivita len rat des champs?'

You would find me sighing for Bismarck and my *eau sucre* by the end of the first day."

Esperance was soon talked back to cheerfulness, and relieved Gaspard greatly by the account she gave of herself, and of the kindness Lady Worthington and Miss Neville had shown her. She wisely refrained from showing the darker side of her life at the deanery, anxious, as far as possible, to make him easy about her.

"Your funds must want replenishing," said Gaspard, when he had heared all she had to tell of her present life. "How have you managed to get on?"

"Oh, I have done very well," said Esperance, "and I don't want anything yet. I have been making up some of my old colored dresses this spring."

"But, cherie, you can't have existed for ten months on that sovereign I gave you last June and yet have such a nice turn-out."

"You men know nothing whatever about such things," said Esperance, laughing gayly. "That sovereign lasted me till Christmas, and then, luckily, uncle gave me another as a Christmas present, and that is to last another six months. Then besides, some one sent me three pairs of gloves as a valentine, so now you know all my resources. The idea of my having anything from you! What do you take me for, Gaspard?"

"For a very wonderful little manager," said Gaspard, smiling. "But, seriously, it will be the greatest help to me, for, as you know, money is not too abundant, nor likely to be."

"I used to hope that poor Monsieur Lemercier would somehow come miraculously to the rescue, and find that our losses had not, after all been so great. Have you heard from him lately, Gaspard?"

"No, not from him, but from madame," replied Gaspard, sadly. Then, as Esperance looked up inquiringly, "I wanted you not to hear of it, cherie, but since you have asked that cannot be. Poor Monsieur Lemercier was arrested as a Communist."

"He was not shot!" exclaimed Esperance, horror-struck.

"No, no; that he did escape, though poor madame was kept in suspense for some time. He is transported for life."

"Poor monsieur! Oh, I am so grieved for him! Do you not remember, Gaspard, how earnest—almost noble—he looked when he wished us good-bye?—how hopeful he was about the Commune!"

Gaspard gave a heavy sigh.

"Poor Lemercier! if ever a man meant well, he did. Well, cherie, if it had not been for you, I might perhaps have been with him, and the disgrace of that would be worse than starving here."

The words slipped from him inadvertently. Esperance shuddered, but took no notice of them, fearing to vex him.

"And poor madame?" she asked, after a brief silence.

"It is some months since I had her letter; she was in France, then but bent on working her way out to him. Of course they are ruined, for Monsieur Lemercier never had a notion of saving, so she was looking out for a situation as governess."

"Poor madame! how sad for her! But she is brave and good-hearted; she will join monsieur before long, without doubt. Oh, Gaspard, how I wish I were old enough to go out as a governess, then I could help you, perhaps."

"You do that already by your economy; besides, I am not in despair yet. I have heard it said, that if work is honestly wished for, and really sought, it comes sooner or later."

"But in the meantime?" said Esperance, with a quiver in her voice.

"We must endure, cherie, and trust in God."

His tones were grave and low, and Esperance, in spite of a a thrill of happiness, was awed by them. She was more and more reminded of her father, and though her heart ached when she thought of Gaspard's sufferings, there was comfort in seeing how good was being brought out of evil. A year ago he had been miserable and depressed out of heart with himself, and in every way unsettled; now, notwithstanding his troubles, he was more hopeful, and more bravely patient, while Esperance was conscious of a certain growth and expansion of his whole character, which, though she could not in the least fathom it, enabled her to lean where she had before upheld, and to reverence where she had simply loved.

The clock struck five all too soon; and when Gaspard spoke of preparing for the start, a terrible yearning to stay with him almost overmastered her. To go back to the weary, struggling, scolding life at Rilchester, after the short respite, seemed almost unbearable, and had it not been for her anxiety to leave Gaspard well satisfied with her comfort and happiness, she must have given way. But the loving little deception helped her, and she kept up bravely. Just at the last the landlady, who had been very fond of her, brought up some coffee, which she begged ma'mselle to accept; and Esperance, who had tasted nothing since the morning, made an effort to be grateful, drove back her tears, and managed to swallow some of it, and to talk to the good-natured woman.

In spite of her dread of leaving Gaspard, she almost looked forward to the time when she might allow herself to break down, the torture of this prolonged parting was worse than anything, and it was really a kind of relief when they set out for the station. They found Cornelia and the dean walking up and down the platform, and Esperance rather enjoyed introducing Gaspard to her cousin.

Cornelia, who had from the first been much more desirous to help Gaspard than to adopt his sister, was evidently struck with him, talked with him, at first patronizingly, but soon with real cordiality, and showed her best side, while Esperance was unselfish enough to be thankful that her little plot was thus aided. Gaspard's last words, spoken rapidly in French, proved how successful she had been.

"Good-bye, *mon cœur*, if you knew the unutterable comfort it is to see you thus well taken care of!"

He was satisfied; a care was taken off his mind; it was well! but as the train moved slowly off, and the necessity for restrain was no longer felt, an agony of loneliness overwhelmed the poor child. Would it have been better, she wondered, if she had told all her troubles to Gaspard and gained that sympathy for which she was craving? Was she right to let him think she was happy and contented, when in truth she was miserable? And yet those thankful words at parting were worth suffering for; if she had denied herself the relief of a complete outpouring of her heart, it had at least gained peace of mind for him, her self-control gave way, and the long pent-up tears burst forth as she thought of the many privations he had tried unsuccessfully to hide from her.

The dean was engrossed in his newspaper at the further end of the carriage; moreover, he was a little deaf; but from the all-observing Cornelia nothing could be concealed. She had been prepared for a few natural tears, but when the long-drawn, quivering sobs continued, and even grew more violent, she thought it time to interfere, and began a low-toned but decided remonstrance.

"My dear Esperance do control yourself; it is so childish to go on this way; you weaken your whole character by it."

It was very true, no doubt, but she was past being reasoned with—what did her character signify when Gaspard was starving? So she sobbed on, while Cornelia scolded without any effect, until at last, alarmed at the increasing paleness of Esperance's face, she asked suddenly the matte-of-fact question, "Have you had any dinner?"

A half-impatient "No" was the answer.

"What! nothing at all since the morning?"

"Some coffee," sobbed Esperance, still impatiently.

"You foolish child, then of course you are faint with hunger. Why can't you take proper care of yourself?"

"Do you think I would rather bear that than take anything from Gaspard?" said Esperance, indignation for a moment checking her tears. "You rich people have no conception what real poverty means! Would you have me take care of myself, when he has been starving for months on bread and *eau sucre*?"

"Is that really a fact?" asked Cornelia, greatly shocked, while the dean, hearing an unusual noise, looked up from his paper, and bent forward to listen. Esperance was just sufficiently alive to feel that a crisis had come; with an effort she raised herself, grasped the arm of the seat, and choking back her tears, said, "I have done wrong, Cornelia; he would not wish any one to know of his privations; pray forget what I said."

"I can make no such promise," said Cornelia, coldly; "besides, if, as I infer, this is really true, it is not a think to be forgotten."

Esperance had fallen back to her former position, but through her tears Cornelia caught the words, "He would not like—more obligations."

Perhaps her vexation at this accounted for the very severe way in which she administered wine from a flask to Esperance.

"Now pray drink this and stop crying at once; if you had a tithe of your brother's powers of endurance, this would not have happened."

It was certainly neither complimentary nor consoling, but Esperance's loving nature was more pleased by the reference to Gaspard's virtues, than stung by the reproach to herself. She swallowed the wine, revived a little, dried her eyes, and cowered down into her corner, where she soon fell asleep.

Cornelia sat watching her gravely; stern and unsympathetic as she had seemed, her heart was really touched, and Esperance's outburst, with its pride and pathos, had awakened her compassion She was genuinely sorry for the poor child, but to let this appear in word or deed seemed to her impossible, and after the salutary scolding she had administered, she would have deemed it mere weakness to change her tactics; so that it was not until Esperance was fast asleep, that she did unbind her cloak straps, and spread a warm shawl over her.

Then she moved to the seat beside the dean, and began, in her business-like way, "Father, I wish you would help that poor boy to some work, he looks so ill. Do you not know of something he could do in Rilchester? Did I not hear that the librarian wanted some copying done?"

"We do not want him at Rilchester," said the dean, a little sharply. "I have had foreigners to my house once too often; we don't want your poor aunt Amy's story acted over again."

"Bertha!" exclaimed Cornelia, "oh! that could never be; he is a mere boy, too."

"A thorough De Mabillon," said the dean. "The very image of his father, manners and all; a substratum of pride, then a coating of dignity, and over all that, destestable French polish. Pshaw! why can't a man be plain spoken! I hate palaver."

Cornelia smiled at her father's unwonted energy.

"But you would scarcely wish to leave even a Frenchman to starve, and I am afraid it has nearly come to that with Gaspard de Mabillon."

"My dear Cornelia, you are quite mistaken if you think I am going to adopt both Monsieur de Mabillon's children. I have taken in the little girl for your poor aunt's sake, but further than that I will not go."

"So her first-born must starve, because of that limit you put upon your good-will," said Cornelia, with more sarcasm than respect.

The dean shifted about uneasily, looking thoroughly miserable. To be forced to talk of anything but the heavenly bodies, was a pain and grief to him at any time, but when the earthy bodies under dispute happened to be De Mabillons, his wretchedness was complete, for he had never forgiven M. de Mabillon, and yet he was ashamed to remember that he had not done so.

"What can I do for him?" he asked at length, galled by the consciousness of this unrepented, yet would-be forgotton sin.

Cornelia had been thinking deeply for some minutes, and her answer was ready sooner than the dean cared for.

"I have been thinking, father, could you not write to Mr. Seymour?"

"How do you know that the young man has any liking for coffee planting?" questioned the dean, glad of an excuse.

"I fancy he has a liking for anything that will give him bread, poor fellow. Mr. Seymour's furlough will be over soon, I should think, and if he knows of any opening for him in Ceylon, they might go out together."

"And pray who is to bear the cost of the premium?"

"Let us wait till we know there is a premium to pay," said Cornelia, composedly, and there she allowed the conversation to rest, satisfied that she had gained her point.

The dean soon forget his vexation in sleep, and Cornelia sat musing, while the silence was only broken by a little half sob from Esperance now and then. Cornelia watched her apprehensively, hoping that she had heard nothing of what had passed, and wondering how the new idea would please her. On the whole, in spite of her apparent contempt, she was nearer liking her than she had ever been before, and even betrayed no irritation when, on arriving at Rilchester, Esperance awoke confused and weary, and persisted in speaking French.

(To be continued).

Making Things Even.

Stranger (in Brooklyn)—Where are all those gentlemen going?

Resident—They are going to bid farewell to a popular missionary to China who has been very successful in teaching the heathen the gospel of love and peace.

"I see. And where is this gang of boys going?"

"They are going to stone a Chinese funeral."—*New York Weekly.*

Theatrical Matters in Chicago.

Mrs. Porker—What is going to be played at the Opera House to-night?

Mrs. Wildwest—It is not decided yet?

"How is that?"

"All I know about it is what I read in the paper. It says they are going to play 'Othello,' or the 'Moor of Venice,' but it didn't say which. For my part I'd just as lief see one as the other."

"So would I."

—Some bonnets have real flowers.

Frederick Mortimer Vokes, the father of Miss Rosina Vokes and the other members of the well-known Vokes family of actors, died at his home in London on June 4th.

AN EVIL TO BE CHECKED.

The land question is making its way in the United States Congress. The other day Representative Oates, of Alabama, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported to the House the bill to prohibit aliens from acquiring title to or owning lands within the United States. An elaborate report accompanied the bill. In it the committee says the power of the Government to totally exclude aliens from coming within its jurisdiction, as has been done in the case of the Chinese, no one questions. This sovereign power certainly includes the lesser one of defining what property rights they may exercise after they are admitted, and during the continuance of their alien condition. The report continues:

"Your committee ascertained, with reasonable certainty, that certain noblemen of Europe, principally Englishmen, have acquired, and now own, in the aggregate about twenty-one million acres of land within the United States. We have not sufficient information to state the quantity owned by untitled aliens; nor is it so important, as it is generally held in smaller bodies. This alien, non-resident ownership will, in the course of time, lead to a system of landlordism incompatible with the best interests and free institutions of the United States. The foundation of such a system is being laid broadly in the Western States and Territories.

"The avarice and enterprise of European capitalists have caused them to invest many millions in American railroad and land bonds, covering perhaps 100,000,000 acres, the greater part of which, under foreclosure sales, will most likely before many years become the property of these foreign landholders in addition to their present princely possessions.

"This aggressive foreign capital is not confined to the lands it has purchased, but overleaping its boundaries has caused hundreds of miles of the public domain to be fenced up for the grazing of vast herds of cattle and set at defiance the rights of the honest but humble settlers."

The bill proposes to place these aliens under the disabilities of the civil law as to all future attempts to acquire lands in the United States. In other words the report says the bill is a declaration against absentee landlordism. It declares all foreign born persons, who have not been naturalized, incapable of taking the title to lands anywhere within the United States, except a leasehold for not exceeding five years, and it has no retroactive, but a prospective operation. It also contains a provision which will compel alien landowners to cease to be such or to become citizens of the United States within ten years. The bill, the report says, would prevent any more abuses like that of a Mr. Scully, who resides in England and is a subject of the Queen, but owns ninety thousand acres in Illinois, occupied by tenants, mostly ignorant foreigners, from whom he receives as rent $200,000 yearly and expends it in Europe. The Scheuley estate of about 2,000 acres, within the limits of Pittsburg and Allegheny, from the rents of which the Scheuleys, who are subjects of the British Queen, draw annually not less than $100,000, is another instance of alien landlordism in America. The tenth census shows that the United States has 570,000 tenant farmers, the largest number possessed by any nation in the world.

In conclusion the report says: "With the natural increase in population and the five hundred thousand foreigners who flock to our shores annually and by competition are reducing the wages of labor, making the battle of life harder to win, how, a few years hence, to provide homes for our poor people is a problem for the American statesmen to solve. The multiplication of the owners of the soil is a corresponding enlargement of the number of patriots, and every landowner in this country should owe allegiance to the United States."

Absenteeism is undoubtedly the worst phase of landlordism, but when Congress shall have dealt with it effectually, there will be something more to do. Even resident landlordism is an evil. Suppose Mr. Scully should remove to the United States, take the oath of allegiance, and then continue to collect his vast rents, his tenants would still suffer. Let the land rent go where it properly belongs, into the public treasury, in relief of all other taxation, and then the people will prosper, because all they earn will be theirs, for their own use and enjoyment. The drones of society will then have to go to work or starve. Freed from the burden of feeding the drones, the workers will have plenty to live upon with comfort.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, of New York, seems to be quite a level-headed sort of man. Speaking on the public press in that city the other day, he gave the devil, or rather the editor, his due. He said:

The editor of to-day is in the place of the prophets of old. Rightly Thomas Carlyle said: 'The true clergy is not in the pulpit, but in the newspaper offices.' First, as watchmen. "On thy walls, O Jerusalem, they shall not hold their peace day or night." Who fulfils that office to-day? The men in the top of the great buildings down town. Some years ago the Tweed ring was ground into powder. Who did it? The preacher? No; the newspaper. Then the courts had to be reformed and corruption smitten in high places. Who did that? The newspaper. Ezekiel saw in a vision—wheels within wheels, wheels alive, wheels full of eyes. He foresaw the modern newspaper. Where are the eyes that never sleep? In the reporters that ply these streets, searching all the phases of human life. In the degeneracy of the modern pulpit, the daily press is doing the work of God as the pulpit is not doing it. Where is the power that guides? In the newspaper. Religion, politics, society, economy, come within the range of its power as of no other. It is the editor who guides. Where are the preachers? It wearies one's soul to think where they are. Alas, many of us are trying to please everybody—telling you you're all right, we're all right, the world's all right, the devil's all right. I had rather have my boy go back to the old farm in Carolina and take to grubbing stumps than get into most of our pulpits. The great preachers of the past did not seek to please everybody. Jesus Christ was not such a preacher. Paul was not such a preacher. When Paul went into a town he had a row. The authorities complained "this fellow is turning the world upside down." Jesus cried, "Woe unto you scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites!" How coarse! How unchristian! How sensational!

William Dean Howells lives in an apartment house in Boston. Mr. Howells is devoted to out-of-door rambles amid the pleasant suburbs and to long walks through the crooked streets of the old part of the city. Mrs. Howells has great talent for painting.

Giles—What did Terwilliger say about the twins? Merritt—Said it was one too many for him.