

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Guy Hartleigh leaves England to find his long lost cousin in San Francisco. Maida Carrington, an actress in that city, is pestered by genteel loafers amongst whom is Caryl Wilton who proposes and is rejected. She learns the story of her mother's betrayal by Sir Richard Hartleigh. Sir Richard's child, Constance, whom Guy meets her and is taken to Hartleigh Hall by Guy.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Are the ponies ready, Guy?"
"Yes, sir. Shall I send for Constance?"
"Not on any account. She is dressing and I will not have her hurried. She has a little need of the aid of the toilet as anybody well could have, but I like to see her come in with that composed, queenly air of hers, looking as if dress were the last thing she had thought of. And it is only because she is always so faultlessly dressed that she can look so."

She came down this morning dressed, as her father had said, faultlessly; but it was not because, as he thought, she gave any great care to her toilet, but rather because she had the instinct of good taste, which enabled her to subordinate her clothes and give them a character instead of taking one from them as many women do, at the expense of seeming overdressed.

She smiled brightly at her father, and courteously at Guy, and the latter turned away with a sigh, while the former advanced and took her hand, with the words:

"If I did not know better, I should think you had the Graces for handmaids."

"They were going to a garden party at Vyne Castle. For two weeks, as Sir Richard had foreseen, the Hall had been besieged by all the aristocracy of the county, who had come to see the suddenly recovered daughter of Sir Richard Hartleigh. And now the first of a series of festivities in her honor had been prepared by Lord and Randolph Vyne, and the whole county, headed by the Duke and the Duchess of Beldaire, was to be there."

The garden party was the result of a conversation between the little Lady Gladys Vyne and her mother. They had been to see the fair daughter of Hartleigh, and had come away with fixed emotions. Neither spoke until the carriage was well away from the Hall. Then said Lady Gladys:

"What do you think of her, mamma?"
"She is very beautiful, and a true Hartleigh."

"Yes; and there seems to be no reason for the talk that she has not been brought up as a lady."

"No; her manners are absolutely perfect. Blood alone could not do it. She has had the education necessary to a woman of fashion."

"Have you heard it said that she and Guy are to be married?"
"His Grace of Beldaire had it from Sir Richard himself."

"Why did you not tell me before?" and the little lady with the angel face and heavenly blue eyes flashed a glance at her mother that told a story of some temper hidden away somewhere under all that sweet prettiness.

"Now, Gladys dear, don't be unreasonable. What was the use of telling you?"
"It would have saved me the mortification of discovering for myself that Guy had no eyes except for her."

"I would not give another thought to Guy, my dear."

"I cannot say that I did."

"There will be no end of fetes, receptions, balls, and parties given in her honor, no doubt."

"Sure to be; Sir Richard is too important to be neglected. Besides, they were companions in their youth."

"What are you going to do, mamma?"
"I had not given it any thought, dear."

"Why not give a garden party?"
"A very good idea. I will."

you get Guy to teach you? He is a splendid player—the best we have."

"I shall watch you play, and sometime I will get you to show me how."

"I will do that now. Come. Gentlemen, Miss Hartleigh will take my play, and I will show her the game."

Constance, with the readiness of one who has made a study of posturing, knew how to learn without awkwardness. Indeed it was not long before there was an expression of incredulity that she had never played before. Lady Gladys herself said:

"Oh, you must have played before. Why, to say nothing of your play, which is quite as good as my own, one must have lived entirely out of the world not to have learned lawn-tennis."

Constance turned her dark, searching eyes down on the little creature and studied her face with its innocent blue eyes and guileless manner.

"Have I an enemy here?" she asked herself. "I do not desire to offend with my simplicity; but why should she dislike me? I will watch her. A man I may deceive, but a woman, even such as this, is more to be dreaded than ten men."

"I have lived out of the world, you know," she said aloud, without betraying a particle of annoyance.

"Oh, I thought you had spent your time in travelling, and the blue eyes sought the brown ones with a very pretty assumption of innocence."

"And so I have, and that is, no doubt, the reason why I have not learned to play tennis."

The brown eyes were inscrutable, and the blue ones turned away with just the ghost of a flash in them.

"You had learned nothing, and Lady Gladys did not dare to carry her inquiry any further."

"Oh, here is his grace!" she exclaimed. "Have you come to admire Miss Hartleigh's playing, your grace?"

"I am prepared to admire anything Miss Hartleigh does," answered the duke, gallantly.

"In that case," said Constance, laughing, "I shall take care not to try anything in the presence of your grace that I am not sure of doing well. And as the game is finished, I will take your grace's arm and listen to you for I can always listen well when I have eloquence at my ear."

"What flattery! It deserves a punishment. I shall refuse you my arm and turn you over to a younger man. Here is my nephew, Lord Algernon Lintel. Algy, come here."

Constance glanced up and became conscious of one of the most exquisite faces she had ever seen. It had in it nothing of manly strength, but it was full of a sweetness and refinement seldom met even in a woman.

It had lines in it that told of pain suffered, but there was nothing to indicate anything but submission and resignation. There was an infinite pathos in the large violet-blue eyes and in the delicate, sensitive lip, but there was cheerfulness, too, and Constance was won by the face, even before her womanly pity was aroused by the sight of the frail body and crippled limb which went with the rare face.

"Algy, this is Miss Hartleigh. I turn her over to you as a punishment for using a man's punishment. She flattered me, Algy."

Algy looked into the beautiful face which then was in its sweetest phase, for it was filled with soft pity, and his large eyes lighted up eagerly.

"If Miss Hartleigh will permit herself to be disposed of so summarily, I shall be happy as well as flattered."

It was not said with an air of gallantry, and Constance did not receive it as such. She answered with her rare smile:

"I have just received my first lesson in lawn-tennis, and I shall be glad to sit down somewhere and watch the others."

"If you would rather walk about, if you will tire me," he said, with frank simplicity. "I am not strong, but I am not as frail as I look. Besides, this is one of my best days. Shall we walk?"

"Not now, please. I want to become acquainted with you, and we can talk better if we sit."

"Does that mean that you think you will like me?"

She turned her eyes on his face, so full of an eager sincerity, and answered with a faint smile:

"You are quick in demanding a declaration of intentions."

"But I liked you at once, and it seemed to me that you liked me as quickly. I am not dangerous, you know," he glanced at his crippled limb, "and you may like me as much as you can. I am sure that you and I can understand each other. We are in sympathy. I don't need pity for my misfortunes; everybody who is strong and well pities me; but there are not so many who can comprehend that the soul has longings independent of the body. Perhaps I tire you. I am not morbid, though I may seem so. I think I am happier more to be happy for."

They were sitting now, and she laid her hand on his and said, earnestly:

"I know just what you mean. I did like you at once, and I hope we shall be friends."

"If you hope so, we are friends. Now that we are friends, let us know more about each other. You know me, I fancy. I am Algernon Lintel, Marquis of Berain, and heir to the Dukedom of Beldaire; a great deal for such a poor wretch as I, is it not?"

He laughed pleasantly as he spoke, and she smiled as if she could comprehend his feeling. He recognized

her sympathy, and, in the same merry way asked:

"How came you to be Miss Hartleigh's daughter? They say you are Sir Richard's daughter. Oh, I ask your pardon. I have said something wrong."

"Not so. I have been separated from my father for many years, and now I am returned home again."

She felt his honest, searching eyes fixed on her, and she felt uneasy, though not in the least resentful. He listened to her, and when she ceased to speak, said, earnestly:

"We can help each other, I am sure now. You have suffered; am I afraid you suffer now. Who can tell? I may be as much service to you as you to me. I do not like self-appointed prophets, but I have a feeling that some day I can help you. If ever I can, will you let me. And will you forgive me for having spoken as I have?"

Maida listened to him with a kind of terror. It was to her as if he were reading the story of her misery, past and future. She pressed her hands over her eyes, as if she would shut out the picture he had conjured up. Then she withdrew her hands and with a sad smile, answered softly:

"Yes, I have suffered, and I suppose I must still suffer some; but it is mostly a thing of the past, and I do not think of it if I can help it."

"Forgive me for what I have done."

Maida answered absently, and would have changed the conversation had she not been relieved of the necessity by seeing the girl approaching with Lady Gladys on his arm. She instantly assumed command of herself, for she had a strange feeling that she was to be out to the test. She had begun to look upon Lady Gladys as an enemy.

CHAPTER IX.

The face of Lady Gladys was a picture of contentment and happiness as she approached Maida, leaning with Lady Gladys, and talking to him in her pretty child-like way. When they were near enough, Maida could hear her saying:

"We must ask Algy if it is true."

"What are you going to ask me," demanded Algy.

"There is a rumor floating about that you are thinking of theatricals."

Algy laughed in his pleasant way, and answered:

"Why, Guy, they might accuse either you or me of that at almost any time and not be far wrong, now might they not?"

"I believe they might, Algy," returned Guy, placing his strong but shapely hand with a look full of affection, on the shoulder of the other; "but perhaps there is more in it than a mere rumor. You don't deny the impeachment."

"Soft impeachment is what you should have said," interjected the voice of the duke, who had come up unobserved, "for if Algy is so obtuse on one thing, that is theatricals."

"Abuse Guy, too, uncle; he is as bad as I am," laughed Algy.

"You might believe me," went on the duke, turning to Maida, "but Algy has made himself popular with these theatricals, for which he gets all the credit, and for which I pay, and get no credit at all."

"Why not?" demanded Algy, with a glance full of affection at the old nobleman, whose greatest pleasure he knew it was to see him enjoy himself; "you have the money."

"And I suppose you mean to imply that you have the taste."

"And so he has, and nobody is better aware of it than you," interposed Lady Gladys. "What we want to know is, if we are really to have the theatricals. Are we, your grace?"

"If you wish it, and Algy has made up his mind, no answer is needed," answered the duke, bowing quizzically.

"Are we to have them, Algy?" persisted Lady Gladys.

"If you will give us the benefit of your talent, Lady Gladys."

"You know I shall be only too glad, if you will select something I can play."

"How would Juliet suit you?"

"You know I can't play that. I want a comedy part, and Mr. Guy will play too, won't you?"

"Not I. My part is stage carpenter, isn't it Algy?"

"Always. Guy is a carpenter, and general factotum to my stage manager and scene painter."

"And I am treasurer," said the duke, with a grimace which only made them laugh.

"A most honorable post," retorted Algy.

"Honorable enough, but not lucrative. But what part is Miss Hartleigh to take in the theatricals?"

"I will be one of the noble army of appreciative spectators," answered Maida quickly, for she had avoided the conversation was had seen playing if she could.

"Oh, no. Don't say that," cried Algy. "I have been thinking ever since we sat down here together, that I would have you for Juliet."

"Oh, I couldn't," she answered hastily, the memory of the last time she played the part flashing through her mind.

"Please don't refuse," urged Algy, with so much feeling that she was turned from her purpose of refusing promptly, and only answered:

"But how can I? I know how difficult a part it is, and it is little short of presumption to think of attempting it."

"There, Miss Hartleigh," cried the duke, laughing. "It is quite evident you are new to private theatricals, or you would never refuse a part because of its difficulties. The usual plan is to seek the most difficult part, and go at it with all the confidence of genius or ignorance—both are equally bold."

"Don't pay any attention to him," said Algy. "I would not permit him to stay around at all if it were not that he is occasionally useful. Please play Juliet for me. I set my heart on it, and when I have my heart on anything I am always humored, am I not, uncle?"

"Always. Let me add my entreaties to his. Miss Hartleigh, for I really would like to see a good Juliet on the amateur stage for once,

and I know you would make a good one."

"There!" cried Algy, triumphant. "That is the first nice thing I ever heard uncle say about private theatricals, past or to come. Now you will surely play the part, won't you?"

"I think it is only another reason for refusing more urgently," answered Maida, with the vain hope of evading the issue by a little badinage. "If I don't play he will always think I could have done so; but if I do I shall disappoint him, and then I shall have lost all prestige with his grace."

"Ah!" exclaimed Algy, here comes Sir Richard. Sir Richard, we are trying to coax your daughter to take the part of Juliet in the theatricals we are getting up. Let us have the aid of your persuasion, won't you?"

"Perhaps there are reasons," suggested Lady Gladys, softly, "why Miss Hartleigh would rather not play."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BOIL THEMSELVES ALIVE.

Feet and Method They Have in Japan of Taking a Bath.

This is not a "Shanghai telegram," as you might think, but a fact known well enough to residents in Japan, namely, the (to us) peculiar method they have in that country of taking a bath, and which has been in vogue there from the remotest ages until to-day.

Let us enter, in imagination, any hotel of the better class. Having settled the usual preliminaries on arrival there, a servant says: "O you gentlemen, you decline to do anything of the sort, and prepare to floor him, when it is explained that he merely told you in Japanese that "the hot water is boiling," and you are led into a room containing a wooden tub about four feet long, though very deep for its length; but one is puzzled to know why a stove pipe should arise out of it, running upwards and passing through the roof of the room."

On examination, however, you will discover that this is not so much a bath as a boiler, for fitted under the bathing part proper there is a sheet-iron stove nailed to the inside of the wooden exterior intended for a charcoal fire, more rarely firewood.

If through negligence the water is poured away before the tub is full, the thin metallic sheet quickly melts away, and the wood-work then catches alight, causing a more or less serious conflagration—an instance of which the writer lately saw in Hakodate, when about a hundred wooden houses were destroyed.

THE SIGHT OF A HUMAN HEAD appearing above a tub under which a red-hot charcoal fire is burning reminds one of some Mediaeval torture, with the difference that the owner of the head may get out whenever he or she desires to.

The Japanese can and do endure a far higher degree of temperature in their baths than any Europeans, even up to 130 deg., as for example, at the Natural Hot Springs of Atami, reputed to cure skin diseases, and into which a number of afflicted persons, having jumped simultaneously, sing a song of certain length, then jump out again more or less cured. Of course they have resolved before hand to endure the intense agony of the almost boiling water so long as the agreed-on song lasts.

As to Europeans, acute pain is felt on entering one of the above described baths, at about 120 deg. to 125 deg., perhaps becoming gradually hotter, but strange to say owing probably to the closing of the pores, this pain suddenly subsides and gives place to a rather pleasant feeling, changing some minutes later to a sensation of giddiness and nausea, whereupon it is highly advisable for the bather to get out.

Any actual washing must be done outside the bath, though one must mention that the Japanese until recent years never used any soap at all—their word for it, namely "sevon" being obviously of French origin.

Heat of the water (in their old method) so little discoloration of water, and so little loss of heat, that it is said, as many as forty persons could consecutively use the tub without requiring any change of the water inside it.

HE DIDN'T GET EVEN.

Some people are philosophers enough to accept defeat gracefully; others nurse their wrath and spend much time trying to get even.

A man came to a Chicago hotel for one day, and he took dinner outside with a friend. When he went to pay his bill he found that he had been charged for the meal. He protested.

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out of water to which about half a cup of ammonia has been added. That "dandelion coffee" is an excellent spring tonic. The roots should be dug, dried in the oven, ground and made like coffee, only that cold water is put on the powder instead of boiling water.

That a ham boiled with a cup of molasses and a few cloves and peppered in the water will be so deliciously good. Let cool in the water in which it boiled. To make it extra good, take off the skin, rub with brown sugar, and brown in the oven for one hour, basting every fifteen minutes with the stock in which it was boiled.

That if you happen to get out of starch you can wash and pare (thinly) a good-sized potato, grate it into a bowl of cold water, strain it and let it settle. Now pour off the water and thin the residue in the bottom of the bowl with cold water. Set on the stove, pour on boiling water and cook till clear.

The bedroom is the most important in the house to keep cool, if we would have our sleep invigorating. A very simple plan is to place in it a bowl of water containing thick slices of cucumber. These will keep fresh for some days, and the room will feel cool and refreshing.

Also, when cleaning the floors of rooms, mix a half-pint of vinegar with tea-leaves, sprinkle about the room, then brush off. This not only cools the room, but moths and other insects vanish.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Preserved Cherries.—Allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, choose large, ripe, sour cherries. Stone them, sprinkle the sugar over them in layers as you put them in the preserving kettle; let them stand an hour or two (add no water), bring very slowly to the simmering point and let them boil gently until the fruit is clear and the syrup thick and rich. Put in cans while boiling and seal like canned fruit.

Spiced cherries.—Take five pounds of large, ripe, stoned cherries and allow three pounds of sugar, a pint of strong cider vinegar, one small cup of water and two table-spoonfuls of broken cinnamon and scant table-spoonful of whole cloves. Tie the spices in muslin bags. Put all together in a preserving kettle and simmer gently until the fruit looks clear. Seal while hot.

Cherry Jelly.—Cherries make a delicious, but not very firm jelly. They are improved in this respect by adding one-fourth currants, also by not using fruit that is over-ripe. Mash the cherries slightly after they are in the preserving kettle, and place the kettle on the back of the stove where its contents will cook slowly. Use no water. When thoroughly done, put a few of them into a jelly bag and press out the juice (you get more juice if you stone the cherries; then the process of extraction is the same as for any jelly.) To a pint of juice allow a scant pint of sugar. Boil the juice alone twenty minutes; add the sugar, made hot in the oven, stir till dissolved and boil briskly one minute and fill into the jelly glasses. Very nice to serve with game or for sandwiches.

A HARD LIFE.

Mental and Physical Life of Mail Car Clerks Unremitting.

The life of a railway mail clerk or route agent at the best is not easy. He travels under a constant strain and is subject to unremitting mental and physical hardship.

He is always overworked, but he must be ever alert, expert and accurate. The business of a continent depends on the correctness of his instantaneous mental processes and his rapid manipulations—a letter "mistaken" may break a heart or burst a bank or ruin a railway corporation.

The lurching of cars going at tremendous speed around sharp curves; the continued succession of efforts to maintain equilibrium; the monotonous vibrations, terribly destructive to the spinal column and to brain texture, are the daily and hourly concomitants of his ordinary work. Probationers often relent and go back to their former duties.

One aspirant for employment in this field was assigned to a notably vigorous route. He never finished his first trip; he went half way, bought a ticket for home, and returned as a passenger. Replying afterward to some questions as to the labor involved, he replied: "Lifting and packing 200-pound pouches, shaking out contents, arranging same, removing pouches, locking same, carrying on mail matter, re-arranging sacks, then going over same work continuing same 17 hours, without rest, with trains flying round curves and slinging you against everything that is not slung against you."

Vigor, vitality and resolution are essential in a beginner as well as keenest intelligence and unwearied spirit of application. But the physical qualities are slowly sapped and undermined by such steady exertions of duty and the mental qualities are proportionately deteriorated.

Hence the railway mail system is a huge Gorgon, incessantly cruelly devouring specimens of the best manhood of the nation. Under present conditions it must continue to demand and devour, in order that the currents of trade and the tides of civilization may continue to flow. Suspend the man-wrecking process a single week for needed universal rest and social chaos would ensue.

Bridget, I am tired of your carelessness. Only look at all that dust lying about on the furniture; it is six months old at the very least. Bridget (very dignified): Then it is no fault of mine. You know very well, mum, that I have been with you only three months.

The best thing to clean hard-finished walls is tepid water, in which half a cup of ammonia has been put, changing as soon as the water begins to look dingy, and wet a soft cloth with this and rub the windows. When dry rub with flannel camoils and they are perfectly clean and bright.

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The sun is travelling at 40 miles a second, about 4,000 times as fast as an express train.

THREE, SEVEN AND NINE.

FAVORITE NUMBERS ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Mathematical Manx Which Results from Trying to Unravel Them.

Nobody has ever satisfactorily accounted for the popular partiality for odd numbers. "This is the third time" exclaimed Falstaff, on the occasion of a crisis in his relations with one of the merry wives at Windsor. "I hope good luck lies in odd numbers; they say there is a divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death." And it is scarcely necessary to say that the belief is much older than Sir John Falstaff. Three, seven and nine appear to have been the favorite numbers all the world over. The ancients had three fates, three furies and three graces; Neptune's trident had three prongs; Jupiter's thunder-bolt three forks, and Cereus three heads. We have three estates of the realm, a man who accepts a bill has three days' grace, and three persons congregated together may make a riot. Shakespeare was well aware that he must have neither more nor less than three witches in Macbeth, and that he must order an ant on new rice, and our popular folklorists insist upon three merry men of Gotham. Three meals a day is the usual scale of feeding.

THE RELIGIOUS SEVEN.

Of a more mystical character than three is the figure seven, or, at any rate, it has a larger number of religious applications. Noah had seven days' warning of the coming flood, and when it came he took fowls by sevens and clean beasts by sevens into the ark; the ark touched on Mount Ararat in the seventh month, and after seven days a dove was sent out, followed seven days afterward by another. In Pharaoh's dream there were seven fat and seven lean kine, which Joseph interpreted to mean seven years of plenty and seven years of famine. At the destruction of Jerico seven priests bore seven trumpets seven days, and on the seventh day they walked around the city seven times, after which the walls fell. In the apocrypha almost everything is seven except the number of beasts. There seven churches, seven golden candle-sticks, seven lamps before seven spirits, the book with seven seals, the lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, seven angels with seven seals seven kings, seven thunders, seven thousand slain, the dragon with seven heads and seven crowns, seven angels bring seven plagues, and there are seven vials of wrath.

THE SECULAR SEVEN.

In merely secular matters seven occurs frequently enough. We have seven wonders of the world, seven champions of Christendom, seven sleepers, seven wise men, seven plagues, seven deadly sins, seven ages of man, and our ordinary leases are made for seven or a multiple of seven years.

But however mystically significant three and seven may be, they cannot lay claim to any such peculiarities as are the property of the figure nine. That the ancients had nine muses, nine rivers in the infernal regions, a hydra with nine heads and nine gods for Lars Persena to swear by, or that in modern times a cat has nine lives, that it takes nine tailors to make a man, or that possession is nine points of the law, are facts that pale into insignificance after one has once sat down with pencil and paper to investigate some of the more peculiarities of the figure nine. For instance, if you multiply nine by any number you will find that the figures composing the product when added together will always amount to nine. Thus: 9 times 2 equal 18 and 1 plus 8 equal 9; 9 times 3 equal 27 and 2 plus 7 equal 9; 9 times 4 equal 36 and 3 plus 6 equal 9 and so on to any extent. On arriving at 11 times 9 we find what appears to be an exception. For the digits of 99 equal 18.

MYSTERIES OF NINE.

But it will be observed that 18 is a multiple of 9, and moreover, that figures composing it add up to 9. Another peculiarity of this figure is discovered by taking any number of two figures of which the first figure is of greater value than the second, reversing these figures and then subtracting the number thus obtained from the original number. Whatever figures we may take, the result will always be nine or some multiple of 9. The smallest possible number of two figures of which the first figure is larger than the second is 21. Reverse these figures and we get 12. Subtract 12 from 21, and the remainder is 9. The largest similar number is 98. Reverse these and we get 89, and again the remainder is found to be 9.

Or let us take a case in which 9 combines with the mystic 7. The number 63 is not divisible by 9. But if we add 7 to it, either in front, when it makes 763, or in the middle, when it makes 673, or at the end, when it makes 637, we shall find that every one of these numbers is divisible by 9. It is not every number which can thus be dealt with, and the reader may find an evening's entertainment in trying to puzzle out the reason why. An example of a higher number may be given by way of a little assistance: 206,573 is not divisible by 9, but if the mystic 7 be added to it, either in front, where it raises the amount by 7,000,000, or in any other position, each one of the eight various amounts which may thus be obtained becomes divisible by 9.

The difference in cost between land and water carriage may be judged from the fact that it cost \$3 to send a ton of goods from Liverpool to Manchester, when a ton could be sent from Liverpool to Bombay for \$2.50.

Mother (to baby): It's muzzar! Muzzer loves her little dolly-baby! Fanny (who has just been spanked): Don't you believe her, baby! When you—(sob)—grow up she'll spank you. 4-10-9