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December 1, 1894, by Various**

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**PUNCH,  
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

**Vol. 107.**

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**December 1, 1894.**

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**ICHABOD.**

As over London Bridge I went  
A constable I spied:  
His head upon his breast was bent,  
Against the parapet he leant,  
He gazed upon the stream intent,  
And as I passed he sighed.

"What ails thee, officer?" I cried  
In sympathetic tone.  
"What sorrow in thy soul is bred?  
Nay, never shake thy mournful head,  
But tell me of thy woes instead—  
Thou shalt not weep alone."

He eyed me for a moment's space  
In half-suspicious doubt;  
But reading not a single trace  
Of aught but pity in my face,  
He told me of his hapless case  
And poured his sorrows out.

"Time was, not many months ago"—  
His voice began to quiver—  
"When, in a stately march and slow,  
The tide of traffic used to flow  
In floods as full as that below"—  
He pointed to the river.

"From early dawn to dewy night  
It still blocked up the way:  
The creaking wain, the hansom light,  
The gaudy bus, in colours bright,  
The gilded coach, the buggy slight,  
And e'en the donkey-shay.

"Amid the throng I took my stand,  
I watched them come and go.  
Anon the serried lines I scanned,  
Anon I raised a warning hand,  
And lo! at my supreme command  
The flood forgot to flow!

"The bus, the cab, the coach, the fly,  
Were motionless and still.  
In all the crowds that passed me by  
Was no one of degree so high  
That dared my sovereignty defy,  
Or disobey my will.

"The hansom hasting on her way  
Paused when she heard my call.  
The coster checked his donkey-shay,  
The gartered lord his prancing bay—  
All, all were subject to my sway,  
My word was law to all.

"Alas! alas! 'tis thus no more!  
Gone is my pride and power!  
Where thousands passed in days of yore  
Across the bridge, we've scarce a score,  
For now the tides of traffic pour  
Round by the busy Tower.

"And I am left to mourn alone  
The glories that are fled.  
None heed me now—alas! not one!  
My life is lived! my day is done!  
*Othello's* occupation's gone—  
Ah! would that I were dead!"

He ceased. The manly voice broke down.  
I could no longer stay,  
But, as I hurried off to town,  
I pressed upon him half-a-crown,  
And joyed to see the hopeless frown  
Die for a while away.

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### THE ADVANTAGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

*Eton Boy (who has come to see his Brother at Harrow).* "I SAY, THESE FLOODS ARE STUNNING! WE'RE ALL SENT HOME, FOUR WEEKS BEFORE THE TIME!"

*Harrow Boy (gloomily).* "I WISH TO GOODNESS THE GOV'NOR HAD SENT ME TO ETON. WE'RE UP ON A BEASTLY HILL HERE, AN' NO CHANCE OF ANY FLOODS!"

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"THE RAIDERS."—Sure as *our* Raiders know, just one hundred and nine persons, suspected of resorting to the Albert Club, in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, for the purposes of betting,—much as their betters do elsewhere,—were arrested by the police and walked off to Bridewell. Ominous names for the locality! As they weren't sufficiently "fleet" to run away they couldn't "bolt," and so were all "caught!"

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### NOMINIS UMBRA.

What's this? Discoloured, left by chance  
Within this dusty letter-rack—  
Dear me! The programme of a dance  
Which I took part in ten years back!  
"The Towers, Rigden," at that date  
The Denvers' house. Sir Charles has flitted  
Since then to some secluded State  
Where creditors are not admitted.

There's not, observe, a single blank;  
Behold what energy was mine  
Ten years ago! I used to rank

A waltz as something quite divine;  
All night its mazes I pursued—  
At least (this statement more precise is)  
With but a pleasing interlude  
For mild flirtation, "cup," and ices.

And then, my partners—twice, I see,  
I danced with Florence Smith, who's wed  
Sir Crœsus since, and "Ethel V."—  
Ah, poor Miss Vivian, yes—she's dead.  
"Miss Johnson"—I remember *her!*  
She told me man was quite demented,  
A Sarah-Grand-Philosopher  
Before "New Women" were invented.

And others follow. Though I'm sure  
I'm fairly certain as to them,  
Here is a mystic signature,  
For who, in wonder's name, was "M."?  
I danced with her four times! My word,  
What said her chaperon judicial?  
"May"? "Mary"? "Muriel"? It's absurd,  
I *cannot* construe that initial!

I wonder, vaguely, where we met,  
And how it was we came to part,  
And whether I have left her yet  
A permanently-injured heart;  
Well, faded programme, you may go,  
To tear you up at once were better;  
But yet—I'd greatly like to know  
The meaning of that mystic letter!

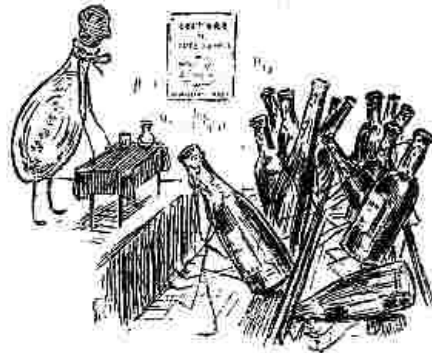
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## Parliamentary Aspiration.

(By *Jeremy Micawber Diddler.*)

Of the (£)300, grant but three, I'll make a shape for paid M.P.

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A LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE.

"My empty friends, I see you were all drunk last night. This *can* not occur again!"

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## LINES TO A LADY.

(A *Misappropriator's Apology.*)

My dear Miss B., I cannot rest by day,  
At night I never sleep,—or not for long.  
The reason is, it grieves me much to say,  
I've done what I'm afraid you'll think is wrong.

I've stolen something—don't, I beg you, laugh,  
For I'm a thief—I trust I do not *look* it.  
You missed when I went off a photograph?  
Prepare for a surprise, 'twas I who took it!

How did I do it? Well, the day I left

I got down early—half an hour or more  
Before you knew it. That's why you're bereft  
Of that one photograph from out your store.

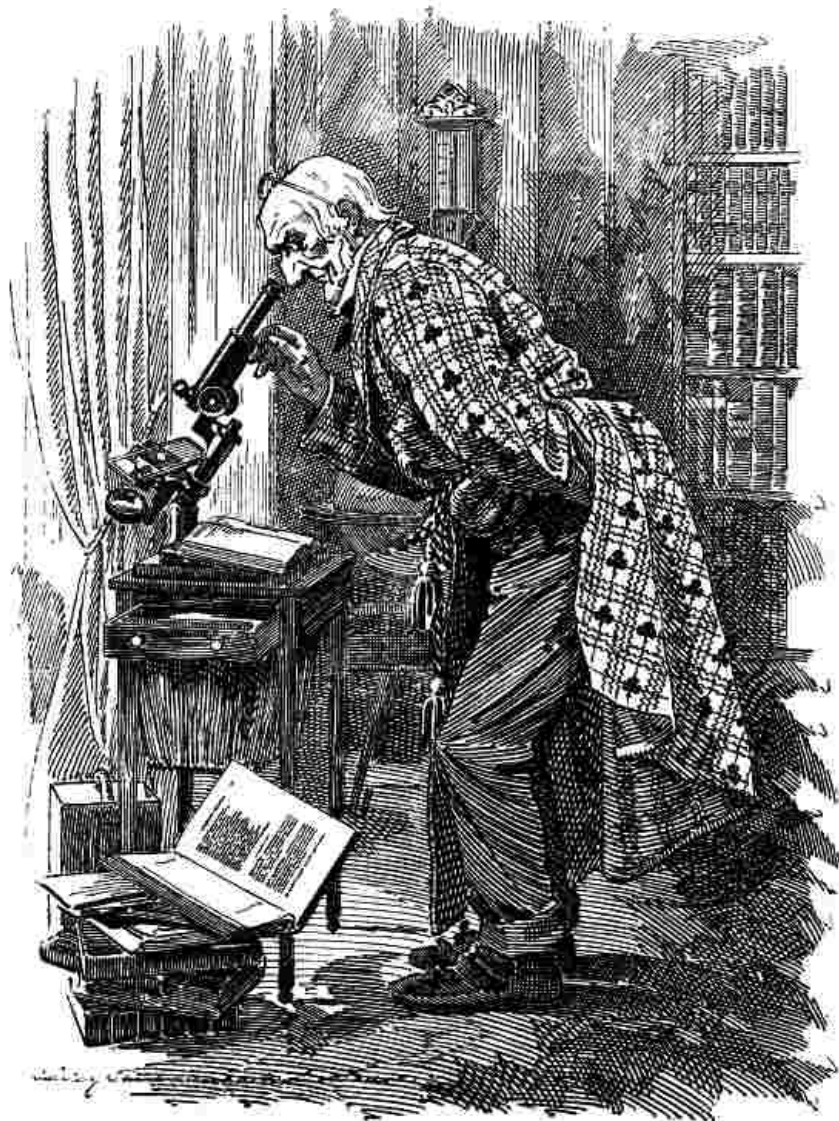
Yes—I have sinned, and suffered on the rack  
Of agonised remorse, although I trust I  
May be forgiven. I'll send the portrait back  
If that's the only way. But tell me—must I?

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"QUITE A LITTLE 'OLIDAY. "—Last Saturday the *Times* notified one "HENRY HOLIDAY" officially in "editorial" type that, as regards the "calumny refuted," everything having been explained, apologised for, and generally settled all round, they meant to give the subject a complete holiday, but that as regarded the gentleman of that name who wrote to say "he wasn't satisfied," the *Times* must treat *him* as a "*Dies non*."

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*Mr. G.* "I MAY FIND THIS EMINENTLY SERVICEABLE FOR EXAMINING THE LIBERAL MAJORITY."  
["Mr. Gladstone has become an honorary member of the Guildford Microscopic Natural History Society."—*Daily Papers.*]

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### A MATTER FOR CONSIDERATION.

SCENE—*Jones doing Honeymoon Driving Tour in Ireland. His Leader has just got one of the reins under his tail, and is lashing out vigorously.*

*Jones.* "Here! Hi there! Catch hold of him! Hang it all, catch hold of him!"

*Pat.* "Begorra thin, was it this Ind ye'd be afther wantin' me to hould?"

## THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

If you want a receipt for that Popular Mystery  
 Known to the world as our own Grand Old Man,  
 Take all the Titans and Crichtons of history,  
 Rolling 'em all into one—if you can.  
 Take JULIUS CÆSAR and TIGLATH-PILESER,  
 BRASIDAS, "BONEY," and General BOOTH,  
 HOMER and HORACE, and TUPPER and MORRIS,  
 CICERO, CALVIN, and LOUIS KOSSUTH;  
 GORGAS, SANCHEZ, Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON,  
 PLATO, AUGUSTINE, and W. STEAD,  
 With—but mere catalogue moveth man's malison,  
 Be *all* Biography "taken as read";  
 Then, if you've lumped the Divine and Philosopher,  
 Sophist, and Casuist clever to gloss over,  
 Orator, Essayist, Scholar and Bard,  
 Best Swordsman or "Pug" who e'er fenced, smote, or sparred,  
 Toppers too many by far to enumerate.  
 Melt them all down to a splendid conglomerate;—  
*Then* you will find your ingenious plan  
 Misses nine-tenths of our own Grand Old Man.

Yes! GILBERT's Heavy Dragoon, though a paragon,  
 Was not a patch on our own Grand Old Man.  
 Dulcet as hydromel, tart as fresh Tarragon;  
 Homeric in wrath in the scrimmage's van,  
 Horatian at home and at ease,—*merum nectar*,  
 (As SCALIGER said of that sweet Ode to Pyrrha,)  
 Fierce as ALONZO the Brave's fiery spectre,  
 Or mild as a lute or the lark's *terra-lirra!*  
 Male CLEOPATRA, whom "age cannot wither,"  
 Whose wondrous variety custom can't stale,  
 All round the Universe, hither and thither,  
 Rambles his genius, aged but hale.  
 Jam and geology, pious "apology"  
 For tiny flaws in the arms of theology.  
 Anti-Besantine attacks on Theosophy;  
*Obiter dicta* on Art and Philosophy;  
 HUXLEY-defiance on errors of Science,  
 And—  
 Ah! What is this? Why an optic appliance!  
 Not MILTON's great optic tube, nor Lord ROSSE's,  
 But—something to peer at a microbe's proboscis.  
 A marvel of high-polished glittering brasses,  
 And soft-winding screws, and adjustable glasses;

A small world of wheels as a galaxy shiny,  
Admitting the gaze to a world yet more tiny  
Of butterfly down and midge-stomachs and wings!

Well, WILLIAM, old friend, 'tis the day of small things,  
Most of the matters on which prints are topical,  
Strike a large intellect as—Microscopical!  
Jove—or Achilles—the world now delivers  
    To myrmidons ant-like who swarm, fume and fuss.  
Parties seem split into sections and slivers,  
    Each of which bellow, "The first place for Us!"  
Mutually angry and all-round abuse-full.  
So you may find your new instrument useful,  
To—shall we say—gauge the New Leaders' authority,  
Or look at that small, dwindling Liberal majority?

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## RUBINSTEIN.

Since PAGANINI, fingers never wrought  
    Such marvels in the mystic realm of sound  
As his who from the ringing keyboard brought  
    A world of wondrous wizardry, which bound  
E'en ignorance in an astonished rapture.  
    That world is closed, whose magic "sesame"  
He only held, where he alone could capture  
    The spirits of strange woe and witching glee,  
And set them sounding in dull human ears.  
Music whose memory moves our smiles and tears.

---

## New Nursery Rhyme.

(*On the New (Nursery) Art.*)

Hey! 'Tis a riddle,  
A do and a diddle,  
    A fad, and a lunatic lune;  
A scrawl and a smudge,  
And in fact arrant fudge,  
    To be kicked to Art's limbo—and soon.

---

## Monetary Multum in Parvo.

Do not spend your life in *spending*;  
    *Borrow* never, promptly *pay*;  
*Save*—but not with toil unending;  
    *Give*—but wisely—what you may:  
He who lends himself to *lending*,  
    Gives himself away.

---

## The Journalistic Jettatura.

IBSEN is angry that some Paul Pry  
Has "blown the gaff" on his *Evil Eye*.  
Personal prattle and egotist bounce,  
These great Ibsen may well denounce.  
Not to bewitch, but to swagger and spy,  
Is the basilisk task of *our* "Evil I."

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## LYRE AND LANCET.

(*A Story in Scenes.*)

SCENE XXXII.—*In the Elizabethan Garden.* TIME—About 11 A.M.; LADY MAISIE and UNDERSHELL are on a seat in the Yew Walk.

*Lady Maisie (softly).* And you really meant to go away, and never let one of us know what had happened to you!

*Undershell (to himself.)* How easy it is after all to be a hero! (*Aloud.*) That certainly *was* my intention, only I was—er—not permitted to carry it out. I trust you don't consider I should have been to blame?

*Lady Maisie (with shining eyes).* To *blame?* Mr. BLAIR! AS if I could possibly do that!! (*To herself.*) He doesn't even see *how* splendid it was of him!

*Und. (to himself.)* I begin to believe that I can do *no* wrong in her eyes! (*Aloud.*) It was not altogether easy, believe me, to leave without even having seen your face; but I felt so strongly that it was better so.

*Lady Maisie (looking down).* And—do you still feel that?

*Und.* I must confess that I am well content to have failed. It was such unspeakable torture to think that you, Lady Maisie, *you* of all people, would derive your sole idea of my personality from such an irredeemable vulgarian as that veterinary surgeon—the man SPURRELL!

*Lady Maisie (to herself, with an almost imperceptible start).* I suppose it's only natural he should feel like that—but I wish—I *do* wish he had put it just a little differently! (*Aloud.*) Poor Mr. SPURRELL; perhaps he was not exactly—

*Und.* Not *exactly!* I assure you, it is simply inconceivable to me that, in a circle of any pretensions to culture and refinement, an ill-bred boor like that could have been accepted for a single moment as—I won't say a Man of *Genius*, but—

*Lady Maisie (the light dying out of her eyes).* No, *don't*—don't go on, Mr. BLAIR! We were all exceedingly stupid, no doubt, but you must make allowances for us—for *me*, especially. I have had so few opportunities of meeting people who are really distinguished—in literature, at least. Most of the people I know best are—well, not exactly *clever*, you know. I so often wish I was in a set that cared rather more about intellectual things!

*Und. (with infinite pity).* How you must have pined for freer air! How you must have starved on such mental provender as, for example, the vapid and inane common-places of that swaggering carpet-soldier, Captain—THICKSET, isn't it?

*Lady Maisie (drawing back into her corner).* You evidently don't know that Captain THICKNESSE distinguished himself greatly in the Soudan, where he was very severely wounded.

*Und.* Possibly; but that is scarcely to the point. I do not question his efficiency as a fighting animal. As to his intelligence, perhaps, the less said the better.

*Lady Maisie (contracting her brows).* Decidedly. I ought to have mentioned at once that Captain THICKNESSE is a very old friend of mine.

*Und.* Really? *He*, at least, may be congratulated. But pray don't think that I spoke with any personal animus; I merely happen to entertain a peculiar aversion for a class whose profession is systematic slaughter. In these Democratic times, when Humanity is advancing by leaps and bounds towards International Solidarity, soldiers are such grotesque and unnecessary anachronisms.

*Lady Maisie (to herself, with a little shiver).* Oh, why does he—why *does* he? (*Aloud.*) I should have thought that, until war itself is an anachronism, men who are willing to fight and die for their country could never be quite unnecessary. But we won't discuss Captain THICKNESSE, particularly now that he has left Wyvern. Suppose we go back to Mr. SPURRELL. I know, of course, that, in leaving him in ignorance as you did, you acted from the best and highest motives; but still —

*Und.* It is refreshing to be so thoroughly understood! I think I know what your "but still" implies—why did I not foresee that he would infallibly betray himself before long? I *did*. But I gave him credit for being able to sustain his part for another hour or two—until I had gone, in fact.

*Lady Maisie.* Then you didn't wish to spare *his* feelings as well as ours?

*Und.* To be quite frank, I didn't trouble myself about him; my sole object was to retreat with dignity; he had got himself somehow or other into a false position he must get out of as best he could. After all, he would be none the worse for having filled My place for a few hours.

*Lady Maisie (slowly).* I see. It didn't matter to you whether he was suspected of being an impostor, or made to feel uncomfortable, or—or anything. Wasn't that a little unfeeling of you?

*Und.* Unfeeling! I allowed him to keep my evening clothes, which is more than a good many



—!

*Lady Maisie.* At all events, he may have had to pay more heavily than you imagine. I wonder whether— But I suppose anything so unromantic as the love affairs of a veterinary surgeon would have no interest for you?

*Und.* Why not, Lady MAISIE? To the Student of Humanity, and still more to the Poet, the humblest love-story may have its interesting—even its suggestive—aspect.

*Lady Maisie.* Well, I may tell you that it seems Mr. SPURRELL has long been attached, if not actually engaged, to a maid of mine.

*Und. (startled out of his self-possession).* You—you don't mean to Miss PHILLIPSON?

*Lady Maisie.* That *is* her name. How very odd that you— But perhaps Mr. SPURRELL mentioned it to you last night?

*Und. (recovering his sang-froid).* I am hardly likely to have heard of it from any other quarter.

*Lady Maisie.* Of course not. And did he tell you that she was here, in this very house?

*Und.* No, he never mentioned *that*. What a singular coincidence!

*Lady Maisie.* Yes, rather. The worst of it is that the foolish girl seems to have heard that he was a guest here, and jumped to the conclusion that he had ceased to care for her; so she revenged herself by a desperate flirtation with some worthless wretch she met in the Housekeeper's Room, whose flattery and admiration, I'm very much afraid, have completely turned her head!

*Und. (uncomfortably).* Ah, well, she must learn to forget him, and no doubt, in time— How wonderful the pale sunlight is on that yew hedge!

*Lady Maisie.* You are not very sympathetic! I should not have told you at all, only I wanted to show you that if poor Mr. SPURRELL *did* innocently usurp your place, he may have lost— But I see all this only bores you.

*Und.* Candidly, Lady MAISIE, I can't affect a very keen interest in the—er—gossip of the Housekeeper's Room. Indeed I am rather surprised that *you* should condescend to listen to—

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* This is really *too* much! (*Aloud.*) It never occurred to me that I was "condescending" in taking an interest in a pretty and wayward girl who happens to be my maid. But then I'm not a Democrat, Mr. BLAIR.

*Und.* I—I'm afraid you construed my remark as a rebuke; which it was not at all intended to be.

*Lady Maisie.* It would have been rather uncalled for if it had been, wouldn't it? (*Observing his growing uneasiness.*) I'm afraid you don't find this bench quite comfortable?

<sup>[Pg</sup>  
257] *Und.* I—er—moderately so. (*To himself.*) There's a female figure coming down the terrace steps. It's horribly like— But that must be my morbid fancy; still, if I can get Lady MAISIE away, just in case— (*Aloud.*) D—don't you think sitting still becomes a little—er—monotonous after a time? Couldn't we—

[*He rises, spasmodically.*

*Lady Maisie (rising too).* Certainly; we have sat here quite long enough. It is time we went back.

*Und. (to himself).* We shall meet her! and I'm almost sure it's— I *must* prevent any— (*Aloud.*) Not *back*, Lady MAISIE! You—you promised to show me the orchid-house—you did, indeed!

*Lady Maisie.* Very well; we can go in, if you care about orchids. It's on our way back.

*Und. (to himself).* This is too awful! It *is* that girl PHILLIPSON. She is looking for somebody! Me! (*Aloud.*) On second thoughts, I don't think I *do* care to see the orchids. I detest them; they are weird unnatural extravagant things. Let us turn back and see if there are any snowdrops on the lawn behind that hedge. I love the snowdrop, it is so trustful and innocent, with its pure green-veined— *Do* come and search for snowdrops!



**"Do come and search for snowdrops!"**

*Lady Maisie.* Not just now. I think—(as she shields her eyes with one hand)—I'm not quite sure yet—but I rather fancy that must be my maid at the other end of the walk.

*Und. (eagerly).* I assure you, Lady MAISIE, you are quite mistaken. Not the *least* like her!

*Lady Maisie (astonished).* Why, how can you possibly tell that, without having seen her, Mr. BLAIR?

*Und.* I—I meant— You described her as "pretty," you know. This girl is plain—distinctly plain!

*Lady Maisie.* I don't agree at all. However, it certainly is PHILLIPSON, and she seems to have come out in search of me; so I had better see if she has any message.

*Und.* She hasn't. I'm *positive* she hasn't. She—she wouldn't walk like *that* if she had. (*In feverish anxiety.*) Lady MAISIE, shall we turn back? She—she hasn't seen us *yet!*

*Lady Maisie.* Really, Mr. BLAIR! I don't quite see why I should run away from my own maid!... What is it, Phillipson?

[*She advances to meet PHILLIPSON, leaving UNDERSHELL behind, motionless.*

*Und. (to himself).* It's all over! That confounded girl recognises me. I saw her face change! She'll be jealous, I *know* she'll be jealous—and then she'll tell Lady MAISIE everything!... I wish to Heaven I could hear what she is saying. Lady MAISIE seems agitated.... I—I might stroll gently on and leave them; but it would look too like running away, perhaps. No, I'll stay here and face it out, like a man! I won't give up just yet. (*He sinks limply upon the bench.*) After all, I've been in worse holes than this since I came into this infernal place, and I've always managed to scramble out—triumphantly, too! If she will only give me five minutes alone, I *know* I can clear myself; it isn't as if I had done anything to be *ashamed* of.... She's sent away that girl. She seems to be

expecting me to come to her.... I—I suppose I'd better.

[*He rises with effort, and goes towards Lady MAISIE with a jaunty unconsciousness that somehow has the air of stopping short just above the knees.*

---

## COUNTING NOSES.



BETWEEN nose and nose a strange contest arose  
Concerning the smells from a brewery.  
Some thought them like Eau de Cologne, whilst their foes  
Denounced them as sickly and sewery.  
'Twixt the Rhine, which (see COLERIDGE) washes Cologne,  
And that sweet "Cologne water" that scents it,  
How now shall the difference truly be known?  
Strange comparison! Reason resents it!  
Oh! what *is* an odour, and what is a "stink"?  
(As the outspoken schoolboy will dub it.)  
If man's nose is asked to decide, well, I think,  
In puzzlement pure man must—rub it!

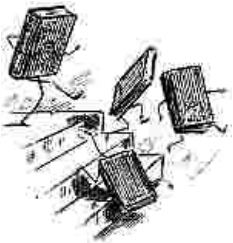
If the fragrance of "grains" will to some suggest drains,  
And to others bright Bendemeer's roses,  
Sanitation's big problem a puzzle remains,  
Since it all seems a question of noses.

---

NEW DIRECTOR TO ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC. —"Who would succeed Sir GEORGE GROVE?" that was the question. The answer to the inquiry was, "Who but PARRY?" Whereupon HUBERT PARRY was appointed. Now, all music at the College, of whatever nationality, will be taught *à la mode de Parry*.

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## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



Some people are disposed to deny to Mr. GLADSTONE a sense of humour. They will surely reconsider their judgment in view of the fact that the late PREMIER made the author of *Work and Wages* (LONGMANS) a Lord-in-waiting to the QUEEN. The volume contains in handy form a series of addresses and papers spoken and written by Lord Brassey during the last quarter of a century. They disclose profound knowledge, not only of the principles that underlie the connection between Work and Wages, but of the everyday practices that sometimes control it. Throughout, the book is marked by a broad spirit and statesmanlike view which, if more common, would make strikes much more uncommon. As Mr. GEORGE HOWELL in his introduction points out, when in 1869 the young member for Hastings (not yet Lord BRASSEY) addressed the House of Commons on the subject of Trade Unions there were very few members who knew anything about the subject, except that they did not like it. Mr. BRASSEY, the son of one of the greatest employers of labour of the day, had the breadth of mind to recognise the right of industrial organisation representing labour, and lived to see the ban against trades unions removed by the House of Commons. The book is, my Baronite says, the most valuable contribution to the intricate question discussed of any recently published. Truly a most remarkable work for an ex-lord-in-waiting. We shall next hear of Mr. "BOBBY" SPENCER coming out with a treatise on the Solar Parallax.

"With delight," writes a young Baronite, "the ordinary schoolboy turns from even Old ÆSOP's words of wisdom to the ever-blissful fascinations of cowboys, Red Indians, and all the untrammelled pleasures of ranch life which are to be met with in following *The Great Cattle Trail*, by EDWARD S. ELLIS (CASSELL & Co.); and certainly life appears very, so very interesting, when you can be a hero with Buffalo Bill effect."

*Five Stars in a Little Pool*, by EDITH CARRINGTON (CASSELL & Co.), suggests lives and billiards, but that is the wrong cue to give, except that it is five little stories in black on white, "red" is added when you've finished the book.

CASSELL & Co. evidently, or, says a Baronite fresh from school, "*Ovidently*" put a new construction on "*Ars est celare Artem*," for in their *Magazine of Art* it is clearly shown not only what Art does but how it does it. The etchings and photogravures are charming. There is a capital article on stage costumes, and among them is found the original idea out of which the fashionable Serpentine dance was twirlingly evolved.

Most little people will be much amused by the waggish tale of *Toby*, by ASCOTT R. HOPE. He is not of course *Mr. Punch's* "Toby," *cela va sans dire*. There cannot be two Tobies. It is "Toby or not Toby," and there is no "question" about it. This Toby, to whom *the* Toby never stood godfather, gives us the benefit of his amusing opinions. He is brought out by INNES (& Co.), and is one of the daintiest dogs in the Dainty Book Series. So much for *Toby*.

Any who read the first series of *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, by AUSTIN DOBSON, will eagerly welcome a second series issued by the same publishers, Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS. Of all writers at work to-day, Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON is most profoundly steeped in the literary essence of the Eighteenth Century, and is most successful in reproducing its flavour. In writing about SWIFT, RICHARDSON, Dr. JOHNSON, or the topography of HUMPHREY CLINKER (a learned, yet most mellow disquisition), he does not condescend to the easily-acquired trick of introducing archaic words, or inverting sections of phrases with which we are familiar in the works of some other artists on the same broad pavement. Yet, withal, there is in the literary style of these pleasant chats round about the old writers, booksellers and bookbuyers, a certain distinct Eighteenth Century flavour. So intimate is Mr. Dobson with the ways, the personal appearance, the dress, the daily environment, and the little gestures of the more or less mighty dead, that he is able to recall them to startlingly vivid life. His picture of SWIFT writing to STELLA from his bed in the back room of a first floor in Bury Street, St. James's, is a masterpiece of live portraiture.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

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### A SNUB.

*Hypatia Roland (to the Brown's Parlourmaid).* "CALL ME A HANSOM, PLEASE."

*Cadby.* "I'M GOING YOUR WAY, MISS ROLAND. WE MIGHT GO TOGETHER."

*Miss Roland.* "Two HANSOMS, PLEASE!"

### "ALL'S WELL!"

A DUET.

*Re-arranged (for Lion and Bear) after Dibden.*

["Several Russian newspapers publish articles ... declaring that an Anglo-Russian understanding would be of enormous advantage to the respective interests of the two nations, besides promoting European peace."—*Times*.]

*Spoken.*

*Russian Bear (with effusion).* Now this is really delightful!

*British Lion (cordially).* Most charming, I'm sure!

*R. Bear.* What I've longed for for ages!

*B. Lion.* What I've wished for centuries!

R. Bear. Strange how long we have been separated by pure prejudice!

B. Lion. Though our respective dens are so conveniently situated for mutual calls, and genial interchange of love and liquor!

R. Bear. Why, I like you *immensely*, now I see you near.

B. Lion. And I'm *enormously* taken with you, at close quarters.

R. Bear. You have little of the Lion but its magnanimous courage.

B. Lion. And you have nothing of the Bear but its skin.

R. Bear. The kind things you have been saying about me lately have quite *touched* me.

B. Lion. Don't mention it. You deserved 'em all. Delighted to render any little civilities to a near neighbour, especially in time of trouble.

R. Bear (*much moved*). A thousand thanks! Leo! Let me embrace you. No longer afraid of my hug, are you?

B. Lion. Not a bit of it! Oh! this is something *like* a "Russian Advance!!!"

R. Bear. And this is indeed a right "British Greeting!!!"

B. Lion (*aside*). Wonder what the Gallic Chanticleer thinks of *this!*

R. Bear (*aside*). Fancy the Teutonic Eagle eyes us a leetle jealously.

B. Lion (*aloud*). Well, let us meet often, Bruin, and talk things over amicably.

R. Bear (*aloud*). We will, Leo, we will. Ah! *what* a pity we *didn't know each other before!*

B. Lion. Yes, indeed. However, All's well that ends well!

R. Bear. "All's Well!" Ah! Cue for song! Let us warble!

*They sing:—*

Converted (rather late than soon),  
We peace proclaim,—thrice blessed boon!  
We meet, as friends, on common ground;  
On sentry go no more tramp round;  
And *should* our footsteps haply stray,  
Where treaties mark the warded way,—  
"Who goes there?"—  
Stranger quickly tell,—  
"A friend!"  
"The word!"  
"Comrades!"  
"All's Well!"

Or, steaming on the briny deep,  
Watch each on each we scarce need keep  
From off the ironclad's steel deck,  
Lest mutual foes meet common wreck.  
Lord, no! If a strange hull draw near,  
A *friendly* voice salutes each ear.  
"What cheer?"—  
Ho, brother, quickly tell!—  
"Above!"  
"Below!"  
"Messmates!"  
"All's Well!!!"

*1st Singer (crescendo)*. A-a-a-a-bove!

*2nd Singer (diminuendo)*. Be-e-e-e-e-e-LOW!!

*Tutti (fortissimo)*. A-a-a-ll's Well!!!

["*So mote it be!*" adds Mr. P.]

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## OLLENDORFIAN.

(*Example of the Very Latest French Exercise.*)

OUR neighbour has many Colonies. The Colonies of our neighbour are very productive. Why should we not have (some) productive Colonies? The cook is more valiant than the lion. Let us send the Ambassador to the bad Queen. The bad Queen has pulled the nose of the Ambassador. She is very obstinate, but she is not very amiable. The soldiers, the sailors, the ships, the stores, and the ammunition will soon arrive. The island has a very good soil, but not a very good climate. Why have the soldiers and the sailors not yet marched to the capital? Because the soldiers and the sailors have all got the fever. Why have they got the fever? Because our neighbour is wicked. Does it rain like this every day? Yes, it rains every day in the wet season. Which, then, is the dry season in the island? There is no dry season in the island. It is right to live for glory. There is much glory in shooting barbarians. When the island is conquered, who will go and live in it? My tailor, my butcher, my wife's mother (the mother of my wife), and all my creditors, I hope, will go and live in it. We are not so rich as we once were. Why are we not so rich as we once were? Because we have spent all our money in trying to have big Colonies like our neighbour. If our neighbour is so wicked, why should we imitate him? He is only wicked because he has (the) big Colonies.

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**"ALL'S WELL!"**

BRITISH LION AND RUSSIAN BEAR (*together*).  
"WHAT A PITY WE DIDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER BEFORE!"

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### POLITICS AND GALLANTRY.

*First 'Arry.* "HAY, WOT'S THIS 'ERE ROSEBERY A TORKIN' ABAAT? BLESS'D IF HE AIN'T A GOIN' TO DO AWY WITH THE LORDS!"

*Second 'Arry (more of a Don Juan than a Politician).* "DO AWY WITH THE 'OLE BLOOMIN' LOT O' LORDS, IF HE LIKES, AS LONG AS HE DON'T DO AWY WITH THE LIDIES!"

### TALK À LA MODE DE LONDRES.

SCENE—*Interior of a Suburban Railway Carriage.* BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON *discovered reading papers.*

*Brown.* Wonderful this war between China and Japan. And all arising out of the Corea. By the way, where is the Corea?

*Jones.* Oh, close to Port Arthur. Haven't you seen the maps in the paper?

*Brown.* Yes, but they begin, so to speak, in the middle. Of course I know where the Corea is for about a hundred miles all round, but what's beyond?

*Robinson (looking over the top of his paper).* I fancy Russia. That's evidently why the Russians took such an interest in the row. You see, of course, they want an entrance into the Mediterranean from the Black Sea, and if the Corea were definitely annexed by the Japanese, what would become of Sebastopol?

*Brown.* Why, you are thinking of the Crimea.

*Robinson.* I suppose I am.

[*Resumes the reading of his paper.*]

*Jones.* But still the Russians do take an interest in the quarrel. Or rather did; for, now that the Muscovites are on such excellent terms with us, it doesn't much matter what happens.

*Brown.* Of course not. Such good taste of the CZAR to make the Prince a Colonel of the Kiel Hussars, and saying, too, that his bride was English, not German. The new Emperor thoroughly appreciates the value of an English alliance. And you see France, too, wants to join it.

*Jones.* Then that will put everything right about Egypt, Madagascar, and Afghanistan.

*Robinson (emerging from his paper).* I never could see the use of the Suez Canal. No more could Lord Palmerston. And couldn't we get to India quite as quickly by the Pacific Railway?

*Brown (doubtfully).* I think not; although, of course, it shortens the route to Australia. I fancy it wouldn't help us much with Egypt.

*Jones.* Why, the Pacific Railway is in Canada—isn't it?

*Robinson.* I suppose it is.

[Returns to the perusal of his paper.]

*Brown.* Not that the Pacific Railway isn't useful. You see, the Americans are waking up, and even proposed to intervene in the Chino-Japanese controversy. That shows they have abandoned the old policy of keeping themselves to themselves.

*Jones.* Of course that's impossible. You see that while we are so violently in favour of free trade, we must take an interest in transatlantic politics.

*Brown.* Yes, there is a good deal in what you say, and I suppose on account of the fall in silver we all must be careful.

*Robinson (emerging from his paper).* Perhaps it is connected with bi-metallism.

[Train enters tunnel, and in the rattle the talk subsides.]

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## THE NOVELIST'S VADE MECUM.

(Compiled by a Publisher with strong views on the Subject.)

*Question.* Which do you prefer—a novel in three volumes, or in one single tome?

*Answer.* That is a matter that entirely depends upon terms.

*Q.* Then you are indifferent as to length?

*A.* In everything save the figures of a cheque.

*Q.* But is not Art your first consideration?

*A.* Certainly, when it leads to a substantial balance at my bankers.

*Q.* Then you write for your living?

*A.* Certainly, or I shouldn't live at all.

*Q.* Which do you prefer—a story produced in parts, or a story published as a whole?

*A.* Again a question of terms. Still, if remuneration is equal, sketches of character are easier than construction of plot.

*Q.* When is the latter necessary?

*A.* When the novel is written for a serial, and is published with the standing announcement (frequently repeated), "to be continued in our next."

*Q.* Is it difficult to sketch character?

*A.* Not if you do not mind irritating your friends and driving your foes into lunacy.

*Q.* How do you irritate your friends?

*A.* By reproducing in an amusing manner their peculiarities.

*Q.* And how do you madden your foes?

*A.* By passing them over in a dead silence, and sternly refusing to recognise their existence.

*Q.* How should you treat your contemporaries?

*A.* If you appreciate your work at its proper (that is to say, your *own*) value, you will not admire



contemporaries.

Q. And what will you say of authors of the past?

A. That it is fortunate that they did live in the past, as they certainly do not exist in the present, and will certainly not revive in the future.

Q. How should you criticise a contemporary's novel?

A. If you are sure of his influencing a criticism of your own work favourably, praise his romance sky high. If he is, from a reviewer's point of view, a negligible quantity, why, treat him on that basis.

Q. Then what is your motto?

A. "Nothing for nothing."

Q. Do you consider a novelist's life the best possible form of existence?

A. I should say yes if I did not know of a form of existence to be even better.

Q. And what is that?

A. Inheriting a fortune, putting your hands in your pockets, and for the rest of your life doing nothing.

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### PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

A LITTLE COVERT SHOOTING. (DRAGONS PLENTIFUL, AND STRONG ON THE WING.)

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## AMARE, O!

(By an Usher.)

With weary brain I hear again  
The drowsy urchins stammer, O,  
From *mensa* down through every noun  
That's in the Latin grammar, O!  
And when declensions pall, why then,  
The exercise to vary, O,  
I bid them show how well they know  
My sweet, sweet verb, *Amare*, O!

"*Amo, amas*,—I love a lass,"  
Her dainty name is NANCY, O,  
And none but she shall ever be  
The darling of my fancy, O!

*Amavi*—well, in love I fell,  
And sure 'twas no vagary, O,  
For since that day I've learnt the way  
To conjugate *Amare*, O!

I whisper now, "*Ama*, Love thou!"  
Amongst the fields of barley, O,  
And NANCE replies, with brimming eyes,  
"I love, I love thee, CHARLIE, O!"  
*Amo, ama*, the livelong day  
I'll teach my winsome fairy, O,  
For has not she resolved with me  
To conjugate *Amare*, O?



### CAUTION.

*The Major.* "Don't you like Liqueurs, Mrs. Jinks?"  
*Mrs. Jinks.* "Yes; but they make One so *unreserved!*"

---

### AD JOVEM PLUVIUM.

["Ju Plu has been in his best form lately."— *Sporting Paper.*]

ENGLAND farewell, when showers of rain  
From dewy eve to dawn pour,  
I fly across the heaving main  
To Aden or to Cawnpore.

The deep floods hide my native land,  
No more as land I rank it,  
I envy on some foreign strand  
The brown man in his blanket.

Through sandy deserts he may roam,  
But bright suns shine for him there,  
And if he wants to reach his home

He never has to swim there.

There would I dwell, away, away  
I fly, these floods disdain,  
Where Jupiter can rule the day  
Without a thought of raining.

---

SONG TO BE SUNG AT THE RECEPTION OF M. ALPHONSE DAUDET (*when he comes, and may it be soon!*).  
—"We all love 'JACK'!"

---

FOR GRAMMARIANS.—The latest Oxymoron;—the new Pianist, Herr SAUER, playing a "*suite*."

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## THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

### IV.—ELECTIONEERING.

WHATEVER, my wife may think about my public meeting, and whatever I may feel about it myself, one thing is quite certain—that it has left Mudford a very different village from what it found it. When I commenced my great efforts in the cause of citizenship there was apathy and ignorance amongst the "idiots"—as my friend Miss PHIL. BURTT insists on calling the villagers. Things travel quickly nowadays, and at the present moment we are all ablaze with the excitement of electioneering.

I ought to say at once that I have taken as yet no steps in my own candidature. I feel that, after the part I have played in the great Drama of Village Home Rule, the next move ought to come from a grateful and appreciative peasantry. In point of fact, I have been expecting every day, every hour almost, a deputation to ask me to allow myself to be put in nomination—I fancy that's the correct phrase. So far the deputations have been as conspicuous by their absence *since* the meeting as they were annoying by their frequency *before*. Another curious fact I have noticed in this. We are to have a Parish Council of seven. Thus far I have heard of *exactly seven candidates and no more*. This means that when I am nominated, as I shall be, of course, by all sections of the community (for I feel in my inward heart that it will be "all right on the night"), there will be only *one* candidate too many. Who will be the unsuccessful one? I wonder!

Of the seven candidates, I should first mention Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT and Mrs. ARBLE MARCH. Both of these ladies have started a vigorous campaign, and—*mirabile dictu!* (it makes one feel so literary to introduce every now and again a tag of Latin)—are running amicably together. At a Parliamentary election it's a case of war to the knife, but now the lion lies down with the lamb; not that, for one single instant, would I insinuate that either is a lion, or, for the matter of that, a lamb. I should be ashamed to be so familiar. Mrs. HAVITT's placards are everywhere on the walls. The effect of contrasts is at times surprising. For instance—

**USE BANANA SOAP  
LETHAM HAVITT  
FOR THE PARISH COUNCIL.**

Mrs. ARBLE MARCH is no less enterprising, and has purple appeals to you to vote for "the March of Progress," and "the March of Ideas." It may be very funny, but I have no patience with making a joke of such a serious matter. No one, at any rate, can ever accuse me of being intentionally funny.

It is announced from the Hall that the Squire has very kindly consented to stand; the Vicar follows his neighbour's example, and will no doubt be returned, if for nothing else, as a compliment to his two charming daughters. (I think I must ask them to canvass for me when I come out. My wife declares *she* won't, and that she won't let my girls either.) That makes four candidates. The other three are BLACK BOB and two of his mates, who are claiming support as the "People's Three."

And now comes, perhaps, the most extraordinary thing of all—their programme! I find that it is full of the most (so-called) advanced ideas, but that the plank which seems to be the most attractive is "Free Trout-fishing!" I confess I could hardly believe my own eyes when I read it. In the first place, it seemed so farcical. In the second place, the only trout-fishing in the neighbourhood happens to *belong* to ME! What's more, I don't see any way out of the difficulty. I met BLACK BOB a day or two ago and asked him how he ever got such an absurd notion into his head that the Parish Council had anything to do with trout-fishing. "It's all right, Mr. WINKINS," said he, "just remember what Section 8 says." I said nothing at the time, because I thought as a fact that that section referred to Boards of Guardians. When I looked at the Act, sure enough I read, as being one of the powers possessed by the Parish Council—

"(e) *To utilise any well, spring, or stream within their parish*"....

I read no more. I had read enough. How any Parliament can ever have dared to insert such a

monstrous section I cannot understand. But there it is. "Free trout-fishing!" Well—there ought to be someone on the Parish Council to defend the rights of property. I shall be the man.

Next Tuesday the Parish Meeting in the Voluntary Schoolroom at 7.30. It cannot fail to be an eventful night.

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## Room-attics.

["Madame Patti caught cold in a damp artist's room."—*Weekly Paper.*]

O MOIST, unpleasant artist, you were surely overbold  
When your rheum—(corrected spelling)—gave our nightingale a cold.  
When thermometers are falling you'll discover to your cost  
That a singer who has started damp is bound to be a "frost."

---

NOT A GOOD NAME.—It came out in the HARDING-COX divorce suit that "McNAB" was the Scotch equivalent in hotel visitors' books for "SMITH" or "JONES." It may be equivalent, but it isn't good for "McNAB"; as where SMITH and JONES might get off, the Scotchman would be "McNabb'd."

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## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

(CONTINUED.)



Let me collect my scattered senses! Where am I? In Pitti Palace. On narrow staircase. Probably on forbidden ground. I hear footfall—descending. Perhaps it may be one of the officials, and I shall be caught in the act of attempting to enter the royal attics! What would be the punishment? Death, or penal servitude? The gallows or the galleys? Have happily several one-lira notes in my pocket. If these are not sufficient, five lire, or even ten— But I shall see what sort of man he is. Perhaps a few coppers would be enough. At this moment the obstruction descends, and I discover that he is a fat German tourist. For the first time in my life am pleased to look at a German, though the cut of this one's clothes is even worse than usual. Feel inclined to fall upon his neck and murmur "*Mahlzeit!*" or "*Prosit!*" or some other idiotic exclamation peculiar to his country. Fortunately, remember that these are only said in connection with eating or drinking. Perhaps, if I were to remind him of drink, after he has spent hours in a dry, hot gallery, it would not tend to conciliate him. Therefore muster up the half-dozen words of his awful language which years of anxious study have enabled me to master in all their complexities of gender, number, case, declension, conjugation, agreement, government, &c.—not forgetting the exceptions—and, taking off my hat, ask him if this is the entrance to the galleries. "*Ja wohl,*" says he. And moreover if I go up these stairs to the top. "*Ja wohl,*" says he again. Emboldened by his courteous affability, I remark that the staircase is very narrow. "*Ja wohl,*" says he, for the third time, and passes on. A very interesting conversation with an intelligent foreigner in a country where we are both strangers. There is nothing like travel to enlarge the mind. Besides, one learns so much of foreign languages when one hears the varied idioms and phrases of the natives.

Thus meditating I arrive at the top of the ladder. What a smell of paint! They are evidently doing up the palace. Turn along a passage about two feet wide—how that German got through it has puzzled me ever since—and find myself in a magnificent studio, filled with painters, easels, palettes and canvases, and with the smell of paint. That German deceived me. I have come to the wrong place after all. Am just about to apologise and retreat when I perceived a fine old master on the wall. Peeping amongst the painters, easels, palettes, and canvases, perceive other old masters, almost entirely hidden by the various erections of the students. At this moment an official rings a small bell. Ask him if I may be permitted to look at some of the pictures on the walls, if it would not be interfering with the painters. "Certainly, *signore,*" says he. And ask him where the Pitti Gallery is. "It is here," says he. What? I have reached it at last! But how can one see anything when the whole place is choked up with these execrable modern copies and the apparatus to support them? However, I will see what I can now that I have got here. Happily the daylight will last for at least another hour. "But," continues the official, as I meditate, "it is now four o'clock. The gallery is closed."

"A FIRST IMPRESSIONIST.

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## JOHN BULL À LA RUSSE.

The *Novosti* and other St. Petersburg papers favour the notion of an Anglo-Russian *entente cordiale*. We shall have to adapt our conversation to our new friends.  
As thus:—

SCENE *The Strand. Enter R. and L. two quondam Cockneys.*



Why, there's young WOTATOFF!... I hardly knew you, little pigeon, in that fur shuba!

Zzzdrrravstv—I mean, be in good health, Gospodin DROPOWISKY, how do you live on?

*What* do I live on? Why, vodka mostly, now that we've all turned Muscovites. But where are you going, IVAN IVANOVITCH?

I'm off to call on the *Punchski* Redaktor, at 10, Bouverieskaya Ulitsa.

Why, so am I! let's hire a droshki.

Khoroshó—excuse my sneezing!... Hi, izvostchik, drive us to the *Punchskoye* Bureau. What's the fare? two roubles? oh, nonsense! you shall have fifty kopeks, and ten more for tea-money!

What an improvement those bells are, tinkling in the duga over the horse's neck!

Yes, but Bozhe moi! that was a near shave with that runaway troika, down Wellington Street! How lucky it is the politsiya wear swords now to stop the traffic with....

Hullo, the Lyceumski Theatre is closed!

Yes, don't you know Gospodin IRVING and Gospozha TERRY are on tour?

Oh, so they are.... Will you smoke? Here's a papiroska, with a mouthpiece!

Thanks, I'll finish my sweetmeats!

Well, here we are.... What, the thief of a vanka wants more money? Why, we've only gone a verst!

Let's send for an ispravnik, and have him knouted!... Have you got your passport ready?

Yes—tchort vozmi! I mean, confound it! The dvornik here says the Redaktor's too busy to see us!

Ekaya dosada—what a bore!... Never mind; come and have some shtchi and pirogui at the Gaiety Restaurant! They've a very good zakuska there to whet your appetite with!

All right, little brother!... I say, old man, I can't keep this up much longer. Let's chuck it and emigrate!

Where to?

Oh, St. Petersburg, where they're all talking English now, as a compliment to our "Prints WALESKI" and "Ghertsog YORKSKI."

Very well. Ta-ta! *do svidanya* till to-morrow!

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## AN ENGAGEMENT.

(*A Page from a Diary.*)

*Monday.*—Delightful news! My sister NELLIE is engaged to be married! It came upon us all as a great surprise. I never had the slightest suspicion that NELLIE cared twopence about old GOODBODY ST. LEGER. He is such a staid, solemn old party, a regular fossilised bachelor we all thought. Not at all the sort of man to give way to emotions or to be in love. However, it's a capital match for NELLIE as ST. LEGER'S firm are about the largest accountants in the city. My wife thinks it will be a good thing in another way, too, as my other six sisters may now have a chance of going off. It seems that when once this kind of epidemic gets into a family, all the unmarried sisters go popping off like blazes one after another. Called with my wife this afternoon to congratulate NELLIE. Rather a trial for the poor girl, as all sorts of female relatives had called full of enthusiasm and congratulations. GOODBODY was there (NELLIE calls him "GOODIE") and seemed rather overwhelmed. He went away early and didn't kiss NELLIE. I thought this funny, and chaffed Nellie about it afterwards. She said she'd soon make that all right.

*Tuesday.*—GOODBODY is getting on. We had a family dinner at home to-night. He came rather late and entered the drawing-room with an air of



great determination, marched straight up to NELLIE and kissed her violently. It was splendidly done and we all felt inclined to cheer. He kissed her again when he went away, and lingered so long in saying good night to my mother that we all thought he was going to kiss her too. But he didn't. My wife said that the suspense of those moments was dreadful.

*Wednesday.*—He has kissed my mother—on both cheeks. I must say the old lady took it extraordinarily well, though she was not in the very least prepared for it. It happened at five o'clock tea, in an interval of complete silence, and those two sounding smacks simply reverberated through the room. Mother was quite cheerful afterwards, and spoke to NELLIE about the trousseau in her usual calm and collected frame of mind. Still I can see that the incident has made a deep impression upon her. My wife told MAGGIE it would be her turn next.

*Thursday.*—It has been MAGGIE'S turn. Goodbody called at home on his way from the City, and set to work as soon as he got into the drawing-room. He first kissed NELLIE, then repeated the performance with my poor mother, and, finding that MAGGIE was close beside him, he kissed her on the forehead. Where will this end?

*Friday.*—He has regularly broken loose. He dined at home to-day, and, without a word of warning, kissed the whole family—my mother, NELLIE, MAGGIE, ALICE, MABEL, POLLY, MAUD, and little BETA. He quite forgot he had begun with my mother, and, after he had kissed BETA, got confused, and began all over again. At this moment my wife and I came in with Aunt CATHERINE whom we had brought in our carriage. Both my wife and Aunt CATHERINE tried to escape, but it was no good. He kissed them both, and was just advancing towards me, when the butler fortunately announced dinner. Matters are getting quite desperate, and we none of us know what ought to be done. Aunt CATHERINE had a violent fit of hysterics in the spare bedroom after dinner.

*Saturday.*—The engagement is broken off. A great relief. It has been a lesson for all of us.

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DEAR TO DUSTMEN.—"A big, big D"—in the window.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
VOLUME 107, DECEMBER 1, 1894 \*\*\*

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