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THE PORCELAIN LADY

CHAPTER I: BLUE WINGS]

As it is with us breathing mortals who appear variously to diverse minds, so it was with the white lady, she of porcelain, who stood over her white reflection on the polished surface of John Brough's table—the table in his flat, not the one in the Weekly, Daily, and Hourly offices.

John Brough, by the way, was a rolling stone who had rolled into a newspaper office one day, and remained there, as it were, in a crack. Journalism is perhaps the only profession that welcomes rolling stones.

As for his white lady of porcelain who stood seven inches high and all ways round was beautiful, with the lines of her pensive head, gracious neck, and sweeping crinoline — for one beholder she was merely her dainty, ornamental, bric-à-brac self. To another she suggested puppet shows ; to another the Italian Comedy, or the Russian dancers.