
The Methods of Mr. Sellyer

"I want it for my little daughter."

"Oh, quite safe," said Mr. Sellyer, with an almost parental tone, "in fact, written quite in the old style, like the dear old books of the past,—quite like—" here Mr. Sellyer paused, with a certain slight haze of doubt visible in his eye,—“like Dickens and Fielding and Sterne, and so on. We sell a great many to the clergy, madam."

The lady bought "Golden Dreams," received it wrapped up in green enameled paper, and passed out.

