



“THAT BOWL OF PUNCH!”

THE BREWING.

HIS intimate friends never spoke of him as Mr. David Douglas ; to them he was simply Mrs. David Douglas's husband ; he the parasite, she the plant. He, an insignificant incubus in the family circle ; she, the fountain-head of all its glory.

And yet Davy—as we affectionately called him—was not always milk-and-watery in disposition. Once he used to be positively perky—I use the term advisedly—perky ; for he was a little man with big, explosive ideas, that he jerked out with much gesticulation. Nay, sometimes he was even obnoxiously demonstrative and opinionated, and ready to argue the point with anyone who differed in sentiment from him.

But from the day that Davy led to the altar the magnificent Juliana Bleakiron, his individuality was gone ; he came back from his marriage tour an altered man, and it soon became apparent to his friends and associates that the little fellow was suffering from a chronic and virulent attack of hen-pecking. In addition to this marital affliction, a mother-in-law, of more than ordinary interfering proclivities, drove the sharpest little pins and needles of petty persecutions into his unhappy person, and led him the life of a dog.

His cheery loud laugh soon degenerated into a listless smile, and his self-sufficient air gave place to an humility that would have been the envy of Uriah Heap himself. Month after month passed by in perpetuated affliction ; old friends tried to laugh him out of his horrors ; but the evil was past curing by a joke. To me he confessed that, if he could only get rid