

gleams of hope pierce the darkness through her cheerful philosophy.

Of course, she is a woman, and she knows; but then, she isn't Olivia, and I am not a dog. And I am not merely hated: I am *loathed*!

Joseph is in high fettle. He gave the last rehearsal to "Ow-h Sophiar!" at noon, and he informed me that he knows it perfectly. To-night, therefore, he intends to sing it to Jenny. I smile mournfully over the information, almost envying him, for what is about to happen to him is but a trifle, a jolt in the rut of complacency in which he moves, something to keep him from luxurious self-satisfaction. He won't like it, but he must take what she gives him because he loves her, and she will give it to him freely from her heart, because she loves him. And for that reason, also, he will swallow his pill partially concealed in sweet sauce, combined with the assurance that it is for his own good; an assertion which will goad him to strenuous resistance at the moment, but the truth of which he must realise when his mind ceases from ferment.

And to-night I, too, shall appear in one-and-one-only performance, for after Mrs. Biggles has