

it! least-ways not as I know on, nohow. No words be strong enough to tell the J-O-Y — j'y, mam, as fills us — one an' all." Here, he waved his hand to where stood the comely Prudence with the two rosy-cheeked maids peeping over her buxom shoulders.

"Only," pursued Adam, "I be glad — ah! mortal glad, I be, — as 'tis you, Mr. Belloo sir. There ain't a man in all the world, — or — as you might say, — uni-verse, as is so proper as you to be the husband to our Miss Anthea — as was, — not nohow, Mr. Belloo sir. I wish you j'y, a j'y as shall grow wi' the years, an' abide wi' you always, — both on ye."

"That is a very excellent thought Adam!" said Bellew, "and I think I should like to shake hands on it." Which they did, forthwith.

"An' now, Mrs. Belloo mam," Adam concluded, "wi' your kind permission, I'll step into the kitchen, an' drink a glass o' Prue's ale — to your 'ealth, and 'appiness. If I stay here any longer I won't say but what I shall burst out a-singing in your very face, mam, for I do be that 'appy-'earted, — Lord!"

With which exclamation, Adam laughed again, and turning about, strode away to the kitchen with Prudence and the rosy-cheeked maids, laughing as he went.