

"Go on, Fred, go on, you're a brick," cried Haveril. "Give Jenkins another dig with your philosophical pick."

"Fair play," shouted Jenkins, "'tis my turn to bait the trap."

"Bait it with a bottle of brandy," cried Haveril, "and we'll see who'll bite at it first."

"If Jenkins wont, I'll bet you a dollar you will," ejaculated Johnstone.

"Yes, Haveril would bite at the very devil if his Satanical Majesty was filled to the teeth with brandy," exclaimed Jenkins, the others chorus-ing with a series of discordant laughs.

"Well, well, gentlemen," exclaimed Fred, "if you desire the continuance of my friendship, and if you wish to respect the dignity of moral-ity and the English language, you must refrain from using such insinuating balderdash and bar-room-slang."

"You're right, Fred, stick to your subject and make them all your subjects," said Ernest Stevens.

"Why, Fred, if you would only take a gentle sippling of the nectar you would know how to appreciate and enjoy our company," said Hen-derson.

"True friendship and true happiness are based upon more *solid* material than *liquids*," replied Frederick.

"Well, Fred, as you are a sort of philosopher,