

THE WAY THEY MANAGE IT.

Scene: BAYSWATER, 1869. HANDSOMELY ARRANGED BREAKFAST ROOM. TIME 10.30 A.M.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Raffles have been married six months.*)

Mr. Reginald Raffles, a rising young Barrister, engaged in reading the *Times* at the Breakfast Table.

Enter MRS. RAFFLES.—What, buried in that stupid paper again? I really wish, Reginald, you would take some other opportunity of reading it, for I can scarcely say a word to you before you leave for town.

R. R.—Yes, my dear. Consols 92½; great bank failure; death of a pauper in Lambeth; extraordinary assault by a nobleman; a—

MRS. R.—Mr. Raffles, I must beg that you desist, as I—

R. R., (laying down the paper).—I will, my dear. Do you feel fatigued after the ball of last night?

MRS. R.—Of course I do, with my delicate health; and if not fatigued, I should certainly feel grieved at your neglect, as you never favoured me with one dance for the evening.

R. R.—And with reason, considering that on each occasion I sought such favour your card was full, and you engaged to dance with young Simperton.

MRS. R.—He is a divine waltzer.

R. R.—He is an empty-headed coxcomb.

MRS. R.—He is a perfect gentleman, well-read and polite.

R. R.—He is an egregious ass.

MRS. R., (haughtily).—Mr. Raffles, such vulgar language is what I have not been accustomed to hear, and is scarcely becoming to you; but, pray, sir, who was that dark-eyed creature who seemed so enraptured with you, with whom you had so long, and, I presume, so pleasant a conversation on the balcony?

R. R.—Oh, that dark-eyed "creature" was Clara Frankly, sister to my old college chum, Jack Frankly, and one of the most charming and amiable girls I know. I wished to introduce you to them both, but you seemed so much engaged with Mr. Simperton that—

MRS. R.—No more of that, Reginald. I will not hear more.

R. R.—By-the-bye, Jack and his sister are staying with their uncle, Sir Richard Arding, who gives a party next week. They will send us an invite, which I have promised we will accept.

MRS. R., (indignantly).—Indeed, Mr. Raffles; I think I shall not go.

R. R.—Very well, my dear; but I should regret having to go alone.

MRS. R.—Alone, sir! you scarcely venture to say that you would go alone?

R. R.—I do, indeed, Madam.

MRS. R., (thinking).—But if I would go, I cannot; for, as Mamma was saying only yesterday, I have scarcely a dress fit to go out in.

R. R.—I wish the old woman would mind her own business.

MRS. R.—Old woman! Mr. Raffles; is that the way in which you speak of my Mamma, the daughter of a Baronet?

R. R., (reading his paper again, and almost inaudibly).—Accidental Baronet.

MRS. R.—What did you say, sir—accidental Baronet? I beg to say that my grandfather, in his time, had the honour of entertaining his King, Princes of the blood, most of the aristocracy, and—

R. R.—Yes, I know,—and all the ambassadors from Cochin-China to California, as I've heard you say a thousand times,—but only in his capacity of Lord Mayor. You know he was only a retired tallow melter, and, if it had not been for the auspicious birth of a royal Picaninny, he would never—

MRS. R.—I beg your pardon, Mr. Raffles; I will not have my family thus insulted. He was the most extensive oil broker in the city of London.

R. R.—Ah, I knew it was something in the grease way!

MRS. R., (in tears).—Oh, Reginald, you never used to treat me thus.

R. R.—And, lovey, you never used to be such a little goose.

MRS. R.—You make me quite wretched.

R. R.—No, my dear; you make yourself wretched. I must be going, as I have an appointment at Chambers.

MRS. R.—Oh, yes; any appointment to get away from me. You don't love me, Regy, as you did!

R. R., (ringing the bell, and ordering a cab).—I do, lovey, and a great deal more, but you are at times so very foolish.

MRS. R., (coaxingly).—Oh, Regy! Mamma is coming this morning, and she wishes me to go shopping with her. May I get a dress, as I am really wanting one; and Florence McKay has just had such a love of a bonnet, and so wants me to have one like it!

R. R.—Florence McKay's husband is a wealthy man. Any fortune for which I may hope I must work hardly for; and, as for dresses, it was only a week since you told me your wardrobe was quite overcharged with them.

MRS. R.—But they will not cost much, Reginald; may I not get them?

R. R., (half satirically).—Certainly, my love; if you and your dear Mamma are bent on my absolute ruin, by all means. Good morning, my dear!

(Kisses Mrs. R. hurriedly, and departs.)

THE SCRAGGS' CORRESPONDENCE.

To Mrs. Tuttlewell,

THE PROSPECT, MONTREAL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have seen his Serene Excellency! He has spoken to me!! He has graciously allowed me to reply!!! He has, Oh! so benignantly invited me to his ball!!!! Be still my beating heart!

How angelic is His Supreme Excellency. How he is adored by his people. "My people," he says, with that divine simplicity for which great men are so distinguished, "love me dearly. My Province is the abode of happiness. I should wish to live in retirement, but my subjects delight in pomp, and wish to see me in the kingly trappings, that they think so well become me. I consent to their wishes. I don the purple for them, I wear the gold lace, with which