

flew also; she dropped the baby in a corner of the kitchen that was out of the line of march between range, pantries, table, and dumb-waiter; she gave the finishing touches to the gravy, and made the sauce for the pudding, and carried one or two dishes to the dumb-waiter; and even then the kitchen clock, which was daily regulated by papa's watch, marked 12:15 before the waiter was quite ready to ascend. Then a decided step was heard overhead, and it worked more and more in the direction of the dumb-waiter corner, and then the call-pipe emitted a whistle, that to the ear of mamma, which was then within a foot or two of it, was a little the most soul-piercing sound ever heard. But as soon as mamma could recover herself she shouted up the dumb-waiter shaft, "Yes, dear—right away!" and went upstairs, and greeted her husband as smilingly and affectionately as if nothing had happened all morning long, and she had done nothing but sit still and long for her liege lord's return.

Papa was already in his chair, and Fred and Bertha were in theirs, but Bobboker was invisible, which caused mamma to be somewhat absent-minded. But she did all that was required of the head of the table, and then, while papa, whose head was down, was remarking, "Oh, whom do you suppose I saw this morning?" mamma was at the dumb-waiter shaft, whispering down to Bridget that she wished she would run upstairs and find Bobboker, and get him presentable and to the table.

"Well," said papa, "as you don't seem to care to know, I——" Just then papa raised his head, missed mamma, and asked:

"Where is your mother, children?"

"Here I am, dear," said mamma, returning to her seat. "I had to say a word to Bridget."

"I should think," said papa, after a sombre moment, that a domestic should know her business well enough to leave you in peace at the dinner-table."

"It is no fault of hers, dear: I merely wanted her to find Bobboker."

Papa noted the empty high chair, and replied:

"She ought to know enough to send him to the table without being specially instructed."

"It's hardly her business, Will; she has had her hands full in getting dinner ready."

"Well, how much extra work would it be to get that little scamp ready for his dinner?"

"Not much, but——"

Papa paused for a reply, and finally asked:

"But what?"

"Oh, a great many things: you don't know how closely her time is occupied in the morning."

"Well, I've only this to say: if she were one of my men, and it was her business to have that youngster at the table she would do it or walk." And papa felt so savage that he helped himself to another slice of lamb, although his plate was far from empty.

"Woman's work is different, dear, suggested mamma.

"Perhaps it is," said papa, after a moment or two of reflection. "I know one thing, though; I wish I could be a woman for just one day, and show other women how to run a house on business principles."

"I wish you could, dear." There was not a particle of anger, or sarcasm, or pique in mamma's tone as she said this, but somehow papa did not seem to regard the remark as sympathetic. Mamma saw that her husband was retiring within himself, which always was too much to endure when she saw so little of him, so she made haste to ask:

"Whom did you see to day?"

"Oh," said papa, smoothing his brow, "it was my old classmate, Freindhoff. I hadn't seen the boy before in half a year."

Mamma was not particularly overjoyed to know who her husband's visitor had been. She had seen Freindhoff many times, and knew him for quite a noted analytic chemist, but as odd and absent-minded as a German student could be. Had he not sat and smoked with her husband evenings innumerable, while the two men talked of college days and everything else in which she had not the slightest interest, both men apparently being utterly oblivious of her presence? Papa said that Freindhoff was as true as steel and one of the best fellows in the world; but she knew this much about him: he was neither ornamental nor courteous; he had literally robbed her of her husband many a time, and she hated the very sight of him. But she was determined to at least feign interest in her husband's friends, so she asked:

"How is he?"

"Oh, queer as ever. By the way, I asked him to spend the evening with us to-night. Don't forget to have some Limburger and beer for a little midnight lunch, will you?"

"No," said mamma, though she shuddered uncontrollably as she spoke, for the mere mention of the German delicacies recalled memories of odors which always made her deadly sick, much as she had tried to conquer natural repugnance for love's dear sake. One thing she knew: the evening was doomed, so far as her own pleasure was concerned, and she half wished that a sick headache or something would come to her rescue, and enable her to leave the two men to each other and their vile refreshments, of which pipes of strong tobacco would form an important part. She would not hurt a fly—not she; she was tender-hearted enough to nurse all the invalid kittens that her children found in the streets, although she detested cats; but as for Freindhoff, she did not effectually resist a most unladylike willingness to hear that he had been taken dangerously ill, or even that he lay at death's door.

But if the Freindhoff—that was the way mamma spelled his name in the privacy of her own thoughts—if he was to ruin her evening, she would at least make the most of her husband while she had him. So she talked of everything interesting she was able to recall, and compelled her husband, in spite of haste and hunger, to listen to her; and, finally, cajoled him into the sort of conversation which he enjoyed as dearly as she did, when he found himself fairly into it, and everything was going as it should between people who profess to love each other above all else, when papa smacked his lips suspiciously, and remarked:

"That stupid Bridget has forgotten to put salt in the pudding! What a shame!"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed mamma. "Isn't that provoking?"

"I should say it was," said papa. "It tastes as flat as a back-woods pan-cake."

"And I hurried my life nearly out to make the sauce for that pudding," remarked mamma.

*(To be Continued.)*

An Irishman found a sovereign in the street, which proved to be light, and he could only obtain 19s. 3d. for it. Soon after chance threw another in his way, but Pat exclaimed: "By the Powers, I'll have nothing to do with you, for I lost 9d. by the last one I found."