

clothes are all right, and, indeed, that he himself is in proper form. I would have you, then, my dear Muttonhead, worthy wielder of the literary scalpel and lancet—not to mention your other professorial duties—trim down this child. But, since what may appear to you a mere fleshy part, only to be got rid of, as spoiling the outline, may to my loving eyes be evidently an ear say, or a nose, I would have you, when you slash, leave an asterisk, so to speak, that those regarding may know that your knife has been there.

The task is ungrateful to you, I know, to you who hate babies (even the literary ones) but I assure you that I know not where else to turn, and, as I leave this loved one with you, I *implore* you to do as I ask you.

Your friend,

ALEX. MONRO GRIER.

P. S.—Lest you may be deterred from your task at the first glance by the seeming hideousness of the child, let me warn you that, on my showing it to a few friends the other evening, not five minutes had elapsed before the room was empty of them.—A. M. G.

And it is for the writer of this letter that I have agreed to perform this task. Growsome, however, as the letter is, it has perhaps less of horror than his “History”—for so I would have you know, he dignifies his “baby.” “Baby,” indeed, let us drop the figure, that young humanity be no further insulted.

I have not dealt with the manuscript as I felt prompted to, for, indeed, nothing but a blazing fire seemed to me to be its proper fate ; but I have done what I could, and as a rule have placed my asterisk.

Let the author speak now.

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