

It is more expensive than our system of boarding, and I find it decidedly inconvenient to thus assume the responsibility of catering to a family when I am travel-tired and a stranger in the city.

A dinner deferred maketh the heart sick, but there was no help for it. I had to sally out and forage for provisions. This meant visits to the butcher, baker, grocer and dairyman. Still the system has its advantages: We can consult our tastes and purse in the matter of food, and have as much privacy as possible outside our own home.

Our landlady has a strident voice. She daily pours out the whole Commination service on the little, work-stained slavey, overwhelmingly cumbered with much serving. She frequently came into my room to tell me that our little girls were too noisy, and finally that she really disapproved of children altogether. I could only express my profound regret and assure her that had we known a few years sooner, it might have been different.

My shopping expeditions were carried out in a state of bewilderment; not only because of the maddening currency but by reason of the names of articles that hitherto I thought I knew. How was I to know that a "pottle" was a peck, that corn-starch was "corn-flour," or that potatoes and apples were sold by the pound, and that a layer-cake was a "jam-sandwich." Neither could I say whether I wanted a "quartern" or "half-quartern" loaf of bread, or whether I preferred malt or date vinegar.

I paid 30 cents a pound for steak, and then my landlady with an irritating sniff told me that it was "only trashy foreign meat." Tinned tomatoes were entirely beyond her comprehension: she declared they were "mashed-up stuff," and quite unfit for food.