

"I—I—but never mind now, my boy; I will tell you
awhile. Run down-stairs while I get her hup for breakfast.
Nelly, let me tell you not to believe, he said to me,
glories of the past; it was not true, I learned better;
I talked to you like a fool. Thank God, my dear,
that you live late in the world's history. No
man is more unwise or more ungrateful than he who finds
delight in playing the part of An Old Fogy."

THE END.