

immortal; his fame shall reach the ends of the earth and the limits of time. Happy for thee the day of thy marriage with David Jones!"

My dear wife was at that moment seized with an inordinate fit of laughter. Tears coursed down her cheeks, but whether they were tears of joy or of anxiety, or a mingling of both, one could hardly tell. She was apparently overcome with the prospect of sharing my immortal renown. But instead of saying so, she quickly suppressed her laughter, and with a gentle smile laid her hand on my arm and said in her own winning way: "Yes—Dear Jones—darling husband, I know that confounded pudding-sauce has gone to your head. It is all Pollygolly's fault; she is the origin of evil. The bread is sour; the pudding is singed; the beef is burnt; the tea is bitter. What *shall* we do?"

This catalogue of practical ills, and this eloquent appeal, recalled my mind fully to terrene themes. The ORIGIN OF EVIL is indeed an urgent question; and the man who, having gained the key to the secret, delays to reveal all for the good of mankind, is much to blame. But it is said that a man is what his wife makes him, and I, Jones, am no more than a man. I'll leave my great Essay till my wife goes to the seaside in July and August. Then, thou exalted muse of divine Philosophy, expect the ardent and undivided devotions of David Jones! Till then, let an anxious world wag on as it has done for some thousands of years. It cannot take much harm by waiting a little longer. Jane bids me talk of the Servant Question, and I must please her thus far, for it is the problem of the hour, more irrepressible than any in the range of morals and economics.

My wife, Jane Jones, had sent away her housemaid last week—for utter inefficiency. She was the twenty-second successor of Betsy Fitzfilly who struck for an advance in wages six months ago. I am a man of small means and can only keep two maid servants; and it now appears that I cannot keep any, because they will not stay, or they are not worth keeping. Our cook, who is just departing, with a thunderstorm in her face and an earthquake in her footsteps, seasoned our soup two days ago with "wormwood," and made ginger tea for herself of mustard. She has made other blunders that might endanger life, only that Jane is cautious. Worst of all, she was too wise and accomplished to receive any instruction. And so I, David Jones, fully approved of the act of my