

there came a breakfast at Mrs. Pedagog's house that was a mixture of joy and sadness—joy for his happiness, sadness that that table should know the Idiot no more.

Among the wedding-gifts was a handsomely bound series of volumes, including a cyclopaedia, a dictionary, and a little tome of poems, the first output of the Poet. These came together, with a card inscribed, "From your Friends of the Breakfast Table," of whom the Idiot said, when Mrs. Idiot asked for information :

"They, my dear, next to yourself and my parents, are the dearest friends I ever had. We must have them up to breakfast some morning."

"Breakfast?" queried Mrs. Idiot.

"Yes, my dear," he replied, simply. "I should be afraid to meet them at any other meal. I am always at my best at breakfast, and they—well, they never are."

THE END