

than to trouble themselves overmuch about formal French grammar and niggling French prosody.

Besides, everything was pleasant on a Saturday afternoon on account of the nearness of the day of days—

“And that’s the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday”. . . .

in France.

I had just finished translating my twenty lines of Virgil—

“Infandum, regina, jubes renovare,” etc.

Oh, crimini, but it *was* hot! and how I disliked the pious Æneas! I couldn’t have hated him worse if I’d been poor Dido’s favorite younger brother (not mentioned by Publius Vergilius Maro, if I remember).

Palaiseau, who sat next to me, had a cold in his head, and kept sniffing in a manner that got on my nerves.

“Mouche-toi donc, animal!” I whispered; “tu me dégoûtes, à la fin!”

Palaiseau always sniffed, whether he had a cold or not.

“Taisez-vous, Maurice—ou je vous donne cent vers à copier!” said M. Bonzig, and his eyes quiveringly glittered through his glasses as he fixed me.

Palaiseau, in his brief triumph, sniffed louder.

“Palaiseau,” said Monsieur Bonzig, “si vous vous serviez de votre mouchoir—hein? Je crois que cela ne gênerait personne!” (If you were to use your pocket-handkerchief—eh? I don’t think it would inconvenience anybody!)

At this there was a general titter all round, which was immediately suppressed, as in a court of law; and Palaiseau reluctantly and noisily did as he was told.

In front of me that dishonest little sneak Rapaud, with