

"Well, anyway, after dinner I would change my dress and sit down at my desk all alone, and go slowly through the French grammar."

"I highly approve of that portion of your project. I don't think you are nearly as proficient in French as you pretend to be, and it would certainly be beneficial to you to go through the grammar again."

"Of course I do not dream of doing that!" instantly rejoined the lady. "But I have lately felt profoundly interested in Dante, and I don't see why I should not read him in the original."

"Now, Bella, just stop right where you are!" said her husband, vainly endeavoring to impart an angry and authoritative ring to his pleasant voice. "Long self-discipline, long humbling of a naturally proud spirit, has at last enabled me to listen patiently to unintelligible remarks in French and German; but I draw the line at Italian!"

"Ah, well, that's not essential. I won't quarrel about a trifle——"

"No? Really, Bella, you are certainly not yourself if you do not seize upon any pretext whatever for quarrelling!"

"The main thing I am anxious about," explained Mrs. Forrester, with a good deal of earnestness, "is whether it would or would not be a good thing for me to do my own housework again. I often feel as if my mission in life was no higher than washing dishes."

"On the contrary, I am convinced that your genius does not at all find its fitting medium of expression in that homely employment," said Mr. For-