

tion, I determined to dispose, and accordingly I did dispose, of my misfortune as follows:—

At five I used always to get up, and, after my usual ablutions, I obediently blackened myself in the way prescribed; and, ornamented in this way, I occupied myself for an hour and a half in writing out the rough notes which, while walking, talking, and often while rumbling along in 'buses, I had taken on the preceding day. At a quarter past seven I unsmutted myself, and walked about the streets until eight, when, on returning to my lodging, I rubbed my forehead black again, and sat down to breakfast. At a quarter before ten I—what maid-servants call—"cleaned myself," and, like Dr. Syntax, went forth in search of the Picturesque. At six I returned, and *dressed* for dinner,—that is to say, I anointed myself again. After my repast I unniggered my brow and went out. At ten o'clock P.M. I be-devilled myself again, and, after a sufficient interval, ended the strange process of the day by going to bed.

While I was seated at breakfast or at dinner, painted like a wild Indian in the extraordinary way I have described, it repeatedly happened that, after a slight tap, my door was opened, sometimes by a shopman with a band-box, inquiring if I had ordered a hat; sometimes by a