

"We think a man, such as men usually are, would have remembered his sorrows, his wife's great capability of taking care of herself, his natural wish to torment his insolent foe, and would have left his luggage behind!"

His luggage indeed! I am sure you are right and you and the like of you, Old Cynic, would have applauded the deed for the sake of the sorry joke. Baggage indeed! I wish you a good morning, old snarler!"

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE TWO-HEADED GIRL.

"Four legs and two voices" made up the supposed monster which so frightened poor Stephano in "The Tempest." Romance has now become reality. Here is a creature with two heads and one heart:—four legs and one digestion. Two imaginations and one seat of feeling and sensation.

The other day, the two heads had a quarrel. The right head made an observation so sarcastic that it went right to the heart of the left head. Now the heart being, as geometers say, *common to both*, therefore, both heads began crying simultaneously. The left head, thinking independently, was of opinion that the remark was quite uncalled for, and retorted that the right head was a "brainless idiot." The whole frame now became indignant, and the right head determined that the left head should be punished. Having almost an independent control over the right hand, it (*i.e.*, the right head) caused that member to "box" the left head's ears. Instead of gaining any advantage of its owner, the whole girl felt the pain.

A more embarrassing thing is, that the two mouths have very different tastes. The right mouth likes onions, while the left prefers sweets. At the hour of dinner, when both mouths are eating, the most heterogeneous kinds of food go into the common stomach. Indigestion ensues, which causes both heads to ache, and much mutual recrimination follows. The right head is strong and clever,—the left is weak and dull. When at school, this caused great embarrassment to the teacher. It was impossible to punish one head at the expense of the other. Lately the right head has taken to smoking cigarettes, to the infinite disgust of its weaker companion. The left head is strictly teetotal, while the right one is rather partial to champagne.

On a recent occasion, the girl was invited out to dinner. The right head being the more brilliant of the two, as may be imagined, did all the conversation, and rendered itself quite fascinating. Several gentlemen requested the privilege of taking wine with her, or rather with it:—unfortunately, the wine in question mounted into the weaker left head, so that while the right one never exceeded the bounds of lady-like sobriety, the left could barely say *truly rural*. The right head gracefully apologised for its weaker sister, and requesting that a cab might be fetched, undertook to see its *alter ego* straight home. But here followed another difficulty. The wine had got into two out of the four legs. The first and third legs began staggering in a most disgraceful manner, and treading very uncomfortably on the toes of the second and fourth. The whole girl had to be carried up-stairs, and laid on a sofa. The left head, the victim of the intemperance of the right, went to sleep while the right continued maintaining the conversation with its usual brilliancy!

PYTHAGOREAN.

DIOGENES has laughed at many a good joke in the local papers, but the following in the *Star* requires explanation:—

"Mr. John Hatfield, who has just died in England at the age of 102, was a soldier in the time of William and Mary."

William the Third died in 1702. Was Mr. Hatfield somebody else, in that reign? Or was he older than Jenkins or Old Parr?

HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

CHAP. V.

ON THE WATCH.

Though not habitues of this low dram-shop, it was soon evident that Mr. Parsons and Mr. Wright were by no means unknown to several of the above-described classes. The former was addressed as Harry and requested to "stand," which he did immediately and recklessly, though he had to borrow money of Mr. Wright to settle the score. Gerald swallowed hot rum and water, (or what passed for such,) with a coolness which rather astonished the company in general and Mr. Wright in particular. But why prolong this revolting scene? Suffice it, that it was the old story. Young Parsons became helplessly drunk, and, afterwards, noisy and violent. He refused to be taken home unless Gerald went with him. He seemed now to have a mysterious fear of his friend Wright,—an unaccountable dread of being left alone with him.—Gerald consented to go with him. A cab was procured into which the miserable travestie of humanity was lifted and in which he soon fell asleep. The cabman drove in the direction of Bloomsbury square, along the very streets through which Gerald had recently escaped. At first, he was rather alarmed lest he should have been betrayed. The cab passed the very house where he had recently lived. His exodus had evidently been already discovered. Lights were seen flitting to and fro in the windows and commotion evidently reigned within. The hall door was half open and he could just descry, through the fog, a policeman on the door step in conversation with the master of the house who was talking very excitedly.

"What's up there?" said Mr. Wright. "Somebody been a stealing of the plate, perhaps."

"Or burglars," suggested Gerald with the greatest coolness.

"Not a bit of it," replied his companion. "Burglars isn't sich fools as to try Bloomsbury Square."

The cab turned up Guildford street till it came to that well known iron railing and gates, behind which, were it not for the fog, might have been seen the dingy but not unpicturesque mass of buildings belonging to the Foundling Hospital. The white spectre-like fire escape—was there, as also the old apple-woman with her perpetual farthing candle surrounded by a shade, made of a fruiterer's or baker's paper bag. This old woman should be noted in all Guide-books as one of the most ancient and note-worthy monuments of London. I have past that spot at all hours of day and night and never saw her absent from her post, eating, drinking or sleeping,—or anybody buying apples of her. I do not know if she yet survives. The cab now turned down Lamb's Conduit Street, and into Great Ormond Street, where it stopped before a very respectable house containing "Chambers."

"Any money about you, youngster?" enquired Mr. Wright.

"Yes," said Gerald, proudly.

"Then jist pay this here cab, for I'm clean bust."

Gerald did as requested. He then assisted Wright to carry the drunken lump of humanity up two pair of stairs and deposit it on a bed. He could not but observe that Wright had let himself in with a duplicate latch key and that on arriving in the bed room he had gone, at once, to the cupboard, taken out lucifer matches and lighted the fire. He was evidently quite familiar with the rooms. Parsons was then undressed and put to bed, not without some difficulty.

"It's all right now," said Wright, "now, then, youngster, you can cut."

Gerald declared his intention of remaining where he was.

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, young fellow, if you thinks as 'ow that you're a going to do one thing when Ned Wright tells you to do another, you'll soon find yourself most ——ly mistaken, that's all!"

Wright emphasized the oath. He intended that it should