

386 THE BEWILDERED BENEDICT

All fine china gets broken in the end among the earthen pots."

Sophonisba pointed out that I had missed the postscript.

"A woman's postscript is all that you need read in a letter," she said grinning at me. "It contains the crux of the matter."

"What is the postscript?" I asked curiously.

Sophonisba read it, as well as she could for laughing.

"P.S." she began, "By the bye do you want a cooking brandy for Christmas? I have several bottles. I could let you have cheap?"

Then she leaned against me with a happy sigh, "we can write 'Finis to an uncle,'" she exclaimed.

"Edward, I love you more frightfully than ever, please get me some more bacon. It's by the fire keepin' hot. No it isn't Goodness, Satan has got it—dear little fellow!"

THE END.