

baby in the big bread can—you see, sir, the washin' tub's gone and sprung a leak, an' so we're redoosed to the bread can. Well, as I was a-sayin', my wife says to me: 'Richards,' says she, 'it's my belief that Marryhann will never marry, for her 'art an' soul is set upon Mrs. Osten, and she's got a strange feelin' of sartinty that Master Will, as she calls the runaway boy, will come back to comfort 'is mother an' look arter the furrin estates. No, Richards, mark my words, Marryhann will never marry.' ”

“ ‘It may be so, Jemimar,’ says I,—Did you speak, sir? ” said the coachman, turning sharp round on hearing Will utter an exclamation of surprise.

“ Is your wife's name Jemima? ”

“ Yes, it is; d'you 'appen to know her too? ”

“ Well I think I do, if she is the same person who used to attend upon Mrs. Osten—a tall and—thin—and—and—somewhat—— ”

“ Stiff sort of woman—hout with it, sir, you'll not 'urt *my* feelin's. I didn't marry Jemimar for her beauty, no, nor yet for her money, nor her youth, for she ain't young, sir,—older than myself a long way. I took her for her *worth*, sir, her sterlin' qualities. *You* know, sir, as well as I do, that it ain't the fattest and youngest 'osses as is the best. Jemimar is a trump, sir, without any nonsense about her. Her capacity for fryin' 'am, sir, an' bilin' potatoes is marvellous, an' the way she do dress up the baby (we've only got one, sir) is the hadmiration of the neighbor'ood.”