

she should marry a lord, a *bona fide* English lord, and there would be an end to the persistent turning up of certain noses in society, the noses of those who always made a point of refreshing the memory with Mr. Jones' hard-working past. These people always made it their business to buttonhole Mr. Jones, when in company, with a "Mr. Jones, do *you* remember when that line between So-and-So was built—I—ah—," to which the answer would come in the most delightfully honest manner, "Well, I ought to, when I watered that same road with the sweat of my brow—that was before I got my first contract—and I had hard work to get my old boss to go my security, too." These people were the Jugsons, whose paternal and maternal ancestors were remembered as standing for many long years behind the greasy counter of a beery-smelling corner grocery, where the men customers used to open the door and walk straight through into some mysterious recess behind the hogsheads which stood conveniently piled at the end of the counter. This was the dirty chrysalis out of which the Jugsons emerged into their present butterfly state of existence. Between the

two families there had always been a bitter feud, which was kept up by the most studious politeness the ladies never omitting to kiss on meeting. At the time of which I write however, it ran rancorously high. Parties and balls were being given, each out-vieing the other in display—for the long-sighed-for eligible had come at last, and the game of catch-who-can was being played. Papa Jones grumbled about the bills, and much more at being gagged as to all reference to his origin in presence of young Dawdle.

Young Dawdle had as yet no title, but he was heir presumptive to his uncle, the Earl of Dawdlehope, and successor to the baronetcy of his father, Sir Soso Humph Dawdle.

The title, and the consequent *entré* into the aristocratic circles of England being simply a matter of time, the fair anglers adroitly threw the bait, the fish chose the bait of the contractor, being the largest, and was well-nigh landed into the Jones family basket, when Mr. Jones nearly jerked the hook off one evening, when, waxing confidential over a bottle of wine and a cigar, he launched forth into his favorite topic—"old times." Much to the merriment of the bridegroom-elect, he told how Jugson had been nearly ruined by the corpses of two rats having been found by the shop boy at the bottom of the syrup-harrel, and how rusty hams and tainted herrings had formed the basis of their present fortune. For his own part, though he had worn out many a pair of overalls, and had spat in his hard palms many's the time, he would never have been where he was now if he hadn't used his head as well as his hands. He always managed to apply for a contract just before election day, and gave them to understand that his men were all solid on the proper side; never exactly said so, you know—but he always got fat contracts.

It was only when he caught a glimpse of his daughter standing aghast in the door of the library that he dimly suspected he was putting his foot in it some way or other

—but he precipitated matters by saying, "Come in, Ada. Dawdle won't think any the less of you for your father being an honest and upright working man."

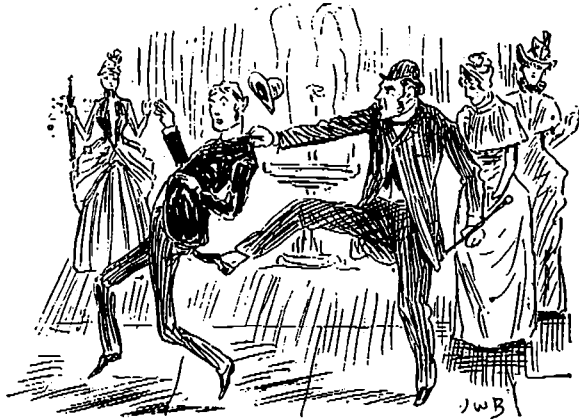
This was too much. Ada fainted dead away; and when she came to she was lying on the lounge with Dawdle's tearful countenance bending above her, and his trembling voice exclaiming, "Ow! ow! my dawling! live—live faw me. I am pwoud to think you are a daw-taw of the people. I shall take you 'ome with me, my beautiful, my pee-ah-less bwide, and your father himself, the noblest specimen of 'umanity it 'as been my lot to witness, shall also stand in the 'alls—my hancestral 'alls."

"Shake on that!" said old Mr. Jones, who was so touched by the young man's nobleness of nature, that he doubled the *dot* he had originally intended for this, the last of his daughters.

When it became known that the marriage was to actually take place, the Jugsons, in a fit of chagrin, packed off the day previous to Paris, and the brilliant wedding was celebrated without them.

But Mrs. Dawdle had determined to see Paris also, and thither they accordingly went, "for a prolonged tour on the continent."

One day they met Mrs. Jugson and daughters in the Bon Marche, but Mrs. Dawdle only bowed freezingly—she was now the future Lady Dawdle, and could not afford to take cognizance of people yet redolent of a corner grocery—besides, Dawdle disliked trade so very much. Subsequently they were walking in the Rue de Rivoli, when two gentlemen passed, and, following close on their heels, the whole Jugson family. As the gentlemen passed, Mrs. Dawdle heard one of the exclaim, "By Jove! speak of the devil—There he is now!" And on the instant Dawdle was seized by the collar in the stalwart grip of one of the men, who shook him like



a rat, and applying the tip of his boot to the rear of Dawdle's person, he sent him flying over the curbstone into the roadway. Then, politely lifting his hat from a very handsome head, he bowed to the bewildered Mrs. Dawdle. "Excuse me, madame, if I have disturbed you, but I advise you to have nothing to do with that rascal. He is an ex-valet of mine; his name is John Tompkins, and, I am informed, has been passing off as myself. I trust he has not deceived you. Here is my card."

As in a dream, poor Ada took the card in her trembling fingers, and read thereon, under the family crest, "*Hon. Herbert Dawdle.*"

And she had loved him so!