

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

consciousness of having done a most satisfactory thing indeed.

At half-past seven the young hostess was suddenly called to the kitchen, where a most distressing accident had happened. The house-keeper being away, the cook in bed with the rheumatism, all the responsibility rested upon the broad shoulders of the inexperienced parlor maid, who had promised to see "Dot plamed super histed if nothin' don't go wrong." But something had gone wrong, and it took Elsie and her assistant a full half hour to repair the disaster.

When she had at last tripped up to the drawing room, she paused on the threshold a minute to survey the scene, and then swooped down to rescue her unfortunate protegee. For poor Pang Chou was seated on a sofa, bolt upright, feet together, and wearing an expression half amused, half frightened. On the right sat the Captain, roaring insipid baby-talk into the ears of the astonished celestial; while directly in front stood Rev. A. Kiddis, hands locked behind, occasionally varying the conversation with questions shaped in the mould of the Shorter Catechism.

"How do you do, Pang Chou," said Elsie after greeting the clergyman, "I am pleased to see you," and she grasped her pupil warmly by the hand.

"Yah, yah, me vellie wellie, Mees Mellie dette."

"You'r a fine fellow aren't you Fang-er-Fang Phou," bellowed the Captain, who labored under the impression that because the foreigner could not understand all that was said it was because he could not hear. "Yah, yah," said Pang Chou non-comittingly.

"We got along capitally, Elsie, capitally," and the Captain rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

The girl sang and played for her

visitors; and then when the gentlemen were engaged in conversation by the fire-place, she tried to impress the apparently guileless heart of her heathen, and convince him of the error of his ways. Pang Chou listened meekly, his hands modestly folded, and his narrow slit-like eyes turned religiously upward, and looking the picture of saintly devotion and piety. Occasionally he would murmur scarcely audible "Yah, yah," and thus encouraged Elsie waxed quite eloquent, and only ceased on hearing her name pronounced in sepulchral tones from behind the curtains draped over the door.

Going into the hall she met Gretchen in great perplexity. "Dot stuff half pubbled und pubbled all over der pot, und dot plamed fire ist gone away, und der ist no super you can dis night half."

However by dint of strenuous efforts and spirit lamp, the coffee was made, and soon everything was ready to be carried to the dining room.

"They don't have coffee like this in China do they, Pang Pou?" inquired the Captain, supping the brown fluid slowly.

"Yah, yah, good, in China, yah," and the Chinaman nodded his head affirmatively.

"He knows more than you'd think," said Captain Meredith in a word aside. "Pretty clever chap, I haven't a doubt, seems quite like a Christian."

Pang Chou shot a swift side glance out of his shy little eyes at the speaker. He understood more than they thought he did. Yes he was cleverer than any one guessed, or they would not have all turned to look at a picture, and left the celestial standing by the supper tray alone.

"I have enjoyed an agreeable conversation with our young for-