

lemmingade and ice-cream in between to keep his blood cool, and lay in a 'ammick and smoke his pipe and read penny-dreadfuls and shilling-shockers the rest of the time. And then, if he wanted to pull a long face and say a last good-bye, Jenny would be jest as glad to fall into his arms as if he'd spent all that time a-breakin' of his 'eart and a-fittin' of the pieces together again.

Law sakes!—the amount of sense men didn't 'ave!

But then, of course, poor things, they had to learn, jest like puppy dogs. Bring a outdoor puppy into your best parlour and pet him and tell him to be good, and he'll jest frisk and waggle his tail and jump for joy, and first thing you know, over goes your little three-legged table with the blue and white chiny tea-pot. Of course, he doesn't mean no harm, and the chances is he doesn't know he's broke anything precious, but any woman with proper feelin's will grab the poker or the broom and drive him out of the house, and say she don't never want to see his face again. And she *means* it!—she 'ates him when she's gatherin' up the pieces of her tea-pot, and she wishes she 'adn't never made a pet of him.