

mysterious disappearance of my newest stockings which articles disappeared pair by pair from my trunk. What member of our highly respectable household to suspect of a thing so strange as this petty pilfering was a question most difficultly to decide. The only lady besides myself being now in the house (Mrs. Gregg having taken a hasty and somewhat premature departure, the result of a most alarming fit of cholera which seized her quite suddenly at the dead of night) therefore as I have just stated Miss Well-done was the only *lady* in the house on whom suspicion could possibly light, but as her feet were considerably larger than mine she of necessity required a considerably larger stocking, which fact was in itself amply sufficient to exonerate *her*.

“Who *can* possibly be the offender?” I asked myself again and again as each fresh raid upon my trunk suggested the very natural inquiry.

This state of mind soon led me to take particular notice of the *gentlemen's* lower extremities and I beheld what had hitherto escaped my unobservant gaze: viz: the extreme smallness of Mr. Peppershams understanding; wishing to ascertain for more reasons than one if Mr. Peppersham himself were aware of this *little* fact I departed from my now established custom of ignoring the gentleman's presence and with a great show of affectation remarked with much apparent admiration the smallness of his feet—this observation had the desired effect, no sooner was it uttered than his usually calm, impassive countenance lighted up with sudden animation as he glanced approvingly at his tiny members, from the pleasing sight of which he raised his flashing eyes to *mine* as he slowly uttered the mystic words “no larger than your own”—to say that my suspicions became changed to certainties would be too broad an assertion, that they certainly underwent a change will be more clearly proven in my next publication entitled “Who Stole the Stockings?”