

"I do wish you would learn to talk a little more like a gentleman, Yubbits," replied the person addressed; "your slang is highly objectionable."

"Well, but what's the row with you? Not ill are you?" continued the other, paying no attention to his friend's remonstrance.

"No; I am well, thank you," said Bramley, "but I passed a poor night."

"Ah! symptoms, I see," rejoined Yubbits slyly.

"Symptoms; symptoms of what, may I ask. You speak in riddles, sir. I trust you have not visited the bar thus early," said Bramley.

"Oh! dear no; but never mind what I meant, it was nothing."

*"She was a charmer, fol de rol de ri do,
She was a charmer too."*

and he hummed a snatch of a song.

Bramley blushed as his friend's meaning dawned upon his mind, but he made no further remark, and in a few minutes Crinkle came quietly in, and sat down.

"I'm glad to see you, Crinkle," said Bramley, extending his hand, "but what ails your hand?" as his eyes fell upon that bandaged member.

"He was poisoned by some species of ivy, so Mr. Douglas said," interposed Coddleby, for he it remembered Bramley had not yet been informed of the true state of the case, and merely supposed that Crinkle had lost his way in the woods on the previous day.

"Yes; I got hold of some plant which injured my hand," said Crinkle, relinquishing the snake-bite theory, "but it is much better this morning." "Ah! I'm glad to hear that, but I—" what further he might have said was cut short by the sound of the breakfast bell, and the whole four went down stairs.

As Bramley was crossing the hall half an hour later, he was informed by the clerk that a gentleman wished to see him, and was waiting in the reading room.

"H'm!" muttered our friend, "wonder who it can be. Surely not Mr. Douglas already. However I'll go and see." Accordingly he stepped into the reading room where he saw a stoutish, respectably dressed man, with bushy side whiskers of the mutton chop design, but otherwise cleanly shaven, and apparently about thirty-five years of age, evidently waiting for some one. Approaching this individual, Bramley enquired if he wished to see him, at the same time stating his own name, which the other no sooner heard than he rose and bowed respectfully.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "you was the party, sir, as I wished to see, or, I should say, as was desirous of seeing me as stated in this letter," and he produced the missive which Bramley had written to Mr. Pengwitch asking him to call.

"Ah! then you are Mr. Pengwitch?" said Bramley, enquiringly, and the other replying in the affirmative, was invited to step up stairs into the sitting room where they would be more private, and where Mr. Bramley's friends had preceded him. Accordingly the two ascended the stairs, and were soon in the presence of Messrs. Coddleby, Crinkle and Yubbits.

"This is Mr. Pengwitch," said Bramley, presenting that personage, "and now, sir, as Mr. Douglas speaks very highly of you, I should like to come to terms at once, provided, of course, you fully understand the capacity in which we desire to employ you."

At the end of half an hour's conversation, everything was settled satisfactorily to all, and our friends congratulated themselves on having secured the services of a man

who had so recently been over the very ground that they proposed to traverse.

"Sir Jasper, sir," said the new acquisition, referring to his late master, "was a most affable gent and was pleased to say I gave hevery satisfaction. He admitted me to terms of hintimacy, gentlemen, wich was flattering to my feelinks, and I 'ope gentlemen, that my umble endeavors on your be'alves and in your suvvice will be appreciated."

"I've no doubt we shall get on admirably," replied Bramley. "By the way, I think we had better call you Roger; eh, Coddleby, eh, Yubbits?"

"Oh! decidedly," replied those gentlemen.

"Well, then, Roger," continued Bramley, "I don't know that we shall require you to-day at all; so consider yourself at liberty to do as you please. Be on hand, however, to-morrow morning."

"Very good, sir," replied Mr. Pengwitch, "I 'ave the honor to wish you good morning gentlemen," and with a low bow, the valet, courier and "general utility" man left the room, nearly running over a boy who was just entering it, and who came to inform our friends that Mr. Douglas was waiting for them down stairs, with a young lady, at which information Bramley colored up like a great school-girl, and Yubbits poked Coddleby facetiously in the ribs, and winked in a laborious manner with one eye.

(To be continued.)



AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

She.—Come, hubby, take me to the theatre to-night.

He.—Can't do it. I've only one ticket, and it's necessary for us to economize now that we are married. Good-bye, love.

—Puck.

A NORTH ANDOVER man fell dead from exhaustion while running to a fire. Moral—Ride on the engine.—*Boston Globe.*