

sometimes at ourselves," answered Sophonisba, "An' there's nothin' like it. You should just try it, Pansy. We wake up laughin', an' go to sleep laughin', an' will die laughin', I shouldn't wonder!"

Indeed Sophonisba scarcely exaggerated. Our hearts are ridiculously light. Everything makes us laugh.

The other day she came in laughing more than usual. She announced that the artistic house had fallen down in the night,—as she had always declared it would,—and that young Mr. Brown had departed hurriedly for the colonies, the admiral had seen him go, and it looked like a hurried flight.

"Yes, to the colonies," giggled Sophonisba, "To build for the future genera. a!"

She laughed when Angus said,—apropos of Pansy's news,—"Well, Miss Soapy, if Jane ain't the first seemingly as he's runned off with, she's the first what's married him, and all I can say is, *Serve him right!*"

And most of all she laughed, when,—about a year later,—rather an odd letter, containing odd news came to us from Pansy.

"What do you think that woman has had the cheek to do?" (it began), "The airs and graces of the creature! Have a baby. Isn't it awful for that poor man, and so brave about it? He just said it didn't matter, and tried to appear proud and pleased and perfectly happy with his new lot. *All first babies are Events and Miracles*, but I must own this is rather a beautiful child. They have decided to call her Pansy Hermione, the poor father pointed out a quite extraordinary resemblance to me, and asked me so piteously to be god-mother, that I hadn't the heart to refuse, and I had that lovely old Christening robe as good as new. To think he should have come down to this!