

mollusca class of the animal kingdom. We have one of the snails, and are now looking round for a periwinkle to keep him company. If Fussy and Winkless would only come together and agree to drop the final g, we should then have several.

We have a Honeybourne, Honeybell and a Honeychurch, with about one hundred pounds of Honey, all for the delectation of one solitary Hornett.

In the botanical line, we could provide the reader with a Rose in Budd, Briars with a Thorn, Hawthorn Hedges with May in Flower; and, being the season of Yule, we have access to a whole Hollyfield, with which to decorate the Homes. You cannot begin to appreciate our resources. We can disport ourselves Ahmid Hazell Groves, or wander down Greenstreet into the Greenwood, there to gather the Woodnutt, or recline in the Underwood of the Forrest until the Dew falls on the Wold. Follow us Down into the Dell and through the Marsh, where the Reed, Rush and Moss grow; then over Mucklestones to the Hill, and up the Mountain, whereon the Rowan casts its shade; returning through the Gorse on the Heath, where we shall Pickup the aromatic Fennell and perhaps Platt a Garland, if we do not also find a Black Berry on the Bush. Arriving home, we will pass through the Applegate (so called because there was once found an Appleby it) and visit the Crabtree, there to feel in our inmost Soule, as we cast aside the last Core, that we are in for the colic. Here is the Murphy and Bean patch, and there the Sage. (No Pinchin the Musk, now!) Perhaps if we shake the Cherry and Date trees, they will bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Now, with the exception of some Pollard Oakes and a Birch, you have seen all that is to be seen hereabouts. Look out! Here comes a Wynd that Withers all. Let us go hence to the Farm.

Here is a Field of Oates in prime condition; yonder is the Barnhouse and Haye(s) Loft; that is the Garner, with Allcorn in it; and the Goodman you see talking to the Granger smoking a Cobb, is the Farmer, and the Lairchild is the Yeomanson. This Windmill supplies the Stock from the Wells; and here come Turnbull the Stockman, and Hodge the Shepherd, with his Crook. We shall see Gutteridge the Hedger presently, as he Delves for Digweed with a Mattock. Come now this Way over the Stiles, leap the Last Hurdle, and we are at the Poole, where the Millwater rises, flowing thence beneath the Bridge and through the Vale toward the Mills, which it has been known to Flood as well as the Fenn and part of the Moore. Chugg the Ploughman will be Goodenough to show us the way to the Thorpe, where we will Gotobed.

While we are neither builders nor architects, we could provide a Hutt or a Hall, with the necessary Chambers, Kitchen, Garrett, Gable and Eaves; and should you have Heard of any company about to build Carr Stables that are Carless, please refer them to us.

We are well up in geography, as the following (by no means all) will show. England, Ireland, Wales (and another that is Welsh), Paddington, London, Kent, Oxford, Cambridge, Wiltshire, Nottingham, Tunbridge, Southgate, Ascot, Bath, Winchester, Essex, Warrington, Lancaster, York, Bray, Limerick, Friscoe, Holland, and Dutch Mann.

Ought we not to be proud of our Nice, Sweet, Goodchild and Toyer (also a Bogie for when he is bad), especially when we are also blest with a Fairchild and Muckle Moore Little Childs in Swaddling Rayment, awaiting a Pickup by a Clasper—not a Mann Crumpler of their Summer Garbe?

Besides these our large family comprises boys who are Blunt and oblong, Finney, Short and Shorter, Long, Broad or Round, an Odd fellow, one who is Humble, and one who thinks much of Self. Boys who Revell in a Rackett or Start a Shine, or who Glide into Amess with Strange Folley, and other Gay Young Sparks who Grieve or Rouse Masters to a Fury, thereto Paley, bog Downward till Dunsday, when their names will be Dennis. There is a Duff and a Duffy, but never a duffer among them. Nevertheless, if the truth must