

hand, that I might touch that cherry nose, those lily lips, those yellow cowslip cheeks beautied with cunning plastering art. My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand; but peace, she hath spied me already with those sweet eyes."

She speaks but she says nothing; what of that? The brightness of her nose would shame the stars if they did shine. (Ah, me! Gold, glittering, precious gold!)

Her eye discourseth. I will answer it.

"Lady, sweet Kate, my dainty Kate, by yonder blessed moon (marry, 'tis dark, this lantern doth the horned moon present, myself the man i' the moon do seem to be), I swear I love thee. Doubt that the stars are fire, doubt that the sun doth move, doubt truth to be a liar, but never doubt I love. That I love thee, most best, believe it, and therefore am I moved to woo thee in these festal terms to be my wife. Come away, come hither, come hither!"

Hark! I hear her sweet voice:

"By my troth, I was looking for a fool when I found you; thou art made like a goose.

I'd rather be married to a death's head with a bone in its mouth. You are as ugly as a bear. I'll sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband ere I'll be married to a sponge. Sirrah, begone! O worthy fool, motley's the only wear! Parting is such sweet sorrow. Adieu, adieu! remember me. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!"

O treble woe! shards, flints and pebbles on my cursed head, like an untimely frost upon the sweetest flower, and water! (O, would it were clean!) Ah, too



A VISION OF BEAUTY.

MAMIE—"He calls me a dream of delight."

GLADYS—"How insulting!"

MAMIE—"What do you mean?"

GLADYS—"Dreams never come true."

much of water hast thou. Alas! I am slain by a fair, cruel maid. Remember thee? Ah, thou dishonest Satan—I call thee by the most modest term—what a thrice double ass was I to worship this dull fool. Oh, woe, woe, woe! there's something rotten in the air. O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame, for now I see inconstancy more in woman than in man remain. O woman, I'll none of thee; a vain and doubtful good, a shining gloss that fadeth suddenly.

O mercy! mercy! I have fallen, like a blessed martyr, from my pedestal, as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath, to an unknown bottom, in a dark uneven way. I can no further crawl, and—O horrible, horrible, most horrible! Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned? Something doth approach under yon yew trees. My eyes like two stars start from their spheres—I do fly, curst and sad.

A monster, a very monster, a cur, sirs, most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors, in such a questionable shape, and faster he did fly with intents wicked and uncharitable. Oh, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies, one who takes on him to be a dog at all things! Marry, gentle sirs, that dog was a cur, he did a tail unfold of my old coat. Ah, he jests at scars that never felt a wound. Lord, we know not what we are and little what we may be. O gold, glittering, precious gold, who would not wish to be from wealth exempt, since riches point to misery and contempt?

Oh, woman, thou art——

FITZ.

"OUT for the stuff"—the small boy at a picnic.



THE "WORLD" GETS FIRST BLOOD.