

ence. Let me
She rose like a
e to you, my
e her in debt.'
ion what I am
needs money,
cheque to fill

nnments which
were given in

e dinner party
the dignity of
nd cooking the
Lord and Lady
r. Mool. Mr.
l. While he
er Ovid's roof.
cottage of his
rthlake's park.
r. The father
ayly yet.'
ty which filled
d in the news-

Professors of
nd. France,
servants with a
grandly repre-
d each had a
the mystery of
three circles—
that believed
mised charges
oxygen of re-
on all through

the evening, all over the magnificent room engaged for the occasion. In one corner, a fair philosopher in blue velvet and point lace, took the Sun in hand. 'The sun's life, my friends, begins with a nebulous infancy and a gaseous childhood.' In another corner, a gentleman of shy and retiring manners converted 'radiant energy into sonorous vibrations'—themselves converted into sonorous poppings by waiters and champagne bottles at the supper table. In the centre of the room, the hostess solved the serious problem of diet; viewed as a method of assisting tadpoles to develop themselves into frogs—with such cheering results that these last lively beings joined the guests on the carpet, and gratified intelligent curiosity by explorations on the stairs. Within the space of one remarkable evening, three hundred illustrious people were charmed, surprised, instructed, and amused; and when Science went home, it left a *conversazione* (for once) with its stomach will filled. At two in the morning, Mrs. Gallilee sat down in the empty room: and said to the learned friend who lived with her.

'At last, I'm a happy woman!'

THE END.