

tience could never brook a mispronounced word — and alas, after Gordon married I found myself too old that I might learn. However, he patiently continues to struggle with me.

Once, at the White Sulphur Springs, a beautiful Virginia girl was under my care. My general was absorbed,—it was the summer he made his speech,—and did not render the homage to which the pair of blue eyes was accustomed. “I don’t think the judge likes me,” she complained; “he never has a word to say to me. He looks as if he’s always thinking about something else.”

“Lizzie,” I suggested, “you must mispronounce a word or two, and we’ll see what effect that will have.” We put our heads together and made out a list for her to commit to memory. At dinner she fastened her eye upon our victim, and commenced,—offering a flower,—“It’s not very pretty, but the perfume’,—” “I beg your pardon, Miss —, perfume, accent on first syllable!” he exclaimed. “Oh, you’re *so* kind, Judge! This just illustrates —” “Illustrate, my dear young lady!—accent on second syllable, but pray go on.” “I’ve never had anybody to tell me any of these things,” she moaned. “If *you* only would —” “With pleasure! A beautiful young lady should be perfect in speech, as in all things.” The little minx played her part to perfection. Presently, overcome with the ludicrous situation, she excused herself, and my dear innocent remarked, as his admiring eyes followed her, “An uncommonly sensible girl that!”

I enjoyed a bit of newspaper gossip about this