

"And find me an organ?"

"A thousand, if monsieur wishes," said the Frenchman. "I am at his service when he say."

"Then give me a clean towel," said Tom, "my left ear is bunged up with soap. I'll come if ever I want your help," he added as he ran a covered finger through the intricate mazes of his ear.

"I am to monsieur," said the Frenchman, bowing.

But Tom had no occasion to proceed to musical extremities, for as time went on, and no suitable match offered itself for Tryphie, her ladyship gave way.

"I never could have believed it, Tom, my boy," said his lordship one night at the club, "you always do get the better of her ladyship. This is a doosed nice glass of port."

"Yes, gov'nor, have another."

"Eh? Well, I will just one, Tom, in honor of your wedding, Tom, and—d——n the gout, eh?"

"To be sure, gov'nor."

"Bless little Tryphie," continued the old man; "she never had much money, but she lent me all she had when I was short, and she's down for a thousand times as much in my will. Her ladyship can't touch that; and——"

Just then an organ sounded in the square, and his lordship stopped his ears.