

jump, which set elbows, knees, hands and feet at one grand concentrative torture that elicited scream after scream, during one of which the young man found himself first turning in the air, and then landing forcibly upon his back on the bed beside his mamma. Did ever affection meet such cruel discouragement? Bobboker thought not—indeed he was sure of it; so he raised his own voice in a way that made the chandelier quiver.

"What is the matter with mamma's darling beeboy?" asked mamma, as soon as anything could be heard.

"He fee's bad—lomme bit," said Bobboker. "He isn't goin' to be mamma not no mawey an' he 'boosed awfoo'!"

"Bobboker must be more careful, darling," said mamma.

"Don't 'awnt to be areho," screamed Bobboker. "'Oon't be tareho'—ya—ya—ngya!"

"You don't want to hurt poor, dear mamma, who does everything she can for her Bobboker, do you?" asked mamma.

"Ess—'awnts to hyte 'oo—'awnts to hyte ev'v'ybody—boo, hoo, hoo!"

"Then you had better hurt that naughty, naughty little boy, Bobboker," said mamma, "and I will leave you to do it," and mamma arose and departed.

What would not any tenor of Her Majesty's opera company—any soprano, even—give to be able to reach and sustain a high note as Bobboker did when mamma departed and left him alone? Mamma herself, who had heard Campanini, Capoul, Nilsson, Albani, Gerster, and all the rest, stopped and listened admiringly, and then with apprehension, for where did all the breath come from, and when and how could it be replaced? The sound finally ceased as abruptly as if it were broken cleanly from what had preceded, and mamma, hearing nothing for a moment, imagined suffocation, and flew to her child's relief. Just as she opened the door the plaint was resumed; it had been transposed to a minor key, but was no less wonderful in regard to volume and sustained effort. When the exclamation ceased, it was followed by the single word "mamma!" executed upon a single note, and prolonged so successfully that again mamma admired. But she knew that any excitement, such as her boy's utterance indicated, would be fatal to sleep unless allayed at once; so she hurried into the room, and was greeted with:

"Lomme bit—Bobboker got saw om."

Mamma felt guilty at once; what might that dislocated shoulder have been suffering while she had been selfishly moaning over her own physical miseries? So she told him that mamma was perfectly dreadful—a most terrible, hideous monster—and that Bobboker was a sweet little abused angel; and Bobboker gradually brought himself to accept her apologies, and took her hand tightly in both of his own, and gasped less and less dreadfully, and finally said:

"Tell me tawwy."

Mamma told him about "Little Red Riding Hood."

"Now temme 'nudder."

Mamma related the experience of "Hop-o'-my-thumb."

"Temme 'nudder."

Mamma rendered in prose the immortal "Hey diddle diddle."

"I 'awnts anudder."

Then mamma gave "The Babes in the Wood."

"Nudder one."

Mamma varied the monotony of recitation by singing "The Mulberry Bush." Bobboker listened respectfully, but, as the last note dropped from mamma's lips, he said:

"Musn't do dat aden: don't 'awnt hongs—'awnt tawwies."

"Poor mamma is so tired of telling stories, beeboy," said the victim. "You tell mamma a story, and rest her."

"Wayo, I weeyo," said Bobboker, after a moment of deliberation. "Mus' be vayyey tilly, vo. Once was a man, his name Hoppyfum, an' he an' a diss went an' wunded away wif de moon; but a wolf saw him, an' to'd him not to kay dat moon way offey, 'tause his mamma touldn't find it no mawwy, an' would 'pank him if he yawst it. So de wolf went to see his gandymudder wif a 'tittle wed bonnet on, and the gandymudder an' de wolf went off in de woods an' went to s'leep jus' 'ike two 'tittle Jeffuls, and deir mudder came along an' gave 'em some b'ed an' mi'k when they woke up, an' a 'tittle dog tuvvered 'em all up wif yeaves, an' hung 'em to h'leep. Ven dey got up dey danced around a muwwy goosh."

"Are you sure you have the story right, beeboy?" asked mamma.

"Idono," said Bobboker, after looking wonderingly at his mamma.

"Did the dish really run away with the moon?"

"Idono."

"What did the dish run away with, then?"

"Idono."

"Then what does my beeboy know?"

"Idono."

Conversation came naturally to a deadlock after Bobboker's last speech: so mamma patted the beeboy's cheek, and informed him that he was a darling, and that now it was time for him to go to sleep. But Bobboker corrected her.

"I 'hink I ought to be cawwied around a 'tittle bittie, an' be hinged to," said he.

"Why, mamma did sing to her beeboy. Don't he remember? Mamma sang 'The Mulberry Bush.'"

Bobboker reflected, and replied:

"'Murry Goosh' was only *one* 'hing—'awnts yots of 'hings."

"After my beeboy takes his nap and wakes up again, he shall have as many songs as he wants," said mamma.

"Don't 'awnt 'em den 'awnts them now. Bobboker maybe wouldn't 'ake up at all-ey, all-ey; den 'ouldn't get any hongs a bittie."

"Oh, my beeboy will wake up," said mamma; "he always does, you know."

"'Oon't 'ake up," said Bobboker. "'San't 'ake up; don't 'awnt to 'ake up."

"Sh—h—h, beeboy," said mamma: "it is very naughty to say that."

"'Tisn't naughty," screamed Bobboker: "an' I 'oon't 'ake up a bittie for oo naughty o'mamma. Ya—ya—ngya!"

"Bobboker, listen!" said mamma, rising on her elbow and shaking a forefinger impressively; "if you don't go to sleep you shan't have any songs or anything else when you wake up; but you shall have a sound spanking right away."

Bobboker looked at mamma in amazement, to see if she really meant what she said; when he satisfied himself that she did, he turned over, buried his face in his pillow, and then broke into a wail that was clearly the expression of an unloved and broken heart. As for mamma, she sprang to her feet, and exclaimed:

"Now you may cry as much as you want to; mamma will go away."

"No!" shrieked Bobboker, turning over and stretching forth his arms appealingly; "musn't go way from Bobboker."

(To be Continued.)