could only see it by twisting. Of the dungeon below her, where Giacinto might be. How January dug at May with a walking-staff. How the ploture was in abeyance, but loved a firefly; then was interred in furniture, and three centuries slipped by. How it sold for six fifty, and was sent to London to a picture-restorer, which is how it comes into the tale. How Mr. Pelly woke np - 47.9

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A Rotrospective Chapter. How Fortune's Toy and the Sport of Circumstances fell in love with one of his Nurses. Prose composition. Lady Upwell's majesty, and the Queen's. No engagement. The African War, and Justifiable Fratricide. Cain. Madeline's hig dog Cæsar. Cats. Ormuzd and Ahriman. A handy little Veldt. Madeline's Japanese Franco. A discussion of the nature of Dreams. Never n'nd Athenseus. Look at the Prophet Daniel. Sir Stopleign's great-aunt Dorothea's twins. The Circulating Library and the potted shrimps. How Madeline read the manuscript in bed, and took care not to set fire to the ourtains

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Mr. Aiken's sequel. Pimlico Studlos. Mr. Hughes's Idea. Aspects of Nature. Mr. Hughes's foot. What had Mr. Aiken been at. Not Fanny Smith. It was Sairah!! Who misunderstood and turned vermilion? Her malice. The Regent's Canal. Mr. Aiken's advice from his friends. Woman and her sex. How Mr. Hughes visited Mr. Aiken one evening, and the Post came, with something too hig for the hox, while Mrs. Parples slept. Mr. Aiken's very sincerely Madeline Upwell. Her transparency. How the picture's photo stood on the table. Interesting lucuhrations of Mr. Hughes. What was that? But it was nothing—only an effect of something. The Vernacular Mind. Negative Juries. How Mr. Aiken stopped an echo, so it was Mr. Hughes's fanoy

CHAPTER VI

Follows Mrs. Euphemia Aiken to Coombe and Malden. Proper pride. You cannot go back on a railway tickst, however small its price. One's Aunts. How Miss Priscilla Bax was not surprised when she heard it was Reginald. Of the Upas Tree of reputations—the Pure Mind. How Aunt Prissy worked her nie 3 up. Of the late Prince Regent, and Tiberius. Never wri. a letter, if you want the wind to lull.