



THE AUGEAN STABLE.

LAURIER—"GIVE ME THE JOB TO CLEAN IT OUT, MA'AM. I'M THE VERY BOY TO DO IT."

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

ETHEL—"I am so glad you have come. I'm just dying to tell you something."

AMY—"O, a secret! How nice! Come tell me, quick, quick, quick!"

ETHEL—"But you must promise never to tell anyone."

AMY—"I promise."

ETHEL—"But you must promise real honest."

AMY—"I do. May I be thought as false as Mde De Portment's black hair if I ever, ever tell. That's just as binding on me now as it used to be in College."

ETHEL—"Ha! Ha! I had almost forgotten our old oath; but still I don't—I don't know that I ought to tell you."

AMY—"Do tell me, that is a dear."

ETHEL—"But perhaps you will laugh at me."

AMY—"O, no I won't. Honest I won't. I'll be as demure and serious as if I were talking to my chaperone."

ETHEL—"Well—wait a minute (*she opens all the doors and peers out cautiously to see if any one is near. Then she comes up close to Amy*). Sh-h-well,—now don't laugh—I'm writing a novel."

AMY (*screams prettily*)—"How delightful! You must let me see it."

ETHEL—"There, I knew you would begin to poke fun at me."

AMY—"O, no, I'm not poking fun. I'm in real hard earnest. Do show it to me. Is it printed yet?"

ETHEL—"Printed! No. It isn't written yet. You

see I'm having a lot of trouble with the first chapter. I can't make up my mind whether to open with a thunder-storm or with a traveller getting lost on a lonely road."

AMY—"Well, why don't you begin with the last chapter first?"

ETHEL—"There, you are making fun of me. I think you are simply horrid."

AMY—"I'm not making fun. Do tell me all about it."

ETHEL—"If you'll not laugh I will. You know how much papa is opposed to my engagement with Jack—the dear fellow is so poor. Well, I saw in a paper that a novelist made \$50,000 out of one of his novels and I thought how nice it would be for me to make money like that and then Jack and I can get married and be happy and well-off."

AMY—"How clever of you to think of such a thing, but are you sure you can sell your novel?"

ETHEL—"Why of course. The people who write novels always do."

AMY—"But have you ever inquired of anyone who ought to know about such things?"

ETHEL—"No, not exactly. I once asked papa if it required much genius to write a book. But he was in a very grumpy humor at the time and said 'No, but it requires an awful lot of genius to sell one.' Do you think that Jack and I would be happier in a nice suburban cottage or in a city brown stone front?"

AMY—"I would prefer a cottage. You could furnish it so beautifully for \$50,000. Do you know I am sorry