

placed upon the table) what's this joint? Beef again? Come, I say, Bella, I don't want to find fault; but why, in the name of heaven, don't you give us lamb or veal sometimes, instead of this eternal beef and mutton? I am sick of them!

*Bella*—My dear Henry, veal and lamb are, as you ought to know, made up almost altogether of fibrin and albumen; they are both unwholesome, particularly for you, who are so lymphatic.

*Henry*—Lymphatic, indeed! Are you studying medicine by any chance, dear?

*Bella*—A little; but I have gone in principally for Hygiene and Physiology. By the way, Henry, I wish you would use saccharine in your tea and coffee, instead of sugar.

*Henry*—Why, what's the odds? Isn't sugar full of saccharine?

*Bella*—I thought you knew more of chemistry. Why saccharine is a Benzoyl Sulphonic, Imide. It is obtained from coal tar, and possesses three hundred times the sweetening power of sugar. Besides, it is a non-carbonaceous or non-fat-forming substance, and passes unchanged out of the system. It would be invaluable to you, who are threatened with obesity.

*Henry*—Lymphatic and obese! What next, I wonder!

*Bella*—By the way, I have noticed lately, a strong smell of carburreted hydrogen about the house. Our sanitary arrangements must be faulty?

*Henry*—What else could you expect, when our city fathers use up our taxes in building sewers across the Common—where they are not needed, and leave us here in the centre of the city, where they are indispensable, without any! No wonder we are over-run with measles, typhoid and diphtheria.

*Bella*—Why don't they build them here, dear?

*Henry*—Simpleton. No alderman owns property in this neighbourhood!

*Mrs. Morris*—You are eating nothing, Henry.