

*Henry*—And whose fault was that? The fact is, Bella and I havn't an idea in common. She had never a word to say on the subjects that interested me.

*Mrs. Morris*—You talked politics to her, perhaps!

*Henry*—I *have* talked politics, but not politics only. I have tried every theme—art, literature, history—none of them did she care for. I had no idea when I married that Bella was so wanting in culture. The great mistake of the day is that men and women rush into matrimony knowing next to nothing of each other really. But *you* must have been aware of Bella's deficiencies, and *you* knew *me* also, and knew what *I* expected in my wife. You knew that, without quite despising the pleasures of society, I was a man of serious views and habits—a busy man—and, if I may venture to say so, a man of intellect. On the other hand, you know your daughter to be a girl of frivolous habits and uncultivated mind, with no thought of the higher life. How could you have expected the union of two such dissimilar natures to be a happy one?

*Mrs. Morris*—I brought up my daughter at home, and could only teach her what I knew myself.

*Henry*—I don't pretend to find fault with you, mother. But now-a-days, you know, we expect of young ladies a knowledge and accomplishments your generation did not exact. Wanting the necessary acquirements yourself, you should have provided other teachers for Bella. After all, what *did* you teach her?

*Mrs. Morris*—I taught her politeness, at all events.

*Henry*—I'm hanged if you taught her her bible history! At the Academy, during our honeymoon, I remember showing her that celebrated picture of Salomé carrying the head of St. John the Baptist. She turned and asked me who Salomé was! Out loud too! The people round began to sneer. Such ignorance mortifies a husband and makes him dread taking his wife into society.

*Mrs. Morris*—I confess that in teaching my daughter her sacred history, I did not go deeply into the story of Salomé.