

room. She bethought herself, however, to call after the retreating girl—a somewhat lavish generosity towards domestics having taught her that that class appreciate gifts exactly in proportion to their money value—that the plush was six dollars a yard. Then she looked around for fresh opportunities of iconoclasm.

"There's your *Ariadne with the Mums*," suggested Mr. Forrester, entering into his wife's spirit. "I'll help you to demolish it. It's quite in my line,—*broke her*,—see?"

He put *Ariadne* on the tiled hearth and glanced about in search of some weapon that might serve as the beheading axe.

"It reminds me of Hezekiah destroying the Israelites' gods; only I never cared for the things," remarked Mrs. Forrester. "No, it's more like the execution of Marie Stuart.—Ah!" as the poker neatly struck off *Ariadne's* head. "It's *too* realistic. I wish I hadn't let you do it, Jack!"

Jack regarded his wife with eyes that were only half amused. "I never heard of an imagination to beat yours, Bella," he observed. "Fancy detecting any resemblance between the human form divine and this thing!"

When he had reduced the statuette to fragments, he strolled aimlessly about the room for a few moments, in an undecided manner very unusual with him, casting several hesitant glances towards Mrs. Forrester, which she carefully avoided meeting. Finally he went out into the hall and put on his hat and overshoes.