

the house of a quiet but highly respectable family in Halifax. Turning to this lady, in the presence of her hostess, she said: "My dear Mrs. Blank, when next you come down here, I hope you will allow me to show you some of our best Halifax society."

*Henry*—The inference was obvious.

*Mrs. Morris*—It was very impertinent. But I fear, Harry, your home life has unfitted you for our free and easy ways in the colonies. Society here is very much mixed, but you must not condemn the whole on account of a few vulgar people who have forced their way into it. You must be more tolerant, even of our political upstarts—their elevation often times turns their heads, particularly the woman's—then you must consider their lack of experience—often even, of education.

*Henry*—I can tolerate anything so that people be natural and unassuming. What was it the Prince said of the American woman in London?

*Mrs. Morris*—"That he liked them the more because they were so delightfully and naturally vulgar." But, to return to our muttons, what has made you so abominably cross with Bella, lately?

*Henry*—I think you can guess. For the first couple of years of our married life, you know how well Bella and I got on together. But, for the past six months or so her conduct has been outrageous. She is never at home now. Out of doors as soon as breakfast is over, she scarcely gets back for dinner, and, when I try to find out how she passes her time, she seems embarrassed and evasive. I am not inclined to suspicion, nor am I jealous, but I confess to a little anxiety.

*Mrs. Morris*—If you will look back, my dear Harry, I think you will find that your wife only adopted this seemingly frivolous life from the time you began to neglect her. You affected, at one time, to despise her society. You never cared to be tete-a-tete with her. Why, I have seen you myself go to sleep in her presence after dinner—a pretty sight, indeed, for a newly married woman!