

tains that an Englishman's house—even his workhouse—is his castle, and that though he may be stuffed with queer things there, who shall hurl him from its battlements!

Returning with the unrectified soup, he meets a fellow-pauper—a thin, bald-headed, bent old man, walking with a stick, and stopping at every step or so to cough.

"Ah, Grey!" cries Mr. Tympan. "You out? What do *you* think of the soup?"

Uncle William's cough hinders him from replying for a time, during which Mr. Tympan wilfully spills his soup on the ground, and declares that he can see the stones through it as it falls!

"If," he says, thoughtfully, "if the old body-snatcher there was to take and boil down the clk in the British Museum, this would be the result. It's disgraceful! And I've paid rates and taxes in this parish for five-and-twenty years!"

"Come here," says Uncle William, feebly. Mr. Tympan advances a step.