

a pretty daughter is not half so pleasant a party in her eyes"—it is probable the colonel meant "parti"—"as a widower without encumbrance. Don't you see?"

"There is something in that," observed the commissary; "I have no doubt however, that the prospect of becoming Mrs. Ray was agreeable to her."

"Ah, you have your misgivings, have you," said the colonel—irritated, perhaps, with his companion's complacency—"as to which will be the better horse when you come to run together in double harness."

"Not I," returned the other, with a laugh that had some smack of brutality in its contemptuous ring; "for my part I can't understand a man knocking under to his wife. I'll venture to say that there's not a shrew in England, whom, were I her husband, I wouldn't tame—in three—well, within twenty-four hours after she first showed her teeth."

He brought his great hand down upon the table to give emphasis to his words, and the action—coupled with the menacing expression of his face—was very significant.

"You wouldn't larrup her, would you?" inquired the colonel, with the air of a member of a social science committee, asking for practical information.

"Be gad, but I would though," answered the commissary, roughly; that is, of course," added he in a gentler tone, "if all other means failed."

(To be continued.)

Current Literature.

If Mr. Trollope, and Mr. Trollope's admirers, will permit us to make such a statement, we will commence this short notice of his most recent novel* by saying, that at last his attempts at fiction are satisfactory and pleasing to the general reader. There is a kind of reader, doubtless, for whom "Orley Farm," and "Framley Parsonage," and "Barchester Towers" were written, and who, we can well believe, found great delight, or, at least, quiet interest, in the minute account of petty rural life, clergymen, old women and all. There is another kind of reader for whom a work like "Daniel Deronda" has the most absorbing interest, for whom Kingsley, George Eliot, and Blackmore seem to be peculiarly destined. But for the general novel-reader, who can appreciate delinea-

* *The American Senator.* By Anthony Trollope. Belford Brothers Toronto.