

THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Description of the Dominion Line S. S. Canada... Lord Kinnear and the Kerry Hog Dist... The Heirs of King Charles I. St. Mungo's Glasgow.

ASTORIA.

The biggest vessel in the world has left Belfast. The Pennsylvania, as she is called, was launched on the 10th September last, and since then thousands of men have been engaged in completing her for the trade in which she is to be engaged. All the resources of the eminent firm of shipbuilders who designed and constructed the hull have been lavished to make the Pennsylvania the finest ship in the world and anyone who has seen the model of the vessel will readily admit that the endeavour has not with complete success. The dimensions are very striking—Length, 585 feet; beam, 62 feet; and depth from keel to working deck, 42 feet. Her weight is 8,000 tons, but her displacement will be little short of 10,000 tons.

COCK.

The Dominion Line, as Canada took her departure from Queenstown yesterday for Boston after embarking a number of passengers, says The Cork Examiner of January 30. Any account of the Canada would be incomplete without a description of the magnificent vessel, which is a masterpiece of engineering. She is a perfect model from stem to stern. She is almost a fac-simile of such vessels as the Majestic and Tonic, and possesses the advantage over those vessels of not only supplying first-class accommodation, but also of carrying an immense cargo. The large and handsome saloon is situated in a deck house erected on the hurricane deck with seating accommodation for nearly two hundred, and is surrounded by a beautiful skylight dome of stained glass with decorated panels bearing the crests of Montreal, Quebec, Toronto and Liverpool, as well as the arms of the Dominion of Canada. The state rooms are models of elegance and comfort, perhaps the most important feature about them being that they are well ventilated. On the lower deck there is a handsomely arranged second-class saloon capable of seating about one hundred, and also a large number of first and second-class staterooms which are all that could be desired. The stateroom accommodation is one of the most excellent features of the vessel. The company has left nothing undone to add to the comfort of the stateroom passengers. These quarters, which are situated in the poop, are most commodious. The bed fittings are of galvanized iron, and the rooms are supplied with steam radiators and electric light, the latter being under the control of the passengers. Adjoining the stateroom quarters is a large bath-room and lavatory. There is also large deck accommodation for this class of passengers, and everything about the stateroom accommodation shows plainly that Messrs. Richards, Mills & Co. were attentive to the comfort of this class of passengers. The dining saloon is the most modern pattern, combining privacy with comfort. The first class smoking-room, which is situated on the upper bridge deck, has doors opening on this deck as well as a staircase to the promenade deck, and is furnished with a nationally attractive with plants. There is also a large and commodious smoking room for the second class passengers. The ladies room and library, which are also situated on the saloon deck, are two of the most modern features of the ship, being decorated in polished wood, the latter containing an oak case containing the works of the best known authors, while the ladies' room is especially fitted up for the accommodation of the fair sex.

The Canada, which has a tonnage of 9,000 tons, is 515 feet long, has a beam of 68 feet, and a depth of 36 feet 6 inches. In addition to having twin screws, she has triple expansion engines of the most improved pattern. Some idea of the size of the engine room may be gathered from the fact that the coal bunkers hold 2,700 tons of coal, which is often considered in itself a good cargo for some vessels. She also carries 1,405 tons of water ballast. In the engine room there are 38 furnaces in full blast, while the total weight of machinery in the engine rooms is 1,150 tons. Among the many improvements is Perry & Wilson's patent steam steering apparatus, which is not only direct acting, but it also dispenses with the chain gear. The ship is also installed with an elaborate refrigerating plant. The funnel, which is the largest ever turned out of Belfast, is 105 feet in height, and has a circumference of 46 feet 6 inches. She was built by the firm of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Belfast. It is intended that she shall sail regularly from Queenstown for Boston every month in future. The managers hope to get a reasonable share of the traffic from Ireland to Boston. It is stated that the ship will make the run in a little less than seven days. Her crew numbers 184, and, in addition to large cargo capacity, the ship has accommodation for 1,500 passengers.

A large and influential meeting of the parishioners of Doneraile has been held to take into consideration the necessity of repairing the church and making some additional improvements. These embrace the erection of an organ and the substitution of block or wood flooring for the present flagstone pavement. The endorsement of Dean Archdall as Protestant Bishop of Killaloe took place at St. Finn Barr's Cathedral, Cork. The mayor (Mr. P. Meade) attended in his robes and with his sword and mace present. The latter officials retained their seats in the choir. No other Catholic member of the Corporation was present. The congregation rose as the Mayor entered the cathedral.

Mr. P. J. Tuohy, late Secretary of the Board of Works, died. His brothers are well known in connection with the Cork Examiner.

An inquest has been held in Drogheda on two men Cranny and Slavin, who met their death from being suffocated in a house in West street. The cause of gas was caused by a leak in the pipe.

A marriage has been arranged and will take place early next month in Dublin between Mr. Munch, M.P., and Miss L. M. O'Kelly, younger daughter of the late Count Fostin O'Kelly, and granddaughter of the late Count O'Kelly. F. J. L. Tallagh, Tuam, Co. Galway. It is intended that the wedding shall be very quiet, with only the intimate friends of both families present.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted, on the motion of The Rev. Fr. O'Connell, seconded by Mr. Fleming:—That this board, in view of remarks generally made about her Gracious Majesty the Queen's subscription of £5, and only mentioning Kate Donnelly, while omitting all reference to the other two her loyal subjects and of the great number of labourers also affected by the sad disaster, feels that she cannot have received the authentic details also telegraphed for, and as they wish that she shall not be thus betrayed into a position, injurious to her dignity, they hereby request the Earl of Rosmead to furnish this board on February 10th with a copy of the details he sent her Majesty, and of any sent to her Ministers, and referred to by them in Mr. Gerald Balfour's answer to the Hon. James Berkeford in Parliament on January 28th, that this board may be in a position to supplement each up to the full truth.

The Askeaton Abbey, and Kilmallock Abbey, have been vested in the Board of Works. The necessary works of preservation have been carried out at Askeaton. Certain works are required at Kilmallock Abbey. Limerick city is to have a new Post-office.

A great Nationalist meeting has been held at Cahill, Anghamora, about six miles from Ballyhastin for the purpose chiefly of denouncing evictions and the grabbing of evicted holdings. Mr. Wm. O'Brien, who had been staying at Ballyhastin, was to address the meeting. A communication which was delivered to Mr. O'Brien by the Head Constable, Ballaghadereen, said that information has been sworn, and that the meeting, as announced, could not be permitted. Mr. O'Brien and the people insisted upon the assertion of the right of public meeting.

A successful meeting has been held in the Town Hall, Clonmel, to collect subscriptions for the Irish Parliamentary Fund. Among those present were: Rev. William Magner, G.C.; Messrs D. Sheehy, T.G.; John Magner, T.G.; Edward Phelan, T.C.; John Condon, J. J. Long, Editor Nationalist; W. J. Murphy and B. J. Long, Nationalist; Patrick Conboy, William Morrissey, M. Phelan, William Condon, John P. O'Toole, Pimery, Richard Corcoran, William O'Donnell, J. O'Brien, Jr. Sullivan, Jos. Butler, P. Galvin, J. Talbot.

On Feb. 1, the Nineteenth new church St. Mary of the Rosary, was the scene of an edifying and solemn ceremony. His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. MacDonnell solemnly blessed the magnificent new bell which has just been provided for the church.

ENGLAND. The Catholic Church in England. The Daily Mail says information comes from Rome that England will soon have a second Metropolitan See to relieve the fatigue and responsibility of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Cardinal Vaughan has fourteen suffragans, some of them several hundred miles distant. One of the dioceses in the North of England is to be raised to rank of an archdiocese.

The Martyred Sovereign. Saturday, Jan. 30th being the anniversary of the execution of King Charles I, the characteristic scenes in honour and memory of the "martyred-sovereign" were repeated at the statue at Charing Cross by ardent Jacobites and devotees of the Stuart cause. Several representatives of the Legation Club, the White Cockade Jacobite Club, and other societies devoted to the Stuart cause, most of them wearing white roses in their button holes, gathered about the statue, and waited for the wreaths to be placed on the statue of the martyr. The White Cockade Club and other organizations distributed lists of printed matter containing a list of "The Heirs of King Charles I."

SCOTLAND. Restoring St. Mungo's, Glasgow. For some considerable time past it has been felt that St. Mungo's Church, Townhead, Glasgow, was in great need of thorough overhauling, both internally and externally. For fourteen years the church was not painted or properly cleaned out, so that the parishioners felt that the time was now ripe for carrying out a much-needed scheme of redecoration and repair. For this purpose a public meeting of the congregation has been held in the church. Father Wilford said they were not for the purpose of taking steps for the decoration and embellishment of the church. They had only to look round them (he said) to see the necessity of such a proceeding. This church has been long ago but for the fact that other things, such as the building of the new presbytery and new schools, had taken up their attention, and so prevented them from getting their church redecorated. Mr. Brown moved a resolution to the effect that "the decoration of their church was a matter of the most urgent necessity, and should be gone on with at the very earliest opportunity."

Much of life's misery is due to indignation: for who can be happy with a pain in his stomach? As a corrective and strengthener of the alimentary organs, Ayer's Pills are invaluable, their use being always attended with marked benefit.

The Schwabenberg Organist

By F. F. Schaberg, of the Straits Settlements.

The post of organist in the little town of Schwabenberg, in Germany, was strictly hereditary, and descended from father to son with the greatest punctuality and routine. It used to be the saying in Schwabenberg that there would only two people in the Duchy who could reckon for certain on a patrimony of their son and heir—these were the organist and the Grand Duke, since the laws of succession and entail were as hard and fast in one case as in the other. The organist's son got the organ, and the Grand Duke's got the coronet, both of which things brought a competence in their train.

The post of organist in the town of Schwabenberg was worth about five thalers a year, and was consequently as highly esteemed as any post of the kind in Germany. These were the days when a great musician like John Sebastian Bach though the very well paid with 200 per annum, along with firewood and occasional gratuities, so that the organistship of Schwabenberg, which was worth quite £80, that is to say, nearly treble the aforesaid amount—was a lucrative post, coveted by many a poor player, throughout Germany, though coveted in vain, since, as we say, it was as hereditary and of as immutable a succession as the throne of the Grand Duke himself.

The hereditary organist of Schwabenberg was Rudolf Mannheim, who was now a very old man; and the law of succession, which had operated so potently during his lifetime and that of his ancestors for generations past, was likely to undergo a peculiar development in this case, inasmuch as he had no son to whom to bequeath his manual and pedals, but only a daughter—his only child, and reputed with reason the prettiest maiden in the duchy. The Duke's steward and the Duke himself, to whom the peculiar hereditary difficulty connected with Rudolf had been familiar for a long time past, had searched the archives of the Grand Duchy of Schwabenberg, to discover what precise course ought to be taken in so anomalous a dilemma, and they had discovered a precedent for its solution. "In 1514," so ran the old German record, "Christian Mannheim, the organist of the Grand Duke's chapel and of the town of Schwabenberg" (both duties he it noted lay included in the court organist's function), "being without heirs male to whom he could bequeath his organ-stool and instrument, the Grand Duke decided that Margaret Mannheim, his only daughter, was the proper person to inherit the organ, but she being a female, and a man being necessary for the post, her husband (who was Ludwig Mannheim, her cousin) should succeed in due course to the post of organist, and by this means His Grace, the Grand Duke, justly and impartially solved the great problem."

Relying on this precedent the present Grand Duke had intimated that same necessary condition to Rudolf Mannheim, but with the additional proviso, that as the old man's playing had been very bad of late, and he was determined not to put up with bad music if he could get better, the post of organist should be offered to public competition, and the successful competitor should marry Emily Mannheim.

"By this means," said the Grand Duke, who thought the solution of the difficulty an excellent one, "I shall keep the appointment in your family, Rudolf; I shall provide a home for yourself, and I shall secure an accomplished husband for your daughter. And how do you like this?" he added, turning round to Emily Mannheim.

Emily confessed with many blushes, that she was not averse to the proposal, for as a matter of fact the matter had been pretty well settled between her and Fritz von Osterode, who was one of the lords-in-waiting at the Grand Duke's court. It was mainly owing to Fritz's influence that the Grand Duke had come to this remarkable decision. For Fritz had heard that various Mannheimers in various parts of Germany had been applying for the coveted post, and urging their claims to relationship as the ground for their appointment, coupled with their exceeding willingness to marry Emily. In order, therefore, to disappoint them, he had persuaded his royal master to offer the post for public competition, in the hope, which was almost a complete assurance, that he should win the prize, gain the organ, and marry Emily, the greatest prize of all.

As a matter of fact the young man had very good chances. He was a most accomplished organist, and had for years past been a pupil of old Rudolf Mannheim, in point of playing being far superior to his master.

Emily was a quiet retiring girl, and had only one great friend in the place, a woman called Etelka Friedlander, to whom she opened her heart.

"I think," replied Etelka to Emily's oft-repeated question, "that Fritz is sure to come off victorious in the contest. Keep your mind easy, my dear. You know I am a good judge of music, and I can assure you that I never heard any playing like Fritz's either in Dresden or Prague, or Berlin or Vienna. There is one organist that I know of who plays better, and that is the great organist of Osnabruck, and I don't think it at all likely that he will appear on the scene. So keep your mind easy, and I will answer for it, Fritz will be yours."

Any other fate was too dreadful for Emily to contemplate. She became uncontrollably anxious as the day for the competition drew nearer, and Etelka having to go to visit her sick parents in a neighboring town, she was left to her own hopes and fears. The day of the contest at length arrived, and organists from all parts of the Fatherland assembled to compete for the coveted post of court organist of Schwabenberg. There were competitors of all kinds, from old gaitered organists with spectacles on nose and waistcoats liberally besprinkled with snuff, to the young swash-buckler virtuoso, with swords at their sides and powdered wigs, who looked more like courtiers, than poor players, and who the Schwabenberg maidens whispered as they saw them pass along the street were certainly fitted to be organists at court.

There was a sworn jury of musicians to decide on the merits of the competitors, and the Grand Duke himself, seated in his private box in the concert-chapel, which was more like an opera box, overlooking the altar, in order that he too might assist in the arbitration—in fact, the final decision rested with him.

One after another the competitors played—there were all sorts of styles, for each player was allowed to choose any piece he pleased for his performance, and on the merits of that he was judged. At last Fritz von Osterode stepped forward to the organ, and at once his superiority over the other players was manifest. The ease of his execution, the brilliancy of his combinations of stops, the dexterity of his pedalling—all combined to give him the supremacy, an easy supremacy among the crowd of performers.

The contest was well nigh over. Fritz had finished his selection. The judges were unanimous in their verdict in his favour, and the Grand Duke was just rising to pronounce him the successful aspirant when a confusion arose at the church door, and a loud voice was heard exclaiming, "I am not too late. The competition is not over till four, and there remain a few minutes. I claim the privilege and the leave of the Duke to enter the contest;" and without any more preamble the figure of a big man strode up the church and seated itself at the organ.

"He is within his rights," remarked the Duke, sitting down once more. "We must give him leave to play."

No sooner had he uttered these words than he turned pale with astonishment. Such a peal of brilliant volunturnous sound poured forth from the organ as surely had never issued from instrument before. It swept through the air and intoxicated the senses of all who heard it with rapture. But before the listeners could recover from the effect of the mighty impression thus made on them the performer changed his notes and broke into the most plaintive and passionate music. anon, he suddenly changed to the peal of a triumphal march, and torrents of glorious sound rolled from the organ, so that not only the people who sat in the church, but the very judges, and, last of all, the Grand Duke himself, stood up clapping their hands and crying that this man was the victor of the competition!

Alas for poor Emily! The mere thought of having such a person for her husband and losing her beloved Fritz was misery and torture to her. What was to be done?

This question was asked with equal pertinacity by Fritz himself, who saw all his hopes dashed to the ground. All the people were surrounding the victorious stranger, who now stood in the centre of the church, speaking and laughing with this one and then with that, while the Grand Duke, who had already pronounced him the conqueror, was descending from the ducal pew to congratulate him likewise. He had announced himself as Herr Schultz, from Breslau, and his name began to ring around in a manner most irritating to Fritz and most heart-breaking to Emily.

They soon joined one another in the cloisters of the chapel, which led outside the Duke's pleasure ground.

"My dear," said Fritz, "what is to be done? I have lost you—unless you give up your home and your father, which I would not ask you to do."

"The dear little house," sighed Emily, "where my dear father is so pleased to spend his declining years—the little annuity which falls in so regularly, and is so welcome to him—and, above all, the position, the honour of being Court organist, or at least of having it in his family, that he can walk about with sooked hat as one of the Duke's officials. To take away all this from him would be to kill him. And yet what a cost must I pay for it? I must marry that Schultz! Oh, I never can," she cried, clinging close to Fritz, and hiding her face in his bosom as he caressed her. "I cannot do it, and yet I must do it will kill my father."

"I know what I will do," cried Fritz suddenly. "I will challenge him to a duel!"

"Ah! you must not do that," exclaimed Emily. "You are not so expert with your rapier. He might kill you."

"I do not mean a duel of swords. I mean a duel of music," returned Fritz. "I will practise diligently for some time to come, until I can perform feats of execution that will eclipse those of this Herr Schultz, and then I will defy him to a contest, and beat him."

The idea struck them both as a good one. If it did not solve the difficulty, at any rate it had the advantage of putting off the evil day, and in the midst of their misery even this was something. When Herr Schultz received the challenge, which was delivered shortly after the above colloquy, he burst out spluttering and swearing. "Gott in Himmel," he cried, "this is locherlich. Here, have I been adjudged victorious, only to toss away my prize and enter the lists with this young upstart, whom I have already beaten? No! A thousand times, no!"

"But they will say, if you refuse him, Herr Schultz," suggested one of his numerous admirers (for all the musical talent in Schwabenberg was now clustering round the successful hero), "they will say that you are afraid of him. They will say that perhaps you gained your victory this time by accident, and that you shrink from offering yourself to the risk of being beaten by entering a new contest."

"If they say that then," roared Schultz, "I will meet him any day he chooses, within a reasonable time, for a public trial of skill. For I cannot wait here long; I must return to Breslau in order to put my affairs in order there, preparatory to returning here for good to settle and claim my pretty bride."

The day of the second contest arrived. The two rivals drew lots for precedence in playing, and the lot was in favour of Fritz. His performance was pronounced admirable, and his skill was noticed to have improved very much in the interim. But as soon as Herr Schultz played his magical fingers on the organ, once more the instrument awoke to miraculous tones such as had never been heard before, and once more the organist of Breslau was pronounced victorious.

"I can stay no more, I need stay no more," he said as he descended from his stool into the body of the church, "to waste my time in idle experiments such as these. I have fairly won my prize now twice over, and I intend to claim it. I leave for Breslau at once, and when I have settled my affairs there I shall return here and begin my new life as organist, and also my new domestic career as husband of Fraulein Emily Mannheim."

Emily revolted at the hideous leer with which he favoured her as he uttered these words, and her face became the picture of misery and despair.

"It is a pity," said some, "that the Grand Duke has made such a condition."

He never believed that any one else but Fritz von Osterode would win her, was the reply. "It was on that account that he proposed the plan. Be assured he will find some way out of the difficulty."

But the Duke did not condescend to have anything to do with it. He was appealed to by Fritz von Osterode. He was pathetically entreated by Emily, but all to no purpose. People thought—and they were right—that the Grand Duke admired Schultz's playing, and did not see why, for the sake of sparing a young girl's feelings, he should deliberately deprive himself of the best music he could ever have in his private chapel.

Such was the state of things in Schwabenberg, and the time drew nigh when Herr Schultz would return from Breslau to claim his bride and his post of organist. The misery of the lovers was extreme. "We have tried everything, my dear," said Emily to Fritz. "We have thought over every conceivable plan, and no light appears in the darkness. There is yet one person whom I would fain consult, and that is Etelka Friedlander. She told me she would always help me in any difficulty, and here is one which demands the utmost help which it is in her power to give. How I wish she were here! But as she is not, how I should like to go to Weimar to see her!"

There was no such thing as the penny post in those days. A letter meant two or three marks, and poor people seldom wrote letters. Etelka Friedlander had therefore never been informed of the result of the contest at Schwabenberg, and still under the idea that everything had gone well with her young friend. To her surprise, one day, as she was out in Weimar making purchases, she saw the carrier's cart come in from the country, and seated in it poor Emily and Fritz, looking as miserable as human beings can. They soon told her their tale, in which she seemed very much interested, and after listening awhile she replied:

"It is just possible that this man Schultz may be the very organist of Osnabruck of whom I told you. If so, it were idle and hopeless for Fritz ever to attempt to compete with him. From the very first he might have spared himself the trouble. But the man says he comes from Breslau. Well, he may be telling a falsehood; though, of course, he may be speaking the truth. I know not exactly what course to take; but I think it will be best for you, my dear, to let things go on."

"And be married to the monster?" shrieked Emily.

"That remains to be seen," replied Etelka Friedlander. "Let the banns be put up—the ceremony arranged—and let me be your bridesmaid. I will support you through the ceremony, and see if I can stop it."

Such profound confidence did Emily have in her old friend's wisdom and discernment, that she quite fell in with her suggestion, though Fritz looked very blank at the mere prospect of his beloved Emily being led to the altar by any man but himself.

"I am sure all will be well, said Emily, on the way home.

"How if it is not well? What shall I do?" objected her lover.

"Can you propose a better plan?" asked Emily.

"I cannot," he replied.

"Let us take then the only plan we have, and hope for the best. For beyond hope and confidence we seem to have little."

The wedding-day was duly fixed, which was to see the post of organist handed to Herr Schultz, of Breslau, and the pretty Emily Mannheim converted into Emily Schultz—a by no means euphonious change, as some of her friends remarked.

"The change in name is as bad as the change in life for her," said others, sympathetically. "Poor girl! I believe it will kill her."

The wedding was in the Grand Duke's private chapel. The bridegroom was there early, and, with a number of his admiring friends around him, played the wedding march while the bride and her party entered the church. Poor Emily was as pale as death. Fritz was one of the group attending her, but his condition seemed to be worse than that of the bride. The only one party who seemed to restrain her composure was the bridesmaid, who wore a long white veil like the bride herself, nearly concealing her features from view.

The clergyman advanced from the altar and began the service, which was broken by the convulsive sobs of Emily, and occasionally interrupted by the impatient mutterings of Fritz, who, standing behind with his hand on his sword hilt, seemed ready to rush on Schultz and impale him directly the fatal words came to be uttered which were to make him and his beloved Emily one.

The ceremony proceeded to that critical point, and the clergyman enquired of Schultz if he took Emily Mannheim to be his wedded wife. Schultz replied loudly in affirmative. The minister then turned to Emily, and asked her if she took Herr Joseph Schultz to be her wedded husband.

To the surprise of all a clear ringing response came, not from the bride herself, but from the bridesmaid, "I do," and throwing off her veil, Etelka confronted the bridegroom and the assembled company.

"Hear me," she cried as the tall man quailed and blanched before her. "Hear me, reverend minister, and all you who assembled here. I too was an organist's daughter; like Emily Mannheim, I too had to take as my husband the best player in a public competition. This man was the successful competitor. He was young then; so was I. I loved him and married him willingly, and he took my father's post and entered into my father's house. But after living with me awhile, his ambition tempted him to Osnabruck, where was a more important post with a similar condition attaching to it—that he should marry the organist's daughter. Knew that he was, he scrupled not to enter the contest, and to desert me. But I followed him to Osnabruck and denounced him, frustrating his bid and dishonourable mention. Since then he abandoned me entirely, and years have passed since I saw him. I saw him for the first time again to-day, and I beseech you, my Lord Duke, to put a stop to his part in the ceremony, and to allow Fritz von Osterode, who is an excellent organist, an honourable youth, and well beloved by Emily Mannheim, to take his place."

"Well said," cried the Grand Duke, "and so let it be! Minister, finish the ceremony between the young pair, and Fritz shall be my organist in future. With regard to Herr Schultz, what do you desire, Etelka Friedlander?"

"That he may be recognised as my husband once more, if he will leave his evil ways," replied Etelka; "but if not, that he shall depart to Breslau, where he came from, and leave me in peace as he found me."

But Etelka Friedlander, who was always one of the chief partisans in the household of Emily and Fritz, remained Etelka Friedlander and not Schultz, until her dying day.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parneloe's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Maine, Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parneloe's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

Wife (dejectedly)—"I'm a perfect fright!" Husband (consoling)—"No mortal is perfect, dearest."