

had not guzzled at dinner, sir, and swilled small beer you would have remained awake instead of spoiling a good wig, and staining your soul! Ay, and causing these little ones——”

“I never closed my eyes!” he declared, roundly.

“Rubbish!” she answered in a tone that would brook no denial. And then, “Give the wig to Jennie, sir!” she continued, peremptorily. “And put your handkerchief on your head. It is well that good Mr. Nesbit does not know what language has been used during his discourse; it would cut that excellent man to the heart. Do you hear, sir, give the wig to Jennie!” she screamed. “A handkerchief is good enough for profane swearers and filthy talkers! And too good! Too good, sir!”

He went reluctantly to obey, seeing nothing for it; but between his anger and Jennie’s clumsiness, the wig, in passing from one to the other, fell under the table. This caused Mrs. D——, who was at the end of her patience, to spring up in a rage, and down went a candle. Nor was this the worst; for the grease in its fall cast a trail of hot drops on her Sunday gown, and in a flash she was on the maid and had smacked her face till the room rang.

“Take that, and that, you clumsy baggage!” she cried in a fury, her face crimson. “And that! And the next time you offer to take a gentleman’s wig have better manners. This will cost you a year’s wages, my fine madam! and let me hear of your stepping over the doorstep until it is earned, and I will have you jailed and whipped. Do you hear? And you,” she continued, turning ferociously on her husband, “swearing on the Lord’s day like a drunken, raffling, God-forsaken Tantivy! You are not much better!”

It only remains in my memory now as a coarse outburst of vixenish temper, made prominent by after events. But what I felt at the moment I should in vain try to describe. At one time I was on the point of springing