

THE AVOWAL.

I love thee! oh, no words can say
One-half my love, howe'er I try,
And yet my heart must have its way
And seek expression in a cry.
I call to thee with wings forlorn,
I love thee! oh, I love thee, sweet,
Though met with anger and with scorn,
Still would my lips my love repeat.

I love thee! oh, would thou couldst know
The hunger of my lonely heart,
And the throes I hide my way,
And mask with smiles the secret smart.
I love thee! oh, I love thee, all
My hopes and dreams around thee range,
Though storm and wreck and wreck befall,
My deathless passion ne'er can change.

I love thee! lo, all pomp and power
Beside thy love would sink from sight,
And even glory's crimson flower
Would pale before that pearl of light,
O matchless pearl! if it were mine,
So happy all my days would be,
My heart would throbb with bliss divine,
And angel eyes would envy me.
—Samuel Minturn Poock

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

As Paul Morton entered, the dying man turned his glazing eyes toward him, and then toward the boy at his side, as if again to command him to his care. Paul understood, and with pale face he nodded as if to assure the dying man that he undertook the trust. Then a more cheerful look came over the face of Ralph. He looked with a glance of tender love at his son, then his head sank back, his eyes closed, and the breath left his body.

The deed was consummated! Ralph Raymond was dead!

"Poor gentleman! So he's dead!" said the nurse with a professional sigh, "and no doubt he's better off." No answer was made to this remark. Neither Paul Morton nor Robert seemed inclined to speak. The former was brought face to face with the consequence of his crime. The latter was filled with the first desolation of grief. Three days later the funeral took place. Paul Morton took care that everything should be in strict accordance with the wealth and position of the deceased. He strove to satisfy his troublesome conscience by paying the utmost respect to the man for whose death he had conspired.

Owing to the long absence of Ralph Raymond from the country there were not very many who remembered him, but Paul Morton invited his own friends and acquaintances liberally, and the invitation was accepted by a large number as there are always those who have some morbid feelings and appear to enjoy appearing at a funeral. The rooms were draped in black. The door bell was muffled in crape, and the presence of death in the house was ostentatiously made known to all who passed. Among these there was James Cromwell, who for some reason, nearly every evening, after his hours of labor were over, came up to take a look at the houses in Twenty-ninth street, which appeared to have a great attraction for him. When he saw the crape he managed to learn through a servant the precise hour of the funeral, and applied to his employer for leave of absence on that day.

"It will be inconvenient," said his employer.

"I must go," said the clerk, "I wish to attend a funeral."

Supposing that it must be the funeral of a relation, or at least, a friend, the employer made no further objection. As the time of the service approached, James Cromwell attired himself in his best, and made his way to the house. His entrance was unnoticed among the rest, for there was a large number present. He got into an out-of-the-way corner, and listened attentively to the solemn service for the dead, as performed by one of the most eminent clergymen in the city. Among the rest his eye rested on Paul Morton, who sat with his face buried in his handkerchief. At length Paul looked from behind the handkerchief, and his eye roved over the company. Suddenly he turned livid. His eye met that of a thin young man, with light hair, in an out-of-the-way corner, and he remembered at once under what circumstances they had met before.

CHAPTER VII.

Paul Morton Has a Visitor.

Paul Morton's consternation can hardly be described, when, in the number who had come to witness the funeral ceremonies of Ralph Raymond, he recognized the shopman in the obscure druggist's shop where he had purchased the poison. The sweat stood out upon his brow, and he eagerly questioned himself—how much did this man know, or what did he suspect, or was his presence purely accidental?

But he could hardly believe that a man in such a position would attend the funeral, unless he had some object in view. How had he found out his name and residence? Was it possible that he had been tracked? He looked furtively at the young man, now grown an object of strange and dread interest to him. He noted his insignificant features, and the general meanness of his appearance, and he began to pluck up courage.

"Suppose he does suspect anything," he thought; "will his testimony be believed against mine? A miserable druggist's clerk, probably on a starvation salary. At the worst I can buy him off for a small sum."

Reassured by these thoughts, he recovered his boldness, and in looking about him, did not hesitate to meet the gaze of James Cromwell, without suffering a trace of the first agitation to be seen. But that first agitation had been observed at the time by the druggist's clerk, and he had drawn his own conclusions from it.

"He has used the poison," he said to himself, "and it is for that reason that my presence alarms him," he said.

The company who were assembled, left the house, and with them James Cromwell. He went back to his room, not feeling that it was of importance to remain longer. He had shown himself at the funeral, he had been recognized, and thus he had paved the way for the interview which he meant to have, and that very shortly. Two evenings later, he approached the house in Twenty-ninth street, and ascending the steps, boldly rang the bell. The servant who answered the summons, looked at him inquiringly, supposing from his appearance that he had merely come to bring some message.

"Is Mr. Morton at home?"

"Yes, he is at home."

"I would like to see him."

"He doesn't see visitors, on account of a death in the family. I will carry your message."

"I must see him," insisted the clerk, boldly.

"I don't think he will see you."

"I do. So go and tell him I am here."

"What name shall I carry to him?"

"The name is of no consequence. You can tell him that the young man whom he noticed at the funeral is here, and wishes to see him on very important business."

"That's a queer message," thought the servant, but concluded that it was some one who had something to do with furnishing something for the funeral, and was anxious to get his pay.

Mr. Morton was sitting in his library, or a room furnished with books, which went by that name, when the servant entered.

"There is somebody to see you, sir," she said.

"Who is it?"

"I don't know his name."

"Is it a gentleman?"

"No, sir."

"Did you tell him I was not receiving visitors now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well?"

"He said he wanted to see you on very important business."

"Why didn't he give his name?"

"He said that I was to tell you it was the young man you noticed at the funeral," said the servant.

Mr. Morton turned pale, but at once recovered himself.

"I am not sure that I know who it is," he said, "but I can easily ascertain. You may bring him up."

"You are to come up," said the girl, reappearing.

James Cromwell smiled in conscious triumph.

"I thought so," he said to himself.

"Well, now for my game. It will be a difficult one, but I will do my best."

Left alone, Paul Morton began to consider how he should treat the new-comer. He resolved to affect no recognition at first and afterwards indifference. He thought he might be able to overawe the young man, from his own superiority in social position, and so prevent his carrying out the purposes he proposed. Accordingly, when James Cromwell entered the room he arched his brows a little, and looked inquiringly at him.

"Have you business with me?" he said, abruptly. "Did not my servant inform you that, on account of a recent death, I am not receiving callers at present?"

"I thought you would see me," said the young man, with a mixture of familiarity and boldness.

"If you have no business with me, I am at a loss to know why you have intruded yourself upon me at such a time. Perhaps, however, you were unaware of my recent affliction."

"I am quite aware of it, Mr. Morton. In fact, I was present at the funeral, if you refer to the death of Mr. Raymond, and unless I am greatly mistaken, you yourself observed me there."

"You were present at the funeral! What brought you here?"

"That seems rather an inhospitable question. For some reasons of my own, I felt an interest in what was going on in this house, and made it my business to become acquainted with all that passed. When I heard of Mr. Raymond's death, I resolved at once to attend the funeral."

"I suppose you must have known Mr. Raymond, then," said Paul Morton, with something of a sneer.

"No, I had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the gentleman," said James Cromwell, who, far from being overawed by the evident haughty tone of the other, preserved his composure with admirable success.

"Was Mr. Raymond rich?" he asked nonchalantly.

"You impertinent scoundrel! begone instantly, or I will summon my servants and have you kicked down my front steps!"

"That might not be altogether prudent, Mr. Morton," said James Cromwell.

"Might not be prudent! What do you mean by your cursed impudence?" demanded the merchant, glaring furiously at the druggist's clerk.

"What do I mean?" repeated James Cromwell. "Do you wish me to answer your question?"

"I demand that you answer my question, and that immediately," said the merchant, hardly knowing what he did, so carried away was he by his unreasonable anger.

"Very well, I will do so," said the clerk, quietly; "but, as it may take a brief time, will you not be kind enough to resume your seat?"

CHAPTER VIII.

James Cromwell's Triumph.

The coolness displayed by James Cromwell had its effect upon the merchant. Mechanically he obeyed, and resumed his seat.

"Say what you have to say, and be done with it," he muttered.

"It may be necessary for me to re-appear to you that I am employed in a

druggist's shop on the Bowery."

"I hope you like your situation," said Paul Morton with a sneer.

"No, I don't like it, and that is the reason why I have come to you, hoping that you will help me to something better."

This was said with quiet self-possession, and Paul Morton began to realize with uneasiness that this young man, whom he had looked upon with contempt, was not so easily to be overawed or managed as he had expected.

"This is a cool request, considering that you are a comparative stranger to me."

"Then," said James Cromwell, leaning slightly forward, and looking intently at Mr. Morton, "may I ask to what use you have put the subtle poison which you purchased of me ten days since?"

The color rushed to Paul Morton's face at this direct interrogation.

"The poison?" he repeated.

"Yes, you certainly have not forgotten the purchase."

"I think you must be mistaken in the person."

"Pardon me, I am not."

"Suppose that I did buy poison, how should you identify me with the purchaser, and how came you to know where I lived?"

"I sent a boy to follow you home," said Cromwell.

"You dared to do that?"

"Why not? We have no curiosity about our ordinary customers, but when a person makes such a purchase as you did, we feel inclined to learn all we can about him."

"A praiseworthy precaution! Well, I admit that I did buy the poison. What then?"

"I asked to what purpose you had put it?"

"Very well, I have no objection to tell you, although I deny your right to intrude in my private affairs, which I regard as a piece of gross impertinence. I bought it, as I think I stated to you at the time, at the request and for the use of a friend."

"Would you tell me the friend's name?" asked the clerk imperturbably.

"He lives in Thirty-seventh street."

"What is his name?"

"None of your business," exclaimed the merchant passionately.

"I beg your pardon, but I was blamed by my employer for not taking down the name of the purchaser, and I told him in return that I would gather full particulars."

"You may tell him it is all right. He must have heard of me and of my firm, and that will satisfy him."

"But the name of this gentleman in Thirty-seventh street—"

"Is not necessary to the purpose."

"Has there been a death in his family within ten days?" asked the clerk in quiet tones, but there was a significance in them that sent a thrill through the frame of the listener.

"What makes you ask that?" he stammered.

"I will tell you," said James Cromwell boldly, throwing off his reserve.

"It is as well to be frank, and there is no use in mincing matters. I do not believe this story of the man in Thirty-seventh street. I think you bought the article for your own use. Since the purchase there has been a death in your house."

"Your inference is ridiculous," said the merchant nervously. "My intimate and dear friend, Mr. Raymond, was sick of an incurable disease as the physician will testify, and it could have terminated in no other way."

"I am quite willing to believe you are right," said the clerk. Still, under the circumstances, you will not object to an investigation. I feel it my duty to inform a coroner of the facts in the case, and if on examination no traces of the action of poison can be found in the deceased, of course you are entirely exonerated from suspicion."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Counter Irritation.

One of the popular English authors of the day was wholly incapacitated from work by a lady who lived next door and strummed through Handel's "Messiah." His idea of the inviolability of an Englishman's house did not allow him to send in any message, and he was at his wits' end until he saw in a daily paper that steam-whistles could be bought to fit on kettle-spouts. He provided himself with one, and put the kettle on the fire in the room nearest the singer. As soon as the whistle began he went out. Of course the bottom came off the kettle, but it cost little to solder it on again, and after two or three solderings the lady took the hint—Argonaut.

Brotherly Love.

Tommy Hardnut—Will my brother go to heaven, too?

Sunday School Teacher—Yes; if he is good.

Tommy—Well, if I'm there I'll bet you he'll go out quicker than he came in there.

Teacher—I wouldn't let that worry me, Thomas. You will probably be somewhere else.—Texas Siftings

The Central American Ape.

On an island off the Mosquito coast, Nicaragua, Central America, there is a species of ape very closely resembling the African gorilla, both in size and in its sunny disposition. How it came there is only a matter of conjecture—the fact it departs unduly from the characteristics of the American monkey tribe.

The Silk Industry in Crete.

Measures are being taken by the authorities of Crete to revive the silk industry of the island, which was once flourishing, but which has been dwindling for some years owing to the use of bad seed. A good supply is to be furnished free.

"NARROW ESCAPES,"

THE SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Text Being Taken from Job 19: xx. "I Am Escaped with the Skin of My Teeth"—Don't Confound Christianity.

BROOKLYN, July 29.—Rev. Dr. Talmage has selected as the subject for his sermon for to-day, through the press: "Narrow Escapes," the text being taken from Job 19: xx, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

Job had it hard. What with boils, and bereavements, and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Drs. Good, and Poole, and Barnes have all tried their forepaws on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation, and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid, and Horace, and Solomon, and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but, as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance; you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the life-boats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but after all get off—"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out; and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls, and are saved "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the Cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandson joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say, "That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth, this person whom I describe was always good. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7, he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things, nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse he dare not ride—no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckless; his middle life wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking!" You say, "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian!"

In other words, we all admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the Gospel than for others. I may be addressing some who have got loose from churches, and Bibles, and Sundays, and who have at present no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on; and yet you may find yourself escaping before you hear the end, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch, and drop their nets, and after a while come ashore, pulling in the nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish; the wind is in the right direction; the Gospel net is strong. O, thou, who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us to-day how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

Listen to two or three questions. Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the

faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death? I received a letter, sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future, and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willing to go out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality, and look upon the death-bed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?" Ah! scepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean men and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Apicium island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we drew a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

To-day I invite you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshipped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

Again: There may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against; and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know of a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I can not swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church; but if you will go downstairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosions of temper. Now there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle these hot-breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world that we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting red hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation, and not a petulance that blurs, and unravels, and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in middle life who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong, and start anew, God will help you. Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for a while and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon they will give it, and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time he is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

If, with all the influences favorable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder it is when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue, and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances, he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend, and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier

stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as with the skin of his teeth.

The ship Emma, bound from Gotteburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck, and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was wellnigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth."

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him, and see if he will not help. Try him, and see if he will not pardon. Try him, and see if he will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of his heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust into the cool mountain torrent, the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without cracking a stick under his foot, he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks; but the panting heart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded, and shall never die.

This world is a poor portion for your soul, oh business man! An eastern king had graven upon his tomb two fingers, representing as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that." Apicium Caelius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world; but when he was dying a woman came rushing through the crowd crying to him: "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every nation in France!" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its Anathema Maramatha.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make one strong pull for heaven. No halfway work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on ship-board when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lip and shouts, "Cut away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have, in your effort to keep the world, well nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter, let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens! You will have to drop the sails of your pride, and cut away the mast! With one earnest cry for help, put your cause into the hand of him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathful tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imploration for mercy. I shall conclude, feeling that some of you, who have considered your case hopeless, will take heart again, and that with a blood-red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the Gospel—at last to look back, saying, "What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

Too Much Wagner.

The holders of season tickets at the Milan opera house raised a tremendous row because there was so much Wagner. At the twentieth performance of "Walkyrie" they prevented the orchestra from playing, drove the musical director from the hall, threatened to break up the stage and organized a resistance amid the most terrible hubbub. They drove the police from the theater. At last the place was closed.

no on Her.

Stout Wife—Did you read that awful story about the Verigoods? I wouldn't have believed anything of the kind possible in that family.

Thin Husband—I'm not surprised at all. You know there is a skeleton somewhere in every family.—Texas Siftings

Butter Will Do.

"So you are determined on a journey to the north pole?"

"I am."

"Going out with the next expedition?"

"No; I shall go out with the party that is to rescue the next expedition."

Great Foresight.

Mrs. Easy—So you want to enter my service? Have you any steady caller?

Servant—Yes—yes, mum.

Mrs. Easy—Is he handsome?

Servant—Yes, mum.

Mrs. Easy—Then I'll take you.