

Depict the utter wretchedness of that night I spent locked up in my cell. Before post-but subject to police inspection, and I, too, was subjected to a search. I wrote a humble, imploring letter to my wife. Goodness knows what amount of dirt I ate in that cell. Next morning, about 12 o'clock, I was brought up before the magistrates. Everything that you already know was brought up against me; and moreover, it was sworn that Jabez Gough, dressed as I was, had left Sandstone Station dressed in the very clothes I had on, and had a knife and ticket such as were found on me. My telegram and its answer were brought forward as condemning evidence. It was stated the reply was supposed to be from an accomplice, and in cipher; and a reward was asked for. I was remanded. One or two of the magistrates seemed slightly to hesitate; but, really, my slinky dress, my worn and harassed appearance, and circumstances in general, all conspired against me, that I was not surprised at what had happened. Before the court was up, I again put in the dock before the bench. To my great surprise, I saw about to come into the witness box, my wife, the clergyman of my parish, and two Somersetshire magistrates, one of whom, as afterwards appeared, was known to some members of the North Wiltshire bench at G. Gough. It was proved to the semi-omniscient eyes of all-searching unpaid justice that I was what I am, and not the notorious forger, Jabez Gough, who had so many other aliases that I dare not attempt to pick out his real name.

The meeting with my wife and friends, the respectful but not at all servile apology of the policeman, my late guardians, the dinner with some of the magistrates who had sat in judgment on me, the journey home next day, the incessant chatter which I everywhere encountered, and the curtain lectures from my wife, I pass over to the imagination of my readers; though to me they were stern realities. All I can say is, that if there are many wives who possess the twenty-audience power, I beg pardon, twenty-audience power, that Mrs. Brownsmith is gifted with, I am surprised that there are not more suicides per annum than the Register-General would have us believe.

Of course, I had to take Mrs. B. to the seaside. She put on the inexpressibles there, and has worn them ever since—to the great misfortune of her bespectacled husband. I hear her gentle voice calling me to roll the grass-plot. It's hard work, but—

"Coming, my dear. C-o-m-ing!"

HOW I LOST MY WIFE AND BART.

"Crutch & Arms" in Chicago did a lively business as wholesale grocers. I was clerk in their store. My name is Doray—Timothy Doray; my wife's name, Letty, for short, and my baby—a mighty fine boy, by the way—is nicknamed "Doddler." The fact is, that it is not necessary to specify have forced me to work at a salary of \$75 per month to support this family, whom I hold dearer than all else on earth. At the time of my loss, or rather in the latter part of April, I with other clerks labored night and day, the season of trade being unusually active, to which were added our preparations for removing on the 1st of May to the new store of the firm. Business kept me jumping all the time. I swallowed my breakfast at a few mouthfuls, in order to be in time at the store. I lived so far away—over two miles—that I could not go to dinner. Sometimes I went without my supper, reaching home at 11 o'clock at night. Consequently I saw Doddler to speak to him on Sundays, and my wife perhaps an hour or two a day. No wonder she was lonesome and given to imaginings of the worst kind as to my condition of body, fancying me dead or mutilated, the victim of some dire casualty, whenever I failed to come at my usual time. All in all, it was a dog's life, but what can a fellow do when he's as poor as an ecclesiastical mouse?

One night Letty said abruptly, as I entered, "Seen Dr. Green to-day, Tim?" The Doctor is our landlord, an excellent man in collecting his rent, but kindly and without the abatement of a penny. "No!" was my answer. "It's not the first of the month."

"But he's been here. Our rent is to be raised \$10 a month from the 1st of May," and she drew her handkerchief to her face under the effect of the announcement. Then, as my lips were silent, she broke with:

"We'll stay of course. We'll live and work for him, instead of ourselves and baby."

"I can't get away from the store to hunt up a house."

"Leave it to me. I'll get one nearer the store, cheaper rent and a newer building. It can be done. I'll do it if you will let me."

"All right. I prophesy tears for your trouble," in a warning way. "You don't realize what I have to endure, with no one but Doddler to amuse me."

"Be more sociable with your neighbors," I suggested.

"My neighbors?" scornfully. "That's just like a man. Do you know who are our neighbors? Of course not! A prosperous, wholesale washerwoman one side, and a little old man, a Jew, and his humiliated wife on the other; in front a parade-ground for the gentry. Visitors, none—save that insurance solicitor, who seems to come only when you can spend an evening at home and so spoils my happiness by his presence. I believe he watches for you. And his wife—a what a dowdy!—Dirty ribbons, and fingers, and nails, and a face painted so much that it cracks when she laughs. I shall tell her to stay."

"Do as you like, wife; but the time is short. I wish I could go."

"Hush! not a word, I'll be glad to do it, you good old man, skipping about like a little girl. I'll begin in the morning."

The next evening I was lucky enough to reach home about 9 o'clock, and to get a hug and a kiss from Doddler, napping in his mother's arms. He had been enjoying life with the widow Martin's little girl, next door, so his disaffection kept him awake longer than usual.

"I have seen one cottage that I think will please you," began my wife. "It's about a mile from your store, and we have been living two miles away, you know."

"Where—cars or 'bus to it?"

"That's the trouble. There are neither of these at present. You must walk."

"Can't do it."

"It will do you good. Walking is a healthy exercise. Lives of great men all remind us that they were pedestrians," she urged.

"Can't help it. I'm not a great man. Besides, I've corns and—"

"Out 'em! speaking with quick decision. 'What are corns compared with health and happiness? Nothing—absolute trifles.'"

"And the shade trees and yard and neighborhood?" were my next interjections.

To be continued.

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