my pipe. I turned up the light, and soon was in possession of my dressing-gown, slippers, and chair. I took old "Lethe" in my left hand, and loaded him up to the rim with fragrant Latakia, from whence I transferred him to my mouth, struck a lucifer, and ignited. My feet found a comfortable position on the hob, and my head rested at ease, so that a turn would bring all the compartment to view; in fact, I was just so situated as to best allow the narcotic to assert its peaceful influence over both body and mind.

The smoke arose in graceful circles above my head, white and airy as a cumulous cloud on a summer's afternoon.

The warmth of the fire produced an exquisite feeling of dolce far niente,—that half waking, half sleeping sensation into which care and trouble can no more enter than can sickness or disease the islands of the blessed.

The bitter edges of the day gradually began to break off and fall away, and in place of the misanthropical being who entered the room, at war with himself and all mankind, there sat the very picture of benevolence. I could not see this, being turned a trifle from the glass, but I felt it, and knew that Pickwick himself, even when brandy and water had done its most perfect work, was not more bland in appearance or gracious in manner than the gentleman who reposed in my easy-chair. "After all," I thought, "things are not so bad. They might be worse. Dolly was a charming creature, and her dress fitted her to a T. Yes, give her her due, she was pretty. And the fellow did not—no, I won't say that; he may not have been such a bad fellow, after all. Perhaps his fingers were cold, and he did not want to chill her hand. Anyway give him the doubt.

"Yes, there are my shoes shoved in under the table, and my coat has slipped off the chair on to the floor; my overcoat doesn't look quite the thing on the ottoman. I wonder if Dolly would pitch in to me if, instead of Dolly T., she happened to be Dolly G.? It would be con-foundedly unpleasant to have to get up and hang all these distributed pieces in their respective places. Confoundedly bad! I wouldn't do it, hanged if I would! But there was Jack Handy—poor old Jack! By George! he did get it. But Sally was a mighty pretty bit of red and white as ever I saw. I felt a little queer in that direction myself, once upon a time. Fate was kind to me, though. I never got further than a squeeze. How she did rake Jack down about bringing mud into the house, poor old chap! I heard him try to beg off, but 'twas no go; he had to go and sweep it all up with the dustpan and brush, under fire all the time. Well, if Dolly was Sally I'd—rather let myself in with my latchkey; and that's a fact.

"But they are not all Sallies," I soliliquized, putting on another shovelful of coal.

"There was Grace,—as pretty a brunette as the sun ever shone on. She always appears to me to be in a continual state of dancing. A sort of 'airy, fairy, Lillian' type. She fell to the lot of old Treasury; and a treasurer she got. How she did make the ducats fly! And what an outrageous flirt she was,—right in the old fellow's eyes, too. I never could have put up with the half old Bankbook had to. How villainous to make the old man stay at home while she went off to see the Mikado. I felt a bit of pity for the old fellow, although I formed one of the set. Think of my staying at home and allowing some young fellow to tuck Mrs. G.'s arm under his own for an evening with "Jim the Pen-man," and a little supper afterward. I'd—! At least he'd think so before I got through with him. Mrs. G. could not spend my notes on Youngblood, or make me fetch and carry, if I know myself. You see I'm not built that way.

"I—! Well, Delany was a pretty good-sized fellow. I don't think I would be in his light at a circus. He had a will of his own, too. I know that. And yet that little yellow-haired blonde, that just reaches up to his elbow,