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"How often do the cars run1"
"Oh, there's no hurry," said I impul-sirely, through a spirit of hospitality.
"That sin't no answer. How often do

"That sin't no answer. How often do they run?"
"Oh, every half hour. Must you be going?"
"Not till I've seen the house. Have you stationary tuba?"
How domestie my visitors were. I am one of those men who know very little about the economy of the household, and I could not say off-hand whether our tubs were stationary or portable.
Just then Mrs Trombeau, who had been having tea, came up, and looking around the room with one of those comprehensive glances that artists give, said, "I

the room with one of those comprehensive glances that artists give, said, "I theenk it is pairfectly charming. But I am so sorry your wife is ill. How she must lofe it here. What sunsets on an meadows wiz zat little river twisting about in ze long grass—ze marshes, is it not? As your Sakespe-air says, "Geelding pale streams wis 'eavenly alchemy.' Eet is lofely, pairfectly lofely out here. No wonder Felessia was dying to leave out of town."

Just then there was a creak of arcely.

out of town."

Just then there was a crash of crockery and at the risk of being rude I left
Mrs Trombeau and went into the diningroom where I faund that two of the
guests had made a grab for cake and had
upset the dish. Of course, it was an accident, and they were sincerely sorry, but
I wondered at their engerness. It did
not seem well bred. I was sure that Mrs
Sturtevant would not have done such a
thing.

not seem well bred. I was sure that Mrs Sturtevant would not have done such a thing.

It struck me that although my fellow elerks are not "afternoon-tea men" they would have comported themselves with more regard for the little conventionalities of life than my wife's guests—some of them—were showing.

It seemed to me that most of them were over-dreased and nearly all of them spoke with that most dreadful of all accents—the New York whine. But I have learned not to be led too far by appearances. I think it was Tennyson or one of the English poets who said that "kind hearts were more than coronets." None of my guests had coronets, to be sure, but they must have had some pleasant qualities, that had appealed to my gentle wife.

I could see that Mrs Sturtevant was concealing her surprise at the table

I could see that Mrs Sturtevant was Tould see that MIS Startevan; was concealing her surprise at the table manners of several, but when an embon-pointish person picked up come of the little delicacles that had been dropped, and put them in her muff, "for Denny," Mrs Sturtevant concessed her mirth as collected and put the mirth as collected the convenient.

Mrs Sturtevant concessed her muth as well as her surprise. I did not remember Denny, but I am fond of children, and I was quite cure that he was a dear, little boy with a touth for sweets, and told his mother so, at which she said rather irrelevantly, I thought, "How many tons of coal do you burn a month, and is there a laundry in burn a month, and is there a laundry in the cellar?"

the cellar?"

They seemed leading questions, but a true host aever refuses information concerning his domestic resources, so to the best of my ability I answered her questions and several others asked me by one or two standing near who seemed to regard a house in the suburbs as a hitterte unknown proposition.

Mrs Boggeltorfer had joined Mrs Embonpoint at what seemed to them a free-bruch counter, and they put down edibles and tea in a hurried way that suggested Wall-street at noon. Their wants amply supplied, they went out to the kitchen with determined steps that showed they felt at home somewhere, but they came back in a moment.

back in a moment.

"Ain't it small for so large a house?
An' hot!" said Mrs Boggeltorfer.

Ad hot?" said Mrs Boggeltorfer.

Now the heat of the kitchen is a sore point with me because I've thought it wrong to make a girl work in such an oven, while Mrs Dolten thinks that girls—or 'mails' as she calls them—are not as sensitive as Life Insurance men, which is plainly absurd because all offices are overheated, and yet I gusp in our kitchen. So I am afraid I showed some heat in my reply.

without appearing to notice it one of them said, "How many bedrooms are there?" and started to go upstairs. I could hear Mrs Trombeau saying to Mrs Sturtevant, "What strange people! Where did zey pick zem up?"

Mrs Beggeltoffer and the stout one were followed by half a dozen others, but just as they got to the first landing the unexpected happened. A door opened on the floor above, and a moment later Felicia, clad in a tea gown and looking fragile but lovely, and at the same time exeed, came to the turn in the stairs and surveyed the motley collection of geople in the wide drawingroom. "Ladies," she said, stopping the progress of the ourious ones, "You have made a mistake. The red bungalow

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