

are two tentacles warranted to grip to the bone ; here is the subtle rudiment of a tail with a telling Latin tag for a finish. Sharp, starchy, superior ; smelling of the ' Saturday Review '—I can thoroughly recommend it for a morning exercise—as good as dumb-bells, and, ahem ! more lucrative.

" Here's a lovely thing in fancy-work—an impressionist sketch—two men, a woman, and a girl. Men in love with the girl ; woman in love with the ugliest man ; girl in love with the man in the moon. Double-jointed, moves backward quicker than it moves forward ; an absolute triumph of modern mechanism and neurosis.

" Here's a Christmas story, to be done the same way you draw a pig with your eyes shut at a birthday party ;—two ears, an eye, four legs, and a curly tail—must have a curly tail. Mild and moral ; full of milk and mistletoe ; a charming evening pastime.

" Here is matter worthier of your power—a Greek poem about Andromeda, all outlined, wanting little but breath and colour. Ah ! just a touch here, I beg ; can't you see the magnificent curve that should swathe that forearm, the dainty mobile turn of the lip that should give piquancy to the face ? Can't you see the mermaid harmonies of richest colour that should envelope the stately form ?—blue of the heavens, snow of Olympus, blood of the Dawn ?—no less for my Andromeda !

" Here's a noble piece of work—a novel, articulated to the very last chapter, proportioned like a Colossus, and yet as gray and dead as Queen Anne for want of you. Now, madam, this is a unique line in skeletons ; don't break the lot ; take them all."

Then Musa coquets with me and my osseous gallery. She daintily fingers the poem and whispers that only the everlasting roll of the surf can bring back the creeping horror of the crag into the sea-blue eyes of

Andromeda. I take the hint and transport myself and note-book to the loneliest bit of beach within travelling range. I spread out my overcoat, regretting the unaccountable oversight of Nature, who, in designing poets and rocks, and foreknowing their eternal affinity and frequent propinquity, might surely have cushioned the latter. And now to watch the sea-blue eyes of Andromeda quicken and reflect the phosphor moons dashing into shining fragments at her chained feet ! But no ! they stay as dead as china. Musa has all at once taken a theological fit. She throws away the sea-anemone in her hand, like a fair Florentine casting her jewels at the feet of Savonarola, and begins to pour out a fierce counterblast to Dr. Drykirk's ultimatum on the Exodus. I read that ultimatum this morning, and had no more thought of answering it than of turning steeplejack. But now Musa is throwing about fearsome German substantives like an angry Titan hurling rocks. She contrives to drag in Delitzsch, Haeckel, Fichte, and dozens more, with Sayce and the Telel Amarua tablets bringing up the rear. Like a war-horse, I scent battle far off, and catch Musa's humour as tinder takes a spark. One sigh for the sea-anemones and the mystic gleam of the phosphor moons, and I turn to do her will. By the morrow's morn, Dr. Drykirk is hammered finer than gold-beater's skin.

Again I plead poor Andromeda's cause. Musa promises readily, but whether in good faith at the time, I know not, for just then I fall a defenceless prey to a bore of the first water, and every idea is scattered to the winds. Now this affliction usually so commends me to the pity of my wayward Lady of Sight that on my release, weak and wrathful, she comforts me with a whole Aurora Borealis to myself. This tenderness of Musa's reconciles me to fate when I see a bore bearing down on me with slow murder in his eye ; it has even taught me to