

6. About not affording it—why can't I afford it?
Because I haven't got enough money.
How much money have I got?
One hundred and forty pounds a year.
Am I rather in debt besides?
Yes.
How much?
Never mind.
Well, setting that aside for a moment, isn't it possible to marry on £140 a year?
There are plenty of people who have done it.
What sort of people?
Oh, labourers, and curates, and actors, and people like that.
Then why can't I do it?
Why not!
(1 mark for).
7. Of course I couldn't really marry on £140 a year.
Of course not.
Her people wouldn't let me.
Rather not.
(1 mark against).
8. The husband doesn't always bring all the money into a marriage.
Oh no, the wife is sometimes an heiress.
Then if I were to marry an heiress it would be all right?
Yes.
(1 mark for).
9. Have I got any one in particular in my mind's eye to get married to?
Yes.
Who?
That has nothing to do with the point.
Is she an heiress?
No.
How much money has she got?
None at all.
Then it not much use thinking about that, is it?
Not a bit.
(1 mark against).
10. Then it really seems as if I can't get married at all?
That is so.
(1 mark against).

The marks for the different sides of the argument were added up and set down at the bottom of the paper. The result was 3 marks in favour of marriage and 7 against.

The paper bore the date of February 4th. On February 5th Markham proposed to old Mr. Weston's youngest daughter, and was accepted—by her, that is to say. Old Mr. Weston is out of town, and has not yet had an opportunity of expressing himself on the situation.

A. H. M.

.....

BALLADE OF THE MUTABILITY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

WILD briar's a blossom that fades,
(Like litmus with strong alkalies);
And the love of terrestrial maids
Is tender—too tender—to prize,
In a minute it droops and it dies,
And happiness spills at the brink;
Love opens the window and flies—
But Smith's is a permanent Ink.

Prosperity favoureth trades:
An hour, and then troubles arise,
The workers drop axes and spades,
And Brandenburg labour supplies
The goods. It is very unwise
Your money in labour to sink.
It will vanish, the blue in the skies!
But Smith's is a permanent Ink.

And even the woe that invades
Will pass, I make bold to surmise,
Like a man who for salmon-trout wades
Till the water comes over his thighs.
He's wet, but he speedily dries
More quickly than most of us think:
His gaff he repeatedly plies—
But Smith's is a permanent Ink.

Envoi.

Prince, we sell it in various shades,
In azure and purple and pink:
Things change by perceptible grades.
But Smith's is a permanent Ink.

A. C.