LIFFITH LANK; OR, LUNACY.

A PARODY ON "GRIFFITH GAUNT: OR, JEALOUSY,"

The publication of Charles Reade's "Griffith Gaunt" in the Atlantic, and the attacks to which it was subjected on both sides of the water, have secured for it a notoriety second to none of the recent publications of fiction. The following is a skeleton of the plot. Kate Peyton, a country belle, is courted by Sir George Neville and Griffith Gaunt. She is a fervid Romanist, and has a penchant for a convent. Because, however, she inherits property, which should have been Griffith's, she feels inclined to marry him. This she does, and, after living in peace for a few years, excites his jealousy because of her conduct with her confessor. He (Griffith), driven to distraction by the insinuations of her maid, Caroline Ryder, finding his wife and Father Leonard together, knocks Leonard down, mounts his horse, and flies to an adjoining county where, after a severe illness, he marries another woman,the "dove-eyed" angel, Mercy Vint. Returning, however, for money to Mrs. Guant, No. 1, he finds she has been faithful, and lives at home for a while. After oscillating between the two for some time, Kate finds out his peccadilloes, and threatens to have bim arrested. He files in the night. A shrick is heard, and on the strength of the shriek she is arrested for murder. She defends herself, and at the last moment a letter is received from Griffith, saying that he is alive. After a short time she returns to live wi:h him; and his child by Mercy Visit having died, the latteris married to Sir George

The following admirable parody can be only fully appreciated by those who have read the work, but this outline will enable all to see the force and point of many of the sarcasms with which it abounds. The author deserves great credit for the success of his little work.

LIFFITH LANK.

AUTHOR 'SEDITION.

Overture of Select Texts. There are of madmen as there are of tame, All humored not alike. Some Apish and inntastic."—Dekken. "Strike out! and the world shall revere us As heroes descinded from heroes."

—Hon, John Morrissey.

"Verlly, is he not a man and a Bother?"-H. G. "Tygh hygh, tych hygh! O sweet delight! He tickles this age who can; Calls Tullia's ape a marmosite,

And Leda's goose a swan."
—BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER.

"Passengers who hence would journey nto St. Thomas, Brazil, Savannat, or Havana, Will comfort, speed, and safety much insure By passage taking on our lines of steamships, The office being at 5 Bowling Green."

—GARRISON & ALLEN. There is a chain of causes

Linked to effects; inv sible necessity. That whate'er is, could not but so have been." "There, I told you so !"-AVETERAN OBSERVER. "Read, ye that run, the awful truth With which I charge my page."—Cowper. "Marry, come up! as of bells there is a din-Friends, let us dine."-W. STUART. "I hold that man a fool who would his life imperil

"Ah! that is the mystery Of this wonderful history."-SOUTHEY. "I hath not seen it, my gentle boy."

_J. R. Osecon. "Human nature is full of inconsistencies"
—Lewis Leland. "Take this in good part, whatsoever thou be, And wish me no worse than I wish unto thee.

-W. SHARESPEARS,

For a woman who loves mm no

LIFFITH LANK:

LUNACY.

BY C. H. WEBB.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SOL EYTINGE, JR. QUOTATIONS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS. For in this world, to reckon everything, Pleasure to man there is none comparable As is to read with understanding In books of wisdom. They ben so delectable Which sound to virtue, and ben profitable. TREVISA.

TO THE Hon, Henry J. Raymond, WHO PIRST PUBLISHED THIS TRAVESTIE IN THE

NEW YORK TINES, AND WHO HAS CUT OUT MORE PRINTED LESS OF, AND UNIFORMLY PAID BETTER PRICES FOR MY CONTRIBUTIONS THAN ANY OTHER EDITOR LIVING, THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS RE-SPECIFULLY DEDICATED.

By Way of Explanation. For the leading idea of this little story, let me trankly confess that I am indebted to Mr. Charles Reade. Luffith Lank is, in great measure, the legitimate offspring, or rather offshoot, of "Griffith Gaunt," which will account for any similarity that there may be between the two ramifications. For the general style and the typographical effects introduced, I am also indebted to Mr. Reade; but, having said thus much, all is said. For the illustrations I am only indebted to Eytinge—not having yet paid that eminent, excellent, and patient artist paid that eminent, excellent, and patient artist for his labors. . . . Originally published in the New York Times, I was persuaded to consent to the republication of the travestie in its present form. And I will take this occasion to say that I am ready and, in fact, eager, to be persuaded to consent to the republication of anything I have ever written—provided some one else can be found to incur the expense and risk. If my little book amuses the public, I shall be pleased; if it pays, I shall be more than pleased; for

"My soul is not a pa'ace of the past, Where priest worn creeds, like Rome's grey Senate, quake, Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse. The time is ripe and rotten ripe for CHANGE. Then let it come!"

Illustrations.

FORTRAIT OF KATE - In this cut the cross-cut given to the eyes by the artist, is particularly noticeable. THE FOX HUNT.—Showing how well Kate was cal-culated to overlook things about a house—or a bedge.
The Dust.—Illustrative of what a woman can do,

she chooses, and can manage to borrow a pieif she chooses, and can manage to borrow a ple-bald charger.

THE DECLARATION.—Liffith leaning against the turret, and establishing a life-lien on Kate.

THE LADY'S MAID.—Mrs. Hyder dressing her mis-tress' hair—combing it rather strong.

THE MODERN CHARLE—Mercy points to it—Liffith sees the point, but does not like the game.

DRAGGING THE MERR.—A mere fancy sketch, executed by Lytinge in a pensive and refrespective

hour.

The Aportheoria —Showing what a man may achieve it he has the industry te marry two wives, and some ove to right him up afterward—expecially designed for the example and encouragement of joung men.

LIFFITH LANK; OR, LUNACY. A TALE THAT HE WHO RUNS MAY READE.

CHAPTER L. "Say I, then, that tosel shall never blacken my boots again!"

"Say I, then, they are my boots, and not yours, and that faithful serving-man shall brighten them whenever he will,"

The gentleman and lady who indulged in this

little interchange of compilments before break-fast were man and wife, and had loved each other a Little but not Long. Scant the encour-agement to matrimony which my opening epi-sode affords, but the Great Artist's duty is im-

sode affords, but the Great Artist's duty is imperative—et vitam impendere vero!

Here a little explanation is necessary—not of my Latin, for that will be found among the "Words, Phrases, and Quotations from Foreign Languages" in the appendices of all modern dictionaries—but of my plan. In medio tutissimus ibus: Safety lies in the middle, both in parting hair and beginning stories. On that hint I have acted. To begin now with the beginning:—

ginning:Miss Katrice Phaeton was a young lady of
Cucumberland, born of rich but respectable parents. Her hair was golden, her eyes grey, She bad a fashion of doing up the former that puzzled her rivels, and of using the latter that bewildered her victims. The secret of chignon was known to none. As for her eyes, she had a way of turning them on slowly, as careful house-



RATH PHARTON AND HER EYES. (PHOTOGRAPHED

BY BRADY.) wives do gas, so that the victim could not fail to observe two things: first, that they were grand and beautiful orbs, though the pupil was without a master; secondly, that they were over-looking him instead of looking at him. Some persons would have thought her cross-eyed—

but it was only a way she had.
So contemplated by such curious eyes, a man feels queer. He doesn't know whether he is being looked at or not,

She was rather charitable, and made no bones of giving all the cold victuals about the house to the poor. All she required in return from those around her was, that they should be Roman Catholics, and do precisely as she wished them to do in every thing. Singularly enough, much uglier and richer girls married on all sides of her, but this eccentric beauty remained Miss

Phacton at two times twenty.

She hunted ence a month, and was at home in the saddle—but did not give her receptions there. So admirably balanced was her character, that, notwithstanding her love of the manly sport, she had no ambition to be a jockey nor a groom. But one day they drew Yewtree Bow, and out shot a fox. A hedger saw him shoot, and gave the view halloo; and away across country, like new brooms, swept dogs, horses, and men. But, notwithstanding all this enumeration. Dux famina facti—and so it was, Deuse takes the hindmost.

It was a gallant chase, and our dreamy virgin's back got up. Her golden hair streamed, and her gray eyes watered, as lithe and blithe she sat upon her great white gelding, riding over huntsmen as well as hounds, and jumping litches and hedges where the stoutest steeple chase riders of the county were stuck and staked

Having outridden and jumped over everybody and everything, Miss Phaeton was naturally soon next to the fox, and saw that sagacious animal when he, not wishing to be run over,



HOW KATE OVERLOOKED FOXES AND THINGS-THE GREAT WHITE GELDING POINTS.

glided into Dogwood Undermore. The hunts-men and hounds were at this time so far in arrears that they mistook the great white geld-ing for the fox, and the back-hair of the dreamy

ing for the fox, and the back-hair of the dreamy virgin for his brush.

Sat Miss Phaeton so long and still upon her kerse at the corner of the underwood, that she fell into a deep reverse, and did not see the fox, when he stole out, though her eyes were bent in that direction. The fox thought she was looking at him, but here the peculiarity of those grand and beautiful orbs made itself apparent—she was operlooking him. Huntsmen and hounds were swearing and tearing in all directions, but Miss Phaeton sat quietly and turned hounds were swearing and tearing in all directions, but Miss Phacton sat quietly and turned over in her head a plan for converting all the world to Roman Catholicism. Not so her horse. He plunged and then didn't, and then trembled all over and planted his forefeet together at this angle \(\chi\). At the same moment he slanted his hind-legs thus \(\frac{1}{2}\). The following was then the position: \(\frac{1}{2}\). It may be mathematically stated thus: \(\frac{1}{2}\). So braced he could not move a peg; a horse divided against himself can not stir—quod erat demonstrandum. But he looked a deal more statuesque than any three statues in England—

as may readily be imagined. And, by-the-by, the gentlemen who carve horses in our native style, did they ever see one in that fix—out of a

The whipper-in came up and was somewhat surprised at the attitudes of both horse and rider. From that of the former he thought that the fox had popped out; from that of the latter that Lifflith Lank, who was in the neighborhood, had either popped or was expected to. It never occurred to his simple soul that a meeting of the hounds could be converted into a meeting of the Congregatio de Propaganda Fide.

However, a huntsman came up and made bold to touch his hat, and ask her if she had seen nothing of the low. She toyed with the hom that hung at her stroke, looked him dreamly in the face, and

He blew his own hore instity, and asked which way Pog had gone. Upon which Miss Phaeton looked him dreamily in the face again and made

"But didst not say thou say'st him?"
"Not so, sweetheart," said she, laying her hand upon his arm softly and smiling sweetly. "You asked had I seen nothing of the fox, and I replied, yes—and I have seen nothing of the

answer that she did not know,

Thereupon the huntsman took a small but sizable flask from his pocket, put it to his lips and wound another horn, for he now saw what the

wound another born, for he now saw what the dreamy virgin was at. He understood that she had overlooked the fox.

"Couple up and go home to supper!" said Miss Phacton, sublimely disregardful that it was not supper-time, and of the object which had brought forty dogs and men and horses and herself to the field. "The fox is in his hole by this time." And touching spur to her horse, she jumped over the astonished buntsman's head, and cantered slowly home across country, as though nothing had happened.

"Courage, mes amis!" remarked the huntsman to his friends, as he rearranged the Amidon which the hoof of the great white gelding had grazed and damaged, thinking the while that it was the Fall fashion, and had cost ten dol-

it was the Fall fushion, and had cost ten dol-lars—"Courage, mes amis, le diable est mort!" Miss Phaeton had not ridden many miles

when Liffith Lank galloped up to her side. In expectation of this event, she had been holding in her impatient horse for the last half hour. "Is it you, Liffith?" she cried, with a sudden start of surprise: "who would have thought it! Mark you the woman there. Why, think you the grand and beautiful orbs overlooked the fox when he broke cover at Dogwood Undermore: Why, think you, she broke up the hunt? Let me whisper it to you in small type-

The fox was not her little game! O THE SEX!

Slowly they galloped along together, the white gelding leading. For, in this instance, Liffith's gray mare was not the better horse.

"Kate," spoke Luffith, "T've been courting you nigh upon three years, and now there's another lad come into court. Mayhap you think me a ladder. It is time you said me yes or no. I love you, Kate, and how could you be so cruel as love any other man? There, let me get off my horse and lie down on the stubble, and you ride over me. I would rather have you trample on my ribs than below the belt; but choose your own turnpike, Dearest—and any way, I've a policy of insurance against accidents in my pocket. Wilt have me, Kate?"

(That was the way they made love on horse-back in the middle ages, before the invention of parters and easy-chairs and bay-windows and turbine water-wheels.)

Miss Phaeton turned ber glorious eyes upon her lover. "What think you, Liflith, of the Doctrine or Transubstantiation?" said she soltly,

looking him dreamily in the face.

Liffith nuttered a word which, under the circumstances, might be called an allowable rhyme, and dashing the spurs into his horse, rode fiercely away. A casual observer might rode fiercely away. A casual observer might have thought Miss Phaeton was looking after him. Not so; the peculiarity of those grand and beautiful orbs again came in; she saw but

CHAPTER II.

Miss Phaeton rode home, and found another lover's horse at the gate. She smiled: "Two beaux on a string are quite as good as two strings to a bow," thought she.

Old Joe, the groom, who had served long and other than the strings to a bow," it is not a string to a bow," thought she. faithfully in the family on board wages, hobbled

'Mistress Kate," said he, "have you seen Liffith Lank anywheres?"

The young lady colored at this question, and replied she didn't know. This was one of woman's white Lies.

"But why?" she asked. "Why?" repeated old Joe; "all the girls in town be runnin' after un now. The blinds be down at Bolton Hall, and they do say as 'ow the old Squire be dead. Here be a letter sealed with Black for Mister Liflith."

Miss Phaeton took the letter, opened and read it. The news was brief but good, and the grand and glorious orbs brightened. Old Mr. Churlton was dead, and Lifith was heir to olton Hall. Carefully resealing the letter, she told Joe to drop it into the post-office, and bolted into the house.

In the hall she met George Neverill. He was a young man, handsome and accomplished; had travelled on the Continent and in America; had made love to all the women he met, and was in nowise troubled with bashfulness nor

was in nowise troubled with bashfulness nor doubt of his own merits and good looks.

"I love you, Kate," said he, putting his arm round the young lady's waist. "I love you better than I loved Mimi, or Marguerite, or Isabella, or Beatrice, or Dorothy Jane—the latter being a native of Maine. And the pride of Cucumberland, and pearl of all other lands, has but to say the word to be mistress of my heart and of Homton Grange. With be my wife, Kate?"

Kate?"
Honiton Grange suggested Honiton lace, and the lines of the young indy's mouth relaxed.
There was a sound as of "P'weep," a succession of similar sounds, decies repetita placebit and Miss Phaeton dreamily wiped her lips.

"Wit do me a favor, George?" said she.
"Ay," replied he, "an' it be not to shave my head and torn priest." "Seest yonder horseman, on the grey mare? He is leaving the country. Bide after and

and George Neverill left with alacrity. But he returned with alacrity, and came in without rapping. "Is not you gentleman Liffith Lank?"
"Ay," said Kate quietly.
"And you wish I should bring him back to

you that you may " "
"Marry him," put in Kate, looking dreamily in his cyes.

George Neverlll reached out his hand and

shooks hers warmly.
"I admire coolness," said be, "and this suits me exactly. But go after him you, and ride my piebald charger."
"You are a preux chevalier," said Kate; "excuse me a moment," and vanished—promising

to be back in five minutes.

George Neverill stood alone, "C'est un peu George Neverill stood alone, "C'est un peu fort," muttered he to himself. Five minutes passed, fifteen, twenty, thirty, sixty; it was hard upon his dinner hour, and there was none to ask him to tarry and dine, Mounting Miss Phacton's horse which stood at the gate, he rode thoughtfully home, telling old Joe II was all right, and giving him a shilling to drink to his wedding with Miss Phacton.

In the meanwhile, Kate had overtaken Liffith, and explained to him that she would "think about it." He at once promised to build a nunnery, to take the veil himself, if it would at all avail or conduce to her happiness, and all around them were to be Roman Catholics.

In a delightful frame of mind, Miss Phaeton rode home, and on learning that George Neverill had waited her return until the last stroke of the dinner hour, averred her belief stroke of the dinner nour, averred her belief that he was a good-natured and handsome fel-low. On being told that he had ridden the white gelding away, her face fell, but only for a moment. "The plebald charger is much the better of the two," said she, and sat joyfully down to dinner.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

Civilization has many meters, Sometimes these meters imbrue their hands in each other's blood—and all for the want of an international copyright. But for information on this head, let me refer you to my book called the Eighth Commandment. In the present one—my Masterplece—I intend to treat only of the Seventh and its infractions.

The reader will readily infer that this is not a child's book—especially a little girl's book. It is not a boatful of pap, and paps should be care ful about introducing it into the nursery. Præmonitus pramunitus.

Nice the row when George Neverill rode into

the yard of the Roebuck on Miss Phaeton's great white gelding.
"You are a liar, and a scoundrel!" cried Lif-

fith, striding up to h m.

It was hard to be worsted in a horse-trade and then accosted in this abrupt way by a rival. George Neverill ground his teeth—as though he would make meal of his adversary. The rivals measured each other from head to foot (with a small tape-line which was kindly furnished by one of the waters), and Liffith, finding himself a half inch the taller, besitated no longer, but struck straight out from the shoulder. Amid the darkness which overshadowed



recognize the constellation, gentle reader? There are other Southern Crosses in our universe besides Mulattoes. "It is Never too Late to Mend," said Neverill, as he picked up his broken nose and left the

CHAPTER IV.

The very next day, Mr. Chouseman took advantage of an errand in the neighborhood, and to de over to see Miss Phaeton.

Mr. Chouseman was a highly respectable colicitor, who had obtained the position of trust and confidence he occupied, by riding

round the country on convenient errands, and ducting young lady acquaintances into the ecrets of his clients. So the very next day he rode over to Miss

Phaeton, and told her she was in luck, "How?" queried she.

"Two young men are going to fight a duel to he death for you."
"Liffith and George?" she carelessly asked, racking a hickory nut with her white and delicute teeth.

"Ay: and both have made their wills in your favor. So if either be killed-"
"And if both?" said Miss Phaeton, with the old dreamy look in her eyes. "You have hoo estates," said Chouseman

"But not one husband," remarked Miss Phae ton thoughtfully, "Tell them to saddle the pichald charger," she immediately cried, turn-ing to an attendant. The two combatants were on the ground, ear-

nestly wishing that some peace officer would come in and arrest an affair which had already sone quite far enough to be pleasant. Two shots had been exchanged, to the imminent peril of the seconds, who had both posted themselves chind trees while giving the word for the third

"Are you ready?"



A JEWEL OF A GIRL, DOING THE POLITE AT A DUEL.

At this moment the piebald charger stepped quietly in and stood between the levelled pistols. There were two simultaneous reports. Miss Phaeton, who never believed reports, pald no attention to either, but caught the bullets gracefully, one in each hand, and returned them with her compliments to the two duellists. Liffith upon his scratched these words:-

"i love Kate!"

and swallowed it. This act of gallantry, and the patent fact that he was entirely in the wrong in the quarrel, moved Kate in his favor. "How sweet!" she cried.

"Ay, Sugar of Lead," muttered the Scotch surgeon, who happened to be none other than our old acquaintance in the hard cash times,

Neverill didn't make much out of the ball; but he swopped horses again, and got back the piebald charger.

CHAPTER V.

None so blind as those that CAN'T see! A pleasant party was assembled in the late Mr. Churlton's parlor to hear the will read. To his faithful servants the deceased gentle-man left a shilling each; to an illegitimate son his old clothes, cut in the fashion of a preceding generation, and the family scal; to Liflith Lank lock of his hair, and to Miss Phaeton all the

balance of his estate, real and personal.

Among others who came to congratulate Miss Phaeton came Liffith, sorrowful and seedy. She looked at him a moment, more in sorrow than in anger. Point d'argent, point de Suisse; no money, no point lace and Swiss muslin, thought she, but her better nature prevailed. There was enough for two, and her life was monotonous; theretofore her amusements had chiefly consisted in working figures of saints on samplers, and confessing to Father Francis. A husband

and confessing to Father Francis. A husband would be a pleasant variety, she thought.

And Neverill helped the thing along. He proposed that she should give Liftith all of his and her property, and marry him—Neverill. Again the peculiarity of the grand and beautiful orbs came in. Kate looked him dreamily in the eyes, but she did not see him—

on her as soon as convenient, and to come

Unfortunately Liffith, on receiving the note was so drunk that he could not read it. How-ever, a kind and sober parson, named Eden, read it for him. After lying in a snow-bank for an hour or two, which made him feel quite fresh and comfortable and presentable, he contrived to stagger beneath Miss Phacton's window. She put her lovely head out, utterly regardless of the climate, the season, and a neuralgia, to



POPPING .- SHOWING WHAT THE EXTRACT OF POP-COBN DOES,

which she was subject of old. "Art there?" said she. "Speak, dearest."
Straightening himself up against the turret, honest Liffith hiccoughed, "I (hic) I (hic) I love (hic, hic, hic) Kate, (hic, hic, hic, hic)." The thing was done, and Kate was captivated. Wrong in the quarrel, poor as a crow, drunk as a beast, and everybody urging her to marry somebody else, her affections at once centred

So the next morning Neverill got a note, the contents of which ran much as follows: contents of which ran much as follows:—

"It having suddenly occurred to me that you would like to marry me, I have consulted Liffith—to whom I have been engaged for three years past—snd he thinks you would. Brother Leonard sees nothing wrong in it, inclining to view it as a landable ambition; but Liffith and Father Francis'view the matter in a different light. For my part, I am very much surprised, for I have done nothing to

deserve such treatment. But I forgive you. Farewell. Be virtuous join the Roman Catholic Church, well. Be virtuous join the Roman Cathone Church, and you will be happy.

"P. S.—I am atraid you will think me a coquette, but I do not think I am one.

"P. P. S.—I wish you would get me a few skeins of worsted of the inclosed pattern.

"P. P. S.—Ii you shaved your head, perhaps you would feel better."

"And what answer will you make?" said Father Francis, who delivered the note. "Answer! I'll not waste a postage-stamp,

i'aith," growled George.
"But I'll carry the message," said the priest. "Then here's my reply," said George, grinding his teeth (perhaps because he couldn't have a mill with his rival), "she's old enough to understand French, if she doesn't. Tell her.

"Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle."
"I'm not the first sold by a damsel."

And with that he walked moodily away. He looked at the sky, and the stars seemed to smile at his anguish. Cold and pitiless, the pale moon looked down upon his woe. Longingly he looked for a sign to assuage the grief which gnawed at his heart. Suddenly his eye brightened.

Would you behold this great discovery, the same in magnitude and appearance as it met the eyes of the first discoverers, dragged with Bar Keeper. a rake from the bottom of a bay, opened with a knife, and swallowed by an adventurous mortal, after successive generations had passed it by without deeming it succulent?

Then turn your eyes hither, for here it is, Sold, in the cellar he found compensation.



CHAPTER VI.

Liflith made a tolerably good husband, as husbands went in those days. Generally he was able to get up-stars after dinner without more than two servants to assist him, and he very dom got into bed without taking off his boots When he did, he was especially careful to re-

move his spurs. On one occasion, when Liffith forgot himself with both spurs and boots, Mrs. Lank remonstrated with him: but he tuned upon her, and called her A PRURIENT PRUDE, and threatened to drag her before the public; seeing her error, she confessed it. On the whole, their n arried lite rippled on about as happily as ever

married life does.

The main trouble was about "help." Mrs.
Lank was prejudiced against good-looking chambermaids, and Liffith was opposed to Roman Catholic serving-men, who excelled in polish in everything, except in the matter of polishing boots. This brings us to the opening

of our story.
"I say, the hussy shall pack," Mrs. Lank had remarked. She had asked him, a few seconds previously, to bring out his viol da gemba. Ains! her speech had the effect of bringing out a vial of

"Say I, then, that losel shall never blacken

"Say I, then, that losel shall never blacken my boots again."
"Say I, then, they are my boots, and not yours, and that faithful serving-man shall brighten them whenever he will."
Here Mrs. Lank was wrong. Because she paid for the boots, by no means did it follow that throw them she should every morning in her husband's face. Nor, strictly speaking by the letter of the law, were they her boots, whether paid she for them or not. As well have claimed his breeches, might she, and these she could no more have filled than his boots. Aul nunquam more have filled than his boots. Aut nunquam

fentes, out perfice.

Besides, for the matter of that, they were cots at all; they were A PAIR OF HOB-NAILED

Since times Liffith thought that he had got an elephant on his hands—that he might as well have married Mademoiselle D'jek—for at times he did indeed feel much dejected—and been a

Jack of all Trades at once.

Mrs. Lank had in her employ a lady named
Ryder—and ride her mistress she did with a vengeance. In combing Mrs. Lank's long and beautitul hair, she tangled and pulled it victorally;
cupillary attraction exerted its force to soften her
obdurate heart in vain. Ask you was Pades obdurate heart in vain. Ask you why Ryder was so relentless and remorseless? She loved Liflith, and pulling his wife's hair was the only way she had of showing it. Causa latet, vis est



COMBING IT BATTLES STRONG In short, Ryder was a Dangerous Female, and I would not like to ride alone with her on one of the English railways, where the carriages, you must know, are small, and seldom filled. Not must know, are small, and seldom filled. Not content with pulling out her mistress' hair, she was atways and forever putting fleas in her maser's ear.

It may not have been before remarked by our reader, but Liffith's chief besetting sin—astic from his unfortunate habit of getting drunk—was lunacy. On the subject of priests he was monomaniacal. He had a way of strangling them when they ventured upon his grounds, which was not only inconvenient to the priests, but distasteful as well to his wife, who had a remarkable respect and fondness for the cloth—sending them soups and gravies till one might have thought it was a table-cloth.

And Ryder was always egging him on.

And Ryder was always egging him on. And Ryder was always egging him on.

One day she nagged and egged him so much that he determined to break the yolk. So he collared a poor devil of a priest, with whom his wife happened to be discussing the vicarious powers of the Pope, and shook and trampled him till there was seemingly no life left in him.

Black and blue and livid, those who picked the poor priest up thought he was suffering from an attack of the Malignant Collarer.

So Liffith, thinking he had killed his man, fled the county, taking with him all his wife's jewels. In his desperation he never drew bridles.

jewels. In his desperation he never drew bridle-rein till he reached an inn in the next county, a good twenty miles away, called the "Pack-horse." (Why he did not go further know I not, but perchance he was fearful of faring worse.) There he proceeded to unpack, and, having nothing better to do, fell to drinking on an empty stomach, until he drank hinself into a brain fever. brain fever.

Liffith was always in luck, and at this inn he found another woman with grand and beautiful orbs. But this was a dove-eyed angel. When Mercy Vintner looked at things she saw them, which was mare than could be said of Mrs.

Had not Liffith possessed the constitution of a horse, he would have succombed to the fever. And perhaps it was because of his possessing the constitution of a horse that a farrier succeeded in curing him after a regular physician had given him up. Similia similibus curantur. Any way, what with Mercy's nursing, and the glauber and aloes which the farrier prescribed for him, Liffith got sufficiently well to decline wearing the shroud which a kind old lady was ambadicing for him, and call for a bit of the shroud which a kind old lady was

wearing the shroud which a kind old lady was embroidering for him, and call for a shirt.

The next thing he called for was a parson, and he and Mercy were made one, much to the delight of the parents, who thought that such a son-in-law behind the bar would bring custom to the "Packhorse." Had they known his habits, they would have trembled on trusting him with the keys. For than Liffith there were rew squarer drinkers in the country.

The farrier, who had been engaged to Mercy.

The farrier, who had been engaged to Mercy, came in just as the ceremony was over. For a moment he stared wofully at the picture, and then said very drily:—"I am too late for the wedding and too early for the funeral, methinks.

"That you be, Paul," said Mrs. Vintner cheer-"If he is meet for your master."
"If he be taken sick again, the Devil may dose him," growled Paul, and leaving the room in disgust he withdrew his custom from the "Packhorse" forever. On being asked the reason, he replied that he did not like the new

CHAPTER VII. Liffith might have shown his gratitude to Mercy in a better way than marrying her, when he knew very well that he had a wife and child

in the next county.

It was scarcely the right thing to do; for there is a popular prejudice against a man having two wives, and one should always endeavor to con-form to the customs of society. But I am writing of a period with which Fielding dealt, and cannot forget my double character of moralist and arrist, "Liffith Lank" is no worse than "Tom Jones" or "Ferdinand Count Fathom," So, white all these fellows are bat-Fathom," So, while all these fellows are batting at me, why do they not do a little Fleiding? This tale hath floated the "Argosy," and sustained the "Atlantic." The reader will remark that I have floated the floater. In deference to the absurd prejudices of society I have already omitted a great deal that would have added to the interest of the story and its success among the masses—exempli gratia, the Mrs. Pouphar business between Ryder and Liffish. All this I intend to publish in a sequel, if the matter can be satisfactorily arranged with my publishers. And it can be, without doubt. For it is a mistake to suppose that I consult them or any one else regarding the morality of what I write. The only thing I discuss with them is bulk and price—principally bulk. For I am an artist as well as a moralist, and—ars tenga, etc.—my art chiefly displays itself in the

I am an artist as well as a moralist, and—ars longa, etc.—my art chiefly displays itself in the length of my stories. Verbum sap.

To return to my story. Matters did not go on very thrivingly at the "Packhorse" after the marriage. The prudent parents, who had thought that Liffith was a highwayman, and would bring purses home occasionally, found to their great disappointment that he was a gentleman, and exceedingly awkward behind the bar. Moreover, he drank like a fish; nay, he drank not like a fish, for a fish drinks but water, and little of that drank Liffith. It was ale and ack and sherry possets, until everything was empty. He drank them out of house and home, and creditors threatened to sell out the "Packhorse." Reproached by Mr. Vintner, Liffith requested

creditors threatened to sell out the "Packhorse,"
Reproached by Mr. Vintner, Liffith requested the old man to cease his taunts, and proposed to buy him out. To this a ready agreement was made, for the "Packhorse" was old, and the sign needed new painting, and the custom was poor. The best customer was Liffith, but he did not even charge himself with what he drank. The question of price was soon settled; that of bulk had already been disposed of, for it was in bulk that the inn was bought, and the only thing that remained was payment. It became a question of cash—

a question of cash-VERY HARD CASH.

At mention of this, Liffith's face fell. For he had spent all the money he took from the priest at leaving, and what he had raised from selling and pawning his other wife's jewels. Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to him. He would go back to that other wife and borrow of her enough money to set himself and this one up in business. So it is the words of the old song came true,

"Nous revenons toujours A nos premiers amours."

And he saddled his great black house and set off to see the other Mrs. Lank. His father-in-law, who thought he was going out to the high road to follow his old trade of "stand and deliver," bade him God-speed, but the dove eyed angel sighed. For he might come to grief, thought she, and it would not be pleasant to be widow of a nan who was harged. of a man who was hanged.

Liffith delayed two days upon the road, for he began to feel he was riding on an awkward errand. Having turned over in his mind the way he should conduct the disagreeable but necessary business, he determined to conduct it upon business principles only, and if collate rals and an indorser were required, to get his

Singularly enough, he found his wife exactly where he had left her. She was looking carefully over the ground, in accordance with her usual custom, to find the purse that had been