| Oticsuctutu |
| :---: |
| Mrs. Cande's Curtain Leetares. Har Conde bex berata atarera ritiba fitinad. |
| Poor me! $\mathrm{Ha!} \mathrm{~T}$ m sure 1 dotat know whod be a poor woman! I don'tknow who'd tie themselves up to a man, if they kuew only half they'd |
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| now get home till two in the morniag;and then in what a state! He begins quarrelling with the door mat, that his poor wife may be afraid to apeak |
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| may seer at it it dor mial. No, M. M . |
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| morning; for it muat be past twelve.very well for you to say so, but I know |
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| and ill in the mgrning! But don'tyouthink l'm going to let you have your think I'm going to let you have yourbreakfast in bed, like Mrs. Prettyman? I'll nos be such a fool. No; nor I |
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| have broth for dinner. Not a neck of multon crastell you. |
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| she marres, that she gives herself apto bé poisoned! You men contrive to |
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