

or Heppoy ^{leave dead lie in his}
 N ^{that now, my haine shall hurish}
 abroad as Bessy ^{reelm shall}
 flourish, my ^{TRANSITION} ^{shall flourish, as both}

any other person, have the honour to had upon their
 polite sophykussens in the real presence of devoted
 Mrs. Grumby when her skin was exposed to the air.
 O what must the grief of my mund be for two little
 ptpt coolies worth twenty thousand quad herewitd-
 nessed with both's maddlemass wishes to Pepette for
 next match from their dearly beloved Rugger, M. D.
 D. O. D. May doubling drop of drooght! Writing.

R
 They all
 skidled
 the more
 he fished
 the
 however
 loose
 they
 left
 his
 order tray
 back

— Otherwise, frank Shaun, we pursued, what would
 be the autobiography of your softbodied fumiform?
 — Hooraymost! None whomsoever, Shaun replied,
 (he had intended and was peering now rather close
 to the paste of his rubiny winklering) though it ought to
 be more or less rawcawcaw romantical. By the wag,
 how is Mr Fry? All of it, I might say, pay and perks
 and wooden halfpence some rhino, rhine, O joyoust rhine
 was handled over spondaneously by me (and bundle end
 to Miss Anders! she woor her wraith of ruins the night
 she lost I left) in the liguame of Mr van Howten of Tred-
 castles, Clowntalkin, timbreman among my prodigits
 nabobs and navious of every subscription entitled the
 Bois in the Boscoor our evicted tenemants. What I say
 is (and I am noen roehorn or culkilt permit me to tell
 you if uninformed), I never spont it. Nor have I the
 ghuest of a nation on me the way to. It went anyway
 like hot pottagebake. And this brings me to my fresh
 point. Quoniam, I am as plain as portable enveloped,
 inhowmuch, you wil now parably receive, care of one of
 Mooseyeare Guinness's registered andouterthus barrels.
 Quick take um whiffat andrainit.

— So vi et! we responded. Song! Shaun, song!
 — I apologuise, Shaun began, but I would rather
 spinooze you one from the grimm gests of Jacko and
 Esaup, fable one, feeble too. Let us here consider the casus,
 my dear little cousis (husstenhasstencaffincoffintus-
 semtossemdamandamnamcossagheussaghhobixhatoux)
 of the Ondt and the Gracehoper. The Gracehoper was
 always jiggig a jog, hoppy, on akkant of his joyicity,

A! May he me no toide water!
 Seekit hatup! May no he me
 tale pig shed on! Seekit hatup!