it was chalkfull for the one one of master plasters DAMES JOYCE the properies, * (secunding pants etc. etc. And you, Smith, take your tongue out Li misso of your inkpot! As none of you know javanese I will Remand give you a free translation of the old Mylist's parable.

Aidi: Joe Peters! Audi, Pay!! Wacticanalco A Mookse he would a walking go My hood! cries Antony Romeo) so one evening, after his good supper of gammon and spittish, having drubbed his eyes, 18-12. gented his nostrils, packed up his ears and comforted this throats, he put on his impermeable seved his imnugnable, harped on his crown and stepped out of his god As he set off with his father's sword he was girded on, camaur. and with that between his legs and his takkeel, our great and only Breakspeare, he clanded, to my clinding, every inch, of an immortal. He had not walked over a near Saint Patrick's without his Walls he came apon the most unconsciously boggylooking stream he ever a great locked his eyes on It looked little and it smelt of monning brown and it thought in narrows and it talked showshallow. And as it rinn it dribbled like any lively parlit-easy: My, my! my! Me and me! Little down dream, don't I love theel And, I declare, what was there on the yonder bank of the stream that would be a river, 2 who have parched on a limb of the olumebut the Griges? And no doubt he was fit to be dried for why had be not been having the juice of his times? His pips had been neatly all drowned on him; his polps were charging odours every older minute; he was quickly for getting the dresser's desdaign on the flyleat of his frons; and he was quietly for giving the bailiff's distrain on to the bulkside of his cul de pompe. In all distrain his specious heavings, as be lived by Optimus Maximus, the Mookse had never seen his brooder-on-low so migh to a pickle. Adrian (that was the Mookse's restingname) stuck

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from vectors to threetop

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