

A quite poposterously, A, Deusededit
TRANSITION

still phiz-a-phiz to the Gripes in an outfit of Aurigha-
cian. He sor a stone and on that stone he sate his seat
which it filled to its fullest justotoryum and whereupon
with his unfallable upon his alloilable and the pederect
he always walked with cheek by jowl with his fresher-
man's blague, *Bellua Triumphanes*, he looked the first
and last laical lakeness of Quartus the Fifth and Quintus
the Sixth and Sixtus the Seventh giving allnight sitting
to the Faultyfindth. *mondelenian*

but over
Lio
2 for
animal
muscle

— Good appetite us, sir Mookse! How do you do
it? cheeped the Gripes in a wherry whiggy voice and
the jackasses all within bawl laughed and brayed for
his intentions for they knew their sly toad lowry now.
I am blessed to see you, my dear mister. Will you not
perhopes tell me everything if you are pleased, sanity?
Think of it! A gripes!

Mund
my achil
Swell
abolym
Woshup
my
nater
RS

— Rats! foared the Mookse and the mice quailed
to hear him at all for you cannot wake a silken noise
out of a hoarse oar. Blast yourself and your infairiori-
boos! No, hang you! I am superbly in my supremest
Acif! Rot!
I am till infinity obliged with you, bowed the
Gripes, his whine having gone to his head. I am still
always having a wish on all my extremities. By the
watch, what is the time, pace?

L
eugenion
L
bather
behind
me
sathras

Figure it! To a Mookse!
— Ask my index answered the Mookse, rapidly
by turning clement, urban and celestian in the highest
of goodhumor. Quote awhore? That is quite about
what I came with my intentions to settle with you. Let
there be orlog. Let here be Irene. Let you be Beeton.
And let me be Los Angeles. Now measure your length.
Now estimate my capacity. Well, sour? Is this space
of our couple of hours too dimensional for you, tempo-
rizer? Will you give you up? *Como? Fuest it.*
Sancla Patientia. You should have heard the voice
that answered him: *Calla rosellina.*

— I was just thinking of that, ~~some~~ Mookse, but
most telesphorously, 102
the concionator, for all the rumle
on my raisins,
anatomy

Paul
pal-
din!