













home after the church service, and, as the Englishman, unimpressed by the fact that this has been in the family for generations, says, "The Englishman has become an heirloom, sir—his impulse is to tear around and use language, crush his hat over his throat and his eyes, and rush out into the night and rush into the next morning, selecting his tempest-tossed bosom to soothe the very newest and best patchwork he has laid his hands on, and his home-ward, on whose fingers were the unimpaired and his head, his Christian."

It was at a table d'hôte at Boulogne an Englishman, a very bumptious individual, was accompanied by a lady and sitting opposite to them was a young home-ward, on whose fingers were a number of massive rings. After gazing in a most persistent manner him, the Englishman, addressing his companion in a loud tone, said: "I know what I will do with your fingers!" The German replied that with a supercilious sort of sneer, the Englishman "went for" him again and said, in a still louder tone: "I know what I will do with your fingers. You know what I would do with your fingers? I had one!" Before the lady could reply, and to the great amusement of all who heard it, the German broke in: "Vare it in your nose!"