Surgeon my reasons. He was dreadfully shocked, and at once removed me himself in an ambulance; and it was only after another three months of skilled and devoted care in a real Nursing Home that I recovered, and was able to leave London.

I had calculated that my Nursing would cost me thirty guineas for the three weeks; instead, owing to gross ignorance and incapability, it cost me  $\pounds$  112 and sixteen weeks' suffering. If, therefore, Mr. Editor, you can help by publicity to reform "Home Hospitals," the public will owe you a debt of gratitude.—Yours truly, W.S.

[This is a very interesting subject, and we hope our readers will avail themselves of the opportunity of expressing their views. We know of several "Home Hospitals" which are conducted in an admirable manner, but of course under the superintendence of thoroughly-trained Nurses.— ED.]

YOUTH: "I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter." Physician: "You have?" Youth: "Yes, sir. I have enough of this world's goods to support her in comfort, even in luxury." Physician: "Yes, I am aware of that. But will you treat her kindly? Will you be a gentle husband?" Youth: "Sir, I vow----" Physician: "Oh, never mind vowing. Your intentions are all right, no doubt; but I must be sure that you won't worry and fret the life out of her after you get her. Take off your coat and let me sound you, to see what kind of a liver you've got."

## WHERE TO GO.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Under the management of Mr. Alfred German Reed and Mr. Corney Grain. "Killiecrumper," by Malcolm Watson, Music by Edward Solomon; followed by Mr. Corney Grain's New Musical Sketch, entitled, "The Diary of a Tramp." Monday, Wednesday, Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, at Three. - Stalls, 5s., 8s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place.

## LETTERS FROM LIFE.—No. 10.

## Graithwaite.

DEAREST PHYLLIS,-I am afraid there is very little to tell you this week. Our party is chiefly exercised over the result of the Cork election. Perhaps, however, you did not know that there has been a tremendous fuss about this. To fill Mr. Parnell's seat a McCarthyite and also a Parnellite candidate was in the field, and just to try their strength-and on the bare chance of a big split-a Unionist also went in, proving the truth of the forecast I attempted to make, by the bye. Of course, the good old times came back, and from early morn to dewy eve the merry gentlemen were breaking each other's heads, watched with calm composure by the constabulary, the myrmidons of the brutal Saxon. The men have been betting heavily on the result, and I am set up in gloves for a couple of years because I backed the anti-Parnellite, who headed the poll by more





