

The Trysting-Place.

Westward over the pale-green sky  
The rosy pennons of sunset fly;  
Nearward slowly the great roots lie,  
With caving and labored flapping;  
The bushes blend in a vagueness dark,  
And the further trees stand tall and stark;  
I hear the rushes whisper and shake,  
As a nutter of wind begins to wake.  
And louder grows  
In the quick repose  
The sound of the river's tapping.

Still half an hour, by the abbey chime!  
I come to the tryst before the time;  
I hear the river's rippled rhyme,  
And the sedge's rustled greeting;  
And I cheat my heart with feigned fears,  
And sigh as I wait for no one here;  
To make the joy more rich and vast  
When I feel his lips on my own at last  
And hear no sound  
As the world goes round  
But the throbbing of two hearts meeting.

Preferences and Treasures.

I'd rather drink cold water from the brook  
Than quaff excitement from a golden chalice;  
I'd rather sleep on straw in the shepherd's hut  
Than lie awake and restless in a palace.  
I'd rather earn dry bread in lusty health,  
And eat it with a sense of wholesome pleasure,  
Than feed without the zest of appetite  
On gorgeous plate and unavailing treasure.  
I'd rather have one true, unflinching friend  
Than fifty parasites to crave my bounty;  
And one poor lass who loved me for myself,  
Than one without a heart who owned a county.  
Nature is kind if our desires are pure,  
And sends rich blessings everywhere around us;  
While Fortune, if we pant in her pursuit,  
Too often grants her favors to our undoing.  
Fresh air and sunshine, flowers and health and love,  
These are endowments if we learn to prize them;  
The wise man's treasures, better worth than gold,  
And none but fools and wicked men despise them.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:  
A NOVEL.

"I am not afraid of my share," she said, after a pause. "I don't think the townspeople would blame me. Master Charlie had been as my own, as one may say, and I cared for him as my own. There was no harm in helping him with money to marry the young lady he fancied; and I was not bound to send back Mrs. Harford to her husband. No one will say that. Queer as it may seem that a poor servant like me should be called on to provide, down to her very slips and shoes, leather for the rich Squire Harford's wife, still no one will blame me; and I can go to jail because I helped my betters, as many a one has gone before me for no worse crime than that."  
"You are a brazen hussy," said Mrs. Clanciarde, who could not get over the pain of knowing that she had been cheated for all these years of her rightful income after Mrs. Latimer's decease, and who, failing restitution, thought she ought to have revenge. "You are a brazen hussy, and you ought to be on the treadmill."  
"Maybe," said Mary, speaking rapidly; "but before I go I'll hear it all from the beginning. Master Charlie's death, that was never a death; and the back word came on Mrs. Harford's very wedding day itself, and how she came to me for shelter when she found her old job was alive; how me and mother took her in and kept her and Master Charlie for months and months, did we, and Squire Harford there at Thrift, rolling in golden guineas, as one might say—I'll not let a word go for want of telling. I'm ready if you are."  
"Leave the room, woman!" said Anthony, sternly. "By George, you tempt me to forget myself!"  
And Mary, knowing that her case was gained, with a significant glance at Anthony Harford's crutches, as one should say, "Who's afraid?" hurried from the room, and went down into the kitchen. And when there she partially opened the front of her dress and felt her stays, which crackled under her hand, lined as they were with bank-notes and bankers' vouchers.  
"Them's safe," she said to herself, with a sigh of satisfaction; "and I'll get more out of them skinflints, or I'm a Dutchman. They've got to bribe me to hold my tongue. I'm not afraid of what they can say of me. Mr. Harford who's as proud as Lucifer, would be like to have it known that his runaway wife was hiding here under his very nose in his own house, beholden to such as we? That old she-cat may screech as much as she likes, she can do nothing. I've no call to be afraid of her."  
And she spoke the truth. Circumstances compelled them to adopt, so far, a conciliatory course, and let this arch-offender go. She was free to depart when she would—she and her boxes. Her boxes, by the way, were rigidly overhauled, but not so much as a candle-end," as she said, was found in them; and, for want of documents, no trace of moneys received by the sale of bronzes, china and the like, and safely invested in secure shares, forth coming. All was a blank, save the lump sum set down in Mrs. Latimer's day-book, where the house-keeping expenses were ridiculously small and the subsidies granted to Mr. Charles Osborne as monstrously large.  
"And this," said Mary, holding out a purse in which a florin, a bent shilling, and crooked sixpence were all the coins it contained—"and this is all the reward I am to have for all I have done."  
"You have that and an escape from jail," said Anthony Harford, sternly.  
"And you, and Mrs. Clanciarde, and the whole lot of you, that of the story not coming out in the papers," said Mary in reply, defiant to the last. "But I have not enough to pay my railway fare; and at least my wages are due."  
"Here!" said Anthony Harford, ding-ding her a bank-note as one flings a bone to a dog.  
She took it and contented; the conventional action recalled the conventional manner. Then with a sassy "good morning" all round, she went off with her boxes in her cab, and no one asked or knew where.  
"I am glad that mother has gone, poor soul," she said, as she sank back in the corner of her railway carriage and wept genuine tears—the strain now relieved. "She'd never have faced it—never; she'd have broken down as sure as eggs is eggs; but I have more grit in me than she had, poor soul; and I am glad that she was spared."  
So she passed into darkness as black as

that of interstellar space, and no one ever recognized in the sober, well-conducted Mary Dance—Sunday School teacher of the Methodist chapel on the outskirts of the county town—the woman who had acted for 10 years and more a living lie, and whose mother had personated a dead lady to draw her income and make it into sufficient annuity for her daughter's lifetime.  
"She ought to have been prosecuted," said Mrs. Clanciarde, when the thing was over and done with.  
"She's best left alone," said Anthony Harford.  
"And she was kind to my poor Estelle," chimed in that foolish George.  
"And it would have been better for every one if she had not been," snapped Mrs. Clanciarde, her shrill voice at its highest pitch.  
Her husband looked at her with a strange expression of mingled fear and aversion. Anthony's face showed only the aversion without the fear.  
"Let the dead bury their dead," he said, sternly. "If truth could be measured like land, perhaps some of our acres would not fetch much. Now that you have your income, Mrs. Clanciarde, perhaps you could afford to be generous to the victim you yourself made."  
"If I made her you took her, victim or not," retorted Mrs. Clanciarde. "You hold yourself high, Anthony Harford; that poor uncouth Caleb Stag towers head and shoulders above you!"  
With which Partisan shaft she swept away, even as Mary had done, and this history knows her no more.

CHAPTER XV.  
THE DAWN OF DAY.

The pendulum of human life beats with constant regularity, and the sum of happiness or misery is pretty equally maintained if not evenly distributed. On one side we have sorrow, madness, death—on the other, fulfilled ambition, radiant hopes, delighted love, a brilliant future. By the average—that most disappointing of all the equations made by facts and figures—those who have drawn blanks have nothing to complain of, seeing that their neighbors hold the prizes—that those prizes are of sufficient quality and number—and that thus the general average is maintained.  
There were the Smythe Smiths, for instance. What a handful of prizes they had drawn! and of what a fine unclouded blue their sky was painted. The marriage with Lady Venetia put the coping-stone on the pleasant edifice of their fortunes. It gave just the clasp and mortar they wanted to consolidate their holding, and clasped them to the Upper Ten as by adoption, if not by inheritance. It was the culmination of their hopes, and the last fortress they had set themselves to win. What more remained to be conquered would be revealed in time. For that truth, so well known to mountain climbers—of further peaks still forever revealing themselves as this and this are gained—is as true to the ambitious, whose last attainment is only a stepping-stone to another endeavor.  
The wedding had been a gorgeous affair, for the bridegroom had been generous and the bride's parents were not too sensitive. If money be the chief factor in a transaction, what folly it is to pretend disinterestedness and act coyly! And to do the Lacklands justice, they did not err on that line by a hair's breadth, but accepted relief proffered by their future son-in-law as graciously as it was offered, and liked him all the better for his munificence. After the wedding the young people had gone off for a tour round the world in the famous yacht of former days, which once had borne away poor Charlie Osborne. She had been redecorated and overhauled from keel to topmast, and was now one of the best and safest and most comfortable of her kind. And as, fortunately for every one, Lady Venetia was a good sailor and not a coward, the trip had been a success, and no regrets were added as footnotes to the text.  
A year had passed since this bright chapter had been written in the Golden Book of Upperford—a year which had been to Anthony Harford one of blackest gloom, now beginning to shade off into a lighter but still sufficiently dismal tone. Lady Elizabeth had not been to Thorburgh since the catastrophe of Estelle's death, and no event of any importance had broken the monotony of his dull days. Still, he lived on with a kind of undefined hope at the back of his consciousness, as one who sees a ray of light—unformed, but always light—at the end of a dark alley. He knew that life had not exhausted all its joys for him, and that Fortune would not always be the jade she had shown herself of late. The honeymoon had repeated itself twelve times, and the month had lengthened out into a year, when Lawrence Smythe Smith and his young wife returned to England—to cast anchor for a time at Upperford until they had decided on their own special mooring. The rejoicing over the return of the son and heir were to be of the most resplendent kind; and the programme, as drawn out by the London organizer hired to give form to the feelings of the Smythe Smiths, was eminently satisfactory. Our consens across the Atlantic put this tangible shaping of their feelings in a very crude form. "How much are you sorry for?" in the subscription list of a charity has its analogue in the "How much are you glad for?" in the outlay of a welcome.  
Mr. and Mrs. Smythe Smith were glad for a very large sum indeed, and the neighborhood would be the gainer. Games, shows, all sorts of trivial minds of the world please untroubled. A tenant's dinner would appeal to their more solid appreciation. A children's tea, with useful gifts for wear and toys as the lighter fringes, would be a fair bid for a generation of popularity; and the fireworks at night would delight all alike. In the house a stately banquet was arranged for friends and guests of equal standing, to be followed by a ball and an illuminated garden. It was a programme that did infinite credit to the organizer all through, and it was sure not to be marred by injudicious economies. Mr. and Mrs. Smythe Smith were glad of their son's return by a very handsome sum, indeed, and, never parsimonious, they were now truly regal in their outfit.  
Among those to be asked as intimates, and of course, were the Kingshouses. The days were passed when this intimacy had been the blindest of all their blue ribbons to

the Smythe Smiths; but they still cherished a warm and kindly feeling, just edged with bygone gratitude, for the family which, first of all their then social superiors, had stretched out the right hand of fellowship to them, and treated them as autochthones, not sojourners. There was, perhaps, the finest shade of difference in their tone toward them; but it was very fine, very delicate, and the Kingshouses were not susceptible. So Mrs. Smythe Smith wrote a warm and pressing letter of invitation, feeling that if Lord Kingshouse would come on their side he would match Lord Lackland's and Lady Venetia's, and keep the balance equal. My lady too, colorless and important as she was in person, would be of value in name; and Lady Elizabeth was always a safe card to play. She had been "booked" from the beginning—Mrs. Smythe Smith having always her eyes fixed on probabilities. She remembered certain things which made her see ulterior chances, and she was all the more confirmed in her belief by Lady Elizabeth's persistent abstention from Thorburgh since Estelle's death. Wait till the year was out, and then—  
Since Estelle's death Lady Elizabeth had neither visited the Smythe Smiths nor seen Anthony Harford. Something as indefinite as the hope lying at the back of his conscience had held her from coming to Thorburgh during this first year of his widowhood. She had kept up a kindly and continuous but not frequent correspondence with him, which had given her thoughts occupation; but he had never said he wanted to see her until now, when the great fête day was fixed, and he knew that she was coming to Upperford. Then he broke out into a curious little dithyramb of joy at the prospect of meeting her again, and even added the hope that she would stay a long time at Upperford—for his sake. He missed her, he said, out of his life more than she could possibly imagine, and he was looking forward to the pleasure of her society with a school boy's delight. A year was a long time for the separation of two faithful friends—and faithful friends they had been from the first and would be to the end. But for the painful memories hanging about Kingshouse, but for his abhorrence of one of the people at Les Sables and his contempt for the other, he would have gone over long ago to see her, Lady Elizabeth, the Delight of his Long ago; but as things were, the effort would be too great, and even he was not given to needless self-torture. It would be all right when she should be here and they were able once more to talk face to face, in the happy days of their first acquaintance.  
And when Lady Elizabeth read this letter she first blushed for joy, and then for shame of that joy; and hid it in her bosom with a strange feeling of sacred possession and a sense of divine secrecy, like some great splendor of thought shared between her and God. But alas for that second blush! When she went to bed she took the letter out of her bosom and kissed it with a passion, a self-abandonment, which no one who knew her only from the outside would have recognized as her characteristic at all.  
"I know that I love him," she said to herself. "I always have—I should be ashamed to confess this—but I am not ashamed! I cannot feel sorry for myself, ashamed! I cannot feel sorry for myself. It is so natural to love him!—there is no sin in it. There was not at the first, and there is not now. Ah, if he could care for me so that I might make him happy and build up his home again! Ah!" she said aloud, and her voice broke into audible sobs, "would that I could!"  
So far Lady Elizabeth proved herself no child of this strange, cold, calculating generation. She was not ashamed to still love, having been so far cheated by appearances in the beginning as to have imagined herself sought when she was only observed. She had not been sought. Anthony's path had branched off from hers, and he had followed another not herself. Nevertheless, he still stood where she had been when he had left her for Estelle, five years ago now; and the love she had given she had never recalled. It had been covered down and hidden out of sight while Estelle lived. For one moment of self-betrayal she had broken out, as before, when its unlawful vigorously as before, when its unlawful passion swung too sharply. But now when there was no sin in the confession, and Lady Elizabeth was too sincere not to know herself, and too strong in her essential purity to be afraid of the truth.  
The fickle skies of our untrustworthy summers were for this once favorable to concerted plans, and no day could have been more lovely than this of the young people's fête. The heaven was cloudless save for a few wisps and curls of vapor that softened the glare, and the south wind that stirred the leaves and made them "sweet to hear," like those oak leaves on Helvellyn, brought the sense of freshness which prevented the summer heat from becoming too oppressive. It was just enough, too, to lift the flags away from the movement—so carry the life into the air and sweeter flowers in the scents of special perfume, that were as the high lights in a picture—the dominant notes in a melody—the accentuation of a pure perfection; and man and nature met in strangely complete harmoniousness. From the one, sorrow seemed to be surely banished for evermore—to the other, storm and tempest seemed a state impossible to come again. It was a day wherein to live was good—a day when no one ought to weep or die.  
The park was thronged with holiday-makers in their hundreds. They had come from all parts of the county and beyond, determined to enjoy themselves after the manner of the British Philistines—God save his rude and thick-skinned soul!—not hishamed by sentimental loud cheers, broke rules. Loud laughter, louder of human through that indescribable hum of human voices heard from afar—so like and yet so unlike the hum of bees within a hive or the lime blossoms overhead. Spots and stripes and lines of color moved across the grass or wound in and out the clumps of trees set in groups about the park; and distance gave the gay gowns and ribbons of the women a chromatic value not to be found on nearer view. Little children played and ran, and fell like balls indeed with will; and not the least interesting of the various parts composing the living pic-

ture were these small creatures given up to enjoyment like so many birds or lambs. Here a spangled juggler flashed his golden knives in the sun, or sent up his golden balls as quick as showers of light; there a Punch's show squeaked the old deathless drama and rattled out modern tunes on the African pipes; here a group of fine-limbed acrobats showed their strength and muscle; and there a merry-go-round tried the stability of heads and whose once longest resist dizziness and sea-sickness. And here again some with appetites sharper than the rest had found a convenient dining-room somewhere in the shade, and were emptying their handkerchiefs and lightening their baskets with the gusto of the hunger that is born of pleasure.  
Lady Elizabeth and her father were standing on the terrace that dominated the garden and looked over to the park. Lady Kingshouse was within. Not even on such a summer's day as this did she venture much into the open air, and her embroidery had become to her by now what all hobbies become—her very life.  
"I suppose Anthony Harford will come over?" said Lord Kingshouse suddenly. "He and his daughter had been standing quite silent for some little time, both apparently watching the scene, and each thinking of something else."  
"I suppose so," answered Lady Elizabeth.  
Her cheeks flushed just as much as if a handful of monthly roses had been held near them and the sun had thrown the reflection of their color on her face.  
"Ah, that marriage of his was a blunder," said my lord, with a sigh for the one part, a shrug for the other.  
"It was a pity," she answered.  
"That poor misguided girl!" he continued. "I was deuced sorry for her all through."  
"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth; "she suffered as much as any; perhaps more than any."  
"If we had not had that dinner, Delight, it might never have come to pass," said the earl, meditatively. "I have often thought how strangely great things come about by small causes. That dinner to have ruled the destinies of three people!"  
"Yes," she said. And she said no more. She found the conversation difficult.  
Just then they saw a horseman come along the park road, which ran along the garden wall. It was a cross kind of road, made for the convenience of the family when their business lay to the east and not to the south or west. It was the road which gave into the highway leading on to Thrift.  
"That looks uncommonly like Harford!" said the earl.  
"I think so, too," said Lady Elizabeth, who knew that it was he.  
And then the horseman, seeing them, took off his hat and settled the question of his identity. In a few minutes more they heard his voice in the room behind them, talking to Lady Kingshouse and expressing his pleasure at seeing her again.  
The earl stepped back out of the sunshine into the cool shadow of the room. Lady Elizabeth turned half around in the attitude of a person expectant but not to avoid—with a welcome ready when claimed, but not thrust forward with too much insistence. Her lips were parted into a smile which had in it the crisp lines of pain as well as the frankness of pleasure, and her eyes were dilated till their tender gray was transformed to black. Anthony shook hands with Lord Kingshouse, and repeated the cordial phrases he had used to the countess, but he saw only Lady Elizabeth as she stood on the terrace, half in profile and all in sunlight, her eyes turned to the park, while her heart and her senses were in the room. Then, the rightful amount of attention bestowed upon the authorities, Anthony came out on to the terrace, and the hands of the two friends met, and his eyes looked on her with that long searching look which seemed as if it would scan her very soul and never be weary of what it saw.  
It was not Anthony's way to be hilarious or boyish. Let his mirth be ever so strong, it was deep rather than broad, and always more quiet than demonstrative. Those who knew him best would have seen most clearly how he enjoyed all the circumstances of the day, while ever maintaining his ordinary demeanor of self-restraint and the repose which goes with dignity. He went out of his way more than once to show the Smythe Smiths the sympathy of a neighbor and a fellow-lodger with all they had planned and done; and he congratulated them on the success of their fête, and even carried the beauty of the day to the good of their account—as if the skies had been swept clear by their bosoms and the south wind had been blown through their bellows. He was the very acme of amiability, the very perfection of kindly courtesy; and every one said how brave Squire Harford looked to-day—the first day, indeed, that he did not seem to be haunted by his poor wife's ghost.  
He did not laugh; he did not joke; he did not make any grimaces expressive of his brilliant spirits; but he impressed them all with the sense of his hidden joy, and Mrs. Smythe Smith, for all her preoccupation with her own concerns, said once to her husband, in a meaning whisper, "What has come to Anthony Harford? He looks as if he met an angel by the way!"  
"Perhaps he did," said her husband, who knew as well as she how things stood.  
So the glad day passed, and then Anthony left for the hour, and more, that it would take him to ride back to Thrift and return to Upperford dressed as a Christian gentleman should be for a dinner and a ball. No man had been said, but Lady Elizabeth's heart was full of that half-confessed joy which has its other name in fear. He had looked so much—he had made her feel so much; and surely he was not the kind of man to willfully mislead and cruelly betray! He had made her feel that he loved her—that she could give him back his lost happiness, and replace the absent in his heart. And what more does a true woman ask than to be of good service to the man she loves? He had deceived her once unwittingly, or rather she had deceived herself; but this time surely she was not following a marsh light! Surely he loved her, and would prize her love for him! She was no longer the mere childish ingenue who does not realize her own sensations. She was a woman who understood life—save in such forms of vice and villainy as come but rarely into a good woman's province to understand it all.  
The dinner passed as such functions always do—in enjoyment for the sympathetics; in excitement for the young; in

bliss or despair for the secretly loving as they chanced to be placed and asked. To Anthony and Lady Elizabeth it was a time of pleasure beyond the reach of words, for they were together—and that was enough. As the evening wore on the ball began; the garden was illuminated, and the fire-works hung up columns of flames which came down in showers of stars. All the guests left the ball-room and gathered on the terraces looking at the glow-worm-like lamps among the flowers, and the splendor of those artificial asteroids falling like golden rain from heaven. Many a word was whispered in that balmy, moonless, perfumed night that would never have been said in the day; and many a rash career was given, for weal or woe, as the chance of fortune might prove.  
Under the shadow of the thick trolis that led to the rose garden Anthony and Lady Elizabeth stood as they had stood on that fateful day in his study, by the table where he had laid his revolver. His arms were round her waist; her hands were on his shoulders; but his face was closer to hers than it had been then, and his voice was sweeter, as he asked, with a lover's insatiable insistence: "Tell me again, oh Delight, that you love me."  
"I do," she said, gently. "I always have."  
He pressed her to him fondly.  
"At last the long night is over," he said. "The day is breaking, and our sun of happiness has risen."  
THE END.  
Latest Scottish News.  
A Dundee man recently forced open the door of a house, undressed and went to bed, under the impression that he was in his own house, and has been fined 40s.  
Professor Blackie and Rev. David Macrae, Dundee, are to be the principal speakers at the unfurling of the flags on the field of Bannockburn on June 22nd.  
Sir James King, Bart., Lord Provost of Glasgow, on the 31st ult., laid the memorial stone of the buildings in course of erection in Partick road for the Anderson's College Medical School.  
It is probable that the Duke of Portland will be appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Caithness, in succession to the late Earl of Caithness. The Duke is one of the largest landowners in the county.  
Mr. Lewis Graham, a prominent Forfarshire teacher, who for many years led the peasantry in the Parish Church of Craig, near Montrose, of which he was an elder, has died of paralysis, in his 52nd year.  
Dr. Marcus Dods was on the 28th ult. elected Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College of Edinburgh by 393 votes, against 165 for Mr. Casin and 115 for Professor Salmond.  
The Braid Hills, purchased by the Edinburgh Corporation from the Cluny Trustees, were formally opened on the 29th ult. as a public park by Lord Provost Boyd, in the presence of the Magistrates and Council.  
During May there were launched from the shipbuilding yards of the Clyde twenty-four vessels of 34,419 tons, being thirteen steamers of 25,885 tons, four sailing ships of 8,430 tons, and seven yachts of 114 tons. This total is largely in excess of any previous month this year.  
The funeral of the Earl of Caithness took place in Edinburgh on May 29th, a special funeral service being conducted in St. Giles' Cathedral. The interment took place at the Chapel-Royal, Holyrood, where several members of the Sinclair family are buried.  
The Countess of Haddington died at Tynningham, Prestonkirk, recently. The Countess was Helen Catherine, second daughter of the late Sir John Warrender, and sister of Sir George Warrender, Bart., of Lochend. She was married to the Earl of Haddington in 1854, and six children have been born of the marriage.  
For Best Results in Butter Making.  
It is generally conceded that for best results in butter making, where the milk should be placed in the creamer as nearly as possible at the temperature at which it is drawn from the cow, there being a considerable loss of fat in skim milk if the milk is allowed to cool to any great extent before being set. Of late there has been considerable controversy as to whether it is advisable under any conditions to warm the milk before setting, and as to the limit of temperature beyond which it is not safe to go.  
Mr. I. P. Roberts concludes, as the result of investigations at the College of Agriculture at Cornell University, that, first, there is a loss of butter when the milk is allowed to cool much below the normal heat of the cow before being put in the creamer; second, while there is no risk of injury to the quality of the butter by inordinately pouring an excess of casein, even when the milk is heated as high as 135 degs.  
His Mind Was Gone.  
Mrs. A.—"So you say your landlord has been put into the lunatic asylum?"  
Mrs. B.—"Yes, poor man. As I told you, for some time past we have had our suspicions that he was a little off his head. Last month he had some repairs done to one of the flats, and he actually returned the rent to one of the tenants 5s a year. Next day the doctors came and took him away to the asylum."—Texas Siftings.  
The Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, England, publishes a statement that 52 per cent. of the patients in that institution had unsuspected kidney disease. Every drop of blood in the system passes thousands of times through the lungs in each 24 hours. The same blood passes through the kidneys for purification. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition or able to expel the poisonous waste matter the acids return to the delicate tissues of the lungs and produce irritation which results in the symptoms of what is known as consumption. This explains why 52 per cent. of the consumptive patients have unsuspected kidney disorder. Warner's Safe Cure puts the kidneys in a healthy condition, taking the acids from the blood which vitiates the lungs and causes consumption.  
"And you went up the Rhine, I suppose?" said Mrs. Malaprop. "Indeed, yes. It was beautiful." "And did you see any Rhinecrocodiles?"