Pretty Dear Heart, what a syllable it has given the Tea Pot, who deluged in a little mischief, I should not be surprised Mr. Fig. If she was to make as much Noise in the World as her Namesake, and as the Pot says, like another Ellen, fine another Troy.

Troy indeed Mr. Fig. I think your more likely to fire the House, look where the red hot Baker lays and me how the tea Kettle is boiling over.

The Fathers Darling

The Parent partial Summers for a Child. An only Child, can hardly be too rare.