

enjoyable of our mounding's mass, now Wallinstone national museum, with, in some greenish distance, the charming water-loose country and the two quitewhite villagettes who hear show of themselves so gigglesomes minxt the follyages, the prettilees! Penetrators are permitted into the museomound free. Welsh and the Paddy Patkineses, one shelenk! Redismembers invalids of old guard find poussepousse pousseyptram to sate the sort of their butt. For her passkey supply to the janitrix, the mistress Kathe. Tip.

This the way to the museyroom. Mind your hats goan in! Now yiz are in the Willingdone Museyroom. This is a Prooshious gunn. This is a ffrinch. Tip. This is the flag of the Prooshious, the Cap and Soracer. This is the bullet that byng the flag of the Prooshious. This is the ffrinch that fire on the Bull that bang the flag of the Prooshious. Saloos the Crossgunn! Up with your pike and fork! Tip. (Bullsfoot! Fine!) This is the triplewon hat of Lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleumhat. This is the Willingdone on his same white harse, the Cokenhape. This is the big Sraughter Willingdone, grand and magentic in his goldtin spurs and his ironed dux and his quarterbrass woodyshoes and his magnate's garters and his bangkok's best and goliar's goloshes and his pullupon-easyan wartrews. This is his big wide harse. Tip. This is the three lipoleum boyne grouching down in the living detch. This is an inimyskilling inglis, this is a scotcher grey, this is a davy, stooping. This is the bog lipoleum mordering the lipoleum beg. A Gallawghurs argaumunt, This is the petty lipoleum boy that was nayther bag nor bug. Assaye, assaye! Touchole Fitz Tuomush. Dirty Mac Dyke. And Hairy O' Hurry. All of them arminus-varminus. This is Delian alps. This is Mont Tivel, this is Mont Tipsey, this is the Grand Mons Injun. This is the crimealine of the alps hooping to sheltershock the three lipoleums. This is the jinnies with their legahorns feinting to read in their handmade's book of stralegy while making their war undisides the Willingdone. The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the jinnies is a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up. This is big Willingdone mormorial tallowscoop Wounderworker obscides on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaliber hrosspower. Tip. This

is me Belchum sneaking his phillippy out of his most Awful
Grimmest Sunshat Cromwelly. Looted. This is the jinnies' hast-
ings dispatch for to irrigate the Willingdone. Dispatch in thin
red lines cross the shortfront of me Belchum. Yaw, yaw, yaw!
Leaper Orthor. Fear siecken! Fieldgaze thy tiny frow. Hugact-
ing. Nap. That was the tictacs of the jinnies for to fontannoy the
Willingdone. Shee, shee, shee! The jinnies is jillous agincourting
all the lipoleums. And the lipoleums is gonn boycottoncrezy onto
the one Willingdone. And the Willingdone git the band up. This
is bode Belchum, bonnet to busby, breaking his secred word with a
ball up his ear to the Willingdone. This is the Willingdone's hur-
old dispitchback. Dispitch deployed on the regions rare of me
Belchum. Salamangra! Ayi, ayi, ayi! Cherry jinnies. Figtreeyou!
Damn fairy ann, Voutre. Willingdone. That was the first joke of
Willingdone, tic for tac. Hee, hee, hee! This is me Belchum in
his twelve-mile cowchooks, weet, tweet and stampforth foremost,
footing the camp for the jinnies. Drink a sip, drankasup, for he's
as sooner buy a guinness than he'd stale store stout. This is Roo-
shious balls. This is a ttrinch. This is mistletropes. This is Canon
Futter with the popynose. After his hundred days' indulgence.
This is the blessed. Tarra's widdars! This is jinnies in the bonny
bawn blooches. This is lipoleums in the rowdy howses. This is the
Willingdone, by the splinters of Cork, order fire. Tonnerre!
(Bullsear! Play!) This is camelry, this is floodens, this is the
solphereens in action, this is their mobbily, this is panickburns.
Almeidagad! Arthiz too loose! This is Willingdone cry. Brum!
Brum! Cumbrum! This is jinnies cry. Underwetter! Goat
strip Finnlambs! This is jinnies rinning away to their onster-
lists dowan a bunkersheels. With a nip nippy nip and a trip trip-
py trip so airy. For their heart's right there. Tip. This is me Bel-
chum's tinkyou tankyou silvoor plate for citchin the crapes in
the cool of his canister. Poor the pay! This is the bissmark of the
marathon merry of the jinnies they left behind them. This is the
Willingdone branlish his same marmorial tallowscoop Sophy-
Key-Po for his royal divorsion on the rinnaway jinnies. Gam-
bariste della porca! Dalaveras fimmieras! This is the pettiest

of the lipoleums. Toffeethief, that spy on the Willingdone from his big white harse, the Capeinhope. Stonewall Willingdone is an old maxy montrumeny. Lipoleums is nice hung bushelors. This is hiena hinnessy laughing alout at the Willingdone. This is lipsyg dooley krieging the funk from the hinnessy. This is the hinndoo Shimar Shin between the dooley boy and the hinnessy. Tip. This is the wixy old Willingdone picket up the half of the threfoiled hat of lipoleums fromoud of the bluddle filth. This is the hinndoo waxing ranjymad for a bombshoob. 'T'his is the Willingdone hanking the half of the hat of lipoleums up the tail on the buckside of his big white harse. Tip. That was the last joke of Willingdone. Hit, hit, hit! This is the same white harse of the Willingdone. Culpenhelp, waggling his tailoscrupp with the half of a hat of lipoleums to insoult on the hinndoo seeboy. Hney, hney, hney! (Bullstrag! Foul!) This is the seeboy, madrashattaras, upjump and pumpim, cry to the Willingdone: Ap Pukkaru! Pukka Yurap! This is the Willingdone, bornstable ghentleman, tindere his maxbotch to the cursigan Shimar Shin. Basucker youstead! This is the dooforhim seeboy blow the whole of the half of the hat of lipoleums off of the top of the tail on the back of his big wide harse. Tip (Bullseye! Game!) How Copenhagen ended. This way the museyroom. Mind your boots goan out.

Phew!

What a warm time we were in there but how keling is here the airabouts! We nowhere she lives but you mussna tell annaone for the lamp of Jig-a-Lantern! It's a candlelittle houthse of a month and one windies. Downadown, High Downadown. And numbered quaintlymine. And such reasonable weather too! The wagrant wind's awalt'zaround the piltdowns and on every blasted knollyrock (if you can spot fifty I spy four more) there's that gnarlybird ygathering, a runalittle, doalittle, preealittle, pouralittle, wipealittle, kicksalittle, severalittle, eatalittle, whinealittle, kenalittle, helfalittle, pelfalittle gnarlybird. A verytableland of bleakbardfields! Under his seven wrothschiels lies one, Lumproar. His glav toside him. Skud ontorsed. Our pigeons pair are flown for northcliffs.