

then the head goes down, the tail goes up—madam is at her breakfast again in the mud.

And here comes Carlo after her once more. Once more? it is for the twentieth time perhaps. Now at any rate he is sure he sees her—now for once the prize is within his grasp. "*At last, madam!*"

Oh, the numberless vain "at lasts" of sanguine men! Fortune is often painted as a goddess with her feet on the rolling globe. I would paint her as a diving-duck with the nobler animal in chase.

