## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Mamie wouldn't sing for us because she wanted to be teased." "And did you tease her?" "Oh, terribly! We didn't ask her again."—The King.

The Pace.—"Misfortune always travels fast." "That's right; the more rapid the pace a fellow goes, the quicker it overtakes him."—Philadelphia Record.

Father—"Who prepared this pudding?" Mother (looking at her daughters in succession)—"I mustn't tell—the author desires to remain anonymous."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Foreman—"De telegraph page is all pied!" Editor—"Never mind; run it as it is, and I'll label it the only original Chinese dispatch, translation to-follow to-morrow."—Syracuse Herald.

According to Experience.—Farmer B.—"This 'ere paper says they ain't nothin' f'r an appetite like a long tramp." His Wife—"Land! They don't know what they're talkin' about. A short one c'n eat just ez much."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"Ma says, how much will you charge to write a 'bituary on the death of my dad?" "Three dollars an inch," replied the editor, gruffly. The messenger departed, but in a little while he returned and said: "Ma says dad wuz six foot two inches, but he wuzn't wuth three dollars!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Blessing in Disguise.—"I suppose you are displeased with my daughter's pianoforte practicing. It must annoy you dreadfully—the flat has such thin walls." "Well, no; I have no wish to condemn your daughter's practicing. It has been the direct cause of my wife and I taking a great deal of very beneficial outdoor exercise."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Holdup—"It seems funny to hear you admit you never had stage fright," said the first nighter. "It was at the beginning of your career, of course." "No," replied the great actor, "it was during my last western tour. The man appeared at the stage door so suddenly and flashed his revolver so unexpectedly that the shock nearly killed us passengers."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## FOREIGNERS IN CHINA.

**Accurate Information as to the Number Cannot Be Obtained at the Present Time.**

There seems to be a woeful lack of definite information as to the number of foreigners now residing in China. The information is not easy to get, for when a country stretches thousands of miles, and it takes a traveler four months to proceed from the coast to the far interior, even by constant traveling, it is plain that such statistics are extremely difficult to obtain. But one famous foreign newspaper, the Deutscher Reichs-Anzeiger, has been at some pains to get particulars of what figures are available relating to the known "foreigners" in the towns known as "treaty ports."

The figures apply to some seven or eight towns on the seacoast of China, open for trade and business to all nationalities. In these we find that there are in round numbers: English, 5,562; Japanese, 2,440; Americans, 2,335; Russians, 1,621; Portuguese, 1,423; French, 1,183; Germans, 1,134; Spaniards, 448; Scandinavians, 244; Belgians, 234; Danes, 178; Italians, 124; Dutch, 106; miscellaneous, 161; a total of 17,193.

It thus appears that Englishmen form more than a third portion of all the foreigners in China, and this fact alone will show what a stake England has in the most costly stake of all—human lives—in the events now occurring in the Celestial empire. A general massacre of all foreigners in that land would mean that Great Britain should have to mourn the loss by a terrible death of torture and trial of no fewer than 5,562 brave English men and women!

England's trading firms in these towns number 401, while Japan's are 195, and she is second. Germany has 115, and is third. Then there are 76 French trading firms in China and 19 Russian.

**How the Queen Managed It.**

One of the royal housemaids fell ill recently in Windsor castle. One of the clergy attached to the royal residence—it was one of the canons of Windsor—went to visit the ailing girl, says Under the Union Jack. The sufferer was in a bed in a room which was high up in the building, and could only be approached by several flights of stairs. The canon who, by the way, is not in the first flower of youth, was a little tried by the ascent. When he arrived at the room of the sick girl he remarked upon her peculiarly radiant expression, and also made a half-jocular allusion to the altitude of her bedroom and the difficulty he had experienced on the stairs. "I am happy, sir," said the housemaid. "To-day the queen herself has been to see me! Her majesty came into this room and sat down by me. Then she said: 'I have got away from them all and come to see you. Do you know how I did it? I managed by sitting down on every third stair!'"

**Simpkins' Mistake.**

The new boarder was thin and wore spectacles.

"Parse the butter, please," she said with some hauteur to young Simpkins.

Simpkins looked up with a start.

"Butter is a noun," he said, "a common noun, singular number, neuter gender—" There he stopped. He saw that he had blundered.

As he handed her the plate with a conscience-stricken smile he realized through an inspiration that her pronunciation revealed the fact that she was direct from Boston.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## THE CHINESE SIDE.

### German Officer Testifies to Bravery of Mongolian Troops.

**How Christian Humanity Compares with the Raw Ferocity of the Boxers—The Foreigners in China.**

The Europeans are beginning to find out that after all the Celestial is not such a bad soldier, says a Chicago exchange. Lieut. Von Krohn, lying wounded in the German hospital at Yokohama, whither he was brought from Taku, is very positive on that point. He thinks, according to a local paper which has interviewed him, that "they are splendid material, and if they had good officers would probably be invincible." Elsewhere he says that "everybody in general has very greatly underestimated the quality of the Chinese troops. It would be utter folly to think that with an army of forty, fifty or even a hundred thousand the allied forces could reach Peking, but a force of at least 150,000 and especially a large force of artillery and cavalry and a carefully planned campaign will be necessary to attain that end."

Incidentally Lieut. Von Krohn lets us see how beautifully our Christian humanity and civilization compares with the raw ferocity of the Boxers:

"As far as the capture of prisoners is concerned," he says, "this is an impossibility, as the Chinese are not civilized enough for that kind of warfare. Under the circumstances of the present warfare in China the allies have been and probably will be in the future compelled to kill the wounded with the bayonet. In the beginning they even sent wounded to the hospital at Tientsin, but they soon found out that as long as a man was able to raise a hand he would try and stab the foreigners; and as, moreover, they found the prisoners very refractory and had all they could do to attend to themselves, they were compelled to kill all wounded with bayonets and, generally speaking, accept no prisoners, but to kill everybody that stood up against them."

Even the anger of the throne, feeble and at the same time bombastic as it often is in China, becomes almost sublime in view of the unparalleled affront of Taku. The rescript, which is in the name of the emperor, of course, tells with a good deal of ability and clearness how many benefits the Chinese government conferred on the foreigners, how it permitted them to trade with the Chinese, how it permitted them to send their missionaries among the people though the latter did not want them. But lately the foreigners had usurped territory and plundered the people of China by force, and in so doing they had insulted the empire. As a result their churches had been destroyed and their missionaries murdered. The government had done its best to protect foreigners and had issued instructions for the protection of the legations in Peking and the rescue of the missionaries. Despite this action the foreigners, heedless of the benevolent intentions of the government, had demanded with a display of force the withdrawal of the Chinese troops from the Taku forts. At this point the writer of the rescript seems to lose control of himself, or herself. We "solemnly and with tears declare," he cries, "that we will carry on this war to the bitter end rather than suffer this ignomy and live. Oh! hear ye, our loyal and patriotic subjects and people! Come in hundreds of thousands from Chihli and Shantung and assemble in the imperial capital, for it is our intention to fight with the enemy for our 20 provinces and their 400,000,000 inhabitants."

In a Pharaoh or a Babylonian monarch this outburst would be considered fine, and the Chinese empire is contemporary of the empire of the Pharaohs and the empire of the Babylonians and should consequently have the same privileges. In a hundred years the blood-guiltiness, the treachery, the want of faith, the craft, the mendacity and the cruelty will have been forgotten and people will look back on the last struggle of the oldest empire that the world ever say with sympathy, admiration and pity.

**Elopers at Barge Office.**

Of runaways there are scores every year at the barge office. It seems that whenever a married man has deserted his wife and children for a comely young girl, or a married woman has forsaken an elderly husband for a younger lover, they make straightaway for New York, as if it were the universal haven of refuge. In most cases the officials of the barge office manage to get the exact truth; for, having no marriage papers, "husband" and "wife" are separately questioned as to the time and the place the ceremony was solemnized. As both are lying, their stories frequently do not agree. It is usually the man who is first to confess to the runaway. This is because the woman has everything to lose and the man everything to gain, for he can desert her at will, even as he deserted wife and children abroad, and with even less compunction of conscience. The woman, and sometimes the man, suffer deportation. If the latter has money he is allowed to remain, since there is no law to prevent him, unless, of course, the wife across the water has caused her husband's arrest through the foreign consul here. There is usually a property as well as a personal crime in these runaway events.—Ainslee's Magazine.

**It Didn't Matter.**

The Doctor—Above all things, madam, your husband mustn't worry. Perhaps you'd better not show him my bill just now.

"But I did, doctor, and it didn't make any difference. He said he knew he couldn't pay it anyway."—N. Y. Life.

## THE BABY'S BATH.

**Some Valuable Suggestions for Information of Young Mothers.**

There is no tonic which can be given to a fretful baby, sick with teething, which is equal to a salt bath. Little children suffer a great deal from the heat, and become restless and nervous, so that it is not strange that they often fall a victim to the more or les serious disorders of the digestive organs, which we are apt to attribute to teething because they occur when the child is cutting teeth, says the New York Tribune.

We now know that a great deal of sickness is laid to the account of the teething which is due to improper feeding, improper air and similar causes. Teething is a natural process, and in a healthy child, systematically and sensibly fed, it should not be accompanied by any violent sickness, but merely by a slight disturbance of the system. A great many children cut their teeth so easily that the mother does not know they are teething until the teeth appear.

When the second summer falls at the time the canine teeth (the eye and stomach teeth) are cut there is likely to be more disorder of the child's system, owing to indigestion and to heat as much as to teething. The canine teeth may be expected any time from the fourteenth to the twentieth month. If the child is delicate they may be delayed later. They are irregular in their order. It is important that the child should sleep regularly and should have plenty of outdoor exercise. The more a child stays outdoors when the weather will allow the greater the child's chances of a healthy teething.

The salt bath is a tonic to a nervous, fretful baby, which is better than any medicine. Use it at night, if the child refuses to go to sleep at his regular hour. The best salt is pure rock. Dissolve half a cupful in a child's bathtub full of lukewarm water. Be careful to dissolve the salt thoroughly in water before adding to the tub, as sharp crystals may otherwise cut like glass the delicate skin. A restless baby feels the soothing power of this warm bath as soon as it is put in it, and will often go to sleep after being taken out of it before it can be dressed for bed. Dry its skin with a soft, absorbent damask towel, and do not try to rinse off its salty bath. It will only keep it awake. Put it to bed after feeding it, if it is near its feeding hour, as soon as possible. A feverish baby will often go to sleep outdoors who refuses to close its eyes indoors. Keep its carriage outdoors under the trees, and let it take its naps and its meals outdoors, in the daytime at least. It will awake with the lark whether it is sick or well, and it is natural that it should. It should be taken out as soon as possible after it wakes up, to get the benefit of the undoubted balm for all physical ills that is found in the early morning air, laden with the perfume of opening flowers. If the little one is disposed to be up in the morning, as healthy, active babies are, let it toss itself about on a thick woolen creeping blanket spread on the grass in a shaded place, but a place which during part of the day is subject to the rays of the sun, so there will be no poisonous germs there, such as lurk in damp places where the sun never comes.

## FASHION'S FRESHEST FANCIES

**Young Girls Are Made Lovelier Than Ever by the Seasons' New Trappings.**

Almost all of the very newest things in girls' wear are old friends—with new trappings. The hair is worn lower on the head, and not so much a la pompadour. Somewhere at the sides there is a decided tendency toward a part. Many little curling locks are diligently cultivated, and curls in the back falling to the neck are once more to be worn, says Ladies' Home Journal.

The collars of gowns are to be lower, a fashion which can readily be adopted with audacious confidence by the young.

The newest models of stocks to be worn with shirt-waists are especially pretty, and made mostly of silk and very sheer muslin. The collar is made of silk, sometimes into a crush affair finished with a very narrow, clerically shaped muslin collar with fine drawn-work edge.

Many shirt-waists are being made with collars of the same material—the small turnovers being of a contrasting color.

Costumes in solid colors are the novelties of the hour—everything to match—a rather expensive fashion, but always a desirable one and indicative often of the well-dressed woman. The plain tulle and net veils—sans dots, sans borders, but just a suspicion of a fairy's web, to keep those sundry love locks in their rightful places—are effected. A second veil of chiffon—brown, beige, blue or green—is worn over the veil of tulle or net.

The hats are composite productions—"big small" hats perhaps will describe them.

**Almond Ice.**

Scald a pint of cream and stir slowly in six ounces of melted chocolate and six ounces of sugar. Boil for ten minutes, then allow to cool. Freeze till solid, carefully stirring until smooth, remove the spadile, scrape down the sides of the freezer and beat the ice for a few minutes. Line a quart form evenly with the chocolate ice, sprinkle thickly with shredded almonds, and fill the center with almond cream. Cover the mold tightly, bury it in ice and salt and freeze for two hours longer. Before removing the ice from the mold, plunge the mold in warm water for an instant.—Ladies' World.

## A WELL-BRED VOICE.

**It Lends Attractiveness to a Woman Who May Be Otherwise Without Charm.**

Let any woman who has never studied her sex from this view-point, pause and listen, if she be able, while attending one of the afternoon functions devoted to the entertainment of women only. After close application, she will distinguish individual voices, and most especially those which are particularly discordant, and, plainly speaking, are not well bred, says Ladies' World.

It must not be inferred from this that the one who is so unfortunate as to possess such a voice may not herself be well bred; she may, as the term is understood, be both cultured and refined, yet the voice that utters her cultured and refined thought may be most rasping and uncultured.

Public speakers and singers count time well spent that is devoted to training the voice to platform work, but scarcely any attention is given to cultivating the voice for conversation—the medium through which ordinary mortals must make their hopes and aspirations known.

True it is that by nature some are much more blessed than others in the gift of a voice that is pleasantly pitched. Still, if the case be otherwise, there is seldom need that it remain so. Daily training will do much to alleviate the difficulty. Occasionally one reads of societies and clubs being formed for the study and improvement of the voice; but these cannot reach the masses.

If each one would endeavor to hear herself as others hear her, she might be able to understand her needs and make for herself many helpful and pleasing changes.

Have you ever watched admiringly a sweet and refined face and then turned away sadly disappointed, on hearing the voice?

On the other hand, have you ever been suddenly fascinated by a voice that has been found in possession of a woman otherwise plain and unattractive?

Every intelligent woman who has these experiences is able to draw her own conclusions, and will undoubtedly agree with the writer in the opinion that one of the needs of the American woman to-day, if she wishes to be considered thoroughly cultured and refined, is that she also possess a voice that will harmonize.

While there might be necessity for special directions in individual cases, it will be safe to advise that if the voice be pitched high, it must be gradually lowered, and the "sweetness" will, in most cases, follow.

"Your girls speak with such a drawl," said an American to an Englishman. "Well, that may be true, but they do not at least talk through their nose," replied the Englishman, with more truth than sentiment.

This mode of speaking, which is claimed to be an American product, always prevents clearness of diction wherever it is found.

If it be true that among women the faculty of speech is the one that is most constantly in use, then indeed all that will be necessary for the acquiring of a charming voice will be a clear understanding of right principles and the best method of applying the same.

Every woman who loves power, either for its own sake or for the sake of its being a medium for good, should awaken to the possibilities of her voice.

A well bred voice gives superiority to the mistress and deference to the maid; it brings adoration to the sweetheart, and reverence to the wife and mother; it is one of the most potent influences for good, and, alas, for evil also.

Wealth cannot buy it; neither need poverty crave it. It comes not by invitation, but by well-directed self-examination and persistent effort. Yet, is it not worth the while?

## ENTIRELY SUPERFLUOUS.

**Telegraph Operator Cuts Down a Message and Enlightens the Sender.**

A negro wearing his best toggery entered the Independence (Mo.) office and wanted to know what it would cost to send his wife, who was at Cincinnati, a message, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean. The agent told him he could send ten words for 50 cents, whereupon the negro wanted to know if five words could be sent any cheaper. The answer was a negative one, the 50-cent rate was agreed to, and the sender, who could not write, dictated the following message to the Ohio better half: "I am going to Leavenworth on the first train this evening. I never had better health in all my life. I'll be at home Easter, the Lord willin', and I've got lots o' money."

The agent, who, from experience, knew how to economize words in a telegraphic message, arranged the negro's message as follows: "Just from California, going Leavenworth tonight; splendid health; home Easter."

The message was read over to the negro, who said: "You didn't say nuffin' to her 'bout de money."

"She'll know you have plenty of money," said the agent, "or you wouldn't be fool enough to send her this message."

"Dat's so, boss," said the negro, who paid the money and walked out.

**Quick Pickles.**

Cut small cucumbers, leaving a bit of the stem on each. Drop into boiling water, let boil five minutes, then take out into cans with a skimmer. Drain off all the water. Put a teaspoonful of salt and two or three peppers into each can and fill up with hot, strong vinegar and seal. We do not vouch for this recipe, but it may be tried by those who would like to simplify the work of pickle-making.—Detroit Free Press.

## KING HUMBERT'S COURTESY.

**Adventure of Two American Girls Who Were Driving in the Pincio.**

One of the things to do in Rome is to drive in the Pincio during certain hours in the afternoon. When it was known that their majesties were also to drive in that charming, tiny park, it accentuated the social duty to try to be present. On one such occasion two American girls had an interesting illustration of King Humbert's courtesy, says the New York Sun.

The only carriage they were able to secure was a forlorn, broken-down, poverty-stricken street cab. Not only was the creaky cab uncomfortable and unsafe, but the sickly, starving, staggering horse and tattered coachman were sufficient to illustrate a treatise on the subject of want and disease. In spite of their coachman's pomp and power of rags, they enjoyed themselves, for in friendly fashion he volubly poured out information regarding places and persons of note. He knew their desire to see the king and queen, who usually drove separately, and so he kept on the lookout for the royal equipages.

For half an hour, round and round the Americans followed the principal avenue of the Pincio, when to their consternation they learned that they had all that time been just a sufficient distance back of the queen's carriage not to have seen it. After a little consultation their driver planned an adroit movement and short cut through a narrow road which should bring them face to face with the queen. After they turned off into the deserted, narrow side drive the attention of the two girls was attracted by a drag and pair of superb black horses, whose driver, a distinguished-looking man with gray hair and military mustache, seemed to have caught the same idea of making a short cut. When the cabman found that some one was endeavoring to pass him, he gallantly, in behalf of his fair passengers, blocked the way by deliberately keeping in the middle of the road.

Several times the spirited black horses and their driver came nearly abreast of the rattletrap, but each time they were obliged to remain behind, because the cabman just wouldn't let them pass. This was kept up for fully five minutes. Then, provoked at the unrelenting determination of his rival to pass him, the cabman turned and scowled, and to his horror saw King Humbert. Half bereft of his senses, he screamed: "Re! Il re!" ("The king! The king!")

The women folk were too interested in the king, who bowed to them most pleasantly, to realize what was happening until the thing happened. Between their driver's frantic desire to get out of the way of the royal carriage and his wish to let the American girls know that while the king was so near they ought to stare at him with open mouths, he pulled the wrong rein and thus locked wheels with the drag, and might have caused a serious accident had not King Humbert mastered the situation and acted promptly. In a moment an order to his lackeys set they at work extricating the cab, while he firmly kept his horses from dashing ahead, which they were inclined to do.

The cabman was too paralyzed with terror to be of any use, even his glib tongue was at a standstill, though his dumb look of amazement and fear spoke volumes. During the moments of quick action nothing was said, but the instant that the imminent danger of the collapse of the cab was past, in the gentlest voice and the most graceful manner King Humbert expressed his regret that he should have been the cause of the accident, though he hoped the young women he addressed were in no way injured.

Appreciation of his courtesy and delight over the incident must have showed on their young faces, for on answering that they were not hurt he quickly and complimentarily remarked on the unusual courage of American demoiselles—his intuition on this point was rewarded with brilliant smiles—and he repeated his assurances that he hoped they would have no further trouble. With several successive and most gracious bows he turned his horses round and gave the American girls advantage of the road and position, showing in his face which was illumined and pleased at their evident pleasure, that he understood their feelings in the matter and, understanding their unspoken wishes, he determined to help them as far as it lay in his power to do so.

By that generous act of giving them precedence in the right of way, later they not only saw the queen and other personages, but they also carried away an indelible memory of the accident and King Humbert's courtesy.

**Origin of the Boers.**

The French Society of Ethnology has been looking up the Boers. It seems that the Dutch East India company sent Van Biebeck in 1652 to found a supply station at the Cape of Good Hope, then called the Cape of Tempests. When Louis XVI. revoked the Edict of Nantes in 1685, some 308 French families demanded the hospitality of the East India company, and so were sent to the cape, where there were 600 whites of Dutch origin. The latter received the French colonists and the Dutch language was later employed exclusively. The present Boers are the descendants of this colony, spreading over the territory of the Cape, Natal, Orange Free State and Transvaal.—Ledger Monthly.

**Agitated.**

Ada—I hope he won't do anything rash!

Alice—Was he very much excited when you refused him?

"Extremely. He said he would commit suicide or die in the attempt."—Puck.

## OLD-TIME BOY CROWDS.

**How They Battled with Each Other and Vied for Supremacy—A Washingtonian's Memories.**

"The recent agitation over the right of boys to enjoy the river and nearby streams for swimming purposes reminds me," said a Washington born man, according to the Star, "of my juvenile days and some of the experiences I shared with other youngsters in seeking natatorial pleasure. Along in the early seventies, before glorious Aleck Shepherd took hold of the town and did his magnificent transformation act, pretty nearly every boy in Washington who wasn't a goody-goody kid belonged to some particular crowd. Every neighborhood comprised within, say, eight or ten squares, had a distinctive crowd. If a boy from one crowd had the temerity to go alone into the territory of another he was very sure to hear a decided invitation to 'trot,' and if he didn't comply, to be assisted in starting by stones and sticks.

"There were constant fights between different crowds for immediate mastery in adjoining small sections, which sometimes took the form of stone battles, or bean-shooter skirmishes, but more frequently the weapons would be chubby fists and finger nails. To go anywhere with anything like protection it was necessary for crowds to travel together, and when an excursion out into the country or down to the river was planned it was customary for several neighboring crowds to declare a truce for the time being and go together. Such combines almost invariably had to withstand the attacks of other crowds, banded alike for the time being.

"The canal then ran where B street northwest now is as far east as Sixth, and thence cut diagonally across Armory square. The section south of the canal was popularly known as 'the island,' and there was a crowd on the island that fairly reveled in victimizing boys from the north side of the canal. The islanders guarded the bridges across the latter, and many a battle was waged on and around them. They also claimed absolute riparian rights from the southeast boundary of the Monument lot, about where the swimming beach now is, and where the canal joined the river to the arsenal grounds, so far as juvenile swimming and fishing rights were concerned. The favorite swimming point for youngsters was along above the Long bridge as far as Seventeenth street.

"Sometimes the island boys, after the city boys, managed by force of numbers to get into the water, would swoop down and seize the clothes of the swimmers, and after carrying them up the bank, where naked boys wouldn't dare to follow, proceed to tie sleeves and trouser legs into hard knots, which were wettest to make them more difficult to undo, and then throw the garments down the bank and enjoy the efforts of the owners to loosen them up so they could get into them. Juvenile teeth were often necessary to untie those knots, and from this the practice got the term, 'chawing clothes.'

"Boys were mighty different in my days, though, than they are now. They were more nomadic and had lustier sports. When I was 20 years old I don't believe there was a country road or stream in this vicinity that I wasn't acquainted with. A walk to Four-Mile run to fish or way out Rock creek to swim were weekly affairs and nearly all the other lads enjoyed the same rambles. Now, the youngsters are neither as gregarious or as adventurous as they used to be, but I reckon they have just as good a time as we used to think we had."

## AMERICANS MORE RATIONAL.

**We Are Falsely Charged by Europeans with Being Undignified in Public.**

Our crowds may and do have riproaring times when the occasion demands it; but surely they do not become asinine, as do European crowds. If they mobbed their president as did that Parisian crowd a few months ago they wouldn't be content with so ignoble a result as breaking his hat with a cane. They may stand around newspaper offices looking at bulletins, but even on election night they don't rush away in mad, screaming hordes, every few moments yelling hysterically "a bas" something or somebody, says the New York Press.

In London, wherever crowds gather for any purpose, from an unveiling to an excursion, street hawkers are on hand with two things that they call, respectively, "teasers" and "ticklers." The "teaser" is an empty bladder tied to a stick, and the "tickler" is a long feather. The "teaser" is affected most by the male representative of English dignity, and the "tickler" captures the fond feminine heart. The male goes into raptures of joy when he succeeds in hitting somebody—a respectable, elderly gentleman preferred—with his toy. The female trips gayly through the streets, tickling the ears of masculine persons to whom she has not been introduced.

And among our "lower orders" who are as undignified as are the costermongers of London? We have no class that delights in wearing grotesquely bell-shaped trousers, with huge pearl buttons down the sides, and coats with immensely broad braid bindings and also profusely covered with pearl buttons as big as trade dollars.

**A Summer Night.**

He—I could sit out here in the moonlight with you always.

She (sensibly)—No, you couldn't; unless you sat in a moonlight storage warehouse during the day.—Detroit Free Press.


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