

THE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust. But sturdy and staunch he stands. And the little toy soldier is red with rust. And his musket mounds in his hands. Time was when the little toy dog was new And the soldier was passing fair. And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue.

AT THE PLAY.

How funny to be here with you! He started. The phrase jarred him: it was at once inapplicable and unoriginal. He turned to her with a pained expression. "Delightful," "perfect," "entertaining"—he could have commended expressions such as these, commonplace as they would undoubtedly have been. A man may be tender toward a woman's rhapsody about her loved when that lover is himself. But—"funny!"

"O. O. O!" She clutched his arm. "What funny people!" The fatal adjective again. This time he winced, winced twice deliberately, lest she should mistake his wincing for distress as a mere physical infirmity. She continued, quickly: "That reminds me—I don't know why it reminds me, but it does—because badly turned out women—Don is up in town to-night. Did you know, he is going to be small come across him?"

"You mean Lord Kilmore's younger son?" "You remember Don?" Her glance, meeting his full, showed some surprise at his obvious ill temper. She shot at him with a burlesque, with a pretty, unaffected gesture of sympathy.

"Dear! You're not ill?" "Nothing irritates a man whose liver is out of order so much as being reminded of the fact. The despatching of Chinchee's mouth grew positively rigid with irritation.

"Of course not. Is anything ever the matter with me? How your imagination runs away with you—dearest!" The "dearest" was a difficult conquest, she shrank from it, her ardent chilled, the keenness of her enjoyment marred already.

"We have still ten minutes to wait before the curtain rises," he said. He regretted his own opportunity of coffee. "What if I took the opportunity of explaining to you the motif of the play? It is a trifle complex."

"It would be kind of you," she said, with a little smile, but, notwithstanding, her eyes showed some disappointment as she scanned the house. She was longing to speak the sweet banalities to which most lovers find it pleasant to listen; to make her bright little comments and butterfly criticisms; to slip to the full of the evening, to an evanescent enjoyment; to be, in a word, herself—the creature of the moment, and his own. She had looked forward to tonight—the first of her emancipation—with rapturous excitement.

"It will be almost as good as being his wife," she had thought, and she had sister under whose chaperonage she was spending the twenty-four hours in town, which broke her journey between a Gloucestershire visit and her travels further north. "To have him all to myself for a whole evening, to feel that I really belong to him as he belongs to me! Can you imagine anything more perfect?"

Her pleading broke down even Chinchee's indignation. But his shirt front looked extraordinarily stiff and starched and white, rather like polished marble, she thought, or was it only paper-anchore, and Margot moved instinctively a little further from him as he continued: "Foremost in the ranks of our latter-day satirists, James Lee Hoey stands unequalled. She it who practically founded the New School. She stands alone. Her disciples imitate laboriously her brilliant dialogue, her scintillating epigram—"

"Her?" the girl repeated vaguely. "her? Why do you speak of him as her? Surely he is a man?" "I like Rhoda Broughton," he asked. "Is it possible that a living woman exists who does not recognize the supreme fact that this one of our greatest writers—I had almost said our one great writer—honored her sex by belonging to it?"

"I never realized that to belong to either sex was a question of one's own volition," Margot said quietly. "I did not know that James Lee Hoey was a woman, and, what is more, I'm not especially proud of the fact. I don't admire her. She is cynical, and hard, and morbid. I like Rhoda Broughton far, far better—I love her, in fact, she's so human, and—and Mrs. Hungerford, and dear Mrs. Clifford, and Beatrice Harraden, and heaps of others."

She choked a little in her excitement, trying to keep back her tears. It was not that she had been so much petted and made much of all through her happy eighteen years, her criticism asked, her opinion deferred to, and now—Repressed, hurt, suffering, she shrank away from him. His kiss on greeting had been cold, his kiss on parting might reasonably be expected to be frigid.

She sat in outward quietude, her head averted, her thoughts tumultuous. If this was the beginning, what, O what would the end be? When the curtain rose, it would be a relief passed when it fell again. If an hour of his was so trying, what would a lifetime prove? At the second act he left her to have a cigar in the foyer. She sat listlessly. What a fool she had been! What a mistake she had made!—was it conceivable? One's people knew something after all; so much she must admit. She had thought him cultivated, charming. They had met on a northern visit, and he had been out deerskating all day; at night he was too tired to proceed with his music, and his prizes had passed for culture. Since their engagement they had met for the most part at big functions, and there it happened that, until to-night, they had rarely seen remarkably little of each other.

And what an awakening to-night had brought! She held her program in her hand, looking at it with unseeing eyes. How blurred it was—how stained—how like her future life would be, lived out with him! A shadow crossed the page. She looked up. A well-remembered presence made itself felt. "Margot! Crying?"

She sprang to her feet gladly, triumphantly, catching with her two hands at the man, protecting fingers which clutched her. "Oh, Don," she said, brokenly, "take me again, dear. Please take me home before he comes again, dear. I can't stand him any more. Talk nonsense, Don! Tell me I'm 'ripping,' and 'a brick,' and 'jolly,' in all the rest of the dear, delightful, sunny terms. And Oh, Don, if you love me, dear, make love to me, real love, for always. Don't ever, ever, be cultured or superior."

"If I love you," he said. "And before the look of his eyes her own fell. But it did not matter for he took her home—The Ladies' Field.

A Natural Fog Horn. At the Farallones the crozier agents have worked with queer caprice. This rock being granite, has been acted upon by the sea at all levels, and through all the ages of the breaking waves, above the din of the water deaf. Through a long, narrow hole, slanting and communicating with the ocean, there comes at intervals a terrific stream of air, forced by the spasmodic heaving of the waves against the rock. It was allowed to roar only in foggy weather, but it was eccentric in that it would only sound at high tide. When the tide was low, although the weather might be very thick, the thing would be silent. For lack of it, a warning ship went ashore upon the island rocks, and then it was that the government abandoned its location on the wind hole and erected a steam siren, or mechanical fog horn, which has since very faithfully performed the necessary service.—Harper's Magazine.

No Faculty Use for 'Em. "Don't see why so many cranks are trying to invent a flying machine. There's no earthly use for them. No, that's true; they are meant to navigate the air."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

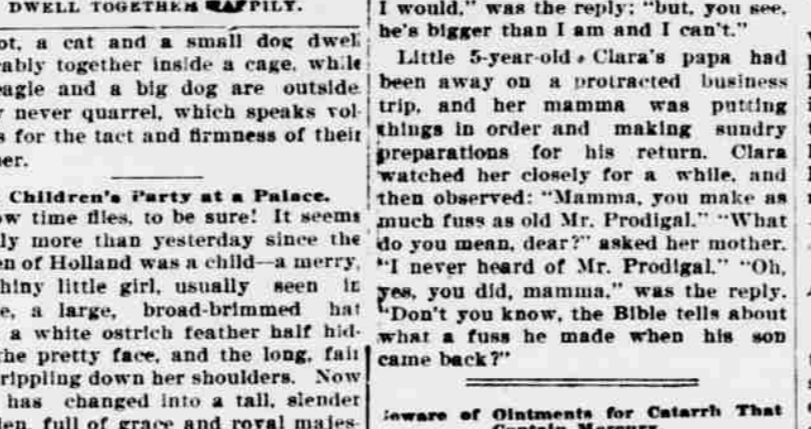
It is the easiest thing in the world to have LUMBAGO OR LAME BACK, And it is just as easy to get it out. No remedy has made surer and quicker cures than ST. JACOBS OIL. IT RELAXES THE STIFFENED MUSCLES.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER. Quaint Sayings and Cute Sayings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

A Scientific Grandpapa. "See, grandpapa, my flower!" she cried. "I found it in the grass!" And with a kindly smile, the Sage Surveyed it through his glasses. "Ah, yes," he said, "holocauste, and all the foresta ligulate. A Corolla gemmatulosa—Compositeae—cogonous—A pretty specimen it is, Taraxacum dens-leonis!"

She took the blossom back again. His face her wistful eye on. "I thought," she said, with quivering lip "it was a dandelion!" "St. Nicholas. Parrot, Cat and Dog in a Cage. The Chinese must be past masters of the art of household discipline. Here is a typical happy family of Pekin. A



DWELL TOGETHER HAPPILY. Parrot, a cat and a small dog dwell amicably together inside a cage, while an eagle and a big dog are outside. They never quarrel, which speaks well for the tact and firmness of their trainer. A Children's Party at a Palace. His time, like to be sure! It seems hardly more than yesterday since the Queen of Holland was a child—a merry, sunny little girl, usually seen in white, a large, broad-brimmed hat with a white ostrich feather half curling the pretty hair and the long, fall hair rippling down her shoulders. Now she has changed into a tall, slender maiden, full of grace and royal majesty. The new Queen of Holland has been a very popular person ever since she was born, and Dutch children never tire of hearing about the time when Queen Wilhelmina played many a merry game with her thirty dolls, and with the little boys and girls who used to be invited to the palace to amuse her never tiring of hearing of her warm love for animals—horses especially—and her admiration for soldiers and that concerns them, and her great capacity for learning, and her quickness in seeing a joke.

And if the young Queen has by this time perfectly acquired the art of being having when necessary—in quite as stately a fashion as the dignity of a queen demands, she is a very lively and bright girl, nevertheless; and there is at the Hague a boy who would most emphatically convince you of the truth of this statement, if you were to doubt it. When, several years ago, he was about nine or ten years old, he had the good fortune to be invited to a children's party at the palace. His mother was bored, but somewhat uneasy, to see such a very independent and noisy lad, her boy was! Surely there was some reason for her being afraid that he would not behave so well as she wished him to. She told him to try to mind his manners, and not to "stamp in that dreadful way," and not to talk too loudly. "And, mind you, don't forget to say 'Mevrouw' (Madame) to the little Queen when you speak to her."

But this was too much for Willem, who was impatiently, impatiently, if a little impatiently, perhaps. "Mevrouw!" he exclaimed indignantly. "I am not going to be such a silly as to call her all that! 'Mevrouw,' indeed! And she is not married, and only twenty-two years old!" For quite half an hour his mother took pains to make him understand that etiquette demanded the little Queen should be addressed as "Madame." He obstinately refused to be brought to reason. "It is no absurd!" he said. "How can I call her 'Mevrouw,' when she has no husband?" The attempt to make him understand had to be given up. He looked a perfect little gentleman, though, when he drove to the palace, accompanied by his little sister.

Solemn-looking lackeys stood ready to conduct them to one of the beautiful old rooms in the palace, where some other little guests were already assembled, and they were welcomed by ladies in elegant evening gowns. When all the guests had arrived, a lackey, opening a door, announced in a loud voice: "Her Majesty the Queen!" And all eyes were eagerly turned in one direction. A hush, a pater of quick little feet, then in walked—Queen Wilhelmina, simply dressed in a frock of soft, cream-colored silk. Willem gave a quick little nod of content. He liked her.

She did not behave or look like a "mevrouw" in the least; and he clapped his hands when she said gaily: "Let us have a good, noisy game; blindman's buff, or—anything you boys know!" And "noisy" games they had, several of them—blindman's buff among the "best; and Willem thoroughly enjoyed himself, and twice caught the Queen when his eyes were bandaged. "I knew it once it was she," he said afterward, as soon as I touched her sleeve. It felt so soft and nice, quite different from the others. But, of course, I never called her 'Mevrouw.' I just said 'Konigin' (Queen), and I am sure she liked it."

Well, what Queen Wilhelmina certainly did like was to play and to romp and to be merry as well as other children. Perhaps no Dutch girl surpasses her in her love of skating and riding—St. Nicholas. The Sheriff's Joke. "Talking about neckties," gaily remarked the western sheriff, as he dully arranged the noose, "there's something that is perfectly killing." Folly never flies out of man's reach.

Portrait and Slipper. A touching anecdote, associated with a picture in the National Gallery at Edinburgh, is told by an English lady in her book, "Pot-Pouri from a Surrey Garden." She writes: Several pictures stand out with peculiar interest, especially the life-sized Gainsborough of the young Mrs. Gainsborough, and for the picture as a bride, but before it came home she was dead, and her husband had gone to the wars. When he came back he never had the courage to open the case which contained his young wife's portrait. On his death, many long years after was painted, it was opened by his heirs, and inside the case was the little white slipper she had left with the painter to help him to finish his picture. The portrait was given to the Edinburgh Gallery, and the slipper was kept for the family.

STRONG STATEMENTS.

Three Women Relieved of Female Troubles by Mrs. Pinkham. From Mrs. A. W. SMITH, 59 Summer St., Hiddford, Me.: "For several years I suffered with various diseases peculiar to my sex. Was troubled with a burning sensation across the small of my back, that all-gone feeling, was despondent, fretful and discouraged; the least exertion brought on a headache, and I had received little benefit. At last I decided to give your Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The effect of the first bottle was magical. Those symptoms of weakness that I was afflicted with, vanished like smoke. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable remedy. It is truly a boon to woman."

From Mrs. MELISSA PHILLIPS, Lexington, Ind., to Mrs. Pinkham: "Before I began taking your medicine I had suffered for two years with that dread disease, headache, backache, no appetite, and a run-down condition of the system. I could not walk across the room, and I had several attacks of the Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills and used one package of Sensitive Wash, and now feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work."

From Mrs. MOLLIE E. HERRICK, Powell Station, Tenn.: "For three years I suffered with such a weakness of the back, I could not perform my household duties. I also had falling of the womb, terrible bearing-down pains and headache. I have taken two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel like a new woman. I recommend your medicine to every woman I know."

DESERVED THE DECORATIONS.

An Enterprising Burglar Who Burled to Some Purpose. To the social ambition of burglars there is no limit. One of a party of suburban crib which they were arranging to crack, drive dogcart and wear gold-rimmed spectacles. Another phase of their desire for higher recognition among the community is greatly exercising the mind of a respected resident of Putney, who retired after a brief holiday at the beginning of the week to find that in his absence his house had been visited by at least one thief, who appropriated a quantity of plate, a dress suit, two Greek decorations for merit of which the housekeeper was the proud possessor, and a ticket for a public dinner in the office of a club but no leaving England for Australia.

This function was fixed for Tuesday evening. The excitement of the burglary drove all recollection of the banquet from his head, and it was only when the chairman mentioned how charming his representative was at the banquet that he remembered the disappearance of the ticket, which was marked, "One guinea; wine included." Subsequent investigation showed that the burglar had not only appropriated the chairman's ticket, but also the work of the gentleman's Greek decorations at the dinner, where he represented himself to be the ticket holder's cousin, who was on his holidays, and made himself so popular among the company with stories of his exploits in the field, that many of them invited him to visit their houses.

And now the real owner of the decorations is trying to find out all these gentlemen and warn them of the danger they run should the false guesses honor them with a mention in the papers, which is merely the preliminary of another burglary. He is not quite sure whether he has succeeded in tracing all who were attracted by the house-breaker's bonhomie.—London Telegraph.

In Jail for Debt. The King's Bench was the largest of all the debtors' prisons. It formerly stood on the east side of the High street, on the site of what is now the second street north of St. George's Church. This prison was taken down in 1758, and the debtors were removed to a larger and much more commodious one on the east side of the street, south of Lamb street—the site is now marked by a number of new and very ugly houses and mean streets. In the year 1778 the prisoners had to lie in a bed, and even for those who could pay there were not to be snored in many slept on the floor of the chapel. There were 395 prisoners; in addition to the prisoners many of them had wives and children with them. There were 278 wives and 278 children—a total of 1,386 sleeping every night in the prison. There was a good water supply, but there was no infirmary, no resident surgeon, and no bath. Imagine a place containing 1,386 persons, and no bath and no infirmary! Among these prisoners, about Colonel George Hanger who has left his "Memoirs" behind him for the edification of posterity. According to him the prison "rivaled the purities of Wapping, St. Giles, and drunks." The cheerless interior was so great that it was only possible, he says, to escape contagion by living separate, or by consorting only with the few gentlemen of honor who were in the prison. "Otherwise a night's sleep will quickly sink into despondency; he will lose every sense of honor and dignity, every moral principle and virtuous disposition."—Pall Mall Magazine.

Spanish Spoken by 55,000,000. According to an authority Spanish is spoken by some 55,000,000 people, most of whom inhabit the southern part of the western hemisphere and adjacent islands. It is far from being the language of a decaying race. Fine feathers often make sorry jai birds. Don't parley with wrong. The fretting horse galls easily. Childlike is not childless.

TRUMPET CALLS. POPULARITY is Satan's snare. Man advises—God commands. Education is a mental mariner. Vanity is the yeast cake of pride. Reading is planting seed thoughts. Character is the mirror of thought. Effort converts the ideal into the real. Moderation is a check to presumption. The past is the schoolmaster of the future. Reason is the dissecting knife of thought. Religious instruction saves from destruction. Make education a science, and it will become an art. It is not right for any Christian to fight for his rights. It takes an independent thinker to go hunting for new ideas. Sympathy is the channel in which the current of a man's thought runs. With Christ within, it matters little what are the conditions without. Some professed Christians would rather do wrong than suffer wrong. Some men blow their own trumpets by praising in others what is most conspicuous to themselves.

Showing the Dead. A writer describes a curious custom in Havana of laying out bodies in state during the night before burial. They are placed close to an open window fronting the street, on a couch four or five feet from the ground. The corpse is surrounded by high wax tapers, and the whole room illuminated. Frequently, when returning from a tertulia or ball, I have been startled to see the fixed and rigid features of some old gentleman or lady, dressed in their best attire, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neck-tie. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went toward it. There, close to the window, I saw a man in a dark suit, sitting in a chair, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight