

His Royal Highness said "peek-a-boo" and thirty ONE tame fleas left the prettily embroidered howdah immediately. XXXVIII

Thumbprints of an angel named Frederick found on a lightning-rod, Boston, Mass.

such were the not unhurried reflections to which my organ of imperception gave birth to which i should ordinarily have objected to which, considering the background, it is hardly surprising if anyone hardly should call exactly extraordinary. We refer, of course, to my position. A bachelor incapable of occupation, he had long suppressed the desire to suppress the suppressed desire of shall we say: Idleness, while meaning its opposite? Nothing could be clearer to all concerned than that i am not a policeman.

Meanwhile the tea regressed.

Kipling again H. G. Wells, and Anatole France shook hands again and yet again shook again hands again, the former coachman with a pipewrench of the again latter then opening a box of newly without exaggeration shot with some difficulty sardines. Mr. Wiggin took Wrs. Miggin's harm in is, extinguishing the spittoon by a candle furnished by courtesy of the management on Thursdays, opposite which a church stood perfectly upright but not piano item: a watermelon causes indigestion to William Cullen Longfellow's small negro son, Henry Wadsworth Bryant.

By this time, however, the flight of crows had ceased. I withdrew my hands from the tennisracket. All was