



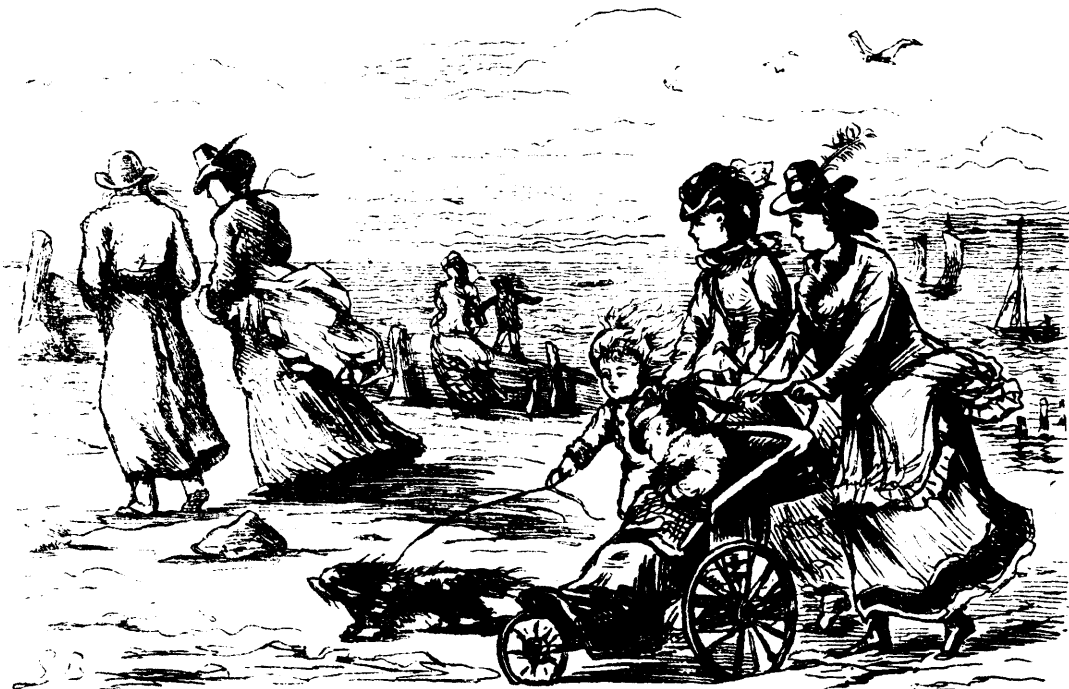
THE ROUND OF THE STUDIOS.

*Afable Stranger.* "GOOD MORNING, MR. M'GILP! I HAVEN'T THE PLEASURE OF YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, BUT A BROTHER OF MINE MET YOU, SOME YEARS AGO, AT A GARDEN-PARTY, AND I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MIND MY CALLING TO SEE YOUR PICTURES, AND—ER—BRINGING SOME COUSINS OF MY WIFE'S!"  
*(Our Artist bows low, to dissemble the too exuberant rapture that beams all over his tell-tale countenance.)*



A TEMPTING INDUCEMENT.

*Cheerful Agent for Life Assurance Company.* "THE ADVANTAGE OF OUR COMPANY IS, THAT YOU DO NOT FORFEIT YOUR POLICY EITHER BY BEING HANGED OR BY COMMITTING SUICIDE! PRAY TAKE A PROSPECTUS!"



FLATTERING IMITATION.

*Sarah.* "THERE, MARY ANN, THAT'S THE 'AT AS I TOOK MINE FROM!"



"BUSINESS!"

*Bath-Chairman.* "I S'POSE THE DUKE OF EDINBORO' AND HIS MISSIS WILL BE BY DIRECTLY!"  
*Policeman.* "NO, THEY WON'T. THEY AIN'T IN TOWN."  
*Bath-Chairman.* "AIN'T THEY!—I SAY, IF THAT OLD LADY IN MY CHAIR ASKS YOU, SAY 'YOU DON'T KNOW,' 'CAUSE SHE'S A WAITIN' TO SEE 'EM, AND I'M ENGAGED BY THE HOUR!"



THE RIGHT MAN AT LAST.

*Old Gentleman (to Party of the Irish Persuasion).* VERY WELL, THEN; YOU WILL COME IN THE MORNING, AND TIDY UP THE GARDEN A BIT. IT WAKES DOING VERY BADLY.  
*Party of the Irish Persuasion.* SURE, SOB, IF YE WANT IT DOOIRS BABBY I'M JUST THEE BOY FOR YE.



MANNERS!

"MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF ENGAGING YOU FOR THE NEXT VALER?"  
 "ALL RIGHT! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"  
 "MY NAME! OH—ER—LORD ALGERNON PLANTAGENET MONTGOMERY DE—"  
 "O, BOTHER! WHAT A LOT!"