



THE MARQUIS APPEALS TO HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

LETTELLIER.—Please, Sir, make him leave off a punchin' me. He's at it agin'!

THE MARQUIS.—Madam, what shall I do with these unruly boys. They won't be quiet. So I thought I'd ask you.

THE Q—N.—That's right, my son; whenever you're in doubt, always seek counsel from your mother. She's your best friend.

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