



## SOCIAL AGONIES No. 5.

WHEN BRIDGET UNEXPECTEDLY ANNOUNCES TEA.

### PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Langtry is having a doll especially modelled to resemble her in face, and to be dressed exactly as she was in "Cleopatra." Mrs. Langtry sends the doll as a contribution to the Chicago Exhibition. Mr. W. Clarkson, of 45, Wellington-street, Strand, has been especially commissioned to model the doll, which is nearly three feet high, made entirely in wax, and also the dress, the latter being exactly like the one Mr. Clarkson made for her to wear as Cleopatra.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is writing a play. Although this will be, says the "Star," her first attempt at writing for the stage, she is already practised in authorship. Some years ago she published a little book called "Voyage d'une Chaise," in which she related her experience in her balloon. Another book—by which she will be more generally remembered—is the notorious "Marie Pigeonnier," which was her

reply to Marie Colombier's attack upon her in a scandalous book called "Sarah Barnum."

Mme. Rosa Bonheur will receive £12,000 for her "Horses Threshing Corn," a commission from an American merchant.

### PERFECTLY TRUE.

Louisa—Amanda, my dear, I'm afraid you're a sad hypocrite. You make a boast of invariably telling the truth at all costs and at all hazards.

Amanda.—Yes, my love. And what then?

Louisa.—Why, you also make a boast of being "a young lady in her teens"; and yet you're six-and-twenty if you're a day.

Amanda.—Quite right. Loo; twenty-seven next month, and yet what I say about my teens is no fib. I wouldn't confess it to everybody; but, you see, I never make that assertion except when I'm wearing velve-teens!

### TOO BAD.

Wife.—You treat mother shamefully. She would have committed suicide this morning, if she had had money to buy poison with. It is too bad.

Husband.—It 'is' too bad. I'll see she is never without money again.—The Club.

How hard a struggle 'tis to live,  
And satisfy our inner cravings;  
An actor may live "on the boards,"  
A barber must exist on shavings.

And he who kneads our daily bread,  
May need his own some day most sadly,  
While he who has the cure of souls,  
Must, to his boots, want new ones badly.

Yet rich or poor, or high or low,  
The end's the same, to all intents,  
The beggar lives upon his rags,  
The millionaire upon his rents.