



IT HAPPENED IN GERMANY.

GERMAN STUDENT—"Hold up a minute. Le's understand the situash'n. Which of you (*hic*) three fellers is waiting on me, anyhow?"

[As lager beer is not intoxicating, an incident like this must be referred to some peculiarity of the Prussian climate.]

a chilly way, of course, but I didn't care for *that*. I made her get me a good strong cup of tea, put a writing table in my room—it has the cosiest little grate in it, I mean the room, not the table—and fix me so that I can do my corresponding in the cutest sort of way.

Of course, I couldn't really go down to the "opening," with my hair such a fright and my nose all red with the frost. Besides, I didn't have my poor little pencil and the notebook. But, how lucky it was! One of the gentlemen of the Press Gallery, who boards in this very house, was kind enough to volunteer to write the description for me. He gave me "the stuff," as he terms it, neatly scaled up, and said he would not bother me reading it over, but that I was just to send it to you marked O.K. Please print it right in here:

[The editor, under the circumstances, has nothing for it but to use the volunteer material, which, it will perhaps be noticed, differs somewhat in style from the graceful and refined product of our own correspondent's pen. Some names are suppressed for reasons which may be had on application at the office.]

SHE OPENS UP.

With a buzz, and a biff, and a bim; a rattle, a tattle, a scattle; a r-r-rum, a hum-m-m m, a bum-m-m-m, the Parliamentary circus has hit town, and the afternoon performance is on!

The same fuss and feathers, flap-doodle and flim-flam as ever marked the opening hoorah. The whole business was enough to give a billy-goat dyspepsia. Why in thunder the Dominion Town Council can't get down to work without all this informal preliminary racket, all this display of store clothes, all these



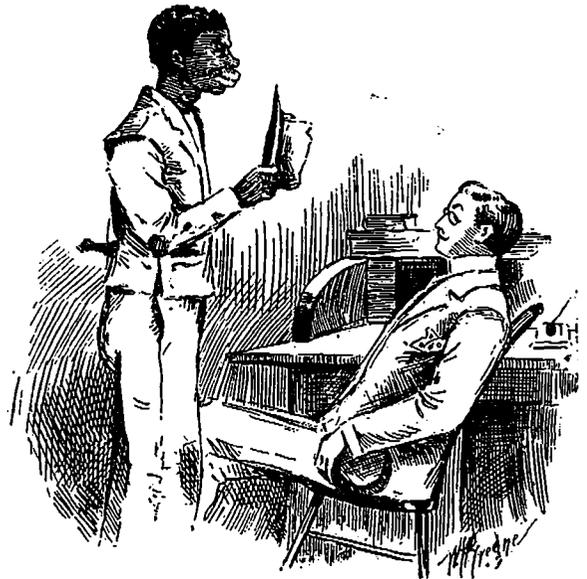
second-hand court capers, all this two-for-five farfonade, is something that knocks me out limper than a picnic tea-towel.

If you're waking, call me early,
Call me early, landlord dear,
For to-morrow is "the opening,"
And out of town I clear.
Of all the silly sights, landlord,
The silliest, sloppiest it—
And out of the town I move, landlord,
Out of the town I git!

That would be the sentiment of your own and able correspondent if she had the misfortune to be domiciled permanently in this lumber village, existence in which, under the most favorable auspices and but for a short time, gives me a constant pain in the back—or the "lumber" region, if you admit powerful jokes without docking a fel—or rather a girl's salary.

You bet I went in and mingled with the guffy and giddy throng who made up the grand ass-semblage, not because I felt like it, but just to gather a few notes about the toggery, tinsel and tomfoolery displayed. When a little fellow came into the Commons Chamber and went through acrobatic genuflexions, I nearly went into genuine confusions—of laughter—at his contortions. Oh, if I had only been near enough to bang the courtesying chappie on the off-lug with my little hand, and enquire tenderly of him whether his mother knew he was 'out, it would have been a positive relief to me!

But what shall I say about the dames and their duds, for, of course, all my dear lady friends will be waiting



DESPATCH.

JONES—"Why, Phoebus, you surely cannot have whitewashed that back room in so short a time. You were to put on two coats of whitewash, you remember."

PHOEBUS—"Yes, sah. I done put 'em on *bofe togedder*."

for your gentle Anna's only authorized version of the clothes aspect of this affair! I'll give 'em short and sweet scraps.

Lady — had on what looked suspiciously like plain corded bed-ticking, half-mast style; her hair was done up, and she wore ostensible diamonds.

Lady — wore off-color Halifax tweed; her bodice very properly reached up to the neck; she sported a watch-chain, but I couldn't catch on to the watch. Ornaments, pearls, limestones, rubies, Scotch granite, sapphires, and cobblestones, if I am any judge of such articles.