

farmer from the
in the city of
ago, saw a girl
at once took his
brother, who
the handsomest
The brother said
that she lived
When Evans
did not desire to
being about the
main seeing the
sely taken poses
About a week ago
symptoms of in-
worse, and was
brant. He was
raigned before a
managed to escape
ing pursued he
into the bush-
much repudiation
the neighborhood,
taken a violent

aphs.
number of men were
night, and the
leaves. "I shall
him." It is
to me by the late
carpenter. He
station over the
at Aberdeen,

Neptune's waves
ere.

not sail
ect.

ay, said his
stirred as when
e, in a quiet spot
ome happy."

erse over the rest-
the old English

th.
s sounds
arch again."

ustralia.

a relating to the
ustralia have been
ment states of
ere 43,706 Chinese
the number now
of 3,727. The
ctoria during that
218 to 11,290, in
to 7,691, and in
to 4,555. On the
of Chinese in New
land from 10,025 to
from 1,151 to
from 145 to
m 841 to 1,000.

All the Time.

lo, Jim, how are
your new diet

is doing first rate
part of the book
on an empty
nily) I had to

ance.

ifference between
bly. You both

scratches for one
World.

op of young men
ing. During the
sixty-eight young
the Marines at
depos, of whom
and out of forty-
elves during the
month only three
did not come up to

d Bill introduced
gress and Senate
ction of a tunnel
between Staten
Brooklyn. Accord-
cost of the tunnel
of and a half miles
1,250,000 a mile,
made by Heman
0 in all, and the
ing when necessary,
r beginning opera-
ready for use. He
e investment to be
that, as 2,000,000
in Brooklyn each
end in buckets, at
elf of the coal will

Mayors in Canada
enworth, Kansas.
Conference would
the popularity of
Toronto and Mon-
ced that he will
at city who attend
ies and play for

ound immediately
office of his journal,
a good look at the
seemed a great deal
there. The figures
while he was at
id. He says he has
on the globe. He
Africa and half a
hater says.

who instituted the
dance the popular
peeler."

love?" he asked
mistress. "N-no,"
her head upon his

is Cocarde, the Bon-
imprisoned for in-
missing. When he
and preserved by Paul
is dead and the heart

A Bostonese Lullaby.

(Judge.)
Baby's brain is tired of thinking
On the wherefore and the whence;
Baby's precious eyes are blinking
With incipient somnolence.

Little hands are weary turning
Heavy leaves of lexicon;
Little nose is frayed learning
How to keep its glasses on.

Baby knows the laws of nature
Are beneficent and wise;
His medulla oblongata
Bids my darling close his eyes.

And his pneumogastrics tell him
Quietude is always best;
When his little cerebellum
Needs recuperative rest.

Baby must have relaxation.
Let the world go wrong or right—
Sleep, my darling, leave creation
To its chances for the night.

Brazil's National Anthem.

London Star: The following is a translation of the national anthem of the new Brazilian republic:

"The eyes of the Day God, never more will see
The slave in his chain and die;
We are brothers who'd die for our liberty.
Tyrants all, we your power defy.
All are free in our glorious nation,
In the future united are we.
While our flag waves with wild exultation
We will sing of our land of the free.
From the Ypiranga bank 'Tis the cry of our pride
Of faith and of hope for our land.
Come, arise, O Brazil! 'Tis the holy time;
Forward, all! 'tis your country's command.
From thy minds the royal purple banish
And in glory advance to the fore.
Then, Brazil, all thy totem will vanish,
And triumph shall be evermore.

The "Spooney" Couple.

(Chicago Times.)
It doesn't matter where you stray,
Go where you will by night or day,
Sly Cupid's ever making hay
He doesn't waste a minute.

Between the daylight and the dark,
In railway trains, hotel and park,
There's not a spot you cannot mark
A spooney couple in it.

At church or play, there, too, one spies
Some couple making honeyed eyes,
With sweetest smiles and soft sighs—
They're certain to begin it.

Until at length you gravely doubt,
If you should search the world about,
That you could find a spot without
A spooney couple in it.

And who would have it changed? Would you?
I love to hear the lovers coo,
And in their softest whispering
Some gentle heart and win it.

In all of life there should not be,
From Eden to eternity,
A place where you need not see me—
A spooney couple in it.

An Australian National Anthem.

Maker of earth and sea,
What shall we render Thee?
All things are thine—
Ours but from day to day
Still with one heart to pray
"God bless our land away
This land of Thine."

Mighty in brotherhood,
Mighty for God and good,
Let us be Thine.
Here let the nation swell
Till from the curse set free,
Labor and Liberty
One cause—and Thine.

Here let Thy peace abide;
Never may strife divide
This land of Thine.
Let us united stand,
One great Australian band,
Heart to heart, hand in hand,
Heart and hand Thine.

Strong to defend our right,
Proud in all nations' sight,
Lowly in Thine—
One in all noble fame,
Still be our path the same,
Onward in freedom's name,
Upward in Thine.

Do Them Both Good.

Light: Mrs. Tawker—"How do you do,
Mr. Prey? What are you going to preach
about to-morrow morning?"
Rev. Lettens Prey—"Well, to tell the
truth, I haven't quite finished my sermon
yet, but—"

"Oh, I'm so glad, because then I can
persuade you, I am sure, to say something
about the practice of talking about one's
neighbor's. It will strike right home to
Mrs. Nextdoor, you know, who is always
saying things against my children and
me; when if she would stay at home once
in a while and attend to those horrid, dirty-
faced little imps of hers it would be a great
deal better for every one! Now, you will,
won't you, dear Mr. Prey?"

When They Will Burn.

It requires 1,000 degs. of heat, Fahr-
heit, to induce coal to emit fire.
When sulphur reaches a temperature of
503 degs. it will begin to flame.
Wood will resist heat up to 800 degs., at
which point it loses its resistance and the
fire shows itself.

The phosphorus on a match is raised by
fiction to a temperature of 150 degs.
Fahrenheit, at which it ignites.

Too Warm.

First Editor—"What! Your building
burned down?"
Second Editor (sady)—"Yes!"
"How did it happen?"

"O, one of those poetic poems by a
young lady was sent in and foolishly threw
it in the waste basket along with a lot of
other paper and it set fire to everything."

He Took the Hint.

Father (at midnight)—"Sorry to disturb
you, but I thought I would show you my
new dog."
Daughter—Oh, papa! How kind of you.
Isn't he cute, Harry?"

Harry (who takes the old man's hint)—
Just in time, sir. I was going to go, any-
how.

The partition of Africa gives to British
dominion and protection 880,000 square
miles and 5,650,000 population. Within
the sphere of British influence are 1,650,000
square miles and 30,000,000 people. The
figures for France and Germany are as fol-
lows: French dominions and influences,
2,730,000 square miles; population, 17,000,
000. German dominions and influences,
650,000 square miles; 250,000 population,
with two large regions containing an area
of 450,000 square miles not even guessed
at as to population.

The best reason alleged by horticulturists
for the growing of the daffodil is that the
flowers last well when cut. With ordinary
care in picking they travel safely, and they
are exceptionally well adapted for arrange-
ments in vases or bouquets.

THE FLOOR-WALKER.

The Multifarious Duties he is Called Upon
to Discharge—Qualities Necessary to
Make One Successful.

"A man needs to be something of a
judge of human character, something of a
little above the average, to thoroughly fulfill
the duties of the floor-walker," said one of
the tireless beings who stand in the front
of all large stores and answer innumerable
questions all day.

"Yes, I feel safe in saying that a man
has to possess more than ordinary intelli-
gence to be a competent floor-walker. Every
man can't do it. It takes years of the
hardest kind of work to acquire that
insight into the business that will make a
man almost unerring in his judgments of
men, goods and prices. And such a
knowledge must the floor-walker have if he
aims to satisfactorily perform his work. He
must have at his tongue's end the exact
location of every department of the store,
no matter how vast the emporium may be.
He must be able at a glance to deter-
mine the correct value of goods sold, and
without hesitation, be able to settle dis-
putes. Such are the incidents which make
up the day in the life of the average floor-
walker.

"A floor-walker's position," continued he,
"seems to the unobservant to be a nice
one indeed. The crowds notice the well-
dressed man standing around giving direc-
tions here and there, and apparently
enjoying rather an easy time compared
with the clerk. That is as far from the ob-
servation of the crowd goes, and as is usually
the case with opinions formed by the pub-
lic, is incorrect. They don't see the daily
hardships and trials we are compelled to
endure, the actual work we do, and the
responsibility that rests upon us. Over-
looking the hard things, they see us as we
occasionally stand on a dull day having
nothing to do, and foolishly imagine that
that is a fair example of the way we work.

"The average floor-walker is an ordinary
sort of person. Commencing life probably
as a cashboy, he has, by assiduous applica-
tion to work, raised himself to something
better. But he has spent years in the
business, and knows nothing else. Commenc-
ing work at 8 a. m. and finishing at 6
p. m. he finds the day long enough. He
has many things to look after, and if he
attends to his duties, is thoroughly tired
out when night comes. Let me show you
what a head floor-walker has to do. He
has charge of the cashboys—no light work,
that. He hires and discharges them, and
is supposed to attend to them properly.
Besides that he must stand at the head of
the aisle or floor where he is placed and
direct customers to any department they
may ask for. This necessitates the floor-
walker being thoroughly acquainted with
the entire location of the house.

"Then he must, in a sort of way, be the
head of the department in which he is
placed. It is true the clerks are not under
him, but he is, nevertheless, supposed to
keep an eye upon them. If a customer is
not being waited upon he is to see that she
is attended to as soon as possible. Very
often a disagreeable person will insist on
getting into a row with the clerk over the
sale of some article. The floor-walker is
supposed to be diplomatic enough to settle
the affair up without letting it go any farther.
Suppose the row is about the price of
some article. The floor-walker must be
discreet enough to make a satisfactory ar-
rangement without hurting the interests of
the house or losing the customer. It is the
floor-walker who is appealed to in all such
cases, and he must be able at all times, no
matter what may be the trouble, to afford a
solution of the problem. And then some-
times a clerk will become impatient to a
customer, and it is then the duty of the
floor-walker to report the clerk to the
manager. If he fails in this and the
customer makes the complaint the floor-
walker is held responsible. So it goes, one
thing and another, to keep the floor-walker's
wits active.

"One of the greatest tests that marks the
successful floor-walker is his thorough
knowledge of business. That is, in every
sense of the term. Beyond fulfilling the
duties assigned him he should be a practi-
cal business man, and act just as though
it was his own store and he was doing all
he could to promote the growth and wel-
fare of the concern. He must be thorough-
ly acquainted with the prices of anything in
his department, and able to tell at a
glance whether or not the clerk is deal-
ing fairly with the customer and the house.
Now, for instance, this cashboy
brings me this pair of gloves that has just
been sold; I will sign the check, and then
the money, gloves, and check will be sent
to the wrapping counter. It was my busi-
ness to know positively before I signed that
check that the proper amount had been
charged for that pair of gloves.

"This is a business that requires a cool
head, a mind adapted to business, and
nothing else. If the floor-walker stands
to his business he picks up a list of
acquaintances that are invaluable to him.
He should be able to have his particular
customers, and be able to recognize them
when he sees them. These are the points
which constitute a good floor-walker."

The Swedish Cure for Drunkenness.

The habitual drunkard in Norway or
Sweden renders himself liable to imprison-
ment for his love of strong drink, and dur-
ing his incarceration he is required to sub-
mit to a plan of treatment for the cure of
his failing which is said to produce marvel-
ous results. The plan, says the "Family
Doctor," consists in making the delinquent
subsist entirely on bread and wine. The
bread is steeped in a bowl of wine for an
hour or more before the meal is served.
The first day the habitual sinner takes his
food in this shape without any repugnance;
the second day he finds it less agreeable to
his palate; finally he positively loathes the
sight of it. Experience shows that a period
of from eight to ten days of this regime is
generally more than sufficient to make a
man evince the greatest aversion to anything
in the shape of wine. Many men, after
their incarceration, become total abstainers.

It Cheats Honest Men.

Chicago News: At the very best the
personal property tax is a tax on conscience,
and as such it puts a premium on lying and
becomes a special burden to the honest and
the unscrupulous.

The brunette who bleached her hair to
please her young man is going to be exhib-
ited in a dime museum as "the girl who
died for love."

BOOK HUNGER.

Too Much Reading of Books Creates
Mental Dyspepsia.

I have a picture hanging in my library,
a lithograph of which many of my readers
may have seen copies, says Oliver Wendell
Holmes in the "Atlantic." It represents
a gray-haired book lover at the top of a
long flight of steps. He finds himself in
clover, so to speak, among rare old editions,
books he has longed to look upon and never
seen before, rarities, precious old volumes,
innumerable cradle books, printed while the
art was in its infancy—its glorious infancy,
for it was born a giant. The old bookworm
is so intoxicated with the sight and hand-
ling of the priceless treasures that he can-
not bear to put one of the volumes back
after he has taken it from the shelf. So
there he stands, one book open in his
hands, a volume under each arm, and one
or more between his legs—loaded with as
much as he can possibly hold at the same
time.

Now, that is just the way in which the
extreme form of book-hunger shows itself
in the reader whose appetite has become
over-developed. He wants to read so many
books that he overcomes himself with the
crude materials of knowledge, which be-
come knowledge only when the mental
digestion has time to assimilate them. I
never can go into that famous "corner
book store" and look over the new books
in the row before me, as I enter the door,
without seeing half a dozen which I want
to read, or at least to know something
about. I cannot empty my purse of its
contents and crowd my bookshelves with
all these volumes. The titles of many of
them interest me, I look into one or two
perhaps. I have sometimes picked up a
line or a sentence, in these momentary
glances between the uncut leaves of a new
book, which I have never forgotten. As a
trivial, but bona fide example, one
day I opened a book on duelling.

I remember only these words
"conservations la-cette noble in-
stitution." I had never before seen duelling
called a noble institution, and I wish I had
taken the name of the book. Book-reading
is not necessarily profitless, but it is very
stimulating, and makes one hungry for
more than he needs for the nourishment of
his thinking marrow. To feed this insatiable
hunger the abstracts, the reviews, do
their best. But these, again, have
grown so numerous and so crowded with
matter that it is hard to find time to
master their contents. We are accus-
tomed, therefore, to look for analyses of
these periodicals, and at last we have
placed before us a formidable looking
monthly, The Review of Reviews. After
the analysis comes the newspaper notice;
and there is still room for the epigram,
which sometimes makes short work with
all that has gone before on the same
subject.

It is just as well to recognize the fact
that if one should read day and night, con-
fining himself to his own language, he
could not pretend to keep up with the
press. He might as well try to race with a
locomotive. The first discipline, therefore,
is that of despair. If you could stick to
your reading day and night for fifty years
what a learned idiot you would become
long before the half century was over! Well,
then, there is no use in gorging one's
self with knowledge, and no need
of self-reproach because one is
content to remain more or
less ignorant of many things which
interest his fellow-creatures. We get a
good deal of knowledge through the at-
mosphere; we learn a great deal by ac-
cidental hearsay, provided we have the
mordant in our own consciousness which
makes the wise remark, the significant fact,
the instructive incident, take hold upon us
after the stage of despair comes the period
of consolation. We soon find that we are
not so much worse off than most of our
neighbors as we supposed. The fractional
value of the wisest shows a small numera-
tor divided by an infinite denominator of
knowledge.

A Profane Blatherskite.

From Senator Ingalls' Pittsburg speech:
If a man is a Democrat, in God's name let
him be a Democrat. He that is filthy let
him be filthy still. (Great laughter and
prolonged cheering.)

The Republican party has always been
right and the Democratic party has always
been wrong, and it will continue to be
wrong, world without end, amen. (Pro-
longed cheering.)

The worst Republican that ever lived is
better by far than the best Democrat that
ever lived. (Great applause.)

There was one who betrayed his Master,
and there was one less wicked, but weaker,
who, when interrogated as to the Master,
denied Him; and I have no doubt that all
the brutal, savage, sensual soldiery of the
army of Harrod and the entire democratic
party of Jerusalem (laughter) and Pontius
Pilate and the independents (laughter) and
the civil service reformers of Palestine
inveighed against Christianity and appealed
to their false and abominable idolatry; but
Christianity survives and the sun still
shines. (Howls, laughter and tremendous
cheering.)

The Democratic party is the street-walker
of the nineteenth century. (Laughter and
applause.)

Folly's Poor Opinion.

Texas Sittings: Polly sent us a joke
the other day. It was in a daintily scented
envelope and carefully inscribed, with all
the little details over the i's, on a small
portion of one page of a large, expensive
sheet of elegant linen paper. This was the
joke:

Some men are born great; some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrust
upon them; but the great majority
of men do not know a polonaise from a
dustpan.

She Stopped the Clock.

Rochester Herald: The Board of Educa-
tion of New Britain, Connecticut, has
discharged a teacher in the Normal School
there because she was "too homely." The
members of that Board will bear watching.

The color used to denote mourning has
often been changed. In Rome males wore
black for mourning, while the women
indicated their grief by wearing white
garments. In Turkey at the present day
the mourning hue is violet, in China white,
in Egypt yellow and in Ethiopia brown.

EASY LESSONS FOR BEGINNERS.

The announcement that the German
Emperor has resolved to found a news-
paper leads the New York Herald to indulge
in some pleasant anticipations and also to
bestow some valuable advice. He will have,
it says, those privileges dear to the beginner
in the rural press—passes to the theatre,
free rides on the railways, invitations to
the opening of beer saloons, a sure thing on
every "blowout" that comes along. His
Majesty will find in this great profession
much to improve the mind. He will learn
some phases of human nature which even
the fiercest light which beats from the throne
cannot discover. How to handle his musical
people, for instance! We wish him joy of
his first criticism of a prima donna, not to
speak of eminent tragedians who attribute
their failures to a corrupt and envious
press, and gentleman of the prize ring, who
next to the musical folks, are the most
sensitive to criticism. He will have a good
time with his city department, arranging
for "spreads" and "scoops" and seeing
that the hanging matches, elopements and
Salvation Army riots are well reported.

Then, too, he will enjoy himself especially
about election times. Then the boys will
begin to swarm upon him; gleaming with
diamonds, whiskers only dyed, rank and
not well-fitting gloves, and steaming with
patriotism. If His Majesty is not sensitive
to tobacco, the aroma of bear's grease and
the blended odors of the cocktail, the
patriots will be interesting. He will learn,
for instance, how much clear, cold cut
lying the human intellect can evolve in the
shortest given time.

His Majesty may have trouble in his cir-
culation department at first, as it is some-
times difficult to hire men who will swear
affidavits up to the proper notch. But with
the imperial prerogative of pardon his
affidavit sweaters need have no fear of the
penalties of perjury. That will be an im-
mense advantage over his rivals. He will,
as a general thing, find it useful in select-
ing his associates to avoid men who have
ideas or missions in life; who have seen
better days; "born journalists" and
editors who are invaluable. Escaped
Nihilists, writers of Irish poetry, young
women who address the falling autumn
leaves and elderly ladies with odes to
ears and memories should be dismissed
from his columns, not in harshness,
nor from a spirit of criticism, but for the
peace of his editorial mind. In conclusion
His Majesty is advised to deal generously
with his advertising patrons and subscrib-
ers. He must try and have his pay in cash
and in advance. It will save trouble on
both sides. At the outset, as may be seen
in our new communities, he may be com-
pelled to take it in kind—watermelons,
photographs, canned tomatoes, kindling
wood, hair oil, pickled salmon, cabbages,
or even detective cameras. He should not
encourage this longer than is necessary.
His Majesty, however, has a large army
and control of its commissariat, and busi-
ness reasons may tolerate what would not
be desirable under less favorable circum-
stances.

A Dinner in the Harem.

We went to the harem at Cairo at 3 in
the afternoon, and till the sun set we were
entertained by dancing and singing girls
with interludes of short, funny stories told
by two dwarfs, who made, I was told, a
large income by attending marriage feasts
and "dilatating the hearts" of the guests.
As I did not understand Turkish, I tried to
talk to some of the women in my halting
Arabic, and was not sorry when Mme.
Hekekyin Bey told me that we were to have
dinner. Little did I think of what an
ordeal my first Turkish dinner was going to
be.

Sitting cross-legged in a heap is not
difficult for a short time, and on a
low divan one leg can be put down for an
occasional rest; but at dinner I was
obliged to sit close to the little
inlaid table under pain of spilling the food
into my lap, and cramped the result. The
first time of eating with one's fingers is
also rather a puzzle; but the dinner was
excellent, and I wonder Turkish or Greek
cooks have not taken the place of French
chefs. There was rather a jumble, accord-
ing to our ideas, of soup, sweets, roast, etc.,
the dishes seemed to come up whenever
they were ready, puddings and creams be-
tween various preparations of meat or vege-
tables, and the rapidity with which they
were served was extraordinary. Our kind
hostess pressed us to eat until I realized
what the schoolboy at our village feast felt
when he answered the curate timidly:
"Please, sir, I think I could eat a bit more
if I stood up."—Mrs. Ross in Murray's
Magazine.

A Queer Mania.

The Standard reports a strange case that
was heard in a Vienna Police Court yester-
day. A monomaniac, who was formerly a
well-to-do master baker, and ruined him-
self by a mania for collecting handkerchiefs
which had been used by ladies. At the
commencement of this singular hobby he
used to buy the coveted mouchoids, some-
times paying as much as £4 or £5 for
what was intrinsically not worth as many
shillings. His devotion to this fad brought
him to poverty, and then he fell to stealing,
in order to enrich his already unprecedented
collection. At length he was apprehended
at the recent choral festival, when as many
as fifteen ladies' handkerchiefs were found
upon him. On a search being made by the
police in his apartments there was found
in one room a collection of 1,434 of these
articles, all classified according to the
special perfumes with which they had been
scented. The magistrate ordered the un-
fortunate man to be taken to a lunatic
asylum.—St. James' Gazette.

To Cure Consumption.

Dr. Koch, the German physician who
claims to have discovered a method of cur-
ing consumption by inoculation, is about to
begin experiments on people who are suffer-
ing from the disease, and we may, there-
fore, soon expect a wordy war amongst
scientists over the professed discovery. The
matter is, however, one of great interest to
the world, and it is such researches that
aid in bringing about a clearer compre-
hension of the principles of life, and advance
the art of healing.

A Stayer.

Tonawanda Herald: The carnation is
a cheerful little blossom that lasts for days
with its stem in a glass of water, and
smiles frankly and contentedly all day long
when thrust in a buttonhole and uncheered
by a drop of moisture.

Reminders of Burns.

In Dumfries one cannot look upon a sin-
gle olden structure, or follow with the eye
any close wynd, vennell or street, without
knowing that at some time it was more
familiar to Burns than and portion of the
old city is to any one of its inhabitants
to-day. In the ancient Bank street house
where he first lived in Dumfries, in the
three tiny apartments, more than one-
third of the more than 100 poems he pro-
duced in Dumfries were composed. Then
in the Mill, now Burns street house, which
was his last, the remainder were given
birth. Among these were
"Auld Lang Syne," "My Wife's a
Winesome Wee Thing," "The Soldier's
Return," "Willie Wastle," "Contented
w' Little, and Contented w' Maic," "Thou
Hast Left Me Ever, Jamie," "Ye Banks
and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," "My Love Is
Like a Red, Red Rose," "My Heart's in
Sair, I Daurna Tell," "O Wert Thou in
the Cauld Blast," "Duncan Gray," "Flow
Gently, Sweet Afton," and that grand
martial ode, "Bruce's Address." The old,
though still spruce, King's Arms Inn
could never have so long stood the assaults
of time and tourists had not Burns, in a
forbably irreverent and delicious mood,
scratched upon its window pane.—Cor. New
York Commercial Advertiser.

A Chess-Playing Village.

In the Gargenlaube is an account of the
village of Strobel, near Wernigerode, in
the Harz, where every five years since 1885
a chess congress is to be held, and it was
this year, at the end of June. The child-
ren of the village for many centuries have
been taught chess in their homes as soon
as they could understand the moves, and at
the present day they show what progress
they have made every Easter in the
presence of the pastor, school teachers, and
village authorities. The three girls
and three boys who remain victors
receive each a chess board made
in the village and inscribed with
the words "A reward for perseverance." There
are regular chess-clubs for men and
women, and on Sunday afternoon people
pass the time in playing chess in the inn
"Zum Schachspiel," where, if a tourist
happens to come in, he is invited to play,
and is generally beaten. The inhabitants,
about one thousand two hundred and fifty
in number, are almost all farmers, and in
easy circumstances. The appearance of
the village is pleasant—solid houses, clean,
paved streets, a church with a weath-
er-vane in the shape of a chess board, school,
inn, and an old square brick tower which
plays a part in the history of the place.—
London Daily News.

A Happy Expedient.

"I think you may send me a quart of
huckleberries," said the landlady to the
market man, as she looked about for bar-
gains in wilted eggplants.

"Have you many boarders this summer,
ma'am?" he asked mildly.

"None."