

A FAMILY GROUP.

Lehr and Lillian

I have just heard a story or two very characteristic of Harry Lehr, which would have been more pat in the telling before he married and reformed somewhat, but are too good to be lost altogether. It seems that he, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and two or three other intimates were dining with Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, and after one or two courses were served, Mrs. Fish, with her famous bluntness, exclaimed:

"I must say, Tessie, I don't like your food."

"No more do I," quoth the polite Harry, "let's go down to Dels and get something fit to eat," whereupon the whole party arose and calling cabs were whirled away to Delmonicos to gorge as they liked!

Pretty much the same party occupied a box at Weber & Field's one evening, and, under the leadership of the irrepressible Harry, seemed to get

much amusement and a good deal of chaff out of Lillian Russell's performance; her dress, manner, voice, etc. The airy, fairy one noticed this and stood for it some time, but when her scene was over she went to the manager and swore by all her husbands dead and gone that she would not go on again unless that "little beast Harry Lehr and his party left the house."

"But, great heavens! Mrs. Russell," exclaimed the perturbed manager, "they are leaders of the 400; I cannot turn them out of the house."

"I don't care if they're leaders of the heavenly choir," was the sharp rejoinder, "out they go or home I go."

So the scared manager went up to the box and asked the party to withdraw. Harry Lehr laughed in his face. Then the manager got his back up.

"Look here, you Jackanapes!" he exclaimed, "if you don't get out quietly I'll have you put out."

Discretion is the better part of valor even to the Lehr de Lehr cult, so collecting his party, the giddy little Baltimorean slipped away much crestfallen,

and the airy fairy one went on with her embonpoint performance.—The New Yorker.

"Colonel," she asked, addressing the eminent Kentuckian, "have you read about the water cure in the Philippines?"

"I have, my dear young lady," he replied with almost overpowering emotion, "and I am able to realize at last that wah is what one of your Nohthern genehals said it was."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Actress—Harold: "Dear Miss Angeline, let me whisper to you the 'old old story!'" Angeline: "Aw, come off! If you want me to listen to that, you'll have to dramatize it and spend about fifty thousand on a stage setting."—Judge.

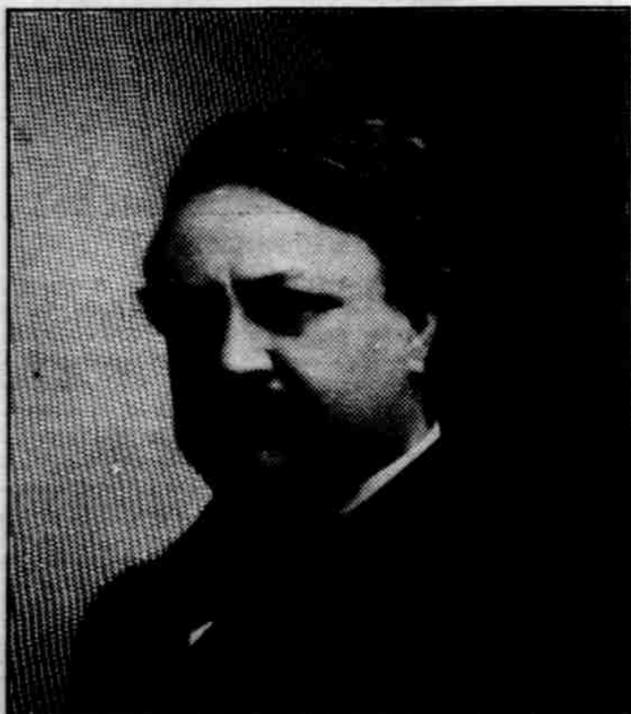
"It is queer," says a New York clergyman, "what a liking young students have for long words and Latin quotations, and what a dread possesses them of appearing conventional. I once knew a promising candidate who was given charge of a funeral in the absence of the pastor of the church. He knew it was customary for the minister to announce after the sermon that those who wished should step up to view the remains, but he thought this was too hackneyed a phrase and he

said instead: "The congregation will now pass around the bier."—Kansas City Star.



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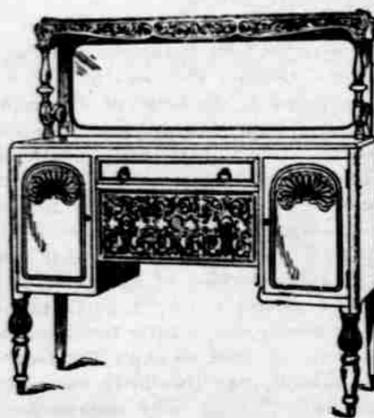
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WILLIAM E. MASON, U. S. SENATOR.

The Illinois senator was recently turned down by the republicans of his state, the Springfield convention endorsing the senatorial aspirations of Congressman Hopkins, of Aurora, and urging the latter's selection by the next Illinois legislature. Mr. Mason, however, refuses to accept the verdict of the convention, asserting that it was packed against him, and has announced his intention to fight it out to the last.

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