

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

THE INFINITE VARIETY INTO WHICH THIS CLASS IS DIVIDED.

The Selfish Woman—The Pompous Man, The Human Squid—The Filigree Person—The Counsel for the Opposition, The Dec. a Person.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)

The fact that no two people are alike is one we are all familiar with, but in some moods and some circumstances we are tempted to wonder that in this infinite variety there is so little that is perfectly satisfactory.

Outside your own family, an austere truth may induce you to add, or inside, how many persons do you know with whom you would like to be housed up in one room for the rest of your life?

You probably shudder at the thought; but why? Because nearly everybody has some disagreeable trait of character, habits, manners, conversational topics or interests which do not especially annoy you in the occasional intercourse of social life, but would be intolerable if forced upon your constant attention.

Of course we know that we ourselves are no exception to the general rule, and that other people find us just as disagreeable in some ways and at some times as we do them, but I never saw the sense of that theory that we must never perceive the defects of anything or anybody, unless we could do it better or were ourselves perfect.

You, for instance, have not the slightest idea of how Juliette soup is made, but are you too much troubled as to know you could not eat your own gown to save your life, but must you not find fault if it does not suit you? And in the same line of argument you may have, for instance, a very bad temper, but does that prevent you from perceiving that your neighbor is coarse or ignorant or dishonest?

On the contrary, I think that one's own faults sharpen the eyes to the faults of others and make it harder to endure them.

But apart from faults, how can anybody with eyes and ears and trained perceptions avoid seeing how many persons are in fact making things pleasant for others, in fact fall of being agreeable, if they do not become absolutely disagreeable?

Society does not go on harmoniously without constant effort upon the part of the persons making up society, and when through selfishness or laziness or from any other cause a person does not try to be agreeable he generally falls into the other extreme.

We all are selfish. Some philosophers say that selfishness is the salt that preserves food from corruption and decay, and these critics go so far as to aver that martyrs and saints, and the good and Damians, give their lives to toll and suffering and death in the hope of earning heavenly rewards above their fellow-men.

If these theories are correct we cannot hope to escape selfishness as the basis of our character, but we can and we ought to avoid those outward manifestations that annoy other people—in fact, we must let our selfishness make us disagreeable.

Probably you have been away from home during the past twelve months, have met a great many strangers, either on steamers or trains, or in hotels and boarding houses, and I am sure you will remember the lady who always secured the most comfortable chair in the drawing room, who managed to be first served at dinner, and if she had the chance, appropriated the lion's share of the fruit, or the sweetmeats, or the cream. If it was warm she hastened to place herself at the coolest window, if cool she shut up the room as if it were her private bedroom; and in the train, if she fancied an open window, it never occurred to her that she was letting a cold blast upon the person behind who might be quite unable to bear it, or she may have chosen in a stifling day to order all the ventilators closed because the dust would spoil her bonnet.

If a drive were in question she stepped out of the door a little in advance of the party, and, uninvited, climbed to the box seat or took the coolest corner inside. If it was sunny she unfolded a big sun umbrella and held it so that nobody could see the view, and the points pecked like birds of prey at all the eyes in the neighborhood. If a celebrity were of the party she boldly took possession of him and "gilded" him as if he were a ripe fruit, or she herself posed as the center of attraction and edited the company with accounts of her tastes, travels, acquaintance with great people and details of her private life.

I met several of this kind of disagreeable, both male and female, last summer, but in especial one who, having all sorts of worldly advantages and good looks into the bargain, might have been a most delightful person had not she been so blindly selfish as to make herself thoroughly disagreeable to every one she met.

Another very disagreeable person is the pompous man—he who takes position upon his own, or yours, or a public health care, with his feet apart, his thumbs in his buttonholes, an insufferable air of general toleration upon his face, and tells you that the country is going to the dogs because the president and cabinet are blind to the situation, which he proceeds to expound, with his remedy. It is no matter how deftly you turn the conversation or what topics you introduce; if you speak of pictures he tells you how many he has bought and what long prices he has paid for them; he speaks of the old masters with toleration and indulgence, and tells what good advice he has given to most of the present school, and how largely they have profited by it. You frantically turn to the weather, and he tells you that he prophesied yesterday exactly how it would be today, but really the weather makes no difference to him, as he never goes out without his carriage, and his horse has waterproofed bonnets and shoes and stockings as well as the ordinary clothes. You ask for his family, and he swells visibly while he explains how superior they are in health to any other man's family, and what wise and beneficent antecedents he is in all domestic concerns.

Perhaps he is, and perhaps all that he has said is true, but how disagreeable he makes himself with his big I and little U, and how glad you are when he goes away or allows you to do so!

Akin to the Pompous Man and the Selfish Woman is the Human Squid, the person of either sex whose tentacles are always reaching about to catch whatever is going and draw it seaward. Talk to one of these egotists upon whatever subject you like, and you will presently find that the conversation has come round to his or her own personality. You remark: "It is very warm today," and the reply is: "Yes, and I feel the heat very much. Last week I was out in the sun, and really was afraid of a sunstroke."

Or you say: "The emperor of China is very ill," and your friend answers: "Is he? Well, I never cared much about China; when I was at school I never could find the Chinese cities, al-

CONCERNING BACK HAIR.

ANNA VERNON DORSEY MAKES IT A SERIOUS STUDY.

Sketches by Our Own Artist of the Coiffures of Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. Tiffany, Mrs. Yznaga, Miss Bend and Others.

Every woman at some time worries of the monotony of arranging her hair in the same way, and, she yearns for change, or for a change in the style of her hair, or for a change in the color of her hair, or for a change in the texture of her hair.

It is not hard on her, you say, to have it done? "Oh, well, of course, when I was so sick he couldn't think about that. Well, I won't stay and bother you since you don't feel well. Goodbye! I hope your cold will soon be better."

There is in the Filigree Person, who never can sit still and be quiet a minute. Perhaps it is a woman, and she can't bear the draft from that window or door or if you will excuse her, may she lower the window a little so as to have the air from the top; or she can't sit in a low chair, or may she have a hassock; and where is her fan and her vinaigrette.

Oh, yes, she has dropped them; and she has not time to pick them up in the house and keep on her feet; and don't you think the perfume of so many flowers is unwholesome; and she does want you to try taking hot water before your meals, and you must test with a thermometer, and you must know how to use a glass of wine or tea, and so on.

Or it is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

The Woman's National Council at Washington in February.

The most significant sign of the times in the interest of women, and to me the most hopeful sign, is the constantly increasing spirit of unity and harmony among our sex.

It is not hard on her, you say, to have it done? "Oh, well, of course, when I was so sick he couldn't think about that. Well, I won't stay and bother you since you don't feel well. Goodbye! I hope your cold will soon be better."

There is in the Filigree Person, who never can sit still and be quiet a minute. Perhaps it is a woman, and she can't bear the draft from that window or door or if you will excuse her, may she lower the window a little so as to have the air from the top; or she can't sit in a low chair, or may she have a hassock; and where is her fan and her vinaigrette.

Oh, yes, she has dropped them; and she has not time to pick them up in the house and keep on her feet; and don't you think the perfume of so many flowers is unwholesome; and she does want you to try taking hot water before your meals, and you must test with a thermometer, and you must know how to use a glass of wine or tea, and so on.

Or it is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and limping about, and his legs creek and the castors rebel; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the filigree man never rests until he has destroyed their fibers and torn the castors to shreds.

He is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every box and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place; pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of the way, and then he comes and picks them up again, tiring with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a