

NATURAL GAS

BY ORLY MINSCHNER.

The mistress and Orly were talking a dose; The maid in the kitchen was mending her hose. When Sarah Ann's Amos was bit by a flea. That was looking about for a place where he could be better for natural gas.

HE BEGGED FOR MERCY.

A WITNESS'S STORY.

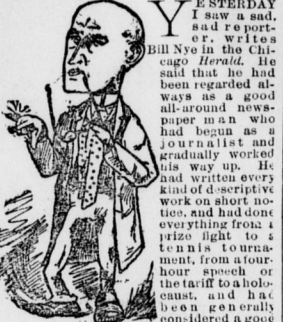
During the month of February, 1853, Seth Damon, of Acton, instituted an action at law against Gabriel Butterworth, of the same town, for the recovery of thirty thousand dollars, of which he claimed that said Butterworth had defrauded him. The circumstances were these: Butterworth owned and kept the principal store in Acton, and though he had never been regarded as an exemplary gentleman, his honor in business had not been impeached. Those who had the habit of looking upon the undercurrents of human actions decided that he was a man not bound by honor, but who understood the laws of self-interest too well to be guilty of small meannesses in business. What he was capable of doing on a grand scale was not mooted until the occurrence of which I am about to speak.

the 14th day of February, that I took quarters at the Sabine House, and after a few days I requested the landlord to build a fire in my room, which he did, and he also furnished me with a good lamp. It was eight o'clock, and I sat at the table engaged in reading, when someone rapped upon my door. I said, "Come in," and a young man named Laban Shaw entered. This Shaw I had known very well as a clerk of Gabriel Butterworth, but I had never been intimate with him from the fact that I had never liked him. He must have been the look of displeasure upon my face, for he quickly said: "Pardon me, Mr. Watson. I don't mean to intrude. I have come down to be present at the examination to-morrow—summoned by Butterworth's man, of course—and that I had been prejudiced against him without cause. At length he arose, and bade me good night, and went away, and shortly afterward I retired.

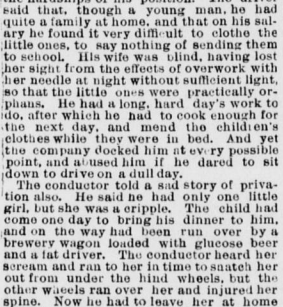
errant stripped and shivered to fragments all of the house above it! And a single pull of that silken string would have been sufficient to this horrible end! And but for my nervous waking—my incubus of fore-boding—the destroyer would have come; the fatal cord would have been touched, the mine sprung, and I should have been launched into eternity as upon the lightning's bolt! And so Gabriel Butterworth did not procure the destruction of my testimony, but through that testimony the Grand Jury found cause for indictment of far graver character than had at first been anticipated, and of those graver charges he was convicted. Seth Damon received back the full sum he had intrusted to the false man's care and shortly afterward I entered into business with him, and to-day Seth Damon and I are partners. Laban Shaw came out from prison and went to Idaho. I have not heard of him since. Gabriel Butterworth did not live to serve out his full term of sentence.

HE WAS A JOURNALIST,

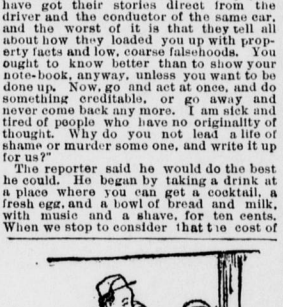
but proved a sad failure as a DETECTIVE-REPORTER. MISCELLANEOUS HIS ORIGINAL SCHEMES FOR SCOPING HIS RIVAL—HOW HE WAS DOING THE "MORNING PAPER"—PAPER—BILL NYE'S SMITH FRIEND.



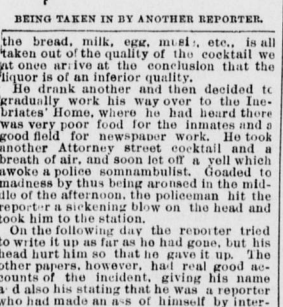
Lately he had decided that he would strike out for original methods and thus increase his salary. He had noticed how he paid to do the detective-reporter style of work against the table. It tipped up a little, and he had come out from an interior city, and other newspaper men had told him that to get on rapidly he must write up some difficult looking and then write it up. Other people had tried in New York, but failed because they just tackled the old red-headed dog of the morning, and then on the next day, and the park—so he fell out to do some daring and dangerous work after which he could write up and get big pay for it.



He tried it gently by riding on a street car all day and talking with the driver and conductor. He had noticed how he paid to do the detective-reporter style of work against the table. It tipped up a little, and he had come out from an interior city, and other newspaper men had told him that to get on rapidly he must write up some difficult looking and then write it up. Other people had tried in New York, but failed because they just tackled the old red-headed dog of the morning, and then on the next day, and the park—so he fell out to do some daring and dangerous work after which he could write up and get big pay for it.



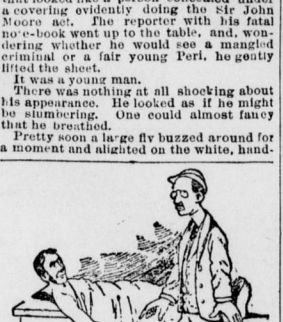
At this point the voices were getting rather high, and the small kid, playing with her dollhouse in the corner, suddenly got up, pulled her little skirts out, and said: "I guess I've got out of this."



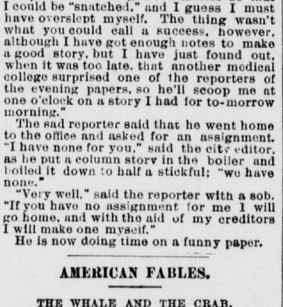
When it appeared all the papers made fun of him, because both the driver and conductor of that car were reporters, who were getting a story for their journals, and when they saw that he was securing information for publication they proceeded at a rapid rate to fill up, and even as the reporter was listening to the smooth and tearful tale of the driver, the conductor was thinking up what he also would tell him.

Then it occurred to him that he would get into a dissecting class. He had heard that the classes in anatomy at one of the big colleges were very much devalued, and that the students were not so much interested in the subject, and when they went to lunch, in order to prevent fellow students from swiping their pipes and chewing tobacco, many of them concealed their articles during the lunch hour in the thorax of said subject. He decided, therefore, that, as the subject was, he would have to do it. After a good deal of delay he got permission as a friend only to visit a dissecting room as a young visiting physician.

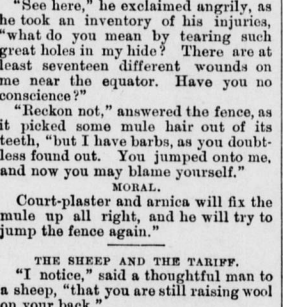
HE HAD BETTER STAY WHERE YOU ARE. THE MULE AND THE FENCE. THE SHEEP AND THE TARIFF. BEING TAKEN IN BY ANOTHER REPORTER.



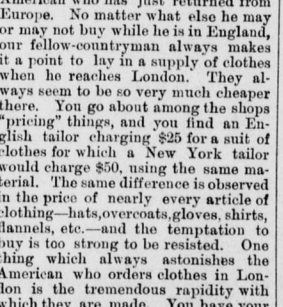
THE MULE AND THE FENCE. A mule one day tried to jump over a barb wire fence, but he did not jump high enough.



THE SHEEP AND THE TARIFF. Because the tariff has lowered so there is no money in wool, I should think you would quit raising it.



BEING TAKEN IN BY ANOTHER REPORTER. The bread, milk, egg, meat, etc., is all taken out of the quality of the material we get at once arrive at the conclusion that liquor is of an inferior quality.

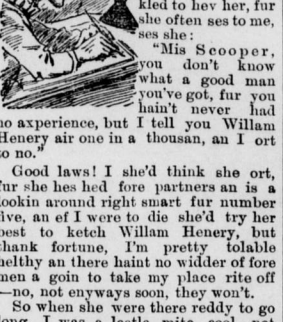


A SADLY AFFLICTED JOURNALIST. William Ernest Healy, editor of Scott's Observer, is one of the men who have had literary greatness thrust upon them, and he has paid a fearful physical price for his mental development.

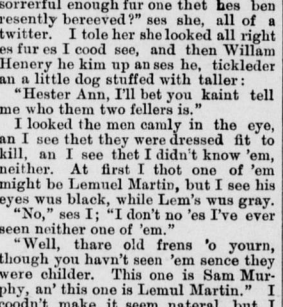
THE MULE AND THE FENCE. A mule one day tried to jump over a barb wire fence, but he did not jump high enough.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

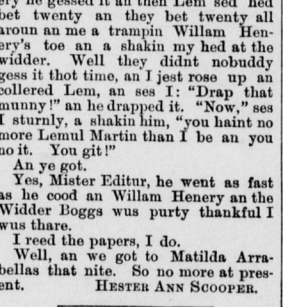
NECK OR NOTHING! HALLS, KILKENNY CORNERS, IRELAND. R. EDITOR: Es I was a savior in my last, Sally Boggs was thru to go with us. I wasn't overty tied to her, but she often set me, she she: "Mis Scooper, you don't know what a good man Henry is, for you haven't never had no experience, but I tell you, William Henry air one in a thousand, an I ort to no."



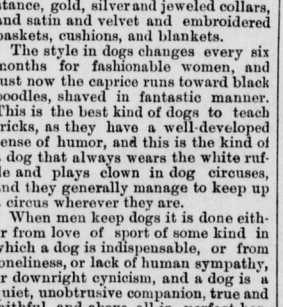
Good laws! I she'd think she ort, for she hed her partners an a lookin around right smart for number five, an if I were to die she'd try her best to ketch William Henry, but thank fortune, I'm pretty toblable healthy an here haint no widdler of fore men a goin to take my place rite off—no, not enyways soon, they won't."



THE WHALE AND THE CRAB. A WHALE was one day swimming near the shore and chanced to see a crab walking around near the bank.



THE SHEEP AND THE TARIFF. Because the tariff has lowered so there is no money in wool, I should think you would quit raising it.



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like ter see er man make some little attempt ter be honorable. Fer instance, my 'sperience las' night. I wa'n't treated plitely den, I ken tell you dat rite now?" "Shammed! I wuz on duty out yonder in de park, close ter de little lake where it's sich er heavy fine fur er pucker to fish in. It must hab been putty nigh midnight when I seed a man pullin' out catfish. I slipped up an nalled de german fore he knowed how he did beg!" He tole me dat he wuz er man mighty fine fambly an dat it wud mighty nigh kill his folks ter know dat he had been 'rested fur stealin' fish.