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### When He Died

"Poor old Ganby!" sighed the sentimental-looking man with the thin side whiskers.  
"What's wrong with him?" growled the double-chinned citizen with the shaggy eyebrows. "He don't need any of your pity, does he?"  
"Didn't you hear about it?" asked the sentimental-looking man. "He's dead. He died last Wednesday. Took pneumonia."  
"He'd take anything he could get his hands on if the owner wasn't looking," said the double-chinned citizen. "Well, if he's dead, he probably is to be pitied."  
"He's dead," remonstrated the sentimental-looking man.  
"So you told me," said the double-chinned citizen. "It's a long time that hasn't any turning. So he died a natural death, eh? I never expected it."  
"Why?"  
"He took out an accident policy for a year less than nine months ago," replied the double-chinned man.  
"He left quite a good deal of money, I heard," said the sentimental-looking man.  
"The first time in his life," said the double-chinned man. "I don't see how he brought himself to do it, at that. He must have lost consciousness at the last."  
"Tut, tut!" said the sentimental-looking man. "When a man's dead we ought to forget his faults and remember his virtues."  
"I can't remember any that he had," said the double-chinned citizen, "and my memory is a pretty good one."  
"I was at the funeral," said the sentimental-looking man. "The ser—" "Did they give him a funeral?" asked the double-chinned citizen.  
"Of course they did."  
"I didn't know. I thought perhaps I'd better go. You were going to say something about the sermon, weren't you? I think he was a good subject for a sermon. Anybody there besides you?"  
"The family was there, naturally—and a few of his friends."  
"I thought he had always lived in Chicago."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Where did his friends come from, then?" asked the double-chinned citizen. "I'm mighty sure he didn't have any here."  
"Well, he wasn't a man who had many intimates," admitted the sentimental-looking man. "I can't say I knew him intimately, myself."  
"If you had you wouldn't have attended the funeral," said the double-chinned citizen. "I knew him fairly well. About \$600 worth, exclusive of attorney's fees. Still, I don't know that I wouldn't have gone if I had got an invitation, just to make sure. You're positive that he was dead, are you? You aren't just telling me he is to please me?"  
"I should hope that you wouldn't feel pleasure to hear of the death of any fellow creature," said the sentimental-looking man. "I know you are not in earnest, though, when you say things like that. He was a good husband."  
"He had to be," said the double-chinned citizen. "You saw his widow, didn't you? A man would have to be good to her, unless he preferred the society of a trained nurse and the hospital atmosphere."  
"They preached a funeral sermon," said the sentimental-looking man. "No," replied the sentimental-looking man, wonderingly. "By should he?"  
"It's customary to speak of a man's good works on such occasions," said the double-chinned citizen. "I supposed that he would have to make the most of Ganby."  
"You must have disliked a poor fellow," said the sentimental-looking man with the thin whiskers.  
"What makes you think that?" asked the double-chinned citizen. "Chicago Daily News."  
"Doubtful Useful Mucilage." "If you make your own mucilage (one heaping teaspoonful of gum arabic to an ordinary mugs bottle gives it a cheaper rate than that bought ready made), you can dispense with court plaster, gold or otherwise, except where antiseptic is necessary," says Women's Home Companion. "Ordinary oil can be coated with it quite as effectively as with the patent preparation. Two coats thoroughly dried will stand the application of water better than anything but what the adhesion plaster doctors use."

With Thanks.  
John Budd was a most able, precise and altogether exemplary young man. When he was a boy in the village, everybody rejoiced at his good fortune. However, he by his triumph with modesty and dexterity on the day of the wedding then for an awful moment, his all-splendid fellow when the officiating clergyman asked, "Willst thou take this woman to be wedded wife?" John responded, "Yes, please."

Personally Response.  
"That large man thinks himself a pretty important person in this place, doesn't he?" asked a stranger. "Why, if you tell him he's having fine weather here, he'll swell up as if he thought he had."

The Limit.  
An American visiting London for the first time was gazing in desperation at the incessant rattle for tips. Finally he entered the wash room of his hotel and he faced by a large sign which said, "Please tip the basin after using 'Never,'" said the Yankee, turning his heel. "I'll go dirty first."

### WHAT HE WANTED TO SAY.

There is An End to All Things As Brown Found Out.  
"Hello!"  
"Hello!"  
"Hello, confound you! What do you want?"  
"Is this 444?"  
"Of course! Why don't you go ahead and talk?"  
"Oh, you needn't get mad about nothing."  
"Well, my time's worth money! I can't stand here all day jabbering 'hello' to somebody!"  
"This is about the first time I ever used a telephone, and—" "Did you call me up just for practice?"  
"No, of course not."  
"Did you call me up to tell a funny story?"  
"No, I—"  
"Well, why don't you go ahead then with your business?"  
"You don't give me a chance. As I was saying—" "There you go again! Say, how long are you going to keep me standing here?"  
"You can sit down if you want to!"  
"I'll sit down on you if this is supposed to be a joke! Who are you, sir?"  
"My name is Brown. I moved in directly opposite you a few weeks ago."  
"Well, Brown, I'm sorry I have spoken so harshly to you, but I'm not feeling just up to the mark today. Hope you will pardon me."  
"Oh, certainly."  
"What was it you wished to say to me?"  
"Why, I wanted to tell you that your house is on fire."

### HARD TIMES.



Miss Rockdough refused me last night.  
Daddy—Yes, it's hard to get rich quick, nowadays.

Unduly Considerate.  
Mr. Shackley, who had been ordered by his physician to lay aside all his business cares for three months and take a vacation, reluctantly complied. At the end of that time he returned, looking and feeling very much better, and his medical adviser congratulated him on his improved condition.  
"I didn't like to speak of it at the time," said the doctor, "but when you went away I strongly suspected you of having myocarditis."  
"Mr. Shackley crimsoned with mortification."  
"If I had anything of yours in my possession, doctor," he said, "with strong feeling, 'or if you suspected me of having it, you ought to have told me so right then! You don't think I am a thief, do you?"  
By a hasty explanation of the nature of myocarditis, the doctor mollified his indignant patient, and averted a scene.

Another Lesson from Nature.  
"Young gentlemen," lectured the eminent instructor, "you are old enough now to put away the childish and trivial amusements that sufficed for you when you were younger. Learn a lesson from the dumb brutes, and even from the reptiles. When they arrive at maturity they comport themselves with a certain dignity."  
"It isn't so with the rattlesnake, professor," objected the young man with the bad eye. "The older he grows, the more rattles he plays with."

A Destitute Family.  
"Johnny, you must comb your hair before you come to school."  
"I ain't got no comb."  
"Borrow your father's."  
"Pa ain't got no comb, neither."  
"Doesn't he comb his hair?"  
"He ain't got no hair."—Houston Post.

Unprofitable.  
Kind Old Lady—Why, my dear little boy, what is the use of crying like that?  
Little Boy—Tain't no use. I've been cryin' like this all mornin' an' nobody ain't give me a penny yet—Judge.

### SALLY MAKES A CAPTURE

By ROGER BIRCH

"Robin," said Sally, her face close to mine.  
"Yes, Sally."  
"Don't go; everything is lonesome."  
"Robin Cowper has given the word of an honest gentleman of the road to meet the coach at 9 tonight. Gently I put her from me. She brushed away a tear, then, brightening."  
"I'll go, too."  
"A petticoat to fight the king's guards!"  
"Petticoat, no; coat and breeches, yes."  
"Too dangerous, Sally. Wait till the coach goes unguarded."  
"Robin, you have taught me the sword; you know my mettle. If you think me a coward, go and find a woman who isn't."  
"Pardon me, Sally! Come along! I'll get a horse."  
I borrowed a fine roan and we galloped, side-saddle, to Forest Inn. The lady wore serious faces. It was a bad job, yet, if we won, we could quit the road for a year, so great was the stake.  
"Our newest member," I said introducing Sally. Giles laughed and welcomed her, but some sneered—until they caught my eye.  
Mine host, Harlow, found a cavalier's suit that fitted Sally so she looked like a boy, but no boy ever showed fair face that valorous me for deeds of such daring.  
"The best steel in the company, boy," said Giles, handing her a blade, as a dozen of us galloped into Southcombe forest. The lady caught the name "boy" and called her no other.  
Dud Hobart had been raised to command of the troops sent with the coach from Edencourt to guard the king's gold. We would put a prank on him, so, at a spot buried deep in the gloom, we cut the trunk of a tree till it was nearly ready to fall. We waited amid shadows.  
The riders came on. Our horses, well trained, moved not an ear. The troopers had just passed the weakened tree, when a couple of lads put shoulder against it and it fell crashing across the highway, cutting off troopers from coach.  
You may believe there was scrambling. The troopers wheeled, but their horses would not go through the thick branches. The noodies tumbled over each other out of the coach. When they looked into a dozen black masks they made dismal noise. It looked an easy job. I climbed into the coach and rolled out kegs of gold.  
Now, it happened that some one (I can't believe it was dullpate Dud) had put on rear guard, which came dashing up and set up my cullies just when Dud's fellows, having dismounted, came to the rescue of the gold. Outnumbered two to one, my lads never had more furious fighting. Dud sniped me and pamped for the coach door to cut me through as I bent to pass out. Sally, quick-eyed for my safety, engaged him. Too agile for him, she pricked him and got away from every slash. It could not last long. He was too ponderous, her sword arm too much a dainty woman's. He saw me nearing, gave a savage lunge at Sally to make her skip back, then turned upon me.  
Now happened a woman's trick which I still laugh at. Sally's arm weary, she cast down weapon, and being behind Dud, next instant had both hands in his hair—woman's most natural way of fighting. Men brave to face death cannot endure being pulled back. Sally jerked sharply with one hand, then the other, and every jerk made Dud wince. He backed and she steered him toward the trees, where Kit and the roan stood. Gripping a keg under each arm, I followed, ready to use sword if Dud broke away.  
I signaled a lad to grip more kegs, then whistled them all into the forest. Three had been cut down. Half the king's men were on the ground. Once we were among the trees, the traps were afraid to follow.  
"Let go Dud's hair, boy," I said to Sally.  
"He's my prisoner."  
"Where with him?"  
"To Forest Inn."  
"And then?"  
"Petticoats for him."  
Sally and I escorted Dud back to Edencourt, he strapped to his horse and his hands tied behind. Boldly we dashed into town at full gallop, hitched his horse to a post in the public square and sped away, leaving townsmen and girls to make merry at his plight.  
To this day Dud is hunting for the boy that made him into a woman.

Prepared for the Worst.  
"Good gracious, old man," exclaimed Ascum, "what sort of a suit is that?"  
"This," replied Dingley, who was attired in a combination of football, gold and riding clothes. "Is what you might call a suit for damages. I'm going up to ask old Roxley for his daughter."

Find Use for Peat Gas.  
Consul-General Robert J. Wynne of London, reports that before a committee of the British house of commons interesting details were given of the scheme for establishing in Ireland a new electric supply operated by peat gas, the first of the kind in Great Britain.

Demand for Artificial Flowers.  
Makers of artificial flowers in New York city are receiving an unusual number of orders from all parts of the country for the fall and winter trade. Most of the supply for the nation comes from New York, where more money is spent for the manufacture of imitation flowers than in any other city in the world.

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O. G. DEWITT, Proprietor

A Diet of Appoval.  
A Southern Congressman tells in Harper's Weekly of a ducky in a Georgia town whose best quality is his devotion to his aged parent.  
Once the Congressman asked Peter why he had never married.  
"Why, boss," explained Pete. "I got an ole mudder I had 't do for, sub. Ef I don't buy her shoes an' stockin's she don't git none. Now, boss, you see if I was 't get married I'd have 't buy 'em for my wife, an' I'd be takin' de shoes an' stockin's right outter my ole mudder's mouf."  
"Please, 'm, India-gestion."