Andover Mews.

WEDNESDAY MARCH 16, 1892.

THE King of Italy, while on his way to a ball, stopped to put out a fire. We withhold comment to hear from Ward McAllister.

As THIS is leap year Belva Lock wood has a perfect right to propose for the Presidency, and it is safe to say that she already holds the re-

CHILI is having our public school system investigated with a view to its adoption. Mr. Montt will take notice that it includes the flying of the American flag.

Ir does seem rather hard that the great American public, which for years shared Mrs. Frank Leslie's antenuptial anxieties, is now compelled to consider the possibility of her divorce.

It is said, apparently on some authority, that the ex-President of a transportation company who lately retired under a cloud has applied to the company for a pension. We have recently seen the President of a great life insurance company re--if not under a cloud, at least in a sort of haze—upon a munificent pension. These circumstances, together with the pregnant fact that there are now on the Government pension rolls about as many persons as there are survivors of the late war in the country, suggest that the pension habit seems to be getting a tolerably fair holt in our midst.

WARD MCALLISTER is out with a second list of New York's select so-ciety, in which the number is reduced from the immortal 400 to 150. Some people have hard things to say of Mr. McAllister but he does not unqualiis a cad, but he has the distinction and saving grace of having reduced eadism to a profession and of having thriven by it. He may be an ass, but he is the leader of his kind, and he couldn't be that and a lion. Mr. Mc. Allister is no more, to blane for himshot up white and spindling in a dark and vicious atmosphere is responsible for its weakness. He is a product of New York society, and if one is out. for shams it is not the character of the leader that is to be assailed, but the wretched intellectual condition of the people who suffer themselves

It is a common mistake to regard wealth as a merely material thing. It has some subtle subjective attri-butes which have never been suffi-ciently recognized. For example here in Chicago was a poor carpenter. He lived solitary and uncomforted, sewing the buttons on his own trousers. hen he whacked his thumb nail he simply put the bruised member in his mouth and rolled his eyes a little, and went on with his toil, a lorn man whom nobody thought about. The other day he inherited a million. Presto! It projected him, as it were, from his uncomfortable solitude into a regular sea of sympathy. Many score of estimable ladies instantly took their pens in hand to express the tenderest solicitude for his happiness: to express the most touching willingness to sew his buttons and poultice his thumb. Perhaps this is the real secret of why wealth is so prized by the discriminating.

JOHN JAY KNOX was trained to a commercial life, and rose to the position of one of the greatest financiers of the United States. He deserves to be called the author of the national banking system, for he was one of the first to advocate its adoption, and probably the first to suggest a Government guarantee of the circulation of national banks. His connection with the Treasury Department, continuing in one capacity or another for more than twenty years, and his readiness and ability to grapple with any problem in finance presenting it-self, which he always did successfully, identified him intimately with the financial methods and operations practiced by the Government and the civil war and the conditions which followed it. He secured for the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, which he filled for twelve years, a rast extension of its power and influence.. His annual reports as Comptroller are standard authorities in all questions which they cover. He was a frequent contributor to financial literature through magazine articles and addresses delivered before various hanking associations. He was, also, the author of, at least, one book devoted to finance.

A Bride for an Hour.

A Thrilling Story of the Johnstown Disaster.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CUP OF JOY.

"All about the flood!" "All about the Conemaugh flood!"

A score of newsboys were crying their wares at one time.
"Oh! let me see a paper," said Mrs.

Vern.

The newsboy held out a paper, and his hand was still extended when Rose Somers suddenly bethought herself.

"We have no money, child—we are just from Johnstown. This lady is looking for news."

"That's all right. Hope she'll find good news. No, I don't want no money from you folks—I'd rather let you have some. Here—here's a quarter—honest now."

now."

Nose could scarcely restrain her tears
at this evidence of sympathy. They
both hastened into a corner where they

both hastened into a corner where they could scan the paper.
"There! There! See that. They've found a baby—and it laughed. In a cradle, too."
Mrs. Vern was aglow with excitement as she pointed out the paragraph to Rose Somers. Rose read it with increasing interest.

terest.
"Who knows? It may be yours, Mrs.
ern. There is a chauce."

Vern. There is a chauce.

"If there is only one in ten thousand I'll thank God. Where is the place. I must go there at once -now!"

"Where is Verona?" Rose inquired of

must go there at once -now?

"Where is Verona?" Rose inquired of a man near her.

"Six or seven miles up the Allegheny Valley road."

"When is there a train going?" asked Mrs. Vern. "We must go at once."

The trainman looked at them. His face softened. He spoke with deference' seeing he addressed two women in men's attire. It was not a new thing to him. Dozens of women had come from the Coremargh in men's attire they could not find any women's raiment up there.

"I'll put you aboard a train in "few minutes. You don't need any feve Ware carrying you people free.

Free will you aboard a train in "few minutes. You don't need any feve Ware carrying you people free.

Free will you rain and led there to a car. Five minutes later they waste on their way to Verona.

On the way Mrs. Vern was altern: ely smiling and cryine. Smiling with the hope that sprang up suddenly in ler thousand chances against her.

When they reached Verna she was in such a condition that she was afraid to go further. She wished Rose Somers would make inquiry if the bahe found in the cradle was there: and, if so, it might be her own.

Rose Somers soon learned all that was to be discovered.

Then Mrs. Vern became more nervous.

Rose Somers soon learned all that was to be discovered.

Then Mrs. Vern became more nervous. She clung to her companion despairingly. Rose encouraged her. It would soon be settled one way or the other.

They were approaching Jack Alward's house how. Jack was at home. He was chucking a baby up in the air, while his wife looked on. Some of their negighbors, who were never satisfied looking at the "haby that came down in the flood," were also there.

Mrs. Vern got one glimpse at the babe as it was tossed into the air. With a cry Mrs. Vern got one glimpse at the babe as it was tossed into the air. With a cry that was like a scream she rushed from Mrs. Somers' side, darted around the corner and into the house, and ere Jack Alward had time to speak oract, the child was snatched out of his arms and strained passionately to Mrs. Vern's breast. Then the women cried, and Jack's eves grew moist. There was no 'need for words. The scene explained itself. This woman, wearing a farmer's "wamus," was the babe's mother. The other woman, dressed in man's gapt, was

woman, wearing a farmer's wamus, was the babe's mother. The other woman, dressed in man's garb, was a friend—both from the regions devastated by the flood.

As the news spread through the town, half the people ran to see the visitors, especially the mother of the child Jack Alward found in the river. And half the town expressed genuine regret that they were to lose "Moses No. 2" meanwhile the women were eager in kind offices to Mrs. Vern and Rose. Half a dozen had good dessess that they were sure would fit them nicely. In less than ten minutes Jack Alward declared there was enough. do fill a dry-goods store piled into his house.

than ten minutes Jack Alward declared there was enough. for fill a dry-goods store piled into his house.

At the end of an hour the newcomers were dressed becomingly and sitting at Jack Alward's table, where there was always an abundance. Mrs. Vern and her companion were fitted in gloves, shoes and bonnets. It was a merry-making time altogether.

The touch of nature that makes the world akin brought tears to the eyes of half the men, as well as the women, when the mother and child were leaving.

First, Mrs. Vern telgraphed to Johnstown that she was well and had her between the mother and child were leaving.

First, Mrs. Vern telgraphed to Johnstown that she was well and had her between the world aking the station waiting for a train. There was a large crowd around them, attracted by curiosity. They were waiting for the westward train, purposing to return to the city, and once there Mrs. Vern would take another train and go to Blairsville. Mrs. Somers would remain in the city.

While they were looking out of a window, a train bound eastward stopped at the station. Several persons leaped to the ground. One young man with unshaven face and a piece of plaster over his temple, looked eagerly around him as he stood firmly on the ground. He glanced at the crowd in and around the station. Then his eyes chanced upon a face at one of the windows.

The young man uttered an exclamation and rushed into the part of the station set aside for women. Mr. Vern gave a little shriek at the same moment.

Her companien had sunk quietly down in the seat beside her in a dead faint. When she regained consectionsness, overyone knew a hysband and wife separ-

ated by the great mood were happily re-

MR. PETERS' SPECIAL PRESENT

MR PETERS SPECIAL PRESENT.

Mrs. Somers first thought was of their friends in Johnstown.

"Send them word at once, Algernon. It will relieve them of such terrible suspense. I would have done it the first thing, but I had no money.

"Nor have I, for that matter," laughing, "What is money? I am traveling by the courtesy of the railway company. Sut it is impossible, for love or money, to get a private message through now. Hundreds are trying to and fail. There is very great contusion chans, up in

is very great confusion chaos up in the country we came from "

is very great confusion chaos up in the country we came from."

"Then," said his wife, resolutely, "we will go these conrestives. If we have to walk part of the way, J will go."

"And I am ready to go to the end of the world with you."

Thus it happened that the strangely united couple set out immediately for Johnstown again.

"All I want to a pair of stout shoes."

"All I want is a pair of atout shoes,"
Mrs. Somers said.

As they were returning, a gentleman sitting in the car near them was explaining to another the cause of the calamity and the nature of the country.

"The accounts are misleading. Here, we will say, is the Bouth Fork Dam, eight, not eighteen, miles from Johnstown. The distance across the country from the Bouth Fork Dam station on the railroad to the dam is one and one-fourth miles. Down here nearly a mile below the dam the railway people made a deep cut. Here is the viaduct. The creek sweeps around here like a bore-shoether ailway cuts off a good deal. Mineral Point lies further down the creek. There are seven houses standing there, I learn, It was a good-sized village. Here is another cut made by the railroad just below Mineral Point. This is known as bridge number six. Below this is East Conemangh—say nine hundred and fifty people here. Below East Conemangh we have Woodville, at least twenty-five hundred people. You see, we get thicker as we near Johnstown below the point. Here is Stony Creek running past Johnstown, harmless as any stream. All along opposite Johnstown proper the valley is thickly settled—this is Kernville. Below the junction of the creeks here is the powerful railway bridge."

"Now then. The entire valley is narrow, like a V. And bear in mind that the grade is at least sirty feet to the mile some places. All the control of the creeks here is the powerful railway bridge.

"Now then. The entire valley is partly covered with vendure trees, mountain undergrowth, and large rocks. The wast bedy of water is suideally freed. It reshes down the valley. It hears elong with it is easy tree, every stick and stone, every blade of grass; 't lifts the induct here, picke up hriden number six 'here, and toer's them up like crekt. All the villages are swept as hare a your hand in one minute-less time. The villages are to see the first wave represented all the water that leaped down from the dam, with a front almost sure free freshed are walking here. The water worked its revenge upon the railway bridge is below

Algernon walked back, and soon returned. A minute later the gentleman some some some some saw disappointment in his wife's eyes.

"Excuse me, sir, I thought—"
"Parlon me, you thought I was my brother. I am Alexander Rutledge's brother. I am going up to learn whether ite' is dead or not. I have known so many instances where people made mixtakes that I will not be satisfied until I see for myself."
"I trust you discover an error has here."

see for niyself."
I trust you discover an error has been made," said Somers. "But all his friends were positive, Mr. Jepson and Mr. Jerrold especially."
"And Mr. Broadhurst?"
"He, too, is now positive."
"Well—I will very soon know. He may be living; living it some ont of the way place."
"I'll never give up again as long as there is life," said Mrs. Somers, who then related her own and Mrs. Vern's experiences.

then related her own and Mrs. Vern's experiences.

Mr. Rutledge thought the survival of the babe that was carried seventy miles on the breast of the river was the most remarkable incident of the flood.

His own adventures were extraordinary. He was visiting Johnstown to see his brother. He had arrived in the city; had

them there but ave of ten minutes when the waters awapt him half way across the city, then back. He never could con-ceive how he was carried down the river, but he remembered he was grasp-ing a log when he recovered con-sciousness. He floated about twenty miles before he was rescued by a brave ferryman, who risked his life in the at-tempt.

ferryman, who risked his life in the attempt.

Mr. Rutledge manifested a lively interest in the couple. He seemed to be in possession of knowledge about Johnstown people that surprised Mrs. Somers, until she reflected it was possible the brothers corresponded frequently.

"Was Mr. Peters at the wedding?"

"Mr. Peters, I learned just at the last moment it was the last thing said to me-was ill. Something very serious, Mrs. Broadhurst intimated."

"Ah, Mr. Peters.ill—seriously! If anything should happen him he would be missed very much."

"Very much," said Mrs. Somers. "He is such a good, noble mun, I hope he will be spared many years."

Mr. Rutledge looked at her searchingly.

Mr. Peters give you a handsome

ingly.
Did Mr. Peters give you a handsome

"He gave me two-s very handsome present on my wedding day-or he sent it -- and a present I week before the wed-

it—and a present r week before the weading."

'Um—ah! Anything extraordinary—
that is—pardon me—worthy special
note?

"He gave me what he said was the most
appropriate thing he could think of—it
was a great, big, strong leather trunk."

"Mr. Peters must have had it made to
order," said Somers, smiling. "I never
saw anything like it. When I looked
at it, the first thing I told my wife
was that it was not only porter-proof."
"Hum! said Mr. Rutledge, sgain. Then
he changed the conversation, and presently returned to his traveling companion.

"About Mr. Rutledge's man-

only returned to his traveling companion.
"Don't you think Mr. Rutledge's manner was very odd when I told him what Mr. Peters gave me, Algernon?"
"It struck measvery odd that he should ask the questions he put. But don't let us talk about our presents they are half way to the Gulf now the present is good anough for me."
"Still, I am curious. What does Mr. Rutledge mean?" said Mrs Someon to be read!

MESSAGE FROM THE GRAVE

A MERRAGE FROM THE MALE.

Glide Brockle urged his workmen on. He set them the example of times by jumping down into their midst end seizing a piece of timber and pulling it out by main force. At another time he would wield an ax and hew the great beams and limbs of the sathat formed a network in his path. He made great Paradray.

beams and litch of this that formed a network in lis path. He must be great breadway.

As exining came on apres be grew restire. The door was beely in view. He must have it moverable the resoluted to noter that night.

It was impossible to effect an extrance through the floor abo e the selfer. It was a mass of debris and earth. Otherwise he would have got at the cafe by enting a hole over it in the floor. He prevailed upon a number of the workingmen to assist him after supper, by promising extraordinery wages.

He was not interfered with by Squire Lepson or Enoch Broadhurst, Neither approached him. Jerrold also avoided him. He had it all his own way now.

The absence of these men emboldened him. He obtained a quantity of brandy, and imbried freely. He was in a mood to fight one or a hundred when the workmen resumed their labor late in the even ing.

culty in providing light. At last this obstacle was surmounted, and he sat over his workmen in the sickly glare of the light, superintending their movements.

The workmen suddenly encountered an unexpected obstacle. It was a mass of iron, seemingly, that was lying right opposite the door he resolved to enter that night.

posite the door he resolved to enter that night.

"Dig round it! Pick it up. Don't stand in each other's road there like fools!" Glies Brockle exclaimed, angrily.

The workmen explained that it was impossible to lift it.

"What is it? A beam of an iron bridge? You are a pack of numb-skulls. It might be a rail. Uncover it. Let us see what it looks like."

it looks like."
At that instant some one touched Giles' shoulder.
He turned around angrily.
"What do you want, Harkess?"
It was Si, who stood hat in hand, as was his wont when addressing his surgariars

periors.
"I'se brought yo' a message, Mars
Brockle."

"I'se brought yo' a message, Mars Brockle."

"Who from? Not from Jepson, Jepson can go to the devil."

"No, taint from Squire Jepson," said Si Harkess, straightening himself suddenly, and looking at Giles angrily.

"It's from Broadhurst, then. He can go to the devil too-they can both go; you tell them I said so, Si." I nebber carried bad answers in my life—mos' too late to learn now, Mars Brockle. You can spress yo'self fo' dem two yo'sent to de debbil."

"Who the devil sent you hope then, you stupid?"

"Mars Butledge."

"Rutledge."

"Rutledge."

"Giles Brockle's the begre vacantly, then put a hand to his throat. He was choking. He could not speak. He shook his head furiously, sprang off of the hole in the debris he was sitting in, and confronted Si Harkess. When he was able to speak his eyes famed.

"It's a trick, a shallow trick! You lie!

"It's a trick, a shallow trick! You lie! message? with that

Doan call me liar! Si Harkess ain't no liar, Mars Brockle, an' I won't low you to talk dat way nohow."

"Who sent you to me?"

"I done tole you Mars Rutledge—Mars James Rutledge, he say—dat's his name. He brudder to de madt's dead!"

"Pooh!" Giles racovered himself in an instant. "Why didn't you say so affret?"

"Case you dan't give me time. Yo' dew up sn' call me liar."

"What does he want! I'm hasy now, you see. "Why didn't he come to see me himself?"

Ain't dat what I. owing to

himself."
Ain't dat what I swine to tole yo'.
Dat's what he say. 'Yo please find Mr.
Brockle, Mr. Harkess, he said, Mr.
Harkess—an'tell him I want to speak to
him 'bout specially important business,
'n ef Mr. Brockle can't come to me—to de

den Hell'—RE'S WIRT He 'le nived den I'll go en' see Mr. Brooks' de message. Doan see what yo mo' to say—goin." the market had been to say—goin." the mo' to say—goin." the mo' to say—goin." the mo' to say—goin." the high dudgee. "What the devil does James Rath want with me? Anyway, he'll coase me. I'm going to stay right on see me. I'm going to stay right on till get into that safe of Tom the why don't you get that thing out of way, men?"
"I's not easy. Seems to be a big po' i'll not say it's a stone."
"You can jump in here and feelit. I your hand it between these timbur you'll not say it's a stone," said warm ant testily.

Giles jumped into the opening in

you'll not say it's a stone, "said a to man, testily.

Giles jumped into the opening in debris. He thrust his hand down withdrew it with an oath.

"It is iron. Curse it all. Has around it. Fill doubte your pay. I get in there to night. Work ahead, as Pitch in lively now."

And once more Giles set them the

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Journalistic Phenomenon,

A Journalistic Figure 19 A Journalistic Figure 19 A Journal of The Hack Writer (on Daily Blowhard, Please don't disturb me now, day I've got a column editorial to write.

"The Marvelous Success of the Daily "The Marvelous Success of the Daily" of the Phenomenon of Motor of the Parkers of the Phenomenon of Motor of the Phenomenon of th Blowhard, the Phenomenon of Mo

Journalism!"

His Wife—I only wanted to ask to for a little money to buy bread a milk for the children.

H. W.—Very sorry, my dear, but haven't a cent. The Daily Blowke hasn't paid my salaries for three week.

New York Weekly.

Industry outshines good luck in the long run

MRS. DEACON BOASTS.

MRS. DEAGON BOASTS.

Heys the Can Pursuade Her Husbade With Him for Five Minutes.

Paris, March 12.—The Deacon case still the uppermost theme of sociarity of the social possip. It is stated that Mrs. Desavainly exerted herself to obtain printerview with ber husband before thereon thearing. She boasted that if the recent hearing. She boasted that if the tree of the same with Edward is the tree, she could make him do anythe the street. The people of Conness and appalled at the hely's calminess and is difference.

She called at the Aruerian Legato. She called at the American Legation

that Mrs. Reid would not receive in but she seems to think that this key on account of some official quibble propriety in connection with her anio-dity. It transpires that M. Abellepii Mrs. Deacen's bill at the establishme of Dorect, Worth's rival, ameuning's \$\infty\$0 forces.

New York Enganpment (* A. R. Berry 17, N. V. March 11 The Sign Encarryment of the G. V. & sized Mayor Therefore I. Footh of Strates Depart sent Commander on the seed haltot. Other officers the ted wer. Senior Vice Commander, Wm. L. E. Lacey of Foughkeepsic, Junior Vice Commander, W. T. Kirchner of Nr. York; Medical Director, Dr. Sol Vachten of Port Jervis; Chaplain, Rev. I. V. Parker of Avon; Connectiment & ministration, T. M. Chark of Mount Venon Post No. 170, New York; R. E. McCormick, Post No. 152, Newburghency E. Turner, Post No. 200, Levilla The Warner Miller delegation will gone National Encampment.

A Famous Colored Proscher to Matty. New York Encampment 6 A R

A Famous Colored Preacher to Many REGINGADO, Va., March 15.—The ismoss preacher, Rev. John Jasper, expect of "The sun do move" theory, is created sensation among his race by sensuring that in a few days he wall take his third wife. His married daugh take his third wife. His married daughter had been keeping house for him, but lately he has had trouble with her keause he has drawn up a will in which he did not leave her all his propert. The preacher, who is 30 years old, suffixed and her hashand were plotting against his life and for the reason he sent them from his home how wants a wife because he needs a housekeeper.

General Booth Gives it Up.

General Booth Gives It Up.

London, March 12.—General Booth tried to address 3,000 thieves, loafers and tramps in the Grecian Theater. The was great confusion from the beginning and before General Booth had spoker Been minutes the meeting was in a uproar. His voice was drowned by cris of "Go it, old sweater," "Come out as have a driek," "What are you dolls with all that money," etc. General Booth eventually gave up speaking and there was a general rumpus which on here was a general rumpus which cor-inued until policemen cleared

- Highwaymen Repulsed.

EAGLE PASS, Tex., March 12.—A party four persons, headed by C. M. Britta the Las Vacas mines, left Durass ity on the night of Feb. 20 with \$10,00.

Mexican silver to must the emulored in Mexican silver to pay the emplored at the mines. The fact becoming known to six desperate characters they attached the Brittain party on the road to be a considered that the brittain party on the road to be a considered they by fight. Antonio Castana of the considered the silvery fight.

Dougherty Wants a Small Hall.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—Mr. Danid Dougherty of New York, the eloquent friend of Mr. Cleveland, has written friend of Mr. Cleveland, has writes letter to Senator Brice; Chairman of \$\frac{1}{2}\$ Democratic National Committee, go testing against the construction of large hall in Chicago for the accommodation of the Democratic National Corention. He argues that a large bil merely furnished accommodations for the friends of candidates, who by demonstrations may deceive and influence the bedforms may deceive and influence. onstrations may deceive and the judgment of the delegates.

A Match Improbable

A Match Improbable:

NEW ORLEARS, March 12.—It is highly improbable that a match will be a ranged between champion Sullivan and Mitchell. The latter has been duise great deal of talking about a fight, be the Olympic Club has telegraphed his again and again for some definite expression—of his inventions, but cannot greatly unflicted answer. any sufficient answer.

JOKER'S BUDGET.

AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

-The March of Science aught By a Compliment—An pedient—Unavailing, Etc., Etc.

BLISS OR WOR

souls with but a single thought, to hearts supremely blest, I wo hearts supremely blest, minister, a nuptial knot, And who can tell the rest?

They've got a scheme for makin now. Maria," said Silas.
Lawsy me! What'll they dew next med Maria. "I've hurn tello' boy in thunder, but I never though d make rain."—[Epoch.

CAUGHT BY A COMPLIMENT.

I was reading to-day of a lacoposed to a gentlemen. proposed to gentlemen.
c This is loap year, you know.
he I know it, but I don't want
and who has to be proposed to. Y
not a man of that kind, I am certa
is N no-er-will you have n

This is so sudden.

AN EXPEDIENT.

tusband—What are we going to at that hand-organ that plays in frour windows every morning and a drives me wild? Vite.—We might take a trip to 1 6.— (Epoch.

NO SUNSHINE IN HIM

Murray Hill Mr. Jones affor seem to improve any. He is co-lly under a cloud. ally under a cloud.

Manhattan Bosch—Yes; the law him it was raining pitchfor

ady in music store) Have you weet Belle Mahone?"

Herk Nom; but I've got aweet Sinkins and we're going to be mer "Katie," be said timidly, 'I I I would myself to hope that you re has something more than a fring more; "she enswered softly with

lourge, "she enswered softly eriod fore, on you see

dreamed said she most a miling, That you proposed the other nigh r voice was low, her glance begui Her profile turned towards the lig

ndeed!" said he, of leap year thin And how she yearned to cat

o I have heard." sha whist

musing:
He hoped she took the proper vie
ow his thick wit he's now abusing
"Well, then, I must propose to
—{Brooklyn L

THE PROPER VEHICLE.

Weed-I see by the newspaper ich deposits of meerschaum have ch deposits of meerschaum have iscovered in New Mexico. Reed—I suppose that a pipe line e laid to bring the product aw

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL Clara-Do you see how the sh his gown could be improved? Maude—You might get son jirl to wear it.—[Cloak Review.

The burglar has a taking way—Away his way he takes;
But the way he's taken on his v
Gives other burglars shakes.
—[1 WHAT HE COULD DO.

He looked up and down the str vely two or three times, took gn over the doer once or twi-arted in as if afraid of being

"This is an employment agend" he inquired of the man in ch
"Yes," snapped the person in
"Get work for people, don't yo
"Yen." Yep." Any kind of work?"

"Yop." "All kinds?" "Yep."
Got something for me to do?"

'Yep."
"In a restaurant?"

"Ye—what in thunder can ye restaurant:" exclaimed the bos ing himself.

Then he got the bounce.

FAMILY PRIDE

"In writing up the burglar the excited caller, "you can thieves in their hurry overloo worth of jewelry and solid sili in one of the closets."

"Might that not bring the buyour house a second time?" sthe city adding."

your house a second time? s the city editor.

"I doa't cars if it does!" exclusions, "I don't want the publisher, "I don't want the publisher want to be a second time? "

"I don't want to be a second time?" second time? "

"I don't want to be a second time? "

"I don't want to be a second time?" second time? "

"I don't want to be a second time? "

"I don't want to be a second time? "

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