

FIGHTING EDITOR.

MARTIN V. ANDREWS.

Editor of the Hillsboro Argus.

Dear Sir:

After serving an apprenticeship at selling a patent clothes

to the farmers of New England

you were selected to open one of the

newspapers abroad for the sale

of the same article. France was the

country assigned him, with Paris for

his headquarters.

No sooner opened his establishment

than he was called upon by the

representative of a Paris morning

paper to sell a copy of his paper

to the editor of the paper. He

refused to do so, and the editor

of the paper didn't get the job.

He was then called upon by the

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DRIVE ME TO THE W HOTEL ON FIFTH AVENUE.

"First I must see the color of your coat."

"No I do not look worthy of credit?"

"You look worthy of the attention of a policeman."

The ragged man chuckled with evident satisfaction.

"You would not know me for a multi-millionaire, would you?" he said.

"I would know you for a jailbird."

The ragged man started to drive on.

"Hold on," said the seedy man. "I am in the way to realize a handsome sum. How would you like to divide it with me?"

Cabby looked incredulous.

"See here," said the seedy man, approaching the driver and assuming a confidential tone. "I can't succeed without your assistance or that of some cabman and am willing to pay well for it."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Let me explain. I am John Gold. I have made a bet of \$500 with a man at the W club that dressed in these rags. I will eat a good dinner at one of the principal hotels in New York. I wish you to arrange the matter for me with the manager of the W."

"I arrange the matter for you! How can I do that?"

"Drive me to the hotel. I will alight while you stand beside your cab with bowed head and hat in hand. I will go into the cafe and take a seat. You go to the manager and let out the secret that I am Mr. Gold, that I have made a bet of \$500 that I will dine at his hotel and that if he will permit me to win you shall be the gainer by half the winnings."

The coachman sat looking at the beggarly specimen of humanity, turning the matter over in his mind. He was tempted.

"Have you proof of your story?" he asked.

"If I had and should produce it I would lose my bet. The umpires are watching me at this very minute and will follow me wherever I go."

"Get in," said the cabman.

The day was waning when the cab, with its disreputable looking occupant, stopped at the entrance of the W. He alighted, passed the cabman, who stood uncovered, and entered the restaurant. The musicians were tuning their instruments, and the tables were being rapidly filled with diners. The ragged man strode to a seat at a vacant table, the eyes of every well in the room being fixed upon him. When he was seated all turned toward the manager, who stood scowling at the unwelcome guest. He was about to summon a policeman when the cabman who had brought the stranger beckoned him to the door and said something to him. The manager listened attentively, keeping his eye all the while on the seedy man, who was intently studying the menu. Presently a waiter was called and directed to serve him. The cabman disappeared.

It was soon whispered among the guests that a multimillionaire was winning a bet by eating a dinner in the hotel in rags. Those who had vacated the tables near the one at which he sat gradually returned to them and watched him. He seemed to relish his dinner as if he had never thus dined before. Dish after dish were set before him and the contents consumed. Not content with moderate priced wines, he ordered the most expensive. His waiter was assiduous in his attentions, expecting that one of such lavish tastes would tip him with a five dollar bill at least. And all the while groups of people were watching and whispering, enjoying the sight of a multimillionaire in rags winning a bet.

"What an aristocratic brow!" remarked a lady. "I would know him for something beyond the common even worse dressed than he is—if, indeed, that would be possible."

"They say there is old Dutch blood in the Golds," said another.

"Look! He is shoveling the food into his mouth with his knife. How funny!"

"That is to keep up the deception."

At last the man's appetite was satisfied, and, calling for a dollar cigar, he told the waiter he would like to see the proprietor. That person approached with great deference.

"My friend," said the guest, "I have enjoyed an excellent dinner at your expense. I suppose the cabman who drove me here told you that I am a multimillionaire. I haven't a red cent. I am Tom Dugan, just out of jail, where I have been a long while living on the coast. It occurred to me that for one good dinner I would be willing to go back for a few months longer and have put up this job on you to gratify my appetite."

The proprietor smiled, rubbing his hands together as if greatly pleased at this last move to carry out the deception. Those at the tables near by tittered.

"Come," persisted Dugan. "Call the police. I have nowhere to sleep to-night and wish for shelter."

Reluctantly the proprietor became convinced that he had been duped and called a policeman. The ragged man was recognized as a chronic jailbird and taken to the Tombs. The next morning he was sent up for two months for perpetrating a swindle.

A Busy Man.

Kind Lady—Do you never think of what you might have been?

Tramp—No, mum. It takes all me time to think of what I be now.—Boston Herald.

The Pole at Stokes' Store.

This good old world may fume and fret. This good old world may swear and

swear. Inhabitants may threaten and bet—

In Gungwamp they do not care. They've talked it over day by day.

And nights till ten and even more. Who found the pole and got away—

They've settled it in Stokes' store.

It was no saying this to do. And arguments rose ceiling high.

The cow split almost in two. And blood was in each member's eye.

Tobacco smoke rose, roll on roll. The choppers chuckled as they before.

But who was victor at the pole? Was settled there in Stokes' store.

The village is serene again. Work is resumed, the danger o'er.

The place for scientific men. Is in a chair at Stokes' store.

Why waste your money and your time? Why waste your money and your time?

With instruments and articles for sale. Why not have arguments sublime?

For settlement in Stokes' store.

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GENTLE MR. BOWSER

Turns Over New Leaf and Becomes an Angel.

HE COMPLIMENTS THE COOK.

Attempt to Make Peace With Mother-in-law a Failure—She Leads Him to the Door by the Ear and Sends Him From the House.

By M. QUAD.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

THE boys playing ball in the street had broken a window in the Bowser residence. A teamster driving through the alley had run a wheel against the gate and carried it off its hinges. A bad boy had entered the front yard and stolen the nozzle off the garden hose. All the above had taken place since Mr. Bowser left for the office, and as the afternoon waned Mrs. Bowser began preparing herself for the worst.

Mr. Bowser would blame her. He would shout at the top of his voice.

He would threaten divorce and alimony.

He did not kick the gate open as he reached it. He did not look for any clothespins in the front yard. He ascended the steps, with a smile on his face, and observed that it had been a hot day and hoped that Mrs. Bowser had not overtaxed herself. She looked up to see if he was in earnest, and then tears filled her eyes.

Mr. Bowser had taken one of those unaccountable fops that overtake all husbands at intervals.

He had become soft and gentle and mild, and there was to be no shouting or divorcing.

The dinner was all that he could have hoped for. Indeed, he had scarcely

reached it. He did not look for any clothespins in the front yard. He ascended the steps, with a smile on his face, and observed that it had been a hot day and hoped that Mrs. Bowser had not overtaxed herself. She looked up to see if he was in earnest, and then tears filled her eyes.

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