

DYSPEPSIA



There is Hope
MUNYON'S DYSPEPSIA REMEDY acts almost immediately on the Gastric Juices and gives the stomach tone and strength to digest almost everything that has been put into it. It soothes sore and irritated stomachs that have been impaired by physic and injurious drugs. We cannot too urgently advise all persons who suffer from any of the following symptoms to try this remedy: Distress after eating, bloating of the stomach, Rising of the food, Waterbrash, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Dizziness, Faintness, Palpitation of the heart, Shortness of breath, and all affections of the heart caused by indigestion. We want every discouraged and despondent sufferer from Dyspepsia or Indigestion to cast aside all other medicine and give this remedy a trial. If it fails to give satisfaction I will refund your money. MUNYON.
For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

The Main Chance

BY
Meredith Nicholson
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THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

They spent the day in the saddle riding over the range. The ridiculous character of the Poindexter undertaking could not spoil the real value of the land. There was, Saxton could see, the making here of a great farming property; he felt his old interest in outdoor life quickening as he rode back to the house in the evening.

Snyder cooked supper for both of them, while Saxton repaired a decrepit windmill which had been designed to supply the house with water. He had formed a poor opinion of the caretaker, who had no well-defined duties. There was nothing for any one to do, unless the ranch were again stocked and cattle raising undertaken as a serious business. Saxton was used to rough men and their ways. He had a happy faculty of adapting himself to the conversational capacities of illiterate men, and enjoyed drawing them out and getting their point of view; but Snyder's was not a visage that inspired confidence. He had a great shock of black hair and a scrappy beard. He lacked an eye, and he had a habit of drawing his head around in order to accommodate his remaining orb to any necessity. He did this with an insinuating kind of deliberation that became tiresome in a long interview.

"This place is too fancy to be of much use," the man vouchsafed. "You may find some dude that wants to plant money where another dude has dug the first hole; but I reckon you'll have a hard time catching him. A real cattleman wouldn't care for all this house. It might be made into a stable, but a horse would look ridiculous in here. You might have a corn crib made out of it; or it would do for a hotel if you could get dudes to spend the summer here; but I reckon it's a little hot out here for summer boarders."

"The only real value is in the land," said Saxton. "I'm told there's no better on the river. The house is a handicap, or would be so regarded by the kind of men who make money out of cattle. Have you ever tried rounding up the cattle that strayed through the fences? The Poindexter crowd must have branded their last calves about two years ago. Assuming that only a part of them was sold or run off, there ought to be some two-year-olds still loose in this country and they'd be worth finding."

"Yer jokin' I guess. These fellers around here are good fellers, and all that, but I guess they don't give anything back. I guess we ain't got any cattle coming to us."

"Who've you been reporting to, Snyder?"

"How's that?"

"Who have you been considering yourself responsible to?"

"Well, Jim Wheaton at the Clarkson National hired me, and I reckon I'd report to him if I reported to anybody. But if you're going to run this shebang and want to be reported to, I guess I can report to you."

"I want you to report to me," said John, quietly. "In the first place I want the house and the other buildings cleaned out. After that the fences must be put in shape. And then we'll see if we can't find some of our cows. You can't tell; we may open up a real ranch here and go into business."

"Well, if you're the boss I'll do it your way. I got along all right with Wheaton."

Saxton determined to leave for Clarkson the following morning, and formulated in his mind the result of his journey and plans for the future of the incongruous combination of properties that had been entrusted to him. He sat for an hour looking out over the moon-lit valley. He followed the long sweep of the plain, through which he could see for miles the bright ribbon of the river. A train of cars rumbled far away, on the iron trail between the two oceans, intensifying the loneliness of the strange house.

"I seem to find only the lonely places," he said aloud.

In the morning he ate the breakfast of coffee, hardtack and bacon which Snyder prepared. Snyder rode with him to the railway station.

"Give my regards to Mr. Wheaton," he said, as Saxton swung himself into the train. "You'll find me here at the old stand when you come back."

"A queer customer and undoubtedly a bad lot," was Saxton's reflection.

When Saxton had written out the report of his trip he took it to Wheaton, to get his suggestions before forwarding it to Boston. He looked upon the cashier as his predecessor, and wished to avail himself of Wheaton's knowledge of the local conditions affecting the several properties that had now passed to his care. Wheaton undoubtedly wished to be of assistance, and in their discussion of the report, the cashier made many suggestions of value, of which Saxton was glad to avail himself.

"As to the Poindexter place," said Saxton finally, "I've been advertising it for sale in the hope of finding a buyer, but without results. The people at headquarters can't bother about the details of these things, but I can't see why we should maintain a caretaker. There's nothing to take care of. That house is worse than useless. I'm going back in a few days to see if I can't coax home some of the cattle we're entitled to, and then I suppose we may as well disperse with Snyder."

"I don't see that there's anything else to do," Wheaton answered. "I've been to the ranch, and there's little personal property there worth caring for. That

man Snyder came along one day and asked for a job and I sent him out there thinking he'd keep things in order until the Trust Company sent its own representative here."

There were times when Wheaton's black eyes contracted curiously, and this was one of the times.

"I don't like discharging a man that you've employed," Saxton replied.

"Oh, that's all right. You can't keep him if he performs no service. Don't trouble about him on my account. How soon are you going back there?"

"Next week some time."

Saxton was not surprised when he returned to the ranch to find that Snyder had made no effort to obey his instructions. He made his visit unexpectedly. He reached the house in the middle of the morning and found the front door bolted and barred on the inside. After much pounding he succeeded in bringing Snyder to the door, evidently both surprised and displeased at his interruption.

"Howdy, boss," was the salutation of the frowsy custodian; "I wasn't feeling just right to-day and was takin' a little nap."

The great hall showed signs of a carousal. The dirt had increased since Saxton's first appearance. Empty bottles that had been doing service as candlesticks stood in their greasy shrouds on the table. Saxton sat down on a box, which had evidently been recently emptied. He resolved to make quick work of Snyder.

"How many cattle have you rounded up since I was here?" he demanded.

"Well, to tell the truth," began Snyder, "there ain't been much time for doing that since you was here."

"No; I suppose you were busy mending fences and cleaning house. Now you have been drawing forty dollars a month for doing nothing. I'll treat you better than you deserve and give you ten dollars bonus to get out. I believe the pony in the corral belongs to you. We'll let it go at that. Here's your money."

"Well, I guess as Mr. Wheaton hired me, he'd better fire me."

"Yes, I spoke to Mr. Wheaton about you. He understands that you're to go."

"He does, does he?" Snyder replied with a sneer. "He must have forgot that I had an arrangement with you by the way."

"Well, it's all off," said Saxton, rising. He began throwing open the windows and doors to let in fresh air.

"Well, I guess I'll have to see Mr. Wheaton," Snyder retorted, finding that Saxton was paying no further attention to him. He collected his few belongings, watching in astonishment the violence with which Saxton was gathering up and disposing of rubbish.

"He seems to be more interested in Wheaton than Wheaton is in him," observed Saxton to himself.

Saxton spent a week at Great River. He hired a man to repair fences and put the house in order. He visited several of the large ranch owners and asked them for aid in picking out the scattered remnants of the Poindexter herd. Nearly all of the volunteers to help, with the result that he collected about one hundred cattle and sold them at Great River for cash. He expected to see or hear of Snyder in the town but the fellow had disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

James Wheaton was 35 years old, and was reckoned among the solid business men of Clarkson. He had succeeded far beyond his expectations and was fairly content with the round of the ladder that he had reached. He never talked about himself and as he had no intimate friends it had never been necessary for him to give confidences. His father had been a harness-maker in a little Ohio town; he and his older brother were expected to follow the same business; but the brother grew restless under the threat of enforced apprenticeship and prevailed on James to run away with him. They became tramps and enjoyed themselves roaming through the country, until finally they were caught stealing in a little Illinois village and both were arrested.

James was discharged through the generosity of his brother in taking all the blame on himself; the older boy went to a reformatory alone. James then went to Chicago, where he sold papers and blacked boots for a year until he found employment as a train boy, with a company operating on various lines running out of Chicago. This gave him a wide acquaintance with Western towns, and incidentally with railroads and railroad men. He grew tired of the road, and obtained at Clarkson a position in the office of Timothy Margrave, the general manager of the Transcontinental, which, he had heard, was a great primary school for ambitious boys.

He attended night school, was assiduous in his duties, and attained in due course the dignity of a desk as which he took the cards of Margrave's callers, indexed the letter books and copied checks under the direction of the chief clerk.

After a year, hearing that one of the Clarkson National Bank's messengers was about to resign, he applied for this place. Margrave recommended him; the local manager of the news agency vouched for his integrity, and in due course he wended the streets of Clarkson with a long bill-book, the outward and visible sign of his position as messenger. He was steadily promoted in the bank and felt his past receding farther and farther behind him.

When, at an important hour of his life, Wheaton was promoted to be paying teller, he was in the receiving teller's cage. He had known that the more desirable position was vacant and had heard his fellow clerks speculating as to the possibility of a promotion from among their number. Thompson, the cashier, had a nephew in the bank; and among the clerks he was thought to have the best chance. They all knew that the directors were in session, and several whose tasks for the day were finished, lingered later than was their wont to see what would happen. Wheaton kept quietly at his work; but he had an eye on the door of the directors' room, and an ear that insensibly turned toward the annunciator by which messengers were called to the board room. It rang at last, and Wheaton wiped his pen with a little more than his usual care as he waited for the result of the summons. This was on his twenty-fifth birthday.

"Mr. Wheaton!" The other clerks looked at one another. The question that had been uppermost with all of them for a week past was answered. Thompson's nephew stamped his book shut and carried it into the vault. Wheaton put aside the balance sheet over

which he had been lingering and went into the directors' room. There had been no note of joy among his associates. He knew that he was not popular with them; he was not, in their sense, a good fellow. When they rushed off after hours to the ball games or horse races, he never joined them. When their books did not balance he never volunteered to help them. As for himself, he always balanced, and did not need their help; and they hated him for it. This was his hour of triumph, but he went to his victory without the cheer of his comrades.

Later, when need arose for creating the position of assistant cashier, it was natural that the new desk should be assigned to Wheaton. He was faithful and competent; neither Porter nor Thompson had a son to install in the bank; and, as they said to each other and to their fellow directors, Wheaton had two distinguishing qualifications—he did his work and he kept his mouth shut.

In the course of time Thompson's health broke down and the doctors ordered him away to New Mexico, and again there seemed nothing to do but to promote Wheaton. Thompson wished to sell his stock and resign, but Porter would not agree to it; but when, after two years, it was clear that the cashier would never again be fit for continuous service in the bank, Wheaton was duly elected cashier and Thompson was made vice president.

The relations between Porter and Wheaton were strictly of a business character. This was not by intention on Porter's part. He assumed that at some time he or Thompson had known all about Wheaton's antecedents; and after so many years of satisfactory service, during the greater part of which the bank had been protected against Wheaton, as against all the rest of the employees, by a bonding company, he accepted the cashier without any question. Before Evelyn's return he had one day expressed to Wheaton his satisfaction that he would soon have a home again, and Wheaton remarked with civil sympathy that Miss Porter must now be "quite a young lady."

"Oh, yes; you must come up to the house when we get going again," Porter answered.

Wheaton had seen the inside of few houses in Clarkson. He had a recollection of having been sent to Porter's several times, while he was still an errand boy in the bank, to fetch Porter's bag on occasions when the president had been called away unexpectedly. He remembered Evelyn Porter as she used to come as a child and sit in the carriage outside the bank to wait for her father; the Porters stood to him then, and now, for wealth and power.

Raridan had a contempt for Wheaton's intellectual deficiencies; and praise of Wheaton's steadiness and success vexed him as having some sting for himself; but his own amiable impulses got the better of his prejudices, and he showed Wheaton many kindnesses. When the others at The Bachelors' nagged Wheaton, it was Raridan who threw himself into the controversy to take Wheaton's part. He took him to call at some of the houses he knew best, and though this was a matter of propinquity he knew nevertheless that he preferred Wheaton to the others in the house. Wheaton was not noisy nor pretentious and the others were sometimes both.

Wheaton soon found it easy to do things that he had never thought of doing before. He became known to the florist and haberdasher; there was a little Hamiltonian at a certain liveryman's which Warry Raridan drove a good deal, and he had learned from Warry how pleasant it was to drive out to the new country club in a rambout instead of using the street car, which left a margin of plebeian walking at the end of the line. But while he acquired the superficial graces, he did not lose his instinctive thrift; he had never attempted to plunge, even on what his associates at The Bachelors' called "sure things;" and he was equally incapable of personal extravagances. If he bought flowers he sent them where they would tell in his favor. If he had five dollars to give to the Ice Fund for the poor, he considered that when the newspaper printed his name in its list of acknowledgments, between Timothy Margrave, who gave fifty dollars, and William Porter, who gave twenty-five, he had received an adequate return on his investment.

(To be continued.)

Women and the Stage.

David Belasco was in his best mood at a dinner preceding his vacation—his first vacation in twenty long, hard years. In the course of a learned review of barefoot dancing, problem plays and suchlike outcroppings of stage history, he smiled and said:

"It may be true, as some have claimed, that immoral plays are due to the immoral taste of woman. Yes, that may be true; but, gentlemen, did you ever watch at the theater an elderly, staid, perhaps somewhat unprepossessing wife, brooding over a husband a little younger than herself? These wives, surely, are no supporters of the immoral stage spectacle. Such a wife sat in one of my theaters during the production of a drama. The heroine, a beautiful girl, said at a dramatic moment:

"Merciful heavens, I am undone!"

"The wife rose hurriedly.

"Come, Clarence," she murmured, sternly. "We've had enough of this. I'm not going to have you drinkin' in any Salome dance or disrobin' act."

A Business Secret.

Mr. Isaacs—I sell you dot coat at a great sacrifice.

Customer—But you say that of all your goods. How do you make a living?

Mr. Isaacs—Mein freint, I makes a schuall profit on de paper and string.—New York Weekly.

He Beat It.

"Where did you steal that mat from?" demanded the policeman as he seized the tramp.

"I didn't steal it," said the tramp, "A lady up the street gave it to me and told me to beat it."—Judge.

The easiest and safest way to destroy ordinary black gunpowder is to throw it into water, which dissolves the saltpeter.

157,176,800 ACRES FREE.

Government Gives List of Lands for Homesteads.

About 157,176,800 acres of land in the various Western States to which the 320-acre homestead bill applies have been designated by Secretary of the Interior Ballinger as coming within the provisions of the act. The area of land designated in each of the States is as follows:

Oregon, 7,004,160; Washington, 3,576,960; Utah, 7,044,480; Wyoming, 9,221,760; New Mexico, 14,334,560; Nevada, 49,512,960; Arizona, 26,657,280; Colorado, 20,160,000; and Montana, 19,664,640.

It was stated at the department that approximately 40 per cent of the area designated except in Nevada is now held by individuals through "some color of title" and it is believed that a larger percentage in Washington and Oregon is so held. Were all of the lands designated suitable for entry there would be about 492,000 homesteads. The lands in question are not susceptible of irrigation from any known source of water supply. The regulations under which entries for these lands are to be made recently were approved.

Maps showing the lands subject to entry will be furnished the local land offices as soon as possible and applications to enter will then be received.

JOLT FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

Those in Louisiana Do Not Own the Clothes They Wear.

A married woman in Louisiana does not own the clothes she wears. At least, that is the only conclusion to be drawn from statements made the other day before the Era Club at New Orleans, by Judge W. W. Ferguson, who dilated on the inequalities of the Code Napoleon inherited by the Louisiana constitution. Judge Ferguson declared that the estate of a single woman is far more preferable, in the property holding sense, than that of a wife. Members of the Era Club, composed of fashionable women, are waging a suffragette campaign, and have enlisted Judge Ferguson to start agitation for legislative reform.

"A spinster," said the judge, "may acquire, alienate, mortgage or do as she feels disposed with her property, all of which is denied a married woman. It often happens that the husband takes advantage of this prohibition and the wife is powerless to right the wrong and free herself from a bondage worse than serfdom because she cannot testify against her husband."

"Why discriminate against females?" asked Judge Ferguson, and a hundred ambitious women thundered a reply that indicated there will be strong pressure to bear at the next session of the Legislature.



Canadian civil servants have organized a civil service federation.

All municipal printing in Oneida, N. Y., must bear the union label.

Red Lodge, Mont., will have a labor temple within a few months.

The Kansas Legislature passed eleven laws advocated by union labor.

A Hebrew local of the typographical union is to be formed in Boston, Mass.

A State bureau of labor and statistics has been created by the Texas Legislature.

A semi-monthly pay day was enacted by the last session of the Arkansas Legislature.

Fifteen unions of hodcarriers and building laborers have been organized in the last month.

The new union of women employees of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington, D. C., has upward of 300 members.

Children of Hazleton, Pa., under 14, who cannot read and write, will be taken out of mills and factories by truant officers.

It was decided at a meeting of the Northumberland (England) coal conciliation board that wages should be reduced 8 1/2 per cent.

Vallejo (Cal.) gas workers recently obtained their charter from A. F. of L., and since then have reduced their hours and increased wages.

In 1866 the first National Labor Congress was held at Baltimore, Aug. 20. This body met annually in different cities for several years thereafter.

John E. Nolan has been re-elected president of the Boston branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers for the twentieth consecutive term.

The Washington Legislature passed the eight-hour day for women and minors; also a bill providing for the appointment of a woman deputy factory inspector.

Blessed with Thirty-five Kids.

The associated charities of San Francisco are advertising for a baby carriage for the thirty-fifth child of Juan Manuelo Grijalva, 70 years old, whose family owned thousands of acres in California before the gringos came. Juan has also been wealthy in his day, but he is now rich in nothing except children, one having come to bless him nearly every year since his first marriage, almost half a century ago.

Tallest Tree in the World.
The tallest tree in the world so far as has been ascertained is an Australian gum tree of the species Eucalyptus regnans, which stands in the Cape Otway range. It is no less than 415 feet high. Gum trees grow very fast. There is one in Florida which shot up forty feet in four years and another in Guatemala which grew 120 feet in twelve years. This corresponds to a rise of ten feet in a year, or nearly one foot per month.

There are more doctors per capita in New York City than anywhere else in this country.

FEARED AN OPERATION.

Found a Wonderful Cure Without It.

James Greenman, 142 East Front street, Ionia, Mich., says: "What I suffered during the worst stages of kidney trouble, I can never express. It was nothing short of torture. In bed for three months, with terrific pain in my back, an awful urinary weakness, dizziness, nervousness and melancholy. I rapidly lost 45 pounds. My doctor advised an operation, but I would not submit to it. Gravel was forming and the urine had almost stopped. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and after taking one box passed a stone half an inch long. I kept on taking the pills and passed smaller stones one after another until forty had been ejected. I recovered rapidly then and was soon as well as ever."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The chimney swift is truly a bird of the air, for it never alights on a fence or building. It drops into the top of some wide-mouthed chimney and clings to its rough sides with tiny feet.

TORE HIS SKIN OFF

In Shreds—Iching Was Intense—Sleep Was Often Interrupted—Cured by Cuticura in 3 Weeks.

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions, but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krus, Koff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 28, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston.

Lost Its Edge.

"Great guns, barber, that razor of yours is in a terrible condition!" exclaimed the victim in the chair.

"Yessah, Ah 'spect you' am all right. Ah done wore dat razor to er ball las' night, sah. An' Ah reckon de grintstone am what it needs."—Boston Post.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Equal to It.

Intimate Friend—Didn't you feel terribly flustered when you and Rodney stood up before the preacher?

Bride—Me? I never felt more self-assessed and—or—determined in all my life.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet, cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample free. FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The water of the tropical oceans contains more salt than that of other latitudes.

Instant Relief for All Eyes, that are irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind, POTT'S EYE SALVE. All Druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

The yew lives to be 2,900 years old, oak 1,500, cedar 800, chestnut 600, ivy 450 and elm 325.

Over fifty years of public confidence and popularity. That is the record of Hamlin's Wizard Oil, the world's standard remedy for aches and pains. There's a reason and only one—MERT.

Declined the Part.

Percy—Esmeralda, will you marry me? Esmeralda—No; Gwendolen refused you last night, and I'm not acting as first aid to the injured.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Its Faulty Construction.

"I was away up in front," Mrs. Lappling was saying, "and yet I couldn't hear half the actors said. I tell you there's something wrong with the acoustic properties of that theater."—Chicago Tribune.

Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes. Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drug Law. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pains. Try Murine in Your Eyes. Ask Your Druggist.

Then He Spoke.
Bashful Youth—Miss Bella, does—does your mother object to my coming here so much?

Fair Charmer—O, I think not. I heard her telling papa the other evening that you merely came to pass away the time—you didn't mean anything serious.

Eastern Colorado offers the best inducements to settlers at the present time of any part of the country. Land equal to that in the older states can now be had from \$10.00 to \$20.00 per acre. Crops of all kinds that are raised further east are raised there. Hundreds of farmers in the older states are selling their high priced lands, and investing where the prices are advancing rapidly. Lincoln County is one of the best Agricultural Counties in the state. W. S. Pershing of Limon, the County Surveyor, who has surveyed the lands for the U. P. Railroad and the Government for the last twenty years, is familiar with the whole country, and is assisting many to secure good locations. No part of the country offers better inducements to settlers or investors at the present time than Eastern Colorado.

The Rented Children.

Charles M. Schwab, at a dinner in Pittsburg, discussed his New Year economies. He said:

"It is necessary to economize, to shut up some of one's houses and so on, because of the innumerable claims on one. And all these claims are always just, you know. Why, I never saw a claimant yet who wasn't quite as sure of his rights as the Altoona beggar woman."

"A beggar woman, with three tiny children shivering beside her, stood on a windy corner in Altoona on a bitter winter day. A charity officer paused beside her with a sneer.

"You," he said, "you beggling! And those children aren't yours at all!"

"Well, sir," the beggar woman indignantly retorted, "I'd have less need to beg if they were mine, for then I wouldn't have to pay ten cents a day to hire them."

Cause of the Rash Act.

"You're the editor, ain't you?" asked the caller, a man with thin lips, high cheek bones, and a sharp nose.

"Yes, sir," answered the man at the desk. "What can I—"

"Well, sir, I've been readin' your paper party regular for about twenty-seven years, but you had an article this mornin'—"

"That you couldn't indorse? I'm sorry for that, but you know such things are likely to happen now and then, and—"