

Couldn't Shake Him.

"You are only wasting your time and mine," said the young business man to the life assurance solicitor. "I understand the benefits of assurance just as well as you, and if I had any family—"

"You are likely to have at some time or another," said the solicitor; "it's just like death. You can never tell when it will happen, and it's just as well to be prepared for it."

"Well, call around when you see the wedding announcement and I'll talk to you."

"I say it's just like death," pursued the solicitor. "We've had people carrying assurance with us who were chronic invalids, ripe for the grim reaper at any moment—hollow-eyed, shattered wrecks that you would swear could never live a month out—and yet they go on living, paying their premiums regularly year after year, and die at eighty or ninety. On the other hand, the young and robust are cut down in their prime. Yours is a parallel case. Judging from your personal appearance and your social gifts—"

"What do you know about my social gifts?" asked the young business man.

"I have the honor of knowing one of your friends," replied the solicitor. "He's assured in our company, and he recommended me to call on you."

"Tell me his name. I'll get a gun and go after him."

"If he wasn't assured in our company I might," said the solicitor, with an appreciative smile. "Now, just have patience with me for a moment."

"Well, go on and get it over."

"I was saying that judging from appearance I might expect to see that wedding announcement within a very short time, but you might put it off for years."

"Then, what's the use of bothering me now?"

"I was coming to that. If you as-

sure now your rate will be considerably lower."

"Well, you wouldn't assure me, anyway. There's consumption in our family, and two of my grand-uncles committed suicide."

"That's bad," said the solicitor, reflectively.

"I didn't mention it at first," said the young business man, "but you press me so hard I have to."

"Two grand-uncles, eh?" inquired the solicitor, taking up his hat. "And how about the consumption?"

"Both my parents died of it," replied the young man, sadly. He was about to add "before I was born," but checked himself in time and said: "At an early age; in their prime, you might say. If it wasn't for that, and the fact that my doctor tells me that I will have to try Arizona or New Mexico—"

"Too bad, too bad!" said the solicitor, rising. "I'm sorry to have taken up your time."

"I always wanted to take out some assurance," said the young man, with a melancholy smile. "I'd be glad to do it were it not for the circumstances I mention. Good morning."

The solicitor suddenly sat down and pulled a folded paper from his breast pocket. "I'll tell you what," he said. "You make out this application, anyway. I think I can put it through for you. Your doctor may be mistaken, you know, and these hereditary tendencies often jump a few generations. I'm glad now I called. I may be the means of restoring hope to you. Shall we say \$5,000?"

The young business man squirmed in his seat and looked uncomfortable.

"Well," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "I suppose I'll have to take a couple of thousands. You're a hard proposition."

The solicitor was busily writing, with