

**Painful Premention.**

A bootblack, seeming ready to burst into tears every moment, was yesterday seated in the sun at the postoffice, and a good-hearted lawyer chuckled him under the chin and asked if his regular fall season for chills had arrived.

"I kinder feel like having chills, and I kinder feel sad 'in my thoughts," was the reply.

"Any of the folks sick?"

"Not as I know of."

"Perhaps the sight of yellow leaves and other evidences of the dying year affect you," observed the lawyer.

"Mebbe they does, and mebbe it 'cause I lent a boy ten cents Saturday night."

"But won't he pay it back?"

"I dunno. He went out hunting Sunday, and I've got a feelin' that he went to shoot at a crow, and the crow flew and the gun went off, and the muzzel kicked around, and the breech flew up and all the shot hit Dick in the stum mix. If he got shot there'll be so much 'citement, and crying, and burying and taking on, that no one will think to ask me if he owed me ten cents."

"Will this relieve your mind?" asked the lawyer, as he passed over a dime.

"W—well, not quite, sir, but it'll so 'o' reconcile me to take more chances o' Dick's hittin' the crowd inste' o' his self!"—*Detroit Free Press.*



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