

"For stealing some of my pecans out of my wagon," said the countryman, reaching under the seat for his shotgun.

The reporter hastily replaced the pecans in the wagon, and after calling the countryman "Colonel," disappeared around the corner. That evening he told his employers that they must insure his life for \$50,000, or he would resign.

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GUS PUTS HIS FOOT IN IT.

There was an amateur theatrical performance, a few nights ago, in a fashionable mansion on Austin Avenue. Gus De Smith was engaged to play the ghost, in Hamlet.

"Now, Gus," said the manager, "all in the world you have to do, is to come in and say: 'I am thy father's ghost,' and you must do it in a deep, sonorous voice."

Gus said he wanted some hard part where he might have a chance to spread himself, but finally agreed to do as he was told.

When the ghost's turn came, he spoiled the tragic effect of the whole performance by saying: "I am thy father's ghost, and you must do it in a deep, sonorous voice."

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"Where was you when the first shot was fired?" asked the lawyer.

"I was lying down on the sofa."

"Where was your husband?"

"He was lying down on the back gallery."

"And your children—where were they?"

"They were lying down on the bed, fast asleep."

"Any other member of your family lying down?"