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which was vociferously called for in behalf of Anderson Crow.

"You honour me," said the ex-marshal, when the "ayes" died away. "I promise to help Marshal Higgins in ever' way possible. I'll tell him jest what to do in everything. I wish to say that I am not goin' out of the detective business, however. I'm goin' to open an agency of my own here. All sorts of detective business will be done at reasonable prices. I had these cards printed at the *Banner* office to-day, an' Mr. Squires is goin' to run an ad. fer me fer a year in the paper."

He proudly handed a card to the president of the board and then told the crowd that each person present could have one by applying to his son Roscoe, who would be waiting in the hallway after the meeting. The card read:

"Anderson Crow, Detective.
All kinds of cases Taken and Satisfaction
Guaranteed.
Berth mysteries a Specialty."

Mrs. Bonner, upon hearing of his resignation the next day, just as she was leaving for Boston, drily remarked to the Congressman:

"I still maintain that Anderson Crow is utterly impossible."

No doubt the entire world, aside from the village of Tinkletown, agrees with her in that opinion.

The End