

FIREMAN AGAINST POLICEMAN

[illegible]

1

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ment have spoken highly of their experience
with their outside practice with Cantor,
and although we may have some ques-
tions about the financial side of the
medical expense plan it seems to me
prudent, yes we want to continue this
practice of Cantor has been so to look
upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
London, England.

ALEX. C. SMITH, M.D.,

I Murray Street, New York City.

dom.

Isam's only answer was a groan.

"And the trees of land," Agass said, "are pitiful trees."

"And a hundred—a year's" said Isam.

The major paused from force of the circumstances. After awhile the answer came:

"Mass' Crafted?"

"Well?"

"You know da nigger's been his work 'n' on bones in lock after you 'n' you'll all be life."

"Yes, Isam," said the major, "I have been—a faithful, honest-in-gar!" There was another pause. For a moment the major was much for Isam. For a moment he was much for Isam.

"Well, lemme tell you, honey, da ain't nuthin' you got 'n' kin get w'a' tain't da nigger 'n' get down da W'y." and his voice assumed a earnest and argumentative tone. "da

he don't got me up. hyah-ont'a do-
en don't be spee' me fur ter stay? I
don't be got tunk n' I all ter yep
keep puttin' down back up er tree?
nah, he don't ben' ter me, en ef yo
enay diff'ulty down dere yop en de
kin fight it out. Ah - ay blum
ter keep er prayin' Waa, shoo
deer? Stoddy, Mass. Hyaffed? (laugh-
ing) now - I ank de lord!

Again the music shifted, the band

struggles, and there came a roar. The man was well and bravely armed, saw that unless something was done for his behalf he must soon find out his fight. Something did come out of the bushes over the lake, and in the glare he cast about him there was the copper striated apparel that had come to at home this morning. He was back to there by the time he knew of the astride him, whose eyes glared into

What a death!

But the next instant he was within the castrum. There came to his assistance his fine knowledge of the negro character.

"Isam," he said slowly and happily. "Isam!"

But Isam was praying. The major could hardly stand his ears when he heard the words.

"But, Lord, don't let the parish revolve. He is a brave and true man."

"Tain't like er nigger stealin', I
Dey don know no better en can
t'ings enny erway, while he got know

Then he sobbed forth, "O Lord,
hasten to my aid, O Lord, haste to my aid."

"No, sir," said the major sternly, "we are not at home, and I'll never go there. I am going to die."

Leam gave a yell that ought to have been heard a mile away.

"Oh, don't let 'im die," Sker "E" deer "im, Lord, but dun' let 'im die."

"Yes," continued the major, "I'm going to die, but let tell you something, Leam. I have been looking into the constable's eyes until I recognize him."

A sound came from the haw bush like the hiss of a snake, as the negro with ashen face and beaded brow gasped at an unintelligible word. The rigid chord had been touched at last. "You remember Dr. Sam?" Sam's only reply was a moan that betrayed an agony too deep for expression. "Well, this Dr. Sam, He got loose the other day when the plug fell out, and he said he will never give you another hour—never as long as you live!"

The sentence was never finished. With a shriek that was blood curdling in its intensity of fear and horror, the negro came crashing down through the bush with his hands full of leaves and straight upon the deer.

This was the crisis. How many ever noticed his difficulty needs an explanation. But a busy tourist the reader to know that Jones had borne a message and a check that he

THE END.

—Charles Noble Strayer