

The slab fell off immediately. Dr. Keely was seen within. He was amusing himself with a song: "Hi ho, and a bottle of rum—Good morning, gentlemen. Well Taylor, lend me your hand. Help me out of here, won't you?"

With difficulty he reached the floor. With a very sober mien, he brought forth a bottle.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have here, something that I wish to call your attention to. It is a medicine. While, I do not claim it to be a cure for all ailments, it is certainly worthy a trial, for the following afflictions: Chapped hands, chapped lips, teeth, ears, eyes, small chaps, large chaps, pork chaps, mutton chaps, burns, scalds, wounds, falling hair, hair already dropped, corns, bunions, worms, spiders in haymows, consumption, bronchitis, stomach troubles; that is, when the salvation glands do not insist the indigestion, which makes a torpedo liver, or for any other thing you can name, and is especially and heartily recommended for the cure of the alcohol habit. Gentlemen, this preparation is known as the celebrated Keely cure, called the gold cure on account of the money it has brought me. Thanking you for your kind attention, I will now pass among you." (Loud applause from gallery.)

"Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum, and candy. Five a pack," drawled the hero.

But Keely had fainted, Taylor and the hero had to fan his temples. Presently, he came to.

"Who's that fellow?" he asked frantically. "Look at that blue coat. He's a demonstrator, let me to him."

Hair raising act by hero.

"I-I-I'm not a demonstrator."

"Well that's all right, then. I was going to kill you

on the spot. One dose of Keely cure would cure you all right. O, you'd never breathe again."

Just about this time, there was an almighty clamor upstairs, and was followed by a boyish looking old man sliding down the banister. Taylor and Keely cried out in unison:

"Why, here comes Watt!"

"Why, there's Watt!" exclaimed the hero.

Then they all started in on, "Hail! Hail! the gang's all here."

Watt sang a magnificent tenor, Keely took second voice, Taylor had a most beautiful baritone, while the hero sang basso-profundo.

Then they all sang, "Good-bye, my lover, good-bye." Then they had a fuss, because Watt wanted to sing basso, when he could n't reach the low notes at all.

"Why, Watt, you haven't met my friend yet, have you? Son-of-a-gun, this is Dr. Watt."

"What's the name?" asked the hero.

"That's it," answered Dr. Watt.

"That's it?"

"No, Watt."

"Well, that's what I want to know."

"O you silly! His name's Watt, W-o-u-g-h-t, Watt," explained Taylor.

"O, now I understand."

"Now, what'll we do?" asked Taylor.

"Let's play horse," said Watt.

"Let's see who can sell the most cure," said Keely.

"I can beat any of you a game of pool," said the hero.

"Let's take a vote on it," said Taylor.

They voted. Every one voted for himself. No one won. Taylor did n't vote.