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CHARTER

OF MISSISSIPPI VALLEY REALTY CO., LTD.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, STATE OF LOUISIANA, PARISH OF ORLEANS, CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

Be it known, that on this third day of the month of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and thirty-fifth, before me, Scott E. Beer, a notary public, in and for the Parish of Orleans, State of Louisiana, therein residing, duly sworn, commissioned and qualified, and in the presence of the witnesses hereinafter named and undersigned, personally came and appeared the several parties whose names are hereunto subscribed as such, who severally declared that availing themselves of the laws of the State of Louisiana in such cases made and provided, they have contracted and agreed and do, by these presents contract, agree and bind themselves, as well as all other parties who shall hereafter become associated with them, to form a corporation and body politic for the purposes and under the stipulations hereinafter set forth, to-wit:

ARTICLE I.

The name of this corporation shall be the Mississippi Valley Realty Co., Ltd., and under said name the said company shall have and enjoy corporate existence for the term of ninety-nine years from and after the date hereof, unless sooner dissolved according to law. The domicile of this corporation shall be in the City of New Orleans, State of Louisiana. It shall have power to contract and sue and be sued; to make and use a corporate seal, and the same to change and alter at pleasure; to hold, receive, lease, purchase, sell, convey, as well as to mortgage and hypothecate, property, real, personal and mixed, corporeal and incorporeal; to borrow and lend money and to issue notes, bonds and all manner and kind of securities in evidence thereof; to name and appoint such managers, directors and officers, agents and clerks as the interests and convenience of the corporation may require; and to make and establish such by-laws, rules and regulations for the management of this corporation as may be necessary, and the same to alter and change at pleasure.

ARTICLE II.

All citation and other legal process shall be served on the president of this corporation, and in the event of his absence and inability to act, upon the vice-president of this corporation, and in the event of his absence and inability of both above officers to act, upon the secretary-treasurer of this corporation, and in the absence of all of the above, or their inability to act, upon any person that the Board of Directors of this corporation may designate.

ARTICLE III.

The purpose for which this corporation is established and the nature of the business to be by it carried on are declared to be the following, namely, to buy and sell real estate for said corporation or for others, as well as to mortgage, hypothecate and improve and develop real estate for itself and others, and also to deal in leases on real estate, both leasing real estate for itself and others, and also, sub-leasing premises now leased, to others for its own account, and generally to do and carry on the said real estate and rental business in all its branches, and to do all manner of business incident to and connected therewith.

ARTICLE IV.

The capital stock of this corporation shall be and is hereby fixed at the sum of fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000.00), divided into and represented by one hundred and fifty (150) shares of the par value of one hundred dollars ($100) per share; the said shares shall be paid for in cash or shall be issued as full paid shares for the purchase of any kind or character of property, or payment of labor done for the benefit of the corporation and actually received by the corporation. All stock issued shall be fully paid and non-assessable, and no shares of stock shall be transferred as regards this corporation, unless such transfer is made on the books thereof; no such transfer shall be made unless by the owner thereof, or by his agent or attorney in fact. Any stockholder, his successor or assignee who may desire to dispose of or pledge his stock or any of it shall give the refusal of same in writing to this corporation and the stockholders thereof, at the book value of said stock as established by an examination of the assets and liabilities thereof, which refusal shall have effect and continue for the term of ten days from the date thereof, after the lapse of which said ten days, if said refusal is not taken advantage of, the owner may deal with said shares as he may deem fit and proper. Every stockholder shall have one vote for each and every share of stock standing in his name on the books of this corporation.

This corporation shall be a going concern as soon as Three Thousand Dollars of the capital stock shall have been subscribed for.

ARTICLE V.

All the corporate powers of this corporation shall be vested in a Board of Directors to be composed of three stockholders to be elected annually at the place of business of this corporation by ballot or viva voce. Each director shall own at least one share of stock. The Board of Directors shall be composed of a President, a Vice-President, and a Secretary-Treasurer, any two of whom shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of the business of this corporation. The first Board of Directors and officers shall be elected at a meeting of the stockholders, from among the stockholders of this corporation, the said meeting to be held on the — day of April, 1911.

The said directors shall hold their office until their successors are elected and qualified. The annual meeting of the stockholders to elect directors shall be on the —

A failure to elect directors on said date shall not dissolve this corporation, but the directors then in office shall remain in office until their successors are duly elected and qualified. Any vacancy on the Board of Directors shall be filled by the remaining directors.

ARTICLE VI.

Whenever this corporation shall be dissolved by limitation or otherwise, its affairs shall be liquidated by three commissioners to be appointed by the stockholders convened in general meeting for that purpose, of which meeting of stockholders, notice shall be given in the manner provided for stockholders' meetings in Article VII of this charter, and a majority in amount of the stock thus represented at such meeting shall be requisite to elect. Said commissioners shall remain in office until the affairs of said corporation shall have been fully liqui-

ARTICLE VII.

This act of incorporation may be modified, changed or altered, or the said corporation may be dissolved with the assent of three-quarters of the capital stock represented at a general meeting of the stockholders of this corporation convened for said purpose; and after due notice of the said meeting shall have been given in one or more newspapers published in the City of New Orleans, La., once a week for three weeks preceding the date of the said meeting, and by a written notice to each stockholder on the books of this corporation, addressed to said stockholder at the address designated by him, or his last known address, and mailed at least thirty days prior to the date of the said meeting.

ARTICLE VIII.

No stockholder shall ever be held liable for the contracts or faults of this corporation in any further sum than the unpaid balance due by hm on the shares of stock subscribed by him, nor shall any informality in the organization of this corporation have the effect of rendering this charter null or of exposing the stockholders to any further liability beyond the balance unpaid and due by them on their stock subscription.

The list of subscribers hereto annexed shall serve as the original subscription list of this corporation.

Thus done and passed in my office on the day, month and year first above written, in the presence of Messrs. T. A. Schuber and Jos. W. Helm, competent witnesses who have hereunto signed their names, together with the said appearers and me, notary, after a due reading of the whole.

Original signed: F. W. Robbert, 28 shares ($2800); Geo. W. Moore, 1 share, ($100); Leonard L. Stern, one share ($100).

Witnesses: T. A. Schuber, Jos. W. Helm.
SCOTT E. BEER, Not. Pub.
(Seal)

I, the undersigned Recorder of Mortgages, in and for the Parish of Orleans, State of Louisiana, hereby certify that the above and foregoing act of incorporation of Mississippi Valley Realty Co., Ltd., was this day duly recorded in my office in book 1018, folio —. New Orleans, La., April 4, 1911.
(Signed) EMILE LEONARD, D. R.

A true copy from the original act of incorporation in my notarial office, together with the certificate of the Recorder of Mortgages annexed thereto and the original subscribers.
New Orleans, La., April 4, 1911.
SCOTT E. BEER, Not. Pub.
Apr 6 13 20 27 may 4 11

The Race With the Ram.

In Morocco the strange season of the Mohammedan new year, beginning March 9, is generally called "Ait-el-Hanwela," the rain feast. The people of Morocco pay more elaborate attention to the item of sacrifice than any other Moslems. In every town a supreme offering of a ram or he goat takes place at the door of the principal mosque. Immediately after it is struck by the official imam in presence of the multitude it is flung on the shoulders of a stalwart Moor, who, exerting his utmost strength, runs like a deer through the narrow streets, pursued by a rabble. The poor animal is pelted with stones by boys and is jeered at with execrations from every house, as it is reputed to be carrying the sins of the people. The man rushes along with his burden till he reaches the door of the cadi's palace. If the animal is still breathing the augury is excellent, for good luck is to be expected all through the year. But if the ram is dead all sorts of evil prognostications are muttered.

The One Dish Diet.

A food specialist said of dieting:

"The simplest, easiest and most efficacious diet to bring down the weight is the one dish diet. At no meal, that is, should more than one dish be eaten.

"The dish may be what you will—Irish stew, macaroni and cheese, roast beef, vegetable soup, bacon and eggs—but no courses are to precede or follow it. You may eat as much as you choose of the dish, and yet for all that you will lose weight steadily.

"It's the variety of dishes—the oysters, soup, fish, turkey, mince pie, ice cream—it's the variety of dishes, creating an artificial appetite when the body has really had all it requires, that causes corpulence. If we confine ourselves to one dish we know when we've had enough—we don't know otherwise—and the result is that we soon drop down to the slimness natural to children, animals and temperate and healthy men and women."

He Had His Tea.

"Jack," said Mr. Brown to his only son and heir, "I've got a good mind to send you to bed without any tea."

Jack—Why, dad?

Dad—I hear that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you not to slide down the banister, and you continued to do so.

Jack—Grandma didn't tell me not to, dad. She only came to me and said, "I wouldn't slide down those banisters, my lad."

Dad—Well?

Jack—Well, dad, I shouldn't think she would, an old lady like her. Should you, dad?

Mr. Brown didn't pass an opinion, thinking it best to let things drop.—London Ideas.

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Diana of Philadelphia.

At the mint in Philadelphia are a number of coins far more precious than any which find their way into circulation. They are a collection of curios, and many of them date from times of great antiquity. Perhaps the most interesting among them is a handsome coin bearing on its face the profile of a woman which has a striking resemblance to the goddess of Liberty of our own currency. Underneath is the single word "Demos," which is the Greek for people. On the reverse of the coin is a beautiful figure of the goddess Diana arching her bow, and the inscription translated into English reads, "Diana, Friend of the Philadelphians."

The coin was minted more than 2,000 years ago at the city of Philadelphia, in Asia Minor, where there grew up in later years one of the seven churches of which St. John writes. The prize was discovered some years ago in Europe by a citizen of our own Philadelphia, himself an authority on coins. By him it was appropriately presented to the mint in Philadelphia.—New York Press.

Carlyle's Sneer at Gladstone.

J. E. Boehm, the sculptor, once met Gladstone at a country house and was immensely impressed by the extent and diversity of the statesman's knowledge as revealed in his conversation. Boehm was still full of the subject when the morning arrived for Carlyle's sitting for a bust, and to the philosopher the sculptor poured forth his admiration for Gladstone's intimate acquaintance with subjects so far apart as gardening and Greek. Carlyle listened for a time in scornful silence; then he said, "And what did he say about your work?" "Oh, nothing," said Boehm. "He doesn't know anything about sculpture." "Of course," growled Carlyle, "of course, and he showed his knowledge about things that you didn't understand. No doubt if you asked Blackie he'd say that Gladstone knew nothing about Greek, and the gardener would tell you that he knew nothing whatever of gardening."

How Sheridan Paid a Debt.

No one knew better the power possessed by a really polished compliment than Sheridan, and on innumerable occasions during that rather stormy theatrical management of his did he extricate himself from a difficulty by means of one. A good instance is the following: An English nobleman who had married a beautiful actress once applied with much dignity in the greenroom to Mr. Sheridan for the arrears of her salary and vowed that he would not stir till they were paid.

"My dear lord," said the impecunious manager, "this is too bad. You have taken from us the brightest jewel in the world, and you now quarrel with us for the little dust she has left behind her."

The nobleman immediately burst out laughing, and the debt was canceled.—London Standard.

Graveyard Marriages.

A strange custom prevails among a certain tribe in the Caucasus. When a single young man dies some one calls upon a bereaved parent who has carried to the grave a marriageable daughter in the course of a year and says: "Your son is sure to want a wife. I'll give you my daughter, and you shall deliver to me the marriage portion in return." A friendly offer of this description is never rejected, and the two parties soon come to terms as to the amount of the dowry, which varies according to the advantages possessed by the girl in her lifetime. Cases have been known where the young man's father has given as much as thirty cows to secure a dead wife for his dead son.

The Fleur-de-lis.

The fleur-de-lis, the well known emblem of France, is said to have been brought from heaven by an angel to King Clovis, he having made a vow that if he proved victorious in an impending battle with the Alemanni near Cologne he would embrace Christianity. It was the national emblem until the revolution of 1789, when the tricolor (white, red and blue) was adopted. The royalists in 1871 tried to restore the old emblem to the flag, but without success.—New York American.

Spoiled His Sport.

"How many ducks did you shoot, Pat?"

"The divil a wan."

"Weren't there any there?"

"Sure th' lake wor full av thim, but iv'ry toime I'd point me gun at wan, d'ye moind, another wan w'd get betwixt me an' him an' spoil me a'm!"—Toledo Blade.

The Comforter.

Visitor—I just looked in to cheer you up a bit, and I'm very glad I did, for I met the doctor going out, and he says you're worse than you think and unless you keep up your spirits you can't recover.—London Opinion.

Comparatively Easy.

"It is hard to lose the savings of a lifetime."

"Oh, not so hard. I know of a dozen men with schemes that you could go into."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Two Historic Drinks.

Sir Philip Sidney received his death wound before the walls of Zutphen on Sept. 22, 1586. Parched with thirst, he called for a drink. As he was putting the bottle to his mouth his eyes fell upon a desperately wounded soldier who as he was being carried past threw him longing glances, "which Sir Philip perceiving took the bottle from his lips before he drank and delivered to the poor man with these words: 'Thy necessity is greater than mine.'"

At the battle of Ravenna in 1512, when the allied Spanish and papal forces were defeated by the renowned Gaston de Foix, Dumolard, one of his captains, played a conspicuous part. After a gallant charge, by which he had driven back the enemy, he determined to publicly drink the health of his enemy's brave ally, Jacob von Empser, the leader of the 5,000 German lasquenets. Wine was brought upon the field, and, having sat down, each hero filled his goblet. At that moment, while they were in the very act of pledging each other's health, a cannon ball from the enemy's lines killed them both.

Tommy's Congratulations.

Reggie—Tommy, do you know I'm going to marry your sister? Tommy—Then I think I'll go and congratulate mother.

The Man Who Was Bribed

By M. QUAD

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Abe Slinger and his wife being too lazy to work were determined to live on the community of Hopewell. The constable warned Abe that he couldn't do it. Abe said nothing, but Abe's clothing was found by the mill pond. Mrs. Slinger took on awful, and a soft hearted citizen started a purse for her and $60 were raised, and there were others who contributed food and clothing. The widow moved from the stable into a shanty.

Ten days after the powwow Abe Slinger appeared. He had been carried downstream by the current and thrown on an island, where he had remained unconscious for days and without food for other days. It was a pretty shy story, but the people had to believe it and congratulate the teller on his wonderful escape.

It was about sixty days later when the next event came off. A citizen who owned a farm outside the village hired Abe to dig a well. He had refused jobs not so hard or dangerous, but he took this one right away. He preferred well digging to even the postoffice steps. When he had been digging for two days and after he had thrown out hints about quicksand and cave-ins the alarm was given that the curbing of the well had caved in and that Abe was probabily a dead man eighteen feet down.

There is only one thing to do in such a case—dig the poor fellow out. If living, succor him; if dead, contribute a fund to bury him and carry the widow along. There were some who wouldn't have come down but for the fact that Abe had gone to work and made no kick.

His desire to help himself opened all hearts. If that hadn't then there were the widow's tears and lamentations to fall back on. The sum of $100 was raised for her, and it was more clothes and more provisions.

The bottom of the well was struck at last, but there was no Abe. There sure had been a cave-in, but it hadn't caught him. There was a mystery on hand to be solved. If not at the bottom of the well, then where was he? The question was on every lip for four days, and then Abe came back to answer it himself. It was easily explained.

He had had warning of the coming cave-in and had scrambled out. Such was his terror that he had been temporarily out of his head. He remembered running away as fast as he could, but when his senses came back to him he was thirty miles away and hiding in a farmer's barn. As soon as he had recovered his nerve he came jogging along home and was ready to tackle the job again.

Hopewell shook its head in a doubting way, but did not talk much. Abe Slinger was coming to the front and becoming a hero. He had also moved from a shanty into a cottage and was living on the top shelf. As a matter of fact, he did finish the well and thereby made himself solid with all who might have otherwise criticised. Nevertheless the town constable felt that he had a duty to perform. He went to Abe and said:

"You went to your death in the river and returned. You went to your death in the well and returned. Don't try the little game again. If you do I don't believe the town will raise another dollar for your widow."

The summer had departed and late autumn had come. Abe hadn't tired himself out looking for any more jobs, but was now offered the position of night watchman of the village. It was a cold job and poor pay, and no one wanted it until he stepped forward. Not a robbery had ever been committed in the village, but there were taxpayers who thought it best to guard against such things happening. When the constable heard of the appointment he met Abe to say:

"No foolishness, now."

"If robbers come I shall kill some of them," was the reply.

"But if you have them kill you don't make a mess of it."

"I shall do my best to die, and when you see me lying dead you will be sorry for what you have said."

Two weeks passed, and then one night at midnight there were yells and shots and the noise of running, and the people turned out to find Abe Slinger missing. He was searched for, but not found. Next day there was a grand hunt, but no clew. Robbers had killed him and borne his body away—another public subscription for the widow—more provisions, fuel and clothing. She actually opened an account at the village bank and put on mourning. Another two weeks and the cat came back. Abe walked in to say that he had discovered three yeggmen about to break into the postoffice and when he had fired on them they had seized and chloroformed him and borne him away in a buggy. For twelve days he had known nothing, but now he had come back to take his job again.

Hopewell didn't say much. It didn't threaten. It didn't bring out tar and feathers. It simply asked the question of Abe Slinger:

"How much cash will you take to skate out of this town and stay skated?"

"One hundred dollars," was the prompt reply. And it was raised in an hour, and within an hour Abe and his wife were departing for new fields. They were poor, but honest, but Hopewell preferred the other kind.

On the Other Hand.

"On the one hand," said the teacher, pointing a long finger to the map on the classroom wall, "we have the far stretching country of Russia. On the other hand—what do I see on the other hand, Tommy?"

"Warts!" hazarded Tommy, hopeless with fright.

Superstitious.

"What! Did you let the examinations go by again, Carl?"

"I'll tell you, father. On the way to the college I met an old woman, and then I turned back again."—Fliegende Blatter.

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Spider Racing.

Lord Devon's property was greatly impoverished by the twelfth earl, who squandered nearly all his fortune and terribly embarrassed the entailed property. He was addicted to a most peculiar form of gambling, namely, spider racing, which he played with the last Marquis of Hastings and the eighth Duke of Bedford. Each player selected a spider, which was placed on the table, and then the latter was gently heated from underneath. The warmth caused the insects to run, and the spider which got to the edge first won. But spiders are curious creatures, and it would frequently happen that a spider which was near the edge and looked like winning would double back, traverse the table in all directions and lose its backer the thousands of pounds so nearly won. Lord Devon, Lord Hastings and the Duke of Bedford each of them squandered enormous sums on this game, which contributed in no small degree to the ruin of the two former.—New York Tribune.

Inn Names In Germany.

Germany probably holds the record for out of the way signs and fantastic inn names. The most absurd results are usually obtained by the name of some animal with a more or less unsuitable object. The Comfortable Chicken and the Cold Frog, both of them in Berlin, are certainly left in the shade by the Angry Ant (Ort, in Westphalia) and the Stiff Dog (Berlin). The Lame Louse is an inn in a suburb of Berlin, and not far from it is the Thirsty Pelican. The Dirty Parlor, the Bloody Bones, the Musical Cats, the Fourhundredweight Man, and the Boxers' Den are all in Berlin or the neighborhood, and the Old Straw Bag in Leipzig. The Open Banghole is in Stadtohen, in the Palatinate, and the Shoulder Blade in Jerichow. The Last Tear is a landlord's notion for the name of his inn, situated near a graveyard, visited by returning mourners, and is of frequent occurrence throughout the fatherland.

A Strange Colony.

The Colonia Cosme, on the Paraguay above Asuncion, is one of the most curious in the world. The members of the colony make or grow everything they want and import nothing. The workmen have seven hours' work a day and earn, not money, but time. Their wages are hours and half hours. These they sometimes save up till they have a week in hand and then go off on an excursion. If a man wants a chair or table he pays for it in hours of work, which are deducted from the balance to his credit. Three men went off up the river in a canoe for a three weeks' holiday. They sold their canoe at Asuncion for a pound and came home overland in ten days, lodged in the best houses in the villages on the way and yet had some money in hand at the end.—London Spectator.

Dogs In Ecclesiastical Decorations.

The stained glass representation of the "Peddler and His Dog" was removed from Lambeth church a quarter of a century ago owing to the alleged incongruity of introducing the figure of a dog in a church window. Quite recently Chancellor Prescott of Carlisle refused a faculty for a stained glass window in a Westmorland church because the design included a dog, and perhaps the only existing examples of dogs used for ecclesiastical decorations are to be found in Lord Brownlow's private chapel at Ashbridge. In this church one stained glass window depicts Tobias and Sara in bed and a dog sleeping on the quilt, while in another window Job is shown being mocked by three men, one of whom is holding a dog by a chain.—Westminster Gazette.

The Giant's Staircase.

One of the most widely known geological curiosities in the vicinity of Cork is a series of knobs or knots projecting from the face of a cliff. There are sixteen of these huge projections all together, all regularly set in the face of the cliff, one above the other, forming a series of such uniformity as to give it the general appearance of a stairway. Since time out of memory this queer ascent and its projecting "steps" have been known as the Giant's Staircase.

How He Won.

A rich old man was asked how he made his money. "Simplest thing in the world," he said. "I always did the reverse of what everybody else was doing. If everybody bought, I sold—prices were high. If everybody sold, I bought—prices were low."

Prepared For the Worst.

Husband—Goodby, my dear. A pleasant voyage. I have taken every precaution in case of accident. Wife—What do you mean? Husband—Insured your life in my favor.—Journal Amusant.

Her Dear Friend.

"I have declined marriage proposals from five men," said the fair widow.

"Have you?" her friend asked. "I didn't suppose your husband had been as heavily insured as that."—Chicago Record-Herald.

When Bismarck Went Dry.

Bismarck was not without superstition, and this always was noticeable on the eve of the new year. From 9 o'clock that night until after midnight he would not take water in any circumstances from a glass. It was an ancient tradition in the chancellor's family that any one who set the legend at defiance would pass through a serious illness. If another tradition is true the observance of the family legend must have been a sore trouble to the iron chancellor, for the Paris contemporary from which we take the foregoing says that Bismarck not only loved war, but beer and wines, especially French wines. He was not averse to punch and grog, but on New Year's eve grog was under the ban, for it contains water.—London Globe.

Gambling In Wood.

"To most people my business would seem to be devoid of chances," said a dealer in fine woods, "yet as a matter of fact I know of nothing that is more of a gamble. On every log of wood we buy we take a chance that the inside is as good as the outside. At a recent auction of fine woods in London my partner and I paid $9,000 for a mahogany log that looked all right so far as we could tell. If the inside was sound we stood to make a good profit, but worm holes or rotten spots at the core would mean a heavy loss. Not until we got the log to this country and got it opened up could we be certain. As a matter of fact this particular log was perfect, and we cleaned up $3,000 on the deal. But it was gambling pure and simple."—New York Sun.

Not From Politeness.

This was heard in an overcrowded Boston elevated train:

"Say, Dick," said the young man whose football tactics had won him a strap in the rush—"say, Dick, I've been riding in on the 'L' every morning except Sundays and holidays for two years, and I've never given up a seat to a lady yet."

"You're a polite one," sneered Dick.

"Nothing of the kind," retorted the young man. "I've never had a seat to give up."—Boston Post.

Sweet Sarcasm.

"Daddy, what makes your nose so dreadfully red?" asked a little boy of his father one day at dinner.

"The east wind, of course!" the father answered gruffly. "Pass that decanter and don't talk so much."

"Yes, Tommy," said the boy's mother sweetly, "pass your father the east wind and be careful not to spill any on the tablecloth!"—London Mail.

His "Turnout."

Clerkley—Isn't this earlier than your usual time for going home?

Barkley—Yes, but my wife said if I came out by the 3:45 she'd meet me with the carriage.

"I didn't know you kept a horse and carriage."

"Er—er—it's a baby and carriage."

One Marked Difference.

As we understand it, the difference between grand opera and the other kind is that there is very little of the former that can be whistled.—Albany Journal.

A Jiffy.

Tommy (who has been told to go to bed)—Pa, how long is "a jiffy?"

Father—It's just about the length of time you've got to go to bed without a licking.—Boston Transcript.

The Last Dance.

He—May I ask you for a dance?

She—Certainly, the last one on the list.

He—But I'll not be here then.

She—Neither will I.

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