

one with authority should be heard from. Help must come somehow, somewhere.

Add Note—At Atlantic City the men are carrying parasols.—New York Telegraph.

THE AGENT'S PORTION

Cloverdale, June 30.

Agent Suburban Co., Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: We have arrived at the country place rented through you—and are suffering a cruel shock. My little son Percival was quite overcome by such primitive surroundings and took to his bed immediately. But the abnormal pictures made him shudder so he could not sleep. His nurses turned them to the wall, but finally had to remove them to the attic before he could shut an eye!

During the night he was awakened by the wall paper—which is the kind that slaps people in the face and makes their eyes run! Please re-paper the house in soothing colors, at once. Send an interior decorator, and allow Percival to choose the color scheme himself—for he is super-sensitive to such combinations.

Deeply disappointed,

MRS. HARRINGTON HALL.

P. S.—There isn't an egg-cup in the house! Percival cannot eat eggs unless they are properly served. Send us a good supply immediately—before he begins to entertain his little friends.

Cloverdale, July 1.

Agent Suburban Co., Boston.

Dear Sir: To add to our discomfort, four of my maids left this morning. They saw a serpent in the cellar! One of the butlers tried to detain it, but it dashed into the well! Now we can drink nothing except cream or champagne, until you get a new well dug! Kindly send diggers today—also a strong snake-trap.

I fear I must insist on having this old-fashioned furnace replaced by steam heat. Percival's physicians advise a fire on cloudy days, but he says these antique affairs always belch gas and he is afraid of a headache. Percival is the most precocious boy of nine that I ever saw—he is a real prodigy.

We all protest against the sleeping rooms here—they are about the size of modern closets. We are nearly suffocated! Will you kindly remove a few partitions and give us air.

Very respectfully,

MRS. HARRINGTON HALL.

P. S.—Please look up four exceptionally good maids and get them here as soon as possible.

Cloverdale, July 7.

Agent Suburban Co., Boston, Mass.

Sir: Your letter is extremely evasive and unsatisfactory. I have only asked for a few things that are actually needed, and I insist that you make us comfortable. If I had not paid the season's rent in advance, I should leave.

You told me everything in the country was cheap—but I am amazed at the high cost of living. My head butler is paying \$3.00 a pound for chicken, \$1.75 a dozen for eggs, \$2.00 a pound for butter and 50 cents a quart for milk!

I object to cows passing this place. Their noise—and habits—are most unpleasant, and Percival says they are too vicious to be allowed on public highways. Please notify all farmers that this practice must be stopped.

Cloverdale is as much of a disappointment as this old house itself.

Dejectedly, MRS. HARRINGTON HALL.

P. S.—A terrible thing has just happened! Percival has wet his feet in the river that runs

through the town! His physicians and nurses are working over him desperately, but I fear the result will be a cold! I insist and demand that this stream be properly fenced—on both sides—its entire length. Reply by 'phone.

Cloverdale, July 15.

Agent Suburban Co., Boston, Mass.

Sir: You ignore my requests in a way that shows long practice—and your letters are rather insulting to my intelligence. I am a patient, reasonable woman, but this cannot go on much longer. I shall expect a telephone interview upon receipt of this.

Kindly give me an explanation of country customs. When Percival was quietly filling the lunch basket with cherries, a queer looking man threatened him with a pitchfork!—and the chauffeur refused to fight him. I discharged him, of course, on the spot, but the poor child lost the cherries—and the basket—and had one of his black-in-the-face spells! His physicians say he ought not to be thwarted in anything—and I want to know what we are going to do in a case like this.

Also: what is the objection to Percival playing in that little graveyard across the road? The dates on the stones are 1750, so of course nothing is left but bones! Percival wants to see for himself, however, and has been using his little spade for two days—but an old farmer came along with a shotgun and said ghouls shouldn't touch his relatives! Percival was unarmed at the time, so could do nothing—but I have 'phoned for a brace of revolvers, and hereafter he can protect himself fully. These country people are not half civilized, and I am bitterly disappointed in the environment here.

Feelingly, MRS. HARRINGTON HALL.

Cloverdale, July 20.

Agent Suburban Co.

Sir: Send a lot of men by first train with derricks, etc. The barn floor collapsed last night, and three of our machines are in the cellar! Percival is quite upset over it. He had thought of using his racer this morning, and does not wish to take any of the other cars. Send the derricks without delay—for I do not want him to have another spell.

MRS. HARRINGTON HALL.

Agent Suburban Co.

Sir: What do you think has happened now? An officer has been here to arrest my son simply because he was trying his revolvers on different things for practice! I frightened the man away with money—but this cannot continue! I do not like the attitude of the natives towards us and you must keep them in check!

Regarding my former requests—which you persist in ignoring—I have just this to say: If you do not send everything I have asked for within twenty-four hours, I shall place the orders myself and have them charged to you. Indignantly,

MRS. HARRINGTON HALL.

Cloverdale, July 24.

Agent Suburban Co.

Sir: It is all right—you needn't send anything. The house burnt flat last night—also the barn. Fortunately, we sent our effects away yesterday—to Lonely Lake, New York—where I have purchased an island two miles from the mainland. Now we will see whether Percival will be molested by the masses!

Kindly refund our unexpired rent. If I do not receive it by return mail, shall seek legal advice. Most respectfully,

MRS. HARRINGTON HALL.

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