

# FAIRY TALES.

A postoffice inspector has some very queer experiences in the course of his career in connection with the affairs of Uncle Sam's big department. A story that was told recently by a keen member of the staff of inspectors who visits this part of the country occasionally, shows some of the dangers that a post-office employe runs of having his good name assailed, however honest and straightforward he may be.

In this case complaint had been made at a certain postoffice by a fellow to the effect that a \$50 bill had been taken from a letter that he had mailed to a woman acquaintance. When she had received the letter alleged to have contained the money she found pinned to the letter a little corner of the bill. It was quite plain that it had been torn out and then that the letter had been hastily resealed without leaving any trace of the fact that it had been tampered with, except the tell tale little corner of the bill. The matter was laid before the inspectors. They called the man that had sent the money and the fellow that made the complaint before them. The chief inspector then asked him to show just how he had pinned the bill to the letter. He handed him a bill and told him to pin it just as he had pinned the bill that he enclosed in the letter. This was done. Then the inspector asked him to pull it off in the same manner that he believed his own money to have been taken. This was done, but the paper on which the letter was written was torn as well as the bill. It was tried again, the fellow imagining all the time that the inspector was simply getting points on which to work on the case. This time the result was all right as far as tearing the bill was concerned, but the letter paper was again torn. The letter in which the money was alleged to have been sent was not torn at all. The inspector then looked at the fellow and said:

"What are you trying to do with us, anyway? You never put a bill in that letter. You deliberately pinned the corner of that bill on the letter."

"Well, what if I did," replied the fellow. "You fellows are too d—d smart. What if I did?"

"Well, what did you make this complaint for, then?" asked the officer.

"Well, I'll tell ye," said the fellow. "The woman to whom I sent that letter has been after me for over three years. I have been anxious to get rid of her importunities for money, I thought. I should send her this letter with the part of the bill attached to it I could then tell her that it would not be safe for me to attempt to send her money, and I could thus get rid of her."

It is needless to say that the inspectors wasted no more time on that case.

One of the assessors that are now making things a little lively for the good citizens of Duluth that own over \$100 worth of personal property tells a good story on Ben Heller and Sam Loeb the two wholesale liquor dealers.

It seems that a few days ago, one of the assessors went to both Heller's and Loeb's and left the customary blanks for them

to fill out, giving the valuation of their stock. Both of them did so, and curiously enough both showed that they had a stock valued at \$1,000. City Assessor Hawkes thought that their figures were a trifle low and the papers were pigeon-holed a few days and handed to Assessor McGill for investigation. Mr. McGill visited both places and after sizing up both stocks he raised Heller's valuation to \$7,000 and left Loeb's at \$1,000.

As soon as Heller received the postal card that is always sent out by the assessor, notifying him of the change in his assessments he hid himself to the city hall and registered a kick. He was introduced to Assessor McGill and the latter accompanied Heller to his place of business. During the course of conversation that followed, it came out that Loeb was only assessed at \$1,000.

"Why, I'll trade stocks with Loeb and give him \$1,000 to boot," exclaimed Heller to the assessor. "His stock is worth that much more than mine any day, I'll give you \$100 commission to make the trade."

"Well, I'll go and investigate, replied McGill and we'll find out about this."

McGill then went to Loeb's place again and went through his stock.

"I just want to satisfy myself that I was right," he said to Mr. Loeb in explanation. "I am satisfied that you the assessed about right, but Heller insisted that your stock was worth more than his and he says that he will trade with you and give you \$1,000 to boot."

"It's a go," replied Loeb. "I'll go up with you and close the deal."

The assessor and Loeb went to Heller's place, and the latter made his check for \$1,000, but that is as far as the deal got. Mr. Heller wanted to trade locations as well as stocks, but Mr. Loeb said that he wouldn't trade locations for \$1,000 and the deal was off.

Assessor McGill let the valuation of the two stocks stand, but is kicking because he didn't get the \$100 commission before the two wholesalers began talking about locations.

When the Knights Templar were here last Saturday "Doc" Kilvington, of Minneapolis, was among them. He always is when there is a gathering of the faithful. His name was on the list of officers elected for the ensuing year, and as a newspaper man was getting the list Dr. Kilvington stood by. When his name came up he echoed the "Sunset" that was given him by his fellow knight, for his initials are S. S., and he added "M. D." The M. D. was all right for the doctor has a very large practice in Minneapolis. He is one of the oldest and one of the most highly respected physicians in the state. When Dr. Kilvington suggested "M. D." one of the boys that stood by asked what it meant, and suggested "mule driver", at which there was a laugh, and then "Doc" said that he could drive mules too.

"It was away back in 1869", said he, "that I left for the Red river with a big team of mules attached to a fire engine that was destined for Winnepeg. I drove to Georgetown where the thing was to be put aboard a flat boat. They had the boat anchored with one end on the bank and the length of the thing extended out in to the river. Well, we backed the engine down on to the boat, and the end that projected out in to the river began to sink. The fire engine began to run a good deal faster than we cared to see it run, and the last I heard of it the thing was running still."

Fair familiarity at the East end has a new sensation to discuss over its teacups and sewing. The mother of a family is said to have gone out to spend the afternoon at a lady friend's, and to have had such a delightful time that she decided to remain longer than she intended. Consequently, she sent little Willie home. The next afternoon at 4, the protracted caller arrived home and seeking out her little Willie made him promise not to tell papa, who had also been away from home.

"Willie kept his promise all right," relates one chronicler of the event. "He drew the line at his papa. But he told everybody else in the neighborhood, not only about his mamma staying out but about her making him promise not to tell."

It is said that as a result of Willie's keeping his promise so well, there may be a resurvey of the social map at the East end and that a few new lines may be traced in the geography of that part of town.