

# Hotel Grand,

J. G. DERMEDY, Prop'r.

V:

Muscatine, Iowa,

190

people nodding time to the  
swinging of it with their stupid  
heads. And Mark. you may  
believe it or not, but before I  
was through, the entire  
assemblage, except the corpse,  
were placidly bobbing their  
heads in solemn submission,  
mourners, undertakers, and  
all. The moment I had finished  
I fled to the anteroom in a  
state bordering on frenzy. Of  
course it was my luck to  
find a sorrowing & maiden  
Aunt of the deceased there,  
who had arrived from Springfield  
too late to get into the church.  
She began to sob, and said  
"Oh he is gone! he is gone, & I didn't  
see him before he died!"  
"Yes! I said! - he is gone, he is gone,  
he is gone, he is gone - oh this