

MISS MADGE FUNDERBURKE

who's nursing Mrs. J. L. Webb at the Webb home on South Washington street, is acquiring a reputation as a 'possum hunter—or I should say a 'possum killer. She hasn't really hunted them, on the contrary, they've made all the advances.

She had three nights of it last week without even going out of doors. The first night, being awakened by a noise beneath the bed, in the wee hours of the night, she spied a small 'possum beneath the bed but he got away. The next night they set a trap for him and sure enough he came back and fell into it, but he put up a lusty fight and had to be fishined off by a broom-stick, wielded by Miss Funderburke.

The third night she expected to rest on her laurels but instead, when she got up with her patient, about 3 o'clock in the morning, and went into the bathroom there sat—either the first 'possum's ghost or his brother. He was sitting in the tub, apparently getting ready to take a bath, but he had not figured how to work the faucets.

Miss Funderburke has no more use for a strange 'possum in a lady's bath than for one in her bedroom, so she applied the broom stick to him too, and made short work of him.

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The background of the story is that the Webb home is undergoing extensive renovations and the young 'possums evidently found their way into the house through a basement entrance. A few days earlier the yardman at the home had killed an old 'possum in the garage and it is presumed that her youngsters, after parental authority was removed, decided to explore the place.