

### TILL THE CIRCUS COMETH.

There was a girl named Mary,  
Of age, half-score and nine,  
Who was fond of eating peanuts  
When the due was on the vine.  
She would eat the fragile peanut  
When ice was on the lake;  
But, alas! a demon caught her—  
That demon stomach-ache.  
She donned her hat and ulster  
To the drug store she did skip,  
And soon returned in triumph  
With a bottle in her grip.  
It was Jamaica ginger,  
And it quickly eased her pain,  
But no more she'll fool with peanuts  
Till the circus comes again.  
—Stamford Advocate.

### QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOUSEHOLD.

#### A Retinue of One Thousand Servants—Their Duties and Salaries.

Nominally the principal officer of the Queen's household is the Lord Chamberlain, who is a peer of the realm, draws £2,000 a year, always plays a large part at coronations; royal marriages, christenings and funerals.

Actually, up to within a recent date, the principal personage in the household of Queen Victoria was a Scotch gillie, who brought to London his kilt and his bare legs, which always formed a prominent feature in any public appearance of the Queen. There is not known, at least in modern history, a parallel to the precise position which John Brown held in the Queen's household. His title was "Personal Attendant," and he literally fulfilled it, going out with Her Majesty on whatever errand she might appear, whether driving in state to open a session of Parliament, hurrying in a pony-carriage under the wet skies of Balmoral or walking or riding amid the beauties of the Italian lakes.

In all, there are in the Queen's household just under a thousand persons, each with his appointed post and sufficient salary, for the maintenance of whom the Nation sets apart the sum of £385,000.

The Lord Chamberlain is assisted by the Vice Chamberlain, who draws a salary of £24, like the Lord Chamberlainship, is a political office, and is held by a member of the House of Commons. The Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse has £2,000 a year, which, considering that the privy purse is not filled with more than £20,000, is not a laborious one, all Her Majesty's needs being provided for under other heads in the grants for the various departments of the household. This £20,000 a year is understood to be transferred pretty much in a lump sum to those "savings" for which Queen Victoria rightly or wrongly receives credit from the popular mind.

In this same department ranks the Mistress of the Robes, who receives five hundred pounds a year, a Groom of the Robes, who has eight hundred pounds, and Ladies of the Bed Chamber, of whom there are eight, at a salary of five hundred pounds a year each. These ladies rarely rank under a Duchess, and always belong to the highest families.

An arrangement is made by which Ladies of the Bed Chamber are in attendance for a fortnight at a time. They settle the turns among themselves, and usually get three hundred pounds a year. The Maids of Honor, of whom there are likewise eight receive a salary of three hundred pounds a year each, and are in attendance in couples for a month at a time.

Formerly both Maids of Honor and Bedchamber Women were under strict discipline, and really did some work for their wages. The Countess of Suffolk in her correspondence lifts the veil, and allows us to peep at Majesty served by its Bed chamber Women: "The Bedchamber Women came in to waiting before the Queen's prayers," writes the Duchess, "which was before she was dressed. \* \* \* When the Queen washed her hands, the Page of the Back-stairs brought and set the side-table the basin and ewer. Then the Bedchamber Woman set it before the Queen and knelt on the other side of the table, over against the Queen, the Bedchamber Lady only looking on. The Bedchamber Woman poured the water out of the ewer upon the Queen's hand. The Bedchamber Woman pulled on the Queen's gloves when she could not do it herself. The Page of the Back-stairs was called in to put on the Queen's shoes. When the Queen dined in public the Page reached the glass to the Bedchamber Woman and she to the Lady in Waiting. The Bedchamber Woman brought the chocolate and gave it without kneeling."

Services of this kind are not confined to women. There are Lords in Waiting who do about as much as Ladies in Waiting. These receive the oddly precise sum of £702 a year. Of lower rank are the Grooms in Waiting, who receive £335.12.6 per annum apiece. There are four Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber, at £200 per annum; four Daily Waiters, at £150, and four Grooms of the Privy Chamber, at the modest recompense of £73 per annum. But though the income is small, these offices are eagerly competed for, and are held by Vice-Admirals, Colonels and other distinguished personages.

There are five Pages of the Back stairs—not a lofty description, but the salary is £18, reaching £460 per annum. These gentlemen really have work to do. They wait at the royal dinner table, and one is always in attendance at the door of Her Majesty's apartment from 8 in the morning until she retires for the night. There are six Pages of the Presence,

so-called, apparently, because they do not actually dwell in the Presence, their duties being to attend upon the Lords, Ladies and Maids of Honor, and upon any of Her Majesty's visitors. For this they receive £180 a year. There are nine house keepers and up ward of sixty household maids. The household has its ecclesiastical staff. The Bishop of London is always Dean of the Chapel Royal, and draws for his services a salary of £200 a year.

There is a complete sanitary establishment at the cost to the tax-payer of £2,700 pounds a year. This consists of two physicians in ordinary, four physicians extraordinary, four apothecaries for the Queen herself, and four for the combined household, one dentist, an aurist, an oculist and a surgeon-chiroprist.

There is also a Poet Laureate, at the present time Lord Tennyson, who receives £100 a year, a sum that seems insignificant beside the income of one of the Pages of the Back-stairs. The ester art of painting is even more shabbily treated, the painter in ordinary receiving only £50 a year. More clearly pertaining to the household, in the ordinary acceptance of the words is the department of the Lord Steward. Like the Lord Chamberlain, he is a peer of the realm, a friend of the Government of the day, and the recipient of £2,000 a year. His functions are defined in the same precision as those of the Lord Chancellor or the Commander-in-chief. It is written that "the estate of the Queen's household is entirely committed to the Lord Steward, to be ruled and governed according to his discretion. All his rules and commands in Court are to be obeyed." His authority reaches over all the officers and servants of the Queen's household, except those of the Queen's chamber, stable and chapel.

He has authority to hold courts for administering justice and settling disputes among the domestic servants of the Queen. He is assisted by a Treasurer and Controller, of the household, who each receive £204 per annum. The Master of the Household has £1,138 a year and practically does the work of the Lord Steward.

There is a Clerk of the Kitchen, whose importance is indicated by a salary of £700 a year. The Chief Cooks who have a salary of £6 a week, with the privilege of taking four apprentices, whom they charge premiums of from £150 to £200. There are two Yeomen of the Kitchen, two assistant Cooks, two Baking Cooks, four Scourers, the Kitchen Maids, a store-keeper and two Steam Apparatus Men—this last a modern addition to the Royal household, unknown at the time of Henry VIII, who was a family man, and paid much attention to the regulation of the household and established precedents, many of which exist to this day.

There is a Clerk of the line and Beer Cellars who draws £500 a year, and has the duty of purchasing wine for the Royal establishment. He has under him two yeomen at £150 a year, and a groom at £80. There is a Principal Table-Decker, who has £200 a year, is assisted by a second Table-Decker at £150, a third at £90 and an assistant at £42.

There is also a Wax filter, who sees the candles properly disposed, and the Decker who the dinner-cloth and sets the plates, dishes and cutlery are fairly set forth.

Furthermore, there is quite an army of porters, at the head of whom is the first gentleman porter, but, as may be supposed, it would be a mistake to ask him to take your portmanteau up-stairs upon arrival at one of the royal palaces. He probably looks on with envy at the first and second yeomen porters do their work. There are a first and second lamp lighter at £100 each a year, nearly twice as much as is paid to the wax filter, and just the same as the Poet Laureate is thought to be worth.

There is also a barge-master and waterman, who get £400 a year, although there is now no royal barge, nor any coins, and no money from the treasury of the royal household, and to that extent rank as servants.

The rat catcher is of the household, and yet apart from it. He resides near the scene of his labors, and his fifteen pounds a year, proposed by a Minister of the Crown, is voted with all the machinery of Parliament going at high pressure.

### The Secret of Living Long.

A correspondent of the *Voltaire* recently had an interview with M. Chevreul, the famous French chemist, whose ninety-ninth birthday has just been celebrated by the Academy of Science. After thanking the journalist for all his good wishes, the old man proceeded to tell him the secret of living long. "I have been a pessimist," said he, "and I have cautiously kept myself from being too much of an optimist. If I had not worked hard I would have died long ago. One thing above all I have remarked: the older I grow the better mankind seems to have become. I have seen the Reign of Terror. I was then 7 years old. Such a thing will never again be reproduced in this world. To-day we have more need of universal peace than of foolish reprisals. Times are more gentle and life is better."  
"To-morrow, my dear master," said the journalist, "you will appear even better than you do to-day."  
"Pshaw," replied the venerable savant, "let us not trouble ourselves about to-morrow. Let us enjoy the present. I had a model of a wife, the mother of a most exemplary family. She has left me a posterity that I love and by whom I am loved. Why, one of my little granddaughters—she is three years old—salutes the bust of her old great-grandfather every morning. Another of them

quite a learned lady of nine years, wrote this to me the other day: 'My dear papa I'm tired of the country. My sister Marie likes housekeeping; I don't. I like to read. I want to be a librarian when I grow up. They call me Miss Blue Stocking, and that vexes me.' The old man laughed. "Why, my dear sir," he continued, "I am made young again by just such letters as that. Moreover, I have always put in practice the old adage 'seek and you shall find.' I have sought and I have always found something at the domestic fireside as well as in the laboratory."

### THE FATE OF PUNCHED SILVER.

#### What is Done with It at the Assay Office—A Mean Form of Swindling.

"Yes, punched coins are a great nuisance, but they come to grief at last," said the rotund old messenger at the assay office in Wall street. "Why, we buy them here by the peck and melt them into silver bars. What do we pay? Just what the silver comes to in coin, less one per cent. But we never buy less than \$100 worth of old silver. Many people come here and expect we are going to give them a new piece for some punched dime or quarter they have. I usually send them across the street to J. B. Colgate's bullion office. We get a queer assortment of old silver here—worn out spoons, old family plate, watch-cases, medals, jewelry, refuse from jeweler's shops, etc. You see there may be a good deal of sentiment clinging to a bar of silver when you think your grandmother's spoon of the pin you gave your girl may be melted up in it."

It happened that the reporter had a punched quarter with the hole neatly filled up with lead, which had been recently passed off on him, sandwiched between two other quarters in making change. Stepping over to Colgate's he was told that the piece was worth seventeen cents. "We take in such coins every day," said the clerk as he tossed the bit down into a pile of others and handed out the seventeen cents. "I think a good many of them come from the West Indies. They do not mind punched money down there."

Another broker said: "This punched money is a vexation to the public. You refuse to take a piece of money, you give it to the collector, and he swindles. Then nothing makes you so mad as to have some one shove a piece of money which you suppose is all right back at you and say 'punched,' and look at you as if you were a counterfeiter or a thief. It is ten times as easy to take such a piece as to get rid of it. You couldn't pass them to a blind man or an ignorant Italian fruit dealer, and about the only thing you can do is to put them in the contribution box or give them to beggars, and then you feel like a mean fellow. I tell you punched money is a bigger nuisance than you think. This device of filling the holes with lead is a poor one. If the lead is scraped bright one might be deceived in the dark, but the fraud is easily found out if you look closely. Other ways of tampering with coins are to file or bore into the edges or sweat it. This last is usually done to gold coins, and is simply shaking it in a bag to get the gold dust that comes off. There ought to be severer penalties for tampering with coins. It is the meanest kind of robbery."

### Hog Cholera.

As we predicted two or three weeks since, hog cholera, so-called, has made its appearance in quite a number of places. We have not heard of any cases in this county, but it is in adjoining counties and other States, and quite a number of Chicago hogs are reported as going into the city. It is, therefore, a time for increasing vigilance on the farm.

1. A rigid quarantine should be established against other hogs. The pigs raised on a farm should never go off to the market, and no other hogs should be allowed under penalty of being killed, weighing or any other to come on the farm.

2. A most rigid quarantine should be maintained against owners of infected herds of visitors or employees on such premises. This is a most frequent source of contagion. A farmer's hog shows unusual symptoms, and he goes around to see if his neighbors have the same, and carries the infection on his boots. The dealer in dead hogs should be treated to a dose of the bull-dog if he puts his nose inside the gate.

3. The greatest care should be used in the matter of feed. The hog loves variety, and a constant feeding on one kind of food tends to derange digestion and invite disease. The only wonder to us is, taking into consideration the way hogs are fed, that one-half of them do not die with disease.

4. With all these precautions the disease may strike you. It may be carried by dogs, wolves or buzzards; by the running water or by the casual visitor. When it does separate the sick from the dead, disinfect all yards and lot, and avoid wood pastures.

We have little or no faith in so-called cholera cures, beyond usual disinfectants. One ounce of preventive in a stock yard is worth tons of cure. Iowa Homestead.

### Women will not Wear Trousers.

All sorts of reforms are perpetually being preached with regard to dress, but I cannot say that I think they have a happy effect at all. Women will wear neither Turkish trousers nor divided skirts, though a few are not unmindful of the merits of knickerbocker trousers and gaiters under short woolen skirts for Scotland and elsewhere. Short skirts for hard country wear are certainly to be commended—short enough to keep them out of the mud and allow freedom of motion to the limbs—more becoming more convenient, more healthy than skirts neither long nor short, which in wet weather are apt to be held up ungracefully high, and in fine weather become unnecessarily dirty at the edges. The caricatures of 1820 show skirts barely below the knee, out this is simply the exaggeration of a caricature. Dress must always be an outward indication of the mind within it should always be suitable to the occasion—which is the first consideration—and as becoming as possible, for it is a woman's duty to look best. Paris Letter.

### LOVE ON THE COACH.

Comely coachman  
On the box,  
Air distingue,  
Curly locks,  
Papa's daughter,  
Rich and gay,  
Loves the coachman—  
Runs away.  
My will murmurs,  
Ye will swear;  
Coachman's happy,  
Girl don't care.  
—New York Journal.

### THE HOWLING TERROR.

#### Mark Twain's "Arkansas" Rediviva.

"Hey, ole man; I b'lieve I'll take a drink with you!"

The speaker was a big, burly fellow more than six feet tall, and large in proportion, while the person addressed was an exceedingly diminutive fellow, little more than half the size of the speaker.

The first described individual, who called himself Jack Hawkins, "the Howling Terror of the Southwest," had made his appearance in Nutt, a small station on the Santa Fe Road in New Mexico, about a month previously. No one knew whence he came, whether he intended going, nor what was his business in Nutt. And no one had thus far had the temerity to ask for information on any of those three points. When Jack first arrived in camp he had made a bluff at Matt Carmichael, a faro dealer, who had a reputation from away back of being a bad man, and had got away with it. From that time on Hawkins had "ruled the roost," and he had ruled it with a high hand. Not only had the denizens of the little village of Nutt been bullied and belittled by this modern "Arkansas," but the strangers—passengers who stopped over there for the night, to take the stage for the then booming camp of Lake Valley—were each and every terrorized into complete submission to the reigning tyrant's whims.

The keeper of one restaurant had been thus far afraid to intimate to the "bad man" that he was accustomed to be paid for "erub" eaten at his table; the proprietor of the hotel (a large tent containing an unlimited number of bunks, for which the lodger must furnish blankets if he desired that luxury) had never found courage to suggest to him the propriety of "putting up" for his lodgings, and the saloon-keepers had never been known to refuse his royal highness a drink of "the best yer got in the slanty, d—n yer." In a word, Hawkins had been "diving on the fat of the land," and apparently had no immediate intention of making a change in his circumstances.

The individual to whom he delivered the above characteristic remark was, as we have seen, physically, vastly the inferior of the man by whom he was addressed. No one in Nutt had, so far as they knew, ever seen him before, and they only knew that he had just arrived from the South by "the pass." The couple dozen loungers in the saloon of "Three Fingered Pat" had seen him walk into the room, step quietly up to the bar, and in a civil tone ask for a drink. Hawkins who was one of the loungers, immediately stepped up, as was his wont, and introduced himself to the stranger in the words above recorded. On hearing—breathless with the wildest, most passionate self-adoring love and devotion, left no doubt in our minds with regard to the relation that had existed between this woman and our dead friend. Before the second one of the letters, which were all in the same hand-writing, could be opened, Bill Cummings rose to his feet, and taking without a word all the letters from the hand of him that held them, dropped them into the smoldering fire, and pressed them down with his foot until all were reduced to ashes. He then took a long pull at his pocket-flask and, turning to us, said in a matter of course way:

### The Midnight Sun.

In the far northwest there were streaks of cloud, gray, rose, pink, orange, and purple, beneath which the sun suddenly dipped into the sea, and went out of sight; but the glory of sunset continued all night. The darkness of the darkest hour was never greater than that of a summer evening in England. On deck we could read all night, even the smallest type. The sea was smooth and clear as a mirror. All night long the sailing ships went on their course. All night long the sea gulls and other birds, of which, by the way, there are marvelously few in Norway, were flying across our bows and the minutest object could be distinctly seen. The effect was intensified by the appearance of the moon, which was at the full; and, just as the sun set in a warm glow in the northeast the moon became prominent in the southeast, clear and cold and silvery.

### The Thing and the Millionaire.

A millionaire met a Thing.  
"Good-Day Mr. Filthything," said the Thing.  
"Good-Day, sir," said the polite Millionaire. "I don't seem to remember your name. Your Face looks familiar."  
"Oh, I'm the Plumber's Bill."  
"Grown some since I saw you last."  
"Yes, I think I'll be able to knock you out. One Round this time."  
With that the Stalwart Bill dealt the Millionaire such a blow that he was thereafter known as a Dead Duck.  
Then the Plumber bribed the News-papers to say that the Millionaire had been wrecked on Wall Street. Washington Hatchet.

### It Satisfied Her Pa.

"I have come, sir, to ask you for your daughter's hand."  
"I beg your pardon, what name did you say?"  
"I have not had the pleasure of meeting you, except casually. My name is Smith."  
"Have you any references?"  
"Certainly your daughter."  
"Oh, I thank you. It is so good of you to ask me. It is enough that you didn't elope with her. Take her, I don't know you, but I suppose you'll live in the house and we'll have an opportunity to become better acquainted. Good morning." San Francisco Chronicle.

and from the town without waiting for a train, and was never seen or heard of again in that locality.

As for the hero of the affair—Pat McGrath he said his name was—nothing was too good for him in that burg. He was lionized by the "boys" and was kept gloriously drunk at their expense for more than a week. When he finally sobered up the conqueror was given a "jab" on the section, at which he worked as quietly and modestly as though he had never vanquished "the Terror of the Southwest."

### A Miner's Chivalry.

"Around the dying embers of a fire in a mining camp many miles west of the Mississippi," said an old mining engineer, "there were gathered together one evening in 1878 a group of needy adventurers, who were taking fortune by the throat, so to speak, and bidding her stand and deliver."

"I was one of them. We had had tough luck, and the fact that we had that day buried one of the kindest-hearted men I ever met, and the cheeriest companion in camp, was not calculated to revive our drooping spirits. Max E— was a young German practical chemist of good family, who, having run through a large fortune in early life, had crossed the ocean to make another in the United States. A congestive chill had carried him off after a sickness of a few hours.

All his worldly goods consisted of a little—very little—money, a small bundle of clothes, and a packet of letters, yellow and worn, tied together with a faded piece of ribbon. He had never spoken to us about his relatives, and it was in hope of finding the name of somebody to whom we might communicate the news of his death that we opened the bundle of letters, with the consent of his partner—Bill Cummings—a plain, wiry fellow, who, a strange contrast to Max, the polished and refined, had yet been his staunchest friend.

"After one letter had been read aloud we all looked at each other in surprise. It was from a well-known and popular actress, a married woman, whose name the breath of scandal had never even lightly touched. The contents of the letter, breathing the wildest, most passionate self-adoring love and devotion, left no doubt in our minds with regard to the relation that had existed between this woman and our dead friend. Before the second one of the letters, which were all in the same hand-writing, could be opened, Bill Cummings rose to his feet, and taking without a word all the letters from the hand of him that held them, dropped them into the smoldering fire, and pressed them down with his foot until all were reduced to ashes. He then took a long pull at his pocket-flask and, turning to us, said in a matter of course way:

### He Wanted the Medicine.

In a suburban town, where "local opinion" decreed that a physician's prescription must precede a sale of liquor, a man entered a drug store and called for a pint of whiskey.

"Have you a prescription?" inquired the druggist.

"What's that?" asked the applicant.

The law was explained, and the customer rejoined:

"Wal, I'm an invalid. Where can I find a doctor?"

"I am a physician," suggested the druggist.

"You make it out, then," said the invalid.

This was done, the whisky put up, and delivered with the gentle words:

"A dollar and a half."

"Whuffo?" inquired the gentle invalid.

"A dollar for the prescription and 50 cents for the whiskey."

"Wal, I guess I don't care for the script on s'mother feller may want it, as the invalid, as he threw down a half-dollar and escaped. Boston Globe.

### The Brag Family.

My dear nephews and nieces: You have heard of the Smith family, have you not? They are said to be a very large family; but there are, I think, some families still larger. The name of the family I think of now begins with B. I meet them everywhere, and I am very much afraid I am closely related to some of them. See if you recognize any of them.

### THE CRUISE OF THE SAVAL.

#### The Mishaps of a Sealer in an Attempt at Circumnavigation.

The schooner Sarah W. Hunt has been heard from for the first time in more than a year. She sailed July 10, 1883, on a sealing voyage, with a crew of fifteen men, Capt. Sanford S. Minor, master. The voyage was to be around the world by doubling the Cape of Good Hope and back by way of Cape Horn. On the voyage out one of the seamen named Julius Jaeger, when the vessel was in the Indian Ocean, fell from the masthead and was lost overboard. On the arrival of the vessel in Perverance Bay, Campbell Island, some time about the latter part of November, two boats were lowered one morning to hunt for seals. In one boat was the mate and his crew of five men, and in the other the second mate and his crew of five men. They took a large lunch with them expecting to return the same afternoon. Only the captain and cook were left on the vessel. After waiting several days Capt. Miner gave them up as lost. He and the cook weighed anchor, and under short sail made their way to Lyttleton, New Zealand, arriving there December 8, 1883, late in the day at the time the boat left the vessel a heavy gale sprung up. On arriving at New Zealand the master reported the disaster and the Governor of that Island sent a vessel to look after the missing crew. On their arrival at Campbell Island they found there the second mate and his crew in a hut built for castaway sailors to live in. They were in a very exhausted condition. The vessel a heavy gale sprung up. On arriving at New Zealand the master reported the disaster and the Governor of that Island sent a vessel to look after the missing crew. On their arrival at Campbell Island they found there the second mate and his crew in a hut built for castaway sailors to live in. They were in a very exhausted condition.

The owners have received a letter from Capt. Miner from Auckland, New Zealand, informing them that he had secured a second mate and seven seamen, and should sail on his voyage the next day toward and about Cape Horn. The name of the first mate lost is Charles Streicher. The names of the names of the five men lost are not known. Hartford Evening Post.

### Better Than Gold.

"I knew George Worden, as well as I know my brother, and a better hearted boy never traveled," said a traveling man to a party of his friends who, a few evenings ago, were seated around a steam register in the lobby of the West hotel. "You're right they are," retorted the man of the punch, as he turned with flashing eyes and uplifted fist. The insulting passenger picked himself up from the floor of the car, spitting the hood out of his mouth and feeling of his teeth, when the sarcastic man sitting by inquired:

"Well, are you satisfied now?"

"Yes, I'm—satisfied—that the conductor is right about it," Chicago Herald.

### A Bootless Errand.

In the mountains the school season is between tobacco worming time and cotton picking. During that limited time very little education can be instilled into the youth of the land, and very seldom you'll find a scholar that has got beyond Webster's blue black spelling book. During my sojourn there a beautiful girl of eighteen; named Dolly Skaglock, went home weeping, declaring that her teacher had severely reprimanded her before the whole school. Her father wanted to take his shot gun and wreak vengeance on his offending pedagogue, but she begged him not to do so, and he finally gave up that idea, but he was determined to have the teacher ousted by some means. The next day he got a few as to the best way of getting rid of the gentleman, and finally selected me to go and investigate the school and inform the teacher that his services could be dispensed with.

It was three miles from where I stayed to the school house, and never having been there I was not quite certain of the way, so I stopped at a cabin on the road and made in inquiry of a woman who came to the door.

"Won't ye 'lighten' come in?" said she. "No, thank you," said I. I want to find my way to the school house."

"Wal, go right down the hill thar till yer come ter that red ellum whos got a holler in it. Pap had a bottle of whiskey in it once an' it staid thar two years, an' when he put it out it was better'n it divided it with old Bill Snackley, 'cause they wuz raised together, an' married cousins. You jest ought to hear old Polly Snackley scold, an' her darter's jest like her. They live down in the bottle-kins, now, an' they eat smart raisin' cotton, but land knows, he's gittin' old an' needs it."

### Wanted to be Safe.

Wall Street News.

An old German in Ohio, who runs a cooper shop, was elected overseer of highways for his township last spring. After waiting for a month or two for something to happen, he called on the chairman of the board of supervisors and said:

"I vvas come to see about a bond."

"Bond. What bond?"

"Well, I like to git a bond for one thousand dollars but I don't run off with some money from de township."

"Oh, as to that, you won't have any public moneys in your hands."

"Well, den I like to gif a bond dot I don't steal somebody's cow while I vvas in office. I vvas elected only six weeks ago, and I pegin to feel like I wanted to steal a whole drove of cattle!"

He was allowed to give a bond, and went home satisfied.

### The Conductor's Knock-Down.

The conductor of a Chicago & Northwestern train up in Wisconsin had quite an argument with a passenger who had got aboard without a ticket. The passenger claimed the conductor was over-

charging him, and protested violently, but finally paid the required sum with great reluctance. Both parties were evidently a little stirred up, for as the conductor passed on, the passenger started for a drink of water and growled out:

"The conductors on this road seem to be might energetic in their knocking-down."

"You're right they are," retorted the man of the punch, as he turned with flashing eyes and uplifted fist.

The insulting passenger picked himself up from the floor of the car, spitting the hood out of his mouth and feeling of his teeth, when the sarcastic man sitting by inquired:

"Well, are you satisfied now?"

"Yes, I'm—satisfied—that the conductor is right about it," Chicago Herald.

"I knew George Worden, as well as I know my brother, and a better hearted boy never traveled," said a traveling man to a party of his friends who, a few evenings ago, were seated around a steam register in the lobby of the West hotel.

"You're right they are," retorted the man of the punch, as he turned with flashing eyes and uplifted fist.

The insulting passenger picked himself up from the floor of the car, spitting the hood out of his mouth and feeling of his teeth, when the sarcastic man sitting by inquired:

"Well, are you satisfied now?"

"Yes, I'm—satisfied—that the conductor is right about it," Chicago Herald.

"I knew George Worden, as well as I know my brother, and a better hearted boy never traveled," said a traveling man to a party of his friends who, a few evenings ago, were seated around a steam register in the lobby of the West hotel.

"You're right they are," retorted the man of the punch, as he turned with flashing eyes and uplifted fist.

The insulting passenger picked himself up from the floor of the car, spitting the hood out of his mouth and feeling of his teeth, when the sarcastic man sitting by inquired:

"Well, are you satisfied now?"

"Yes, I'm—satisfied—that the conductor is right about it," Chicago Herald.

"I knew George Worden, as well as I know my brother, and a better hearted boy never traveled," said a traveling man to a party of his friends who, a few evenings ago, were seated around a steam register in the lobby of the West hotel.

"You're right they are," retorted the man of the punch, as he turned with flashing eyes and uplifted fist.

The insulting passenger picked himself up from the floor of the car, spitting the hood out of his mouth and feeling of his teeth, when the sarcastic man sitting by inquired:

"Well, are you satisfied now?"

"Yes, I'm—satisfied—that the conductor is right about it," Chicago Herald.

"I knew George Worden, as well as I know my brother, and a better hearted boy never traveled," said a traveling man to a party of his friends who, a few evenings ago, were seated around a steam register in the lobby of the West hotel.

"You're right they are," retorted the man of the punch, as he turned with flashing eyes and uplifted fist.

The insulting passenger picked himself up from the floor of the car, spitting the hood out of his mouth and feeling of his teeth, when the sarcastic man sitting by inquired:

"Well, are you satisfied now?"

"Yes, I'm—satisfied—that the conductor is right about it," Chicago Herald.

"I knew