

He Owned Lots of Farms.



THE conductor came along and asked him for his ticket. He was a pompous looking individual with a red face and looked like a broken down auctioneer in bad circumstances. He was apparently asleep and as the conductor shook him by the coat sleeve he simply turned his head and waved his right hand in the air and relapsed into his former dead-head pretended slumber. "Ticket, sir," said the conductor again, shaking his coat sleeve.

"Go away, conductor," said the man with a flourish of his arm, "I travel free." "Oh, you do, eh? and who the dickens are you?" asked the conductor.

"Never mind who I am, I own property round here, and the company owes me for two thousand cords of wood which they never paid for. I guess I'll have to take it out in travelling."

"Show me your pass, sir."

"I hain't got a pass; I own lots of farms around here, and don't need one; I'm the wealthiest land-