



KING LEVVILHED'S CONCEIT.

King Levvilhed, as everybody knows, was the mighty ruler who reigned over the people of Quellopert for so many peaceful years. King Levvilhed took a fatherly interest in the welfare of his subjects, and was ever on the alert to discover some new plan for their well being.

King Levvilhed went in and out amongst his people as though he were one of them instead of being their sovereign, and no injury could come to any, no injustice could be done, and no opportunity could arise for ameliorating the condition of even the meanest of the population, without the good king knowing it, and immediately the injury was healed, the injustice was removed, and the opportunity availed of.

In travelling to and fro, King Levvilhed had noticed one very peculiar circumstance. It was this: that by some sinister fortune the persons best fitted for positions of trust and responsibility were never found therein, and that the persons most skilful in one occupation were invariably employed in an occupation quite dissimilar. Everybody held a place which everybody else would have more highly adorned, and everybody could better perform what was vainly attempted by another.

At the theatre King Levvilhed ascertained, by mingling amongst the critics in the audience, that the actors were one and all lamentable failures, and while the king was saddened at learning this fact, he was, on the other hand, much pleased to know that there were so many fine actors amongst the critics. In short they were the least competent persons that could possibly have been found for that vocation. This fact King Levvilhed got from the actors, in whom the critical faculty, as they took occasion to impress upon his majesty, was specially acute.

And so it was in every department of art, science, and business enterprise.

This grievous state of things caused King Levvilhed to ponder long and earnestly that he might rectify it. He felt that it would not only redound to the happiness of all for each to be placed where he properly belonged, but it would also be of incalculable benefit to the kingdom, and increase the wealth and prosperity thereof, should the right man everywhere be put in the right place.

Therefore, on a certain day, King Levvilhed made proclamation that all his subjects, whatever their place, post or position, should forsake their several callings simultaneously, and meet upon a great plain, where the king would meet them and give to each man the place for which he felt himself best fitted.

This plan seemed good to King Levvilhed and he straightway set about to put it to trial. The people forsook their occupations as he commanded, and gathered together upon the great plain in the presence of the king; but when the people were asked to choose that for which they were best fitted, it was found that each could do everything excellently excepting that branch of industry in which he was already engaged.

Here was a dilemma the king had not foreseen, and he knew not what to do. It is true that each of his many subjects thought himself peculiarly fitted to edit a newspaper, but it was, of course, quite out of the question that all should become journalists. A kingdom composed entirely of newspaper writers would be altogether too peaceful.

The king was quite overpowered by the versatility of his subjects, and there is no knowing how ever he could have got out of the predicament in which he found himself, had not his prime minister, the sagacious Blunderwell, whispered a word of counsel into the royal ear.

King Levvilhed was pleased with the advice of his prime minister, and commanded everybody to go back to the occupation which he had forsaken.

And so it was.—*Boston Transcript.*

SCISSORS' TRANSLATIONS.

By our own LL.D. and A. S. S.

HYPERBOLE.

"What think yourself, in Heidelberg met I once an African, who was so black, that one a Light strike must for him to see."

"And I have in Mannheim recently a Gentleman seen, who was so thin, that he twice in the Room enter must for generally noticed to be."

DURING INSTRUCTION HOUR.

LIEUTENANT:—"Say once, Wintermeyer, what is Subordination?"

RECRUIT:—(gives no Answer).

LIEUTENANT:—"Well, now, think once of thy beautiful Paulina!"

RECRUIT:—"Subordination is, if the Herr Lieutenant of my Sweetheart a kiss have will and I have no objection to it."

OFFICER:—"Who has the Powder invented?"

RECRUIT:—"Possibly, one of the Artillery?"

FAILED TO WORK.

(Herr Joker lays at the end of a consultation with the toothphysician three marks upon the table)—"That is probably for my servant?" questioned the toothartist condoingly. "No," replied Herr Joker, "for you both."

INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

STUDENT FRITZ:—"Say, Karl, the Jenkins, our tailor, has himself an estate bought."

STUDENT KARL:—"The tailor! That is to me, however, inconceivable how a tailor rich became as, whom pays at all no one."

NATURAL HISTORY.

PUPIL (recites):—"The lion is a fierce, wild animal; the lion, if he once blood tasted has, then wishes he immediately a whole-blood-pudding."

FALSE IMPRESSION.

JUDGE:—"So you regret, to the plaintiff in your passion a box-on-the-ear given to have?"

WANTED TO QUALIFY.

Mr. Puffup Doughnot received an appointment to office the other day, and with an important air he strode into old Squire Squintum's room and remarked:

"Squire, I want to be qualified for my new office, and pretty blamed quick too."

The Squire looked him over and then slowly said:

"Well, Puffup, I can swear you in, but no power on earth can qualify you for the office." *Hatchet.*

Bad cheese—Comanchese.—*Newman Independent.*

Business week—the week before Christmas.

Business weak—the week after Christmas.—*Hoosier.*

WHAT HIS VOICE NEEDED.

A prominent young newspaper man in the city, who is noted for his versatility and varied accomplishments, lived in the same house with a professor of music.

During the course of the evening they called on the professor who entertained them with playing choice selections on the piano.

At last the young newspaper man who prided himself upon his voice said:

"Professor, I've got the finest uncultivated baritone voice in the city."

"Ah," said the professor, "I'm delighted to hear it! Give us a song. I'll play the accompaniment."

The newspaper man, nothing loth, approached the piano, selected a song, and proceeded to sing to the professor's accompaniment.

When the song was finished the singer inquired:

"Well, professor, don't you think my voice would improve with cultivation?"

"My dear sir," replied the professor, "cultivation wouldn't touch your voice. What your voice needs is ploughing, ploughing, sir. Nothing short of that will reach it."

Since that time the voice of the singer has been silent. 'Twas too harrowing.—*Hatchet.*

JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

"Say, nister, ain't you the orator man what made a speech to us yesterday?" asked a country bumpkin of a Newman politician a few days ago.

"I have that honor," was the reply.

"D'ye remember what you said?"

"Well, no—yes, I remember the substance of my remarks. But why do you ask?"

"Why, you said that you made the welkin ring, and I've tried all over town to get one big enough for Mariar's finger, and there ain't any big enough, and I thought as how I would come to your shop and get ye to make her one of them thar welkin rings. She's a stunner, and it'll take lots of welkin to make one big enough for her."

When you are forcibly struck by an idea, a judicious application of arnica and liniment to the affected parts, will be found to afford speedy relief.—*Chicago Sun.*

Ella Wheeler says there are no secrets about her age—she is sixteen. We supposed she must be fully seventeen. How easily one can be mistaken.—*Ely.*

"Why are you whipping that boy?" asked a policeman.

"He's my son."

"What has he done to deserve such severe punishment?"

"He ain't done nothin' yet, but as I am goin' away from home to day to be gone sometime, and knowin' that he'll need it before I get back, I thought I'd better give it to him now."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

"How's business, doctor? Many patients now?"

"Fine. Yes, quite a number."

"What is the prevailing complaint?"

"Meanness, and you need not hesitate to say that I ain't much of a doctor for that disease. It beats me and it will beat any physician who prescribes for it! But it's all over town."—*Hartford Journal.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st. East either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.