

officers, that I should travel by this objectionable route. Objectionable for several reasons. It had always been noted for the numerous accidents that had taken place upon it, and for various tragedies that had befallen travellers, and it was at this particular time especially famous—or infamous—owing to a very recent affair which had taken place under very peculiar circumstances, as follows: A gentleman entered a compartment at one of the stations mentioned at the end of the section, which compartment contained but one other occupant. (For, be it known, I write of an English railway and of English railway carriages—villainous, stuffy, moldy boxes with which none but those benighted Britishers would put up for as long as they have done.) As soon as the train moved out of the station, the first occupant, rising from his seat, walked over to the newly arrived passenger, and taking from his pocket a razor, requested the other to be so very obliging as to hold his throat in a convenient position for having it cut. Not unnaturally there was considerable objection raised to this exceedingly amiable proposition, and a fierce struggle ensued, the result being that the attacked party, the first occupant of the compartment, succeeded in ejecting his assailant through the door, which, by some strange chance, had been left unlocked, and his corpse was afterwards found and recognized as that of a violent lunatic who had made his escape from an asylum.

I am naturally of a nervous and somewhat timid temperament, and I considered it a great misfortune that I was compelled to travel over this particular line. This being the case, I endeavored to find a safe carriage, and imagined I had discovered what I wanted when I stepped into a compartment in which there was but one vacant seat, the rest being occupied by a party of simple looking, harmless rustics.

I took my place, and we were soon off. I congratulated myself on my companions, who were evidently all related, as their conversation soon convinced me. My feelings of complacency were soon dispelled, however, for the train pulled up at the intermediate station, and my fellow travellers one and all rose and trooped out of the carriage, leaving me disconsolate and alone. I was somewhat reassured, however, by the reflection that this station was an out-of-the-way place, and that it was unlikely that any passengers would "board" the train there. I was mistaken, for, just as the train began to move and I was jubilant over the thought that I should continue my journey alone, I noticed a tall, powerful-looking man running by the side of the carriage window, and a moment later the door was thrown open and the stranger sprang in and sat down.

I eagerly scanned the countenance and massive proportions of my new companion, who glanced, as I thought, in a nervous and excited manner at me from beneath his huge, shaggy eyebrows. He was evidently a tremendously powerful man, as his unusually broad chest and shoulders testified, and there was a restlessness in his eyes—which were constantly turned in my direction, as I discovered by stealthily peeping at him—which I did not like at all, and which rendered me supremely uncomfortable and uneasy; for the episode of the lunatic and his razor was still fresh in my memory. He sat with his back to the light, and for some time neither of us spoke. Involuntarily I was mentally wondering how I could best ward off an attack, and I prepared myself for one at any moment. Then the stranger began to slowly unbutton his long military overcoat from the neck downwards. Having accomplished this, he paused. A moment or two afterwards he recommenced this unbuttoning process on his under garment, and then solemnly searched his pockets, his eyes being all the time fixed on me.

I put my hand into my pocket to get my handkerchief, and my companion visibly started as he observed the action.

He continued to search his pockets for some time with but little apparent success. Finally he plunged down into the deepest recesses of his trousers pocket, and at last drew triumphantly forth—a razor-case!

There was no doubt about it. I was in for it; the only question for me was, "When will he begin?"

Again he commenced unbuttoning; this time his waistcoat occupied his attention, and with those wildly restless eyes never for a moment off me, he proceeded with his labor. Then from the ample folds of his waistcoat he produced a newspaper and put it beside the razor-case on the seat before him. Lunatics are proverbially cunning, and this newspaper was evidently designed to be used to remove the stains of blood after the accomplishment of the deed.

Next he sat regarding me with a strangely bloodthirsty look upon his face (so I thought), and then, after a long pause, he snatched up the razor-case, half rose from his seat, opened the case, and drew forth—a pair of spectacles! Taking up his newspaper he began to read, and continued that occupation until he had perused as much of the contents as he desired, when he politely offered the journal to me.

We entered into conversation, the reserve so common to travellers in England being dispelled by this act, and I found him a most pleasant and entertaining companion.

It was not long before we discovered that each of us had been watching the other, both being of the same opinion, viz.: he was convinced that I was a dangerous lunatic, as my eyes roved so constantly in his direction (the effect of my state of "funk"), whilst the opinion of him the reader already knows.

We parted the best of friends.



"WHAT! NEVER?"

I return no more.—PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

Oh! Phineas! Thou stretchest us
Upon the rack of awfulest suspension!
Must we believe, great master mind, that thou,
At length grown weary of the hungry gulls
Who still will bite, with most ferocious fierceness
At thy dog-faced "Boho," and thy "Woolly Horse,"
Thy "Cannibals," thy "Amazons" and "Cariboes";—
Hast really turned thy massive mind to truth,
And now, without most *she* exaggeration, bid'st us a last
farewell?

Or, art thou hankering, most cash-capacious man!
For a great haul of stampered, and minted gold—
Which thou dost reckon lavishly will flow
When thou dost say—"I did thee all farewell?"—
Poor fools, I cannot bear to see
Thy rushing haste to swallow all I say.—
Give me but one more dollar and I go
To seek new fools upon a newer shore!"—
Ah! Phineas T. Barnum, who can tell like thee
The true extent of this most sad farewell?
Say, great Long-bow! must we in earnest mourn—
Or merely make a show—a pretty pantomime of grief?
Tell us, dost mean to ship thy canvas world
Across the treacherous "Bobo-sickening" main?
Or, wilt thou simply, with that native "fun"
Which surely finds its fountain head in thee—
Deceive us for a time, and when we weep
Cheer our torn soul, by bidding us refrain,
Saying next season, "Here we are again!"

—GEO. H. CANDLER.

OLLA PODRIDA.

That the old saying "Time is money" is a true one is, I think, shown by the fact that so large a number of people require so much of it to pay their debts.

* *

OYSTER-STEW.

We have signals, May and I;
When I hoist my kerchief blue
And she sees it waving high,
Gentle May will hoist hers too.

* *

Wife.—Here's another "mysterious disappearance" in this paper. Listen; it is headed "A Woman Misses her Husband," and—
Brutal Husband.—H'm; missed him, oh? Does it say what she threw at him?

* *

I see that in Richmond, Ind., corpses turn to stone after being buried there. Now, any prominent man who desires a statue of himself to be erected after his death has only to be interred in Richmond and dug up in a few years. Patent applied for.

* *

Wonderful fellows scientists and doctors are, to be sure! They've discovered now that people who sleep on their right sides compose beautiful rhymes in their dreams, but rhymes utterly devoid of sense. If this be true, a large majority of our poets must sleep on their right sides.

* *

HAD HIM THERE.

"Pap, buy me a bicycle, will you?"
"I can't, my son. I am very, very poor. Be diligent at school and you will be a rich man, and you'll be able to indulge your whims."
"Pap," (after a few moments consideration) "why wasn't you diligent when you was a boy?"

* *

I am at a loss to know what becomes of all the bow-legged children we see. What is their final limbo? I notice hundreds of little youngsters toddling along on understandings that resemble distorted compasses, but I never, or very seldom, see any such legs amongst the grown-up people. Either Nature straightens these limbs out before children arrive at maturity, or else the children themselves are destroyed, for an extremely bow-legged person of either sex is a *rara avis*.

* *

HOW THE BRAVE SLEEP.

A poet howls out, "How sleep the brave?" Well, old fellow, only tolerably just now; weather's too hot; but we manage to get a doze by kicking off all the quilts and things and assuming the costume of Adam prior to the Fall, but this don't do along towards sunrise, as the flies get too much exercising ground on our symmetrical form. Thanks for your enquiries, dear long-haired bard, but the brave don't sleep well this weather.

* *

SIX OF ONE, ETC.

"So you pawned your watch, you young blackguard," said old Bumbaree to his son. "You're a disgrace. The idea of any son of mine pawning—actually *pawning*—his property! I'm ashamed of you."
"Then why don't you keep me better supplied with funds?" retorted the son. "I must keep up with my friends and do as they do. Besides, I don't see the disgrace of pawning anything."
"Don't, eh?" said the old man, "and you want more money from me, eh? Well, I may as well tell you I had to mortgage this house and lot yesterday. I must keep up with my friends, and do as they do."
And the young man vainly tried to see how pawning was disgraceful and mortgaging isn't.