



"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

—Milton.

THINGS HAVE CHANGED.

1776.

CAPTAIN LIPPINCOTT—(ancestor of the Denisons)
—"Aha! Traitor! We will make an example of you in short order. Away with him, men, and hang him to the nearest tree. Thus perish all traitors!"
(*Traitor is hanged accordingly.*)

1891.

COL. G. T. DENISON—"What! Do I read right? Another annexation lecture from the Professor! And he escaped unscathed, nay worse, applauded! Oh, this is too much. But the time will come when outraged loyalty will be avenged. Just wait till the first snow storm, and if the sidewalk in front of the Grange isn't cleaned off as smooth as a billiard table I'll hang—I mean I'll fine him to the full extent of the law." (*Paces the apartment with a hasty stride, gritting his teeth.*)

TO AVOID ERRORS.

NEVER judge a maiden by the beauty of her hair,
Never judge a chappie by his ever-vacant stare;
Never judge a banker by the jingle of his change,
Never judge a cook-maid by the blacking on the range.

—N. Y. Judge.

Never judge a candidate by how he shakes your hand,
Never judge by agents' maps the value of their land;
Never judge by labels when you're buying a cigar,
Never judge the liquor by the fixings of the bar;
Never judge a paper by its competition schemes,
Never think that anything is really what it seems.

MOTTO FOR A TAILOR—We rip as we sew.

"JOSIAR."

TO see light where they wuz none shone
Josiar took the cake,
His temper ever even run,
Asleepin' er awake;
I never seen Josiar riled,
Ner ever heerd him curse,
No matter what misfortun' come
He'd say, "It might be worse."

That fall the lightnin' hit our barns
An' sweep' nigh everything,
Leavin' us scarce enough of corn
Ter do until the spring,
When all the tools an' sich wuz burnt,
An' all things wuz reverse,
Josiar smiled, ter choke a tear,
An' says, "It might be worse."

An' then at Mander's raisin' bee
He fell an orful hight,
His arms wuz broke and both his legs,
He wuz indeed a sight.
But when he come to conschuzness,
Says he to me, his nurse,
"It's durned hard lines this time, ole gal,
But then, 'It might be worse.'"

An' so the things has just gone on,
You'd never see him frown,
He'd say, if prices had fell low,
"They mout fall lower down."
It wan't no use ter argify,
Josiar's answer terse
Wuz, "Things as is, is got ter be,
By gosh, they might be worse."

A. L. McNAB.

RATEPAYER'S ASSOCIATION.

AT the weekly meeting of this Association the following resolutions were more or less unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That with a view of preventing tramps and paupers aspiring to the position of Mayor, the salary hitherto attached to that office be abolished.

That the Assessment Commissioner and his thirteen satellites having brought this city to the verge of ruin, are recommended to go and drown themselves, the city having no further use for them.

Whereas: Since the appointment of five Medical Health Officers the prevalence of disease has increased, we would recommend that the Medical Health Officers be dismissed and believe this step will restore the city to its former healthy state.

Whereas: There are four chiefs and nineteen foremen in the fire brigade, and only fifteen fire halls, it is recommended that eight more fire halls be built to provide those eight lonely officials with proper accommodation.

Whereas: The city water works have laid bran new pipes on every street, lane and alley in the city, this committee would recommend that a compromise be made with the Superintendent before he loads us up with duplicate mains and pipes in the whole county of York.

THE COLLECTING FAD OUT WEST.

MISS FADDLEY—"I suppose the collecting mania has not reached Montana yet?"

WESTERNER—"Oh, yes. Some of the boys have a notion of makin' collections."

MISS FADDLEY—"What do they collect principally?"

WESTERNER—"Ears mostly, though some have quite a fancy fur noses and fingers."