



THAT QUEENS COUNTY SEAT.

Miss G. G. King, it appears, rose from her chair a few weeks ago to run the election, and on returning to it by voice of a majority of the electors, finds it occupied by the minority candidate, Geo. F. Baird, who still refuses to resign the seat to the young lady. Miss King was very wrathful, and says that no gentleman would keep a seat while ladies were standing.

The Children and the Tariff.

Jenkins is always arguing that the cares of women are trivial compared to the trials that daily beset men while in pursuit of their ordinary vocations. He says that the women have "nothing to do but to look after the children, and little things like that," and it puts him quite out of patience to have Mrs. Jenkins intimate that the children are a care to her.

"After a child is able to walk it looks after itself, and is no more trouble," argues Jenkins.

He was unexpectedly given a holiday not long ago, and his wife said:—

"Now, John, I think I'll take this opportunity of doing my spring shopping, if you'll stay at home and take care of the children while I am gone."

"Care!" sniffed Jenkins. "There won't be any care about it. I'll just give them their playthings, and they'll take care of themselves, while I read this new article on the tariff I brought home with me."

Mrs. Jenkins departs. There are five of the little Jinkenses, ranging in years from two to nine. Jenkins gives them a bushel of playthings and says, "Now you're fixed for to-day."

Then he settles himself in his easy-chair with a cigar and his article on the tariff. A moment later he says:—

"What are you crying for, Jimmie? Johnnie hit you! Well, he won't do it again; Minnie, don't you upset another chair; and take that new magazine away from baby." Then he begins again:—

"The protective-tariff question is one that"—Johnnie, get off that sofa with your feet! What is the baby screaming so for? Give him what he wants, Hattie. Ain't you big enough to wipe your own nose, Johnnie? Minnie, what are you doing to the baby? Now keep still, all of you—"The protective-tariff question is one that must interest"—What on earth are you young ones doing? you're enough to drive a man crazy! Johnnie, you go and sit in that corner until you can learn to let Jimmie alone. What is the matter with the baby? Hattie hit him? What did you do that for? No, Jimmie, you can't have my knife. I don't know what possesses you children to-day. Now don't let me speak to you again.

"The protective-tariff"—Do you want to drive me wild? Who upset that table? Who tore that new magazine? What set the baby's nose to bleeding? Get a rag, some of you. Let my cigar alone, Jim! I'll trounce the whole lot of you yet. Stop your noise! You boys stop scuffling. Minnie! give Hattie that doll if it is hers. There, now, you've broken it. Who broke that glass? There goes your mother's work basket. What's that the baby has torn up? My article on the tariff, as I live! If your mother don't come home in ten minutes she'll find me a raving lunatic. I'd rather hoe corn a week than tend babies five minutes. Now, I'll just everlastingly whip the first one of you that speaks for three hours!"

A Warm Editorial Appeal.

(From the Colorado Miner.)

Do you owe us anything? If you do you will kindly get up and hump yourselves, hustle around and send us, if not all you owe, at least a part. There is a limit to even an editor's endurance. It costs money to print a paper, ink costs money, the wearing away of the gray tissues of the brain is purchased.

Some people may be able to exist on snowballs, and during the siege of Paris hundreds of people lived on broth, the nourishing qualities of which were drawn from boiled skate straps. We can't do it; we have tried it.

As we sit in our frozen office meditatively breaking icicles off the ink bottle we think about these things; we have to.

If you don't want our paper, say so; we don't want to cram it down anybody's throat, but we hate to keep on sending it to a lot of old barnacles, who owe since the year one.

Because you are far away in your fancied security, don't think for a moment that you are to be free from remorse. We have hired a demon at an enormous salary who has contracted to haunt each and every delinquent subscriber until he makes good his deficiency. The demon starts on his tour this week and takes with him a bundle of 1,000-mile tickets, and a sand club and our best wishes.

How HE FIXED IT.—Lawyer: You want your will drawn up so that your relatives can get all your property?

Client: Yes; just fix it up straight and I'll sign it.

Lawyer: How shall I word it?

Client: Well, put yourself in as my heir, and then my relative, will stand some chance of getting my estate.