

Billingslea looked the clearing over with a critical eye for a few minutes, and then said: "I'm very much obliged to you, Colonel, for what you have done."

"Why, what do you mean?" demanded Mr. Bryan, a little crest-fallen.

"Why, I only mean that you have been clearing my land," said the attorney; "the boundry is about 10 rods farther west, you know."

Col. Bryan shouldered his implements with a disgusted air—but he had a fine appetite for supper, and he said that anyway Billingslea couldn't cheat him out of that.

WANTED ENOUGH TO EAT

A tall, gaunt young man entered the office of the Globe Museum and Family Theater and asked for the manager, says Lippincott's Magazine.

"What can I do for you?" inquired a pudgy man in a checked suit.

"I want an engagement as a freak in the curio hall."

"Who are you?"

"I am Enoch, the Egg King."

"What is your specialty?"

"I eat three dozen hen eggs, two dozen duck eggs, and one dozen goose eggs at a single sitting."

"I suppose you know our policy."

"What's that?"

"We give four shows every day."