That Did Not Content Him.

That saying is a true one which tells us that a fellow never knows when he is well off, and I don't suppose there is a man in the world a man who would say he is really contented. After which common-place remarks I will start my tale.

Bob Swan's farm certainly did not consider himself well off, seeing that he was concerned in a full spialing, while the other fellows were out mustering cattle. But the horse-paddock fence was broken in more places than one, and a lot of the calves were cut loose, and it was a scene of confusion. Bob had been called, and he found himself in the midst of a crowd of workmen, trying to get the fence repaired. The workmen were busy looking for an imaginary opusum, so, having cast the axe down, he squatted beside it and began to think. He thought he was thinking about brooding over his woe, and the small dogs, seeing that this matter of theirs was not going to fall any more easily than it would just at present, set off in search of something to kill. Bob remained brooding, like the idiot he was, and wondering how he had been brute himself.

His reverie was broken by the sound of Nobbler's footsteps, rap, rap, rap. A certain young chap, who was no other than Tom's cousin who had been trying a short cut to get to the station. He was in to-day, I am happy to say, but, if it had not been for that dream of Tom's, Lord knows what might have happened. Yes, I believe in dreams.

Jealousy passed, and we were wondering whether to credit this yarn or not, when Joe Baxter, who had come in last week for a shave, rather surprised us by remarking that he could tell a tale which, though not exactly well off, might be of interest. Of course we all agreed to listen and Joe began:

"As you all know, I have not been a carrier all my life, and I was in a better position when what I am about to tell occurred. I owned at the time a horse of which I was specially fond. He was a splendid jumper, at least I fancied so. The show was coming off in town, and four of us were talking about it in a public-house room not 100 miles from the place. We were having a smoke, and I knew how spongy I was on 'Jacko,' my race-name, and kept chaffing me, asking why I did not enter him for the jumpings. One of the men said, 'No, let us turn in, and there weren't any dreams about that night; but next morning I found planned on the calendar, where we were to go, the show, 'Enter Jacko, in Brisbane, of course.' Nobody objected, as it was his horse, but it was in the inside, and I was certain that I had not written a single word, but how that note came there I could not understand. My mates dabbled all knowledge of it, and when I tell you that on the succeeding two mornings I found a similar note, on the table and once tacked on the centre of the floor, you may guess that I began to fancy there was something unorthodox about the circumstance. I consulted my mate on the dream, but they simply ignored the words of that note, 'Enter Jacko, of course.' To make short work of the yarn, I may as well say that I did so, and that note was never seen again."

"And won the first prize, of course," said the stockman.

"No," continued Joe. "He proved about the worst of the lot, cost me a heap of money, to say nothing of the chaff which I had to undergo on my return."

"And did you never find out who wrote that note?" asked the editor.

"I had written it myself in my sleep," replied the narrator, "and I found out that in a curious fashion."

"One night, some weeks after the show, we all got together to have a shave, and the editor, Cup, I mentioned was there again, in fact, the only sober fellow in the crowd was Cup, who slept in my room. Next morning I found a note tacked on the wall, 'Back B— for the Cup.' The young cove left for the barber's, but he had his looks of attachment, and told me of it. I had got up early that night, written the words, and tacked them on the wall myself. Bored as I was, my writing was peculiar, of course; and that's my yarn, mates, I suppose it is a fair thing to go to rest now."

"Well," said the editor, "Took your plan to be the same, Jack. The best plan will be to plant the bottle somewhere near the gate of the paddock, and go with pure mates at night to get it."

But we kept a nip for you, old chap, knowing as how you would want it."

A chorus of laughter greeted this speech, and then one of the mates suggested: "Then you know, knowledge is power."

"Did you forget, Jack, how he says afterwards that another excellent place to plant a bottle is in the black-hole."

But we kept a nip for you, old chap, knowing as how you would want it."

"Jack Strong got his nip, and I think Fusano can fairly score another point, as he certainly caused six men out of seven in that butt to get a boss, which they would not have done had they not read the paper."

Shearing E. isode.

It's not toOO great to see a man stand.

On a shearing floor in the West,

And he you think, I say,

I'll go ahead of the best!

But he can't be out, that showman bold,

He can't be out, that showman bold,

To find that he was two or three

Behind, in the finish calling;

Of course, he couldn't, if he wouldn't put

The blame on the sheep without fail;

But his easily seen, if you please, bright green,

The fault is with the "cocktail.""

The rain did fall, the wind did blow,

The wind did blow, and the rain did fall;

Pike Brothers, of course, was cut out;

Pike Brothers, of course, was cut out;

And couldn't mar his darling Stella;

But saw-fond joy his woe now smothered,

He didn't like to see Pike Brothers,

And all his hopes are on the wing.

Since they have goods for coming Spring.

The dude he plans a shining dollar,

And comes out in a stand-up collar,

With stiffened neck and moist, erect eyes,

And one of Eike's most gorgeous neckties.

He gives his arm to darling Stella.

Wish she'd look now at other fash!"

She is a romance founded on fact. And,

While on the subject, it may be as well to mention that, at this moment, we have just received, ex Morb, 18 cases of the latest and most fashionable draper's and mercers' goods for spring and summer. The shops are full of beautiful neckties of all shades and designs. The goods are all made specially for Pike Bros., by the famous House of Whittaker, &c, of London. They are unequal in quality and style; try them."

The tax government, in its present vigorous spasm of economy, has seen fit to give the members of the Barrier River saigning party a Irish tae; it has risen their wages from $11.50 a month down to $4.50 a month. Some of the members, having worked at $11.50 a month for over a year, couldn't stand this kind of promotion, and so threw up the job. The others hang on patriotically, because they are given to understand that all the members of the Civil Service, besides Ministers themselves, had bad their salaries similarly levelled down by 10 per cent."

Tah! I don't see why.

Dutton is still to see Sam's sheet anchor. Sam's decision is—"If Parliament desires to reverse that policy—'the non-alienation of land'—and to say that the land is not exempt from the "wage laws" about going 'out of work' with our coloring. Why, in 'situation' don't he go, then?"

Sam has discovered that, with all the Government's "commercial principles," it cost $1,297,000 to make $1,289,000. Therefore, $8,000 in of $297,000 will have to be paid as interest on the public debt for the current year.

Another Point to "FigarO."

There was a row in the butt long before daylight that morning. Jack Strong knew that someone had got the better of him, but for the life of him he couldn't make out who had done it. He had been sent into the township on the day before, had got back from the sun was down, and his paper with nothing but a few cupboard scraps, which was accompanied him, at the gate of the horse paddock, had returned to that gate later only to find it to be closed. Jack was furious, wanting to know who had "shook" it.

"There weren't much more in it than a nobbler apiece for six of us," muttered one man, "and it served you right too, a wantin' to blow us up by yourself."

"Show it," exclaimed Jack, "and I'd know that one of you chaps did it, and I want to know who it was.

Blow away, if I take Fusano's word."

You know what Jack said, "Your best plan will be to plant the bottle somewhere near the gate of the paddock, and go with pure mates at night to get it."

"Earn me if I don't think he owns me somet'nitnow."