

At the time of our Fair, there had been no objections made by either those in authority, or those who claim to have in charge the public morals, to the system of raffles, which had been extensively used in most all fairs, both for the Church and other public charities. We therefore made large use of that means of disposing of articles of large value, and realized many thousands of dollars by it, more than we should otherwise have done.

Everything received and sold at the Fair was altogether for the benefit of the Fair. Nothing was received on commission, nor sold that a portion only of the price received should be for the Fair. Every article received and sold was a *free* gift.

SERGEANT MILLER ON THE SANITARY.

NO. 2.

HUCKLEBERRY, PA., [On the Merryland
Border,] May 15, 18, 00, 4.

To the Editor of the *Daily Fare*.

Respectd Sir

I have all ready Communicated to yo in De-tale how i cleered out my Stoar by hole SaleBestowing the entire contence on the San-itary by the perliteness of Miss Elizth. Morris.....witch per Liteness was rather a Hevi-ness on me for a few minets the neckst Morn-ing wen i fownd that her Sweetness had carried away even a snawl privet bottle of Bitters.....[kep for Medisinel perpesces soally.]

'Lett it go!' i exclaimed seeing myself on the Counter.....i know as shure as shooting that it wil be aplide to the mouth of sum brave fellow in distres.....i have seen the Time my Self.....wen i wood have giv all my Postle Curency for fore thirds of two haves of it..... "My tern to day and yourn to morrow" like as the Been Vine sed wen it grew round the Pun-kin Stem.....Sudenly i herd a Sound as of Stepps gratin on the Gravlewitch it wasand Old man Morris.....father of betseyEntrd. with a jeniell glo on his fecchers.

'Has ther been a Rade of Rebels.....did they clare ye out Sonny.....lef ye nathin t' bless yerself weth.....[The oald man cums frum oaver the Border.]

'Nothin much.....that's on Record,' was my heroick repply.

Lookin me very stidaly in the Fasc.....i may say Stearnly.....the Oald man perded from his Pockit the Bottl of Bitters witch had skedaddl. With a Twinkle in his Eye, witch sloaly beemed into a smile over his tand and rinkled fase he sed:

"I savd *that* frum the inemy, Sonnythey couldnt chate the old man, *haw, haw, haw!* Yer Poppy stood by yer, Sonny, an filld it up fresh from the barl."

Knowin the etiket of good socity i at wunst extractd two tumbelers from a closet.....as we embibed he remarkd: "I've been scoldin

Betsy, Sarjint.....given her awful misery..... fur robbin yer. I punisht her, I tell yer."

"And if any body else had done it," says I, "I'd a given him the best one handed wallop in this county ever perduced."

"Easy Sarjint," ses the old man, "Easy over the stones! But sense you *hev* give away yer stock, sumthin must be done. Providence ollers pays its dets, Sonny.....interest on in-terest.....but then it gives a mitey long notesumtimes. Now it was my gal put ye in for this, Sarjint, and I must help make it strate."

So it cum out that the old man offered to lonc me the munny to get goin agane in twist better stile than befor.....like as the snaik sed wen he got a new suit.....and talkin it all over, we got over to his Howse to breckfast— witch was a site to behold, with Betsey and the old woman, her mother a waiten.—So we talkd and talkd till we most arangd to go on to Philadelphy together.....me to by goods, and Betsey to see the Sannitary peeple.

But the old woman was down on this manoo-ver. In vane did the old man exclame in his perswasevest notes: "*Olly, sell is just was du ollaweil ge wanted hast,*".....meening thereby, "Old Lady.....that is just what you've always wanted to do." In vane did Betsey and my-self pore forth our best Dutch.....for wunst "blarney was of no use," as General Swipes of Harrisburg sed wen he was axidentally called a gentleman....."*Sist nie dort gut zu essa,*"....."There is nothing there fit to eat,"was her constent reply. Suddenly an idea seamed to eluminate the mind of her daughter, and flyen to a corner she perded a bil.....witch the old Mommy after she had got on her spectacles found to be as follows:

RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT

OF THE

GREAT CENTRAL FAIR

IN AID OF THE

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION,

To be held in Philadelphia in June next.

PENNSYLVANIA KITCHEN.

Mrs. H. P. M. BIRKENBINE, Chairman.

The Committee for the Pennsylvania Kitchen solicit donations of the good things peculiar to the Kitchens of our State.

Ofenbrod,	Blau-berge-thee,
Zwieback,	Mierchaum,
Zucker-pretzels,	Pfeffer-kuchen,
Pretzels,	Leb-kuchen,
Waffles,	Smear-kase,
Krollers,	Aptel-feeders,
Fastnacht,	Summer-wurst,
Trichter-kuchen,	Kase,
Noodles,	Lot werk,
Damp-knauf und Schnitz, &c., &c., &c.	

"*Meina sechs!*" eride the old lady....."what does it all meen?".....She spoke Dutch..... witch i put into pewr inglish. "Here is nuthin but good old Dutch vittles.....you dont say the Sannetary folks up in Philadelphy feeds on *them?*".....She farely wept with

egsferment Att the new sensatien, like as the Apel sed when he found hisself in the sider press.

"*Ja Mutter,*" ses Betsey....."they aint to have ennything else to cte, wile the Fare lasts egsept *Ofen-kookken, Spek mit Eier* and such like."

"The reeson is Mam," ses I....."that they've gone the rounds of all sorts of furren eligances and daily-kisses.....French and Italian and Afriken cookery.....an now by way of the strongest sort of a novelty have concluded to try ther own native vittles sutch as is maid in ther own Stait at ther own dores, an soald in ther own markit."....."It's my pri-vet opinyun that they'll find the best cums last'.....like as the jackas sed wen he cum late to the party."

'Blessins on that Missus Birkenbine!' eride the Oald lady....."I must reely go up to Philadelphy, Betsey my deer, an see her with these oald eyes, an helper with the good oald Dutch cookin. It woant be rite Ime afeerd if I aint ther.....an I know a heap of good things that the young fokes now-a-days has forgott.....*Sell is wahr!*"

All day long Mommy Morris did nothing but talk about Missus Birkinbine, an poak about, lookin up things to talk to the pore starved soals in Philadelphy. I looked in that afternoon an found a full conventikle of oald Dutch winmin seated around her, each bizzy with sum ansient and astoundin Preperationall talkin Dutch to thiat degree, you'd hev thought Yourself in a Sawmil in a gale of wind.

To the mitey and stoopendos efforts..... witch i made in compeny with Betsy.....a raisin suplize for the Sanitarymodesty forbids me to Elude..... A little tribewt witch was pade to me.....wil however be Described in my neckst letter.

Your Freind

ISAIAH MILLER.

Late Sergt. Co. C. 941st Regt. P. V.

THE TURKISH DIVAN.

A meditative smoker in this cozy apartment, where one might almost believe in the Koran and forget the Western world, acquainted with the hook-and-eye letters of Arabic, has translated one of the "arabesques"—flourishes and all—thus:

Fatima's eyes inflamed his heart;
He fed the fire—he was but man—
Tobacco bought: "All ends in smoke,"
Thus spoke, and entered the Divan,

To which an indignant lady who has just read the MS., replies:

There's where he ought to go—the Turk!
Nor to Fatima's love aspire;
Of battle he might smell the smoke,
But he could not, I'm sure, stand fire!