

Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



BREEF FUM SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

SCHILFFLETOWN, Nufember der 16ta, 1868.

MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM:

Dear Sir:

Our negshta Dinnershdog ivver acht dog is widder amohld was mer Danksgeivng dog heast. According tsam Gufemoeer seiner Brooklamashum solli olly leit im gonsa Shtate sich donklar kunsidera fun weaga der leckshum. Der Danksgeivng dog, so feel das ich weas, ward alsgeleit uf ammer-sheedliche weaya. In de Shtedt duna de menshty yusht korta shteepla un Lager Beer sauffa, un was so de raley shtricky kerrieha leit sin, de duna glawb ich so meetings halta was Gottes-deensht heasa. Im lond rum duna de leit for common als hussla for welsch-hinkle, gens, shanghaz's, enda un sei. Dohin Schilffletown duna se als der dog shpenda mit bnsa pitcha, korta shteepla un nineshtrike sauffa. Awer olly leit, im lond, so wohl das in de Shtedt, gelma ni for bully gooty middogessan dem grossa feier-dog -alles was es ga komm mis an Welsch-hawna odder eppas das uf ge-wacksa is un nich de foddra hawa for a middog essa.

Un wamm ich in all mein leawa donklar g'feelt hab donn du ich yetz so feela. De fact is, de Bevy meant der Gufemoeer Geery het selly Brooklamashum yusht rusht gezza hawps-edeich for nich, for denk amohld draw- for ehm yohr tsurick, was war ich? Un was binich yetz, sidder ich oss g'fuma hab das de demokratachm de wacha shteepla? An true blue Republican bin ich, un hab so feid gedu for der Grant tsu lekta das emischer ommer monn. Un sell is noch net alles. Wart yusht bis der Grant amohld rin, un dem inshtpect ich gebts noch an doubler handel-tsu meinawma. "P. M." sell mehlent Posht Meashter -for so duts-anything-seller Nasby explaina seller, du weasht, wu sich als for common dort uf ehm sin de kreutz-shtrosa uf haldrumam Kentucky Shtate wu's sheer louter demokrata hut, De Posht Officis mer-anything-fersprocha, un sell is genunk for emischer monn goot un donklar feela macha.

Awer now mus ich der doch aw shreiva fun weaya ehm fun unsere Schilffletown demokrata, der net recht in des Danksgeivng ni seana kann. Es is der awram alt Joe Schwillflass. A dohl leit heasa ehm an loofer, un a sidler un allerlich schlichty nawma, un awer ich kunsider ehm about so goot das emischer ommer democrat. Si naas is an orrig feirich rooty demokratische naas -so about we sellam Blair seiny; si ruck is demokratisch, mit naa grossa demokratische loch in yeadam elbohya; si shoe sin tsu sawya gons demokratisch un ohna solli; si hussla sin demokratisch, net yusht un de k'ness, un awer aw uf 'em sitz, mit ma grossa demokratische patch drauf; si hem -wamm er anyhow noch ehm aw hut -geat uf course aw mit der party, un si hoort un si kop sin foll fun dema kleany lewendiche demokratische dilenker wuehms als so immer un awiech kratza macht mit de finger neyel.

Well, doh geshter bin ich amohld de shtruse nuf un ich woch dort om Kitzdoller's shtall ferbi bin hab ich der Joe seana dort hucka uf sellam alta boord hawfa, un donn hab ich amohld tsu ehm g'shwetzt, un hab ehm aw g'trookt ober net a kleaner job shaffa wet un uf seller wega a paar Danksgeivng shtampus ferdena. Donn heisht ehm awer heasa solli amohld si opinion gezza fun weaya dem Danksgeivng dog. Si kleany speech hut nich so shtrorick-on-my-eigeny alty demokratische dawya erimnt, das ich der se doh geb wart for wart.

"Danksgeivng," secht der Joe, "Ich kunsider sell now gor nix abhandliche. So an dog is goot ganunk for soldiche de yusht sel fun sich macha mit chadem feela Welsch-hawna fressa, un nix uns drinka gezza, un awer for sell geh ich net nei. De leckshum suit mich besser, for on sellam dog konna de leit aw unsemers. Om leckshum dog kricket mer ganunk tsu drinka, un sell is my shlyte. Om leckshum dog heasts als, how-di-doo Mister Schwillflass, un awer om Danksgeivng dog heasts ewas als yusht, der awram alt Joe, un der alt sidler, der alt loofer un de alt sow! Om leckshum dog kumma my gooty alty demokratische freind als un-mich-rum, un awer frohya als, we geats? Ordllich goot, awer dorshdich. Kumm un nemm ehm. All right. Doh, Joe, doh is an furdle dahlter, un doh, Joe, doh is an dahlter for a gooter bech-shtake for dich un di alty. Husht shun g'vote? Yusht shdick tsu der party, for mind, Joe, doh isht andemokrat, yusht exactly we di dawdy un di gross-dawdy. Kumm Joe, kumm un nemm noch ehm, for sis my dreet. Now Joe, gehma merrall ni for de freieit -demokratisch uf course.

Shdick tsu der party. Sell is der weg das mer onsmacht om leckshum dog, s'cht der Joe, awer wu sin de kerls om Danksgeivng dog? Wu sin de wu als de bully gooty drets-shtanda? Kon drupper kea welsch-hawna; kea be-fishtek; kea nie stat; kea order uf der bar-keeper for ehm whiskey frid halta for ch woch; kea nie huss-; kea hoot; nix, gor nix om Danksgeivng dog except yusht wamm mer schwer hort shaffa dut derfore, un sich schwer kawfa dat was mer hawa will. No sir-ree, Misd-der Pit Schwillf-brenner, secht der Joe, yusht week mit dem black Republican Danksgeivng dog ich willanyhow nix mit tsu du hawa. Wamm du awer umgefhr tsu an cent ivrich husht, donn deat ich nix drum gezza widder amohld ehm nemma, awer mit dem Danksgeivng will ich nix tsu du hawa for es is nix wart.

We ich der alt Joe ferlussa hab hut er noch fort g'shwetzt, awer tsu sich selwer. Er is uf de brinplepe gonga das an soundy demokratische speech is alsfort in order. De Bevy sogt ich set eich aw shreiva das der eighelawda seid for beims tsu middog essa om Danksgeivng dog, un mer huffa aw das der kumant un bringet eier weiver mit. Mer hen a welsch-hawna das ivver tsuansich pund weegt -genunk any-how for all hands sich set tsu fressa.

PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

Selected.

GENERAL GRANT.

Rejoicings at the Home of our President Elect - The General Visited by his Fellow-Citizens - His Response to their Hearty Greetings.

GALENA, Wednesday, Nov. 4 - 12 Midnight. - This has been the proudest evening in all the history of Galena. The city, heretofore Democratic, yesterday gave a majority for her distinguished citizen, Gen. U. S. Grant, for President of the United States. The county gives him a larger majority by four hundred than it gave to Mr. Lincoln in 1864. This magnificent result, together with the triumphant election of General Grant, was celebrated here this evening by a grand torchlight procession, bonfires, illuminations, and other demonstrations of joy. The Galena Tamers, with two bands of music and a procession of citizens numbering several thousand, marched to the residence of General Grant, in front of which a splendid display of fireworks was sent up, after which three rousing cheers were given for the President elect. In response to repeated calls, the General stepped out upon the piazza and addressed the multitude as follows:

"Friends and Fellow-citizens of Galena: I thank you for this cordial mark of your kindness. Sufficient, I suppose, has now been heard of the result of the late election to show upon whom it has fallen to administer the affairs of the nation for the next four years. I suppose it is no egotism in me to say that the choice has fallen on me. The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear, if I can have the same support which has been given to me thus far. I thank you and all others who have fought together in this contest - a contest in which you are all interested personally as much as, and perhaps more than I am. I now take occasion to bid you good bye, as I leave here to-morrow for Washington, and shall probably see but few of you again for some years to come, although it would give me a great pleasure to make an annual pilgrimage to a place where I have enjoyed myself so much as I have here during the past few months.

At the conclusion of this first speech of the President elect, the crowd gave nine deafening cheers for General Grant, after which they proceeded to the residence of Hon. E. B. Washburne, who has just been re-elected to Congress, for his ninth term, by an overwhelming majority. After three rousing cheers were given for Mr. Washburne, he was loudly called for, and responded by tendering his heartfelt and grateful thanks to his old neighbors and friends for the magnificent demonstration before him, and for the opportunity of mingling his congratulations with theirs at the splendid victory which had yesterday been achieved by the loyal people of the country. He extended his heartfelt thanks to his constituents, neighbors and friends who had nine times supported him for Congress with a devotion, zeal and unanimity which aroused emotions of his heart which no language could express. The demonstration of the evening was the grandest ever witnessed in Galena.

A CENTENARIAN LED TO THE POLLS BY A WOMAN.

The Dayton (Tenn.) Gazette tells this story: Great enthusiasm was created at the Dayton township polls, on the fair grounds, November 3d, by a spectacle which would have stirred the patriotic blood of every true American in the land. In the afternoon a low-seated buggy was driven up to the polls by a beautiful young lady. By her side was seated Deacon Gilbert, father of E. S. Gilbert, after whom Gilbertown was named. Deacon Gilbert is upwards of one hundred years of age. He cast his first Presidential vote in 1788. In the State of New York, for George Washington, and has voted at every Presidential election since that year.

Miss Holmes assisted the centenarian and patriot to alight, and placing her arm in his, accompanied him to the polls. He handed an open, straight Republican ticket to the judges. As he did so the bystanders broke into cheers, which did not cease until three times three had been given for the aged Republican, followed by three more for the young lady who had accompanied him. The citizens present gathered about the good old man, and as they did so he said: "Gentlemen, I voted twice for George Washington. He was the best man for the Presidency in his day. Now I have voted for General Grant - thank God that I have lived so long - whom I believe to be the best man for President in this day. He was instrumental in saving this government which Washington founded."

TWENTY-ONE days' hard labor was the sentence of an English laborer who pulled a carrot from a field to eat when he was hungry.



HON. EDWARD M'PHERSON,

Clerk of the United States House of Representatives.

NASBY.

Presidential Election - The News Reaches Kentucky - The X Roads in Mourning.

POST OFFICE, CONFEDERATE X ROADS (Which is in the State of Kentucky), Nov. 5, 1868. Bad news travels fast. We have heard from enuff of the States to know that the butcher Grant - he wix wunst afore stood in the way of the Confederacy - hez been elected President, and that Seymour and Blare, our glorious standard bearers, hev been defeated ignominiously.

"This ends it! This finishes it! There is no longer hope for Democracy. Our star is set in gloom. Never shd I forget the ghastly appearance of Deckin Pogrom's face, ez the fatal nooze was told him. A single tear rolled from his left eye, down his furrowed cheek - it glittered for a brief moment on the tip uv his brilliant nose, and plunged off into space! How like our hopes! Never a word sed he, but sadly beckoned me to follow. Sadly he walked to the square, mournfully he pulled down the Confederate flag which hez waded from the pole in front of Bascom's, tenderly he folded it, and placed it under the barl uv whiskey in the bar. "That let it rest," gasped he in a husky tone, "it will never kiss the breezes no more." And over-come with emotion, the good old man bursted into a flood uv tears, wix saved his life. The drain uv moisture from his system made it necessary for him to take suttin to fill its place, and that suttin wuz strength-inin. To save him I took suttin strength-inin too.

And Ben Butler is elected. That excellent conservative Richard H. Dana, who has forgotten that ruffled shirts went out of date 20 years ago, and who still reads the *Nashville Intelligencer* sponin it to be a Whig paper, is defeated, and Butler, who wunst hung a Demokrat in New Orleans, and who wood do that same every mornin to give him an appetite, is fastened onto this here wunst happy but now distracted county for two years more.

Grasbus Hevins send the yaller fever to the Corners now, and finish us up to wunst. I won't say a word ez to the cause uv this terrible defeat. Seymour would make speeches, wix hez alluz bin fatle to Presidential aspirants, and Blare would write terrible letters, wix is just ez bad. Besides, Blare fairly represents us, wix druv off all decent people, and Seymour rather chilled hiself on bein a gentleman, wix bribed the ardor of our own party. The nominashens were unforchint, but don't reproach 'em. It's fate.

I sigh, Deckin Pogrom sighs, and the rest of our circle wud sigh, only they hevnen't returned from Injeany, where they hev gone to vote in the interest of the Constitution, and to aid in the maintenance uv the laws.

Sigh! I hev reason to sigh. For Pollock will git the Post Offis after all. Tho his hands are contaminated by bein taken into the hands uv niggers - his hands wix handles kaliker and draws molasses, and is consequently degraded by carmin his own livin - his hands will pass out to Deckin Pogrom the paper wix the Corners takes! The Deckin, ez he thought uv this, burst into tears agin. "I shd stop that paper," sez he, "and the Corners shd go back into the darkn uv ignorance. I shd never agin go for a letter - nor will I ever hev agin written for me to anybody. When a Abilish fac-is at the general delivery, I shd stop pater-nizin the Post Offis!"

Will the new Administration deprive a whole community uv a paper merely to give one uv its supporters a position? We shd see.

But, I cud endore the loss of my position - for prinsep I kin look mat-ridom squarely in the face - but I see other and more terrible results followin this catastrophe.

Wat uv the niggers? Wat uv us? We shd hev at our poles, all uv the black cusses who live between here and Garretstown, a votin ez regler ez though they wuz white men. We shd hev em deflin the sacred ballot-box ez tho they wuz not uv a cussed race. I see dark lines afore our poor State. They will hereafter hold the land wix they hev bought, and they will increase and multiply. Pollock will buy their prodose and they will work and get money. This money they will lend to us - for we must hev it to sustain life - and they will take mortgag on our land. (When I say *we*, I mean us, never work ourselves, and will not hev, under the present arrangement, the means uv empellin the labor necessary to our support, we kin never pay; and the result will be, this beautiful land uv ours, wix we so deerly love, will pass out uv the hands uv the stronger and better race into the control uv a weaker and less powerful people.

The Deckin was remarkin suttin to this effect, when Joe Bigler remarkt in reply, that the Deckin hed better throw himself onto the sympathy of his sons.

"Why, they can't work any more than I kin," sed the Deckin.

"I don't mean your poor white sons!" sed this terrible Bigler. "They ain't uv no akount. But in the nigger settlement at Garretstown, you hev more than twenty who wood -"

The poor Deckin rushed out uv the room, while Bigler left his most feendish laff. The people will be deprived uv their innocent amusements. This Grant will send on armed hirldns, clothed in ojus bloo, with muskets and sich, who will prevent our

shootin niggers, and who will pterect on their farms and in their shops the ojus Notherners who have settled in our midst. We shd see the gellorious Southern system decline stidly and shoorly. The whippias posts will rot, and the stox will decay - the yelp uv dorcs will no more be heard, and the cheerf crack uv the pistol and the shriek uv the man what has got his gruel, will no more be heard in all the land. Bascom, after he hez the few farms still unmortgaged in the vicinity, will close and go to Louisville, and embark into a wholesale grocery trade and jine the church, and give librally to Sundry skools; his grocery will fall into decay, and the sine will hang by one hinge. We shd see churches and skoolhouses, factrys and villages everywhere. The Pogrom place uv 2,000 akers will be divided up into twenty farms, and on them farms will be the bestlin Noo Yorker, the cool, calculatin Yankee, the stidly, hard-workin German - who will display his grovelin nachler by workin himself, instid of forcin niggers to do it for him. We shd be run over with skoolmarmas, deluged with academies, plastered over with noosepapers, stuned with machinery, drove crazy by the whirr, crash and clash uv mow-machines and reapers. And there will be cheese made at the Corners. Pennibuckler's distillery will be turned into a cheese factory, and weak whey will run wher now the generous high wines flash along the troughs. There will be no rectifyin at the Corners - the hog pens will be abolished, and in their sted will be skool houses. And methinks I see in my mind's eye, Horasho, the spirit, the ghost uv the departed Pogrom, (for he wont survive it long,) a hoverin over the scene, ez Hamble's father did. The blessed shade will look in vain for his home - on the spot wher it stood will be an academy. He will turn to Bascom's, but ther he will find a deestrick skule. "To Pennibucklers!" he will gasp in a spirit whisper, and with a sperritoal smack uv his sperritoal lips he will hover over it, but the smell uv cheese in the place uv the strengthin odors in which he delites, will send a sperritoal shudder thro him. A gost uv a tear will run down his sperritoal nose, linger for a minnit at the tip like a dew drop on the rose, and fall! Then will the dissatisfied gost demand to be taken back to purgatory, a place less tryin to his nerves.

Deckin Pogrom hez only britoned up wunst. A tho flashed over his mind wix gave him comfort for a minnit. "Isn't there a Booth for Grant ez ther wuz for Linkin?" askt he.

"Ah!" sed I in alarm, "wood you kill Grant to hev Colfax in his place? We mite kill Colfax, say you. Alars! spon they'd elect Sumner ez President uv the Senit. Kill Sumner? Good Lord, no! They'd then elect Butler Speaker uv the House, and he can't be killed. No! No! We hed better bear the ills we hev, than to fly to them we know not uv. Its gone. All is up with me and us. I shd stay in Kentucky for the present, tho wat may become uv me the Lord only knows."

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M., Wix is Postmaster.)

THE DUTCH JUDGE'S DECISION. Here is a decision by a learned Dutch judge: Misdre Voreman and toder juryman - Der brisoner, Vlecker, finished his game mit der sheriff, and has peat him, but I shall dake care he don't peat me. Hans has been diked for murder before me, and you must bring in der verdick, but it must be cordin to der law. De man he hit wasn't hit at all, as it was proved he is in der jail at Morrisdown for sheep dealin. Put dat ish no maddler. Der law says ven der ish is'tou you give em to der brisoner, put here ish no tou't - so you see der brisoner ish guilty. Besides, he is a great loofer. I haf knowd him vity year, and he hasn't tone a slitch of work in all dat dimes, and dere is no one dependin on him for der livin, and he ish no use to nobody. I dink it would be goot blans to lang him for de example. I dink Mr. Voreman, dat he pter pehning next fourt of July, as der militia ish going to drain in another county and der would be no yun goin on here.

A MAN coming home late one night, a little more than "half seas over," feeling thirsty procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the little ball unrolling, he soon had several feet in his hands, and still no end apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Wife! wife! I say, wife, come here! I am all unraveling!"

A waggish journalist who is often merry over his personal plainness, tells this story of himself: "I went to a chemist the other day for a dose of morphine for a sick friend. The assistant objected to give it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing that I intended suicide. "Pshaw!" said I, "do I look like a man who would kill himself?" Gazing steadily at me a moment, he replied, "I don't know. It seems to me if I looked like you I should be tempted to kill myself."

LEADING MECHANICS.

The "stories of our lives from year to year" are useful only as we apply them for the instruction and guidance of others, and the lives most useful to our people are not from the highest walks of life; not from the ranks of wealth, or among the leaders of parties or of armies. We would not disparage the position of one, or the glories of the other, but men err in holding up to the youth of our country the example of any of the classes especially. The glory and strength of our country comes not from the marts of trade - schools of enterprise though these are - not from the forum where keen display of intellectual warfare charm the listening crowd; not from the battle-field where men are made and marred, but in the workshops and at the forge; in the mine, and at the anvil - here men are found to build up and sustain the power of the Republic. Some one has said "muscle and brain" will carry the day, and experience has proven that one is of no value without the other. The school that neglects the training and developing the powers of the body at the same time that the powers of the mind are being directed, can be of little value to Americans. The man must be armed at all points who must succeed in this world of strife, for the prizes of life. Imbecility has no chance although boasting a pedigree as long as the patience of Deity - and that is quite long enough, as most people will acknowledge. The men who have occupied the first place in the minds of all reasonable men, are useful men like the practical printer, Franklin; philanthropists like the indomitable worker, Peter Cooper, who founds great charities, and like his predecessor, Ben. Franklin, enunciates pure Republican doctrine.

Let no young man laboring at his trade feel discouraged because of his slow advance to wealth and position in society. No real prosperity comes by rapid growth. Our great men have developed slowly. Washington and Grant are fair examples of this - each did the work immediately before him, and trusted in Providence and his own correct habits. The road to distinction is open to all who have will and patience.

A PRISONER FOR FIFTY YEARS.

M. Andreoli, a Russian writer, who was exiled some years ago to Siberia, is now contributing to the *Revue Moderne*, under the title of "Sovereign of Siberia," his recollections not only of Siberian butalsos of Russian life. In the last number of the *Revue* he tells a story, the end of which belongs to the present reign, the beginning to the reign of Paul, of whose period it is strikingly characteristic:

The Emperor's favorite was at that time a young French actress, of whom he was madly jealous. One evening, at a ball, he noticed that a young man named Labanoff was paying her a great deal of attention. He did not lose his temper, but at the end of the ball gave orders that Labanoff should be arrested and thrown into the citadel. He only intended to keep him there a few days, "to make him more serious," after which he proposed to reprimand him, and then to appoint him to an office which had been solicited for him. Labanoff, however, was forgotten.

At the death of Nicholas, Alexander II., then full of magnanimity, liberated all the prisoners in the citadel, without exception. In a vaulted tomb, in which it was impossible to stand upright, and which was not more than two yards long, an old man was found, almost bent double, and incapable of answering when he was spoken to. This was Labanoff. The Emperor Paul had been succeeded by the Emperor Alexander I., and afterwards by the Emperor Nicholas he had been in the dungeon more than fifty years.

When he was taken out he could not bear the light, and, by a strange phenomenon, his movements had become automatic. He could hardly hold himself up, and he had become so accustomed to move about within the limits of his narrow cell that he could not take more than two steps forwards without turning round, as though he had struck against a wall, and taking two steps backwards, and so on alternately. He lived for only a week after his liberation.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.

One of the zealous chaplains of the Army of the Potomac, called on a colonel noted for his profanity, in order to talk about the religious interests of his men. He was politely received, and motioned to a seat on a chest, when the following dialogue ensued:

Chaplain - (Colonel, you have one of the finest regiments in the army. Colonel - I believe so.

Chaplain - Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men? Colonel (doubtfully) - Well, I don't know.

Chaplain - A lively interest has been awakened in the -th Massachusetts (a revival regiment.) The Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten have already been baptised.

Colonel (excitedly) - Is that so? (To the attendant) - Sergeant-major, have fifteen men detailed immediately for baptism. I won't be outdone by any Massachusetts regiment.

RULES TO REGULATE OUR CONDUCT: A man should be wise in dispute; a lion in the battle and conflict; a teacher in the household; a councillor in the nation; an arbitrator in his vicinity; conscientious in action; content with his state; regular in his habits; diligent in his calling; faithful in his friendship; temperate in his pleasure; deliberate in his speech; devoted to his God. So he will be happy in his life, easy in death, an esteemed example to his successors.

The Hartford *Courant* says there are more deacons in Wethersfield than in any other place in Connecticut. The other day a well known deacon went to the steamboat wharf to see a friend off, and as the boat started the friend said, "Good-bye, deacon," whereupon twelve men who stood upon the wharf, immediately tipped their hats, and responded, "Good-bye, sir."

EVERY column of a newspaper contains from ten to twenty thousand distinct pieces of metal, the displacement of a single one of which would cause a blunder or a typographical error. With this curious fact stated, is it not a wonder that newspapers are so generally accurate?

A CONSTABLE in Kentucky, in publishing some personal property for sale, put up a notice with the following clause: "I will expose for sale the 5th eighteen hundred and sixty-six of Jan wun lytle rone hoss or so much thereof as ma be necessary to satisfise judgment."

Our Little Jokes.

DIRGE. Two more unfortunates, Aweary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to their death! Take them up tenderly, Lift them with care, Handle them gingerly, Seymour and Blair.

Men of straw - those who take cobblers and juleps. - Is a dog necessarily funny because his tail is a wag? - The man who feathered his nest is supposed to have been a dealer in poultry.

The man who minds his business was in this town a few days ago, but left immediately, he felt so lonesome. - Do unto other men as they would like to do unto you, and you won't have enough in two weeks to get a shirt washed.

An eminent painter, on being asked what he mixed his colors with to give so fine an effect, answered, "I mix them with brains, sir." - A man out West, who offered bail for a friend, was asked by the Judge if he had any encumbrance on his farm. "Oh yes," said he, "my old woman."

If a man is without enemies we wouldn't give ten cents for all his friends. The man who can please everybody hasn't got sense enough to displease anybody. - A highly educated constable somewhere in the Northwest exposes for sale a roan horse, "or so much thereof as ma be necessary" to satisfy the judgment.

Some one asks very innocently if it is any harm to sit in the lap of ages. It depends on the kind of ages selected. Those from 17 to 25 are extra hazardous. - My first is what lies at the door; my second is a kind of corn; my third is what nobody can do without, and my whole is one of the United States. Mat-rimony.

What is your notion of the true physician? asked a medical professor of a student, to which the latter replied: "He is an unfortunate gentleman who is every day called upon to perform the miracle of reconciling health with intemperance." - "Well," said a carpenter, "of all the saws I ever saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws." He probably is a cousin to the man who knows his nose; I know he knows his nose; he said he knew his nose; and if he said I know he knew his nose, of course he knows I know he knows his nose.

A farmer wrote as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine: "Respected sir - I went yesterday to the cattle show. I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of hoes, and I was astonished at not seeing you there." - A southern paper advertises as follows: "Wanted, at this office, an able-bodied, hard featured, bad tempered, not to be put off and not to be backed down, freckled-face young man to collect for this paper; must furnish his own horse, saddle-bags, pistols, whisky, bowie-knife and cowhide. We will furnish the accounts. To such we promise constant and laborious employment."

Do let me have your photograph," said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. The gentleman was delighted, and in a short time the lady received the picture. She gave it to the servant with the question, "would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, whenever he comes tell him I am engaged."

Josh Billings expresses our view on the subject of autographs precisely. He thus replies to an anxious correspondent who asked for his autograph: "We never furnish ortographs in less quantities than by the pazel. It is a bizness that great men have got into, but it don't strike us az being profitable nor amusing. We furnished a near, a very dear friend, our ortograph a few days ago, for 90 days, and it cost me \$275 to get it back. We went out of the bizness then, and have not bankered for it since."

A southern exchange says: An old deformed negro woman was passing along the street, when a fashionable miss, troubled considerably with the "Greenin' head," turned around and looked after the poor old negro woman, and was rather disposed to make fun of her deformity. The old negro woman stopped and looked at her a minute or two, and very truthfully remarked: "Lor, miss, you needn't be pokin' fun at me, kase de Lor a mighty knows you's a bigger curiosity to look at dan I is." The young lady "humped" herself.



A "PLAYED-OUT" POLITICIAN. Infernal'ly wily, careful, these Republics, I've coted early - an' often! All I got was 'd for de drinks! No office, nor within! I - I - I'll join 'olther party - that's wot I'll do!