

Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



BREEF FUM SCHWEPFLEBRENNER.

SCHLIFLETOWN, December 20, 1868.

MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM--Dear Sir:--Now will ich der de balance shreiva fun mein bodderation mit em dawdy, sellamohls we er mer ferbutta hut de Bevvy tsu heira, un we er absolut hawa hut wella ich set ni gea for de Polly Hochlay.

Noch dem das ich seller brief griek hut fun der Bevvy das ich nimmy kumma set, weil es so orrig geaya de ally leit era willa war, hab ich my mind ufemacht das ich anyhow noch camohl mit der Bevvy selwershwetz der weaya, un doh mogs gea we's will. Donn bid ich amohl uf der weg. Es war noch free owats--un we ich dort ons Wasserdonna meel ferbei bin, hohls mich der bettle wun ich net grawd de Polly Hochbay awgetruffa hab, un se hut av g'shtuppt un awfonga tsu mer tsu shwetza. Secht se "Ich bin orrig froh das ich dich doh awtreff, for ich hob importantly business mit der."

Denk ich tsu mer selwer, wann ich net ordlich goot acht geb don gebts om end noch so a change of base. "Well, sog ich, was for business is es denn?"

"Ei," secht se, "es is shtrictly privatey business--fun grossy wichtikeit tsu uns all tswen, un ich bin orrig froh das ich dich oleanich doh awgetruffa hob, for ich hob yuscht un dich gedunk, un g'wunnert we ich es fixa kennt for dich privatey tsu seana."

Well, denk ich, doh geats yoh by meiner sehl uf mich ni das wann ich selwer gor nix tsu sawya het dertzu, awer yuscht der old monn un de Polly un era dawdy; doch war ich noch net gous ready for surrendera--anyhow net eb ich de Bevvy noch amohl sea derweaya. Ich hab awer my mind uf gemacht ufamohl tsu fima eb de Polly un era dawdy un my dawdy werkllich shun alles cut-un-dry hen for mich an heinawts prisoner tsu macha. Donn sog ich, "Well, wann de business donn orrig wichtich is, donn go ahead un luss mich amohl wissa was es is."

"Ei," secht de Polly, "ich glawh my dawdy un di dawdy, hen so a sort fun an understanding weaya deer un meer--so an match macherei." "Uf course," secht se, "de olty leit werra's woll goot meana, un awer es drink mich doch se setta net gons so orrig drink insista olma tsu wissa eb mer es aw selwer mituonner agreed sin."

Donn denk ich es is doch net so orrig das ich mer's fore g'shtelt hob--doh is noch hoffnung.

"Now Pit," secht se, "now will ich der a secret sawya."

"Well, go ahead," hab ich g'sawt.

"Ei ich hob yetz a chance tsu heira--sei yuscht rich--net tsu deer, un geaya di willa--awer an monn das nich suht, awer, er is awran, un my dawdy is orrig derweaya. Un du--ich weas olles--wid de Bevvy Dingrich heira, un ich weas aw das se fimes un shmar's mendle is. "Un now, denka ich," secht se, "fershtena mer anonner. Es dats net das mer grawd rouse kummt geaya denma eafeltliche olty leit era willa, awer wann mers recht mannetcha kummt alles recht."

Was is donn di plawn--we kenma mers donn now mannetcha so das de olty leit g'satisfied sin.

Ei sell will ich der yetz sawya. Morya will ich niver kumma on eier house, un du musht dich awshella das du im sin hetsht mich tsu heira. Donn will ich uf so an weg im house rum acta das der old monn uf an gons onery notion bringt. Awer, now mind, den owat bleib mer yuscht weck fun der Bevvy, for ich un se fershten anonner aw. Now geasht yuscht heam un sogst deim dawdy du hetsht mich g'sen, un das ich der fershtprocha het tsu middog essa kumma, so das mer besser bekant warra, un I'll be bound ich bring der alt monn entirely fun der notion, un eb de sun unmerget sin mer all tswen frei tsu heira wun mer wella."

Des ding hut mer gootaw g'shtonna, un a fact is, we mer fun nonner sin hob ich aw orrich guty opinion: g'hot fun Polly.

Ich em alt monn g'sawt hob das ich about my mind uf gemacht hob de Polly tsu nemma, wann es donn absolut so sei ma, donn war er in a tip-tow guter yuner, abborlich we ich eam g'sawt hab das de Polly river kumma wet for bei uns tsu middog essa.

Der negast dog war don olles redde. De mommy, for so war aw in favor fun der Polly, hut an grosser welsh-hawna geboda, un roasht beef, un boy gebocka, un in olly respects a bully goot middog essa prepared.

About elf uhr formiddogs is de Polly awkumma, un grawd rei ins house, un

eram dawdy sei grosser hund hut se mit gebrocht, un eam mit in de shub ni ge-luckt, un gepiffa, yuscht das wann se ean himnich an sow hetza wet. Now, der dawdy war ne ken hundsfreund, un we si neie Sohn's fraw sellerweg tsu house rei is, hut er so ordlich koryose gejuekt. Uf course, er war orrig polite tsu der Polly. Un seller hund hut der mommy aw net recht g'folia, un se hut, grawd g'sawt das mer net gewoant wera de hund im house tsu hawa.

"Ei," secht de Polly, "is es donn miglich das der net nei geat for hund. Ich gleich se olsfort un mich rum tsu hawa--abborlich de grossy bull-hund, un ich hob im sin mer aw noch eaner tsu kreya." "De hund," secht der dawdy, "sin goot genunk in era pletz, awer ich muss sawya das according tsu meiner notion, setta se ous em house bleiva." Weil es awer der Polly, seiner neie dochter era hund war, hut er ean doch net nous gedu.

Ivver a while wars middog essa fertlich, un all hands sin on der dish. Der dawdy hut der Polly a shtick welsh-hawna aw gebutta. "Glawh net," secht de Polly, "ich gea net ni for welsh-hawna--awer beef shtek--es kummt mer immer for welsh-hawna is net fit for mensha fun fershtond--anyhow, ich gea ni for beef shtek un tewiwella, un plenty roder peffer." Coffee hut se aw ken wella, "awer," secht se, "wann der a wennich brandy um de weg hend, odder old rye, donn deat ich nix drum geva cans tsu nemma." We der dawdy g'sawt hut das kens im house is, hut se sich orrig ferwunnert, we es miglich is tsu du ohna brandy, odder whisky im house.

Der dawdy un de mommy hen anonner so uf de shly aw gejuekt, un de kep g'shtilted.

Noch em middog essa is de nei dochter amohl ons singa, awer era music wer sheer genunk g'west for an easle doat gea macha. Donn hut se awfonga tsu shwetza fun hund--hut behawpt das es wer nix g'sunder das de hund bei sich tsu hawa im bet. Uf camohl is se uf g'shtonna un frokeid mich for an chaw-duwaek, un ich hab er ean geva, un se hut an raler whopper ins maul genumma. Donn is se araohl ous der shtoob un de drep un, un gepiffa we an alter sailor, un we se widder runner is hut se proposed amohlونس in der shalt tsu gea for de geil seana, for se hut gedu das wann se ivver ous orrig wer uf geil. Se hut aw g'sawt das se es cigar shmoka uf geva het, un deat yetz olly nocht a meershaum peifshmoka una jigger brandy nemma eb se ins bet gea deat, un donn kennt se als sound shlofa bis nine uhr der negst mory.

Es is net noatwendlich das ich alles shreib fun der Polly era capers. We as fort is, bin ich uf course mit era. Uf course, mer wara all tswen goot g'satisfied das de ally leit, anyhow uf meiner side, completely uf geva, un das se nimmy uf de match insista warra. We ich derheam aw kumma bin hut der alt monn grawd g'sawt ich set du we ich wet, awer yuscht un olly willa set ich nix mit der Polly tsu du hawa, for se is eam me we an shtick fee fore kumma das we emnich ebbas sunst.

De Polly is yetz aw slun long g'heiert, un so feel das ich weas dut se ohna hund, un used kea chawduwaek odder brandy, un nix fun der ort. Un ich, uf course, bin aw all right mit der Bevvy--siddler ich nix mea sauf un aw nimmy kirtza shpeel odder bensa pitch dort ons Kitzelderfer.

PIT SCHWEPFLEBRENNER.

OLLERLEA.

--Wo is unser krisht-kindle? --Leas de advertisements im FATHER ABRAHAM.

--Es sin 35,000 factory med in Lawrence, Massachusetts. --Es sin ivver 20,000 deeb un pick-pockets in New York.

--Shooting matches un rattlings sin ol der go in Berks county. --Der Sultan fun Turkey hut 900 weiver. Seller monn is tsu beduara.

--In Paris sin olleweil 30 establishments wo se geils-leash ferkawfa. --Der Brigham Young hut an neier crop fun 33 dechter des yohr--oil fit for heira.

--Es nemmt yetz yuscht 10 dog for goods shicka by Express, fun Chicago noch San Francisco. --Unser kinner derheam sin yuscht about orrig uf brod-wersht un buchwats kucha.

--We konn mer an gaul cura fun shlobbera? Mer gebt eam a shpitting-box un lust ean ni shpowa. --An ormer monn in St. Louis will an divorce fun siner fraw weil se eam als de kleany kinner on der kop shmeist.

--Rup doch selly hohr ous em case--mer muss sich yu warhofflich shemna for denma fremmy leit wu doh on dish sin. --Wann an fremder young si kup feshit kriekht unner a fence, donn golsht besser goot acht uf di finger wann du ean loas machst.

--We kummts das de fashionable weib-leit so longy dresses drawya? Weil se sellerweg era dreckiche un ferisseny shtrip fershteckla kenna. --Wann emnich ebban an gaosser fatter welsh-hawna uf hond hut, un wens net was mit tsu du, donn gor er ean in de FODDER ABRAHAM office bringa.

--Der Hon. John Cossna hut der FATHER ABRAHAM b'sucht om letshita Dinsdohg. Er is der nei Republican Congressman fun Bedford District. --Eamer Edward Fagan un an Locomotive sin wedder nonner g'shprunga om letshita Fridog, in Pennsylvania Avenue, Philadelphia. De Locomotive is derfu kumma ohna damage, awer der Fagan hut si lewa ferlora.



THE WHITE HOUSE SANTA CLAUS. A RACE FOR THE "GOOD THINGS!"

Selected.

THE ORPHAN'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

It had been snowing heavily all day, and toward night had cleared off, and now a keen, bitter wind was blowing, that cut to the very bone. It was so cold, indeed, that but few persons were in the streets, although it was Christmas-eve. Usually, at this hour, on the night before the great holiday, the pavements were crowded with people: happy children going, hand-in-hand, with their parents, to buy toys; gay lookers-on; maskers in grotesque garments; and boys blowing horns; everything and everybody jubilant with joy and merriment. But now the streets were almost deserted, for the snow lay a foot deep. In vain the shop-windows blazed with gas and exhibited their very choicest stores. Here and there a newsboy, stooping to face the blast, cried the evening papers, and now and then a solitary cab drove almost noiselessly through the white streets. The gale roared through the trees of the public square, and the icicles rattled down from the eaves. It was as desolate a winter's night as you ever saw.

Suddenly, a bare-footed little girl, thinly clad, and shivering with cold, turned a corner, and came face to face with one of the most brilliantly-lighted toy-shops in that quarter of the town. She had evidently been abroad to gather fuel for a scanty fire, for she carried an old, torn basket on her arm, in which were chips and other bits of refuse wood, which had been picked up everywhere and anywhere. At sight of the dazzling window and of the glories it revealed, the poor little thing stopped. Her eyes sparkled with joy. Her breath came short. For a moment she forgot the want and misery at home--the fireless room, the empty cupboard, the sick mother--and could think of nothing but the lovely things the window contained. Oh! that doll, that glorious, gorgeous creature; the spangled dresses that seemed covered with diamonds; the funny, funny masks. She had never had a Christmas-tree herself, but she had heard of such things, and she gasped, breathlessly, gazing at the doll.

"Where will it go, I wonder? To some one who lives in a beautiful house, I expect, and has everything she wants, even to pies and turkeys for Christmas," she added, in a longing little voice. "Oh dear!"

That sigh reached the ear of a tall, dark man who was passing, leaning upon the arm of another gentleman. He looked down, at first with wonder, and then with pity, upon the sweet face and eyes; upon the little red hands that were grasping the basket; the poor, little hands that should have been white and dimpled; upon the chips with snow melting about their edges; upon the cleanly though thin garments; upon the bare feet; and then again into the deep, wistful eyes.

"What a pretty child!" he thought. "Poor little thing! And he asked, stopping, his voice softened to tenderness, "What is your name, little one?" The child, roused from her absorption, looked up, startled, but seeing a kindly face, she answered, dropping a courtesy: "Lucy, sir."

Lucy! It was the name of his only sister, whom he had not seen for many a long year; not since he had gone away, after the death of their parents, and the sale of the old homestead up in New England, determined to make his way in the world. What a train of memories it called up! He thought of the happy old days, and of sweet Hetty Moss, and then of the utter despair that followed, when his father died a bankrupt, and his mother followed of a broken heart, and some far-away relatives came and took his sister out of charity, and old Deacon Moss shut his doors against him. The shame and anguish of it all returned on him as sharply as when he had first felt it, a lad of twenty; but back also came the memory of his sister, and he almost persuaded himself, for a moment, that the child before him looked like his "little Lucy" had looked at her age. There was a tremor of expectation in his voice, as he said: "Lucy what, dear?"

"Lucy Pettigrew." "Ah! it was a name he had never heard. But, remembering that his sister's child would not bear her mother's maiden name, he asked again: "And have you always lived here?" "Always. As long as I can remember. Father was a soldier, you know, and was killed in the war. Now there is nobody but mother and me."

He looked again at the child. The fancied resemblance to his sister had faded.

The "little Lucy" of long ago had blue eyes and flaxen hair: both hair and eyes here were brown.

There was an end of the dream, then! He gave a sigh at the thought. But he put his hand in his pocket, took out a greenback and offered it to the child saying: "Don't you want some toys, my dear?"

The child looked down. Her face was very red. Suddenly she seemed to take a resolution--she looked up and said: "Oh, sir! it's five dollars! It would buy mamma everything. She is sick, you know, and I ought to be home this minute; it was so wrong of me to stop here. If you please, sir; I'd much rather spend it for her," she said, rapidly and incoherently.

"So you shall, dear! Hurry home now, at any rate; but first tell me where you live?"

"We live in Carpenter street, No. 10. And I may keep the five dollars, may I?" "Certainly. You shall have a doll, too. I will bring it myself to-morrow--"

"Oh! will you, sir?" she interrupted, her eyes dancing.

With these words, she gathered her thin shawl about her and hurried away.

The gentleman, who had carried on this conversation with Lucy, took the arm of his companion again, and said: "How all this brings back the past to me! You have often heard me speak of Hetty Moss. I suppose she is dead long ago," he added, with a sigh. "Or married, which, for me, is worse. But at sixteen she was the loveliest creature I have ever seen. I never shall forget the day, after my father and mother had been buried, that I went to see her, intending, even then, to go away and try my fortune, but, expecting that she would bid me God speed, and that her father, who had always been kind to me, would do the same. Ah, Charles! we must all, sooner or later, learn hard lessons; and I learned my first cruel one that afternoon. The old man met me himself. Well, I won't dwell on it. He declined to let me see Hetty; called me a 'beggar's brat; worse, the child of a bankrupt,' and bade me begone. Ever since then I have had less faith in human nature."

"No, you haven't," answered his friend, bluntly. "You think you have. But, old fellow, you are too good to talk such nonsense, and, please God! you'll be happy yet, though not with Hetty."

"My first task, now that I am rich, and home at last," answered the other, "will be to get on the traces, if I can, of poor Lucy. After I left America, I continued to write for years, but never getting any answer, I finally gave it up. Christmas once over, I shall start for the old homestead; but I fear all clue to her is lost."

Meantime, Lucy was hurrying home, feeling herself a new being. In spite of the snow, her bare feet, her cold, numb fingers, we question if there was a happier child in the city.

"See, mother! oh, see!" she cried, when she got home, with a great sob of happiness, we shall have some Christmas, after all; a gentleman gave me, and said it was five dollars. Oh, mother! mother! I'm so happy! five whole dollars to spend for Christmas! Why, I never heard of such a thing," and her face fairly glowed.

"Isn't it a--a miracle, mamma?" "My dear child, it seems like one!" said her mother, holding out her wasted hand, and regarding the money.

The sad, sweet face lighted up with a glow of thankfulness as she listened to the little narrative.

"Oh, my darling!" she cried, "it was sent for shoes and stockings for your poor feet. I tried to see you go out into the snow to-day; and I prayed in agony to the dear Lord to help us; and this is the answer."

"But I don't want the shoes, mamma, I want Christmas," said Lucy, with a disappointed face. "He told me to go in and buy toys. We never did have a Christmas, and I wanted to see how it seems." Very soon there was a loud knock at the door; and when it was opened, in came two stout men with an enormous basket between them, and put it down; and there it sat looking up into the widow's face, with great, round eyes of potatoes and squashes, and bulging packages that told of plenty.

"Who is this for?" asked Lucy's mother, quite pale.

"It's for a widow by the name of Pettigrew."

"But who sent it?" "I don't know who sent it--it's paid for, that's all I care about."

The door shut, the men had vanished. "Oh, mother! we're dreaming--just as sure as you live we're dreaming!" cried the delighted child, dancing about the basket. "Why, there's everything there;

why, the Lord keeps working miracles, don't he?"

"Call Hetty Moss, child," said her mother, sinking back in her chair, quite overcome; and presently Hetty came in, a staid, sweet looking woman, not over thirty, with soft, dewy blue eyes, and lips that always looked smiling.

"Why, Lucy, you've been your mother's good angel to-day," said Hetty, stooping over the basket and lifting the packages. "Sure enough, here's Christmas for you; and she took an enormous turkey from the basket."

There was another knock at the door and a tall man entered, and stood there on the threshold. The sick woman looked up, and a great cry, the cry of uncontrolled joy, rang through the room.

"Robert! Robert!" The man was on his knees beside his sister, his arms about her, kissing her eyes, her lips, her forehead.

Explanations came brokenly. In spite of his first disappointment, something kept telling the stranger that "little Lucy" might, after all, be his sister's child. He could not rest, therefore, until he had come to see. And Lucy told how she had married, but her husband and she had always been poor, and how her husband had been killed at Antietam.

"There is my guardian angel," said the tearful woman, at last, pointing to Miss Hetty; "you may thank her that I am yet alive."

For the first time, now, the stranger saw there was another woman in the room. There was silence for the space of a moment. Miss Hetty Moss looked him straight in the eye, her color flitting and returning, the breath coming quick through her parted lips.

"It is you, Hetty--but you do not remember me," he said, hesitatingly, yet appealingly.

"Yes, I do, Robert," came with a quick gasp. "Oh, Robert!" and as he rushed forward, her hands were in his, her head upon his shoulder.

Then came Hetty Moss' story. She had always been faithful to her love. Her father, after some years, had died insolvent. Hetty, after his death, left the village where she had been born, and had come to the great city in search of employment. Here, by one of those inscrutable decrees of Providence that the ignorant call chance, she had come across Robert's sister, now a widow, and almost penniless. They had thrown in their lot together. Hetty had skill with her needle, besides some taste in dress, and had set up, in an humble way, as a dressmaker. Sometimes she went out by day's work, and sometimes labored at home. In these latter cases, Mrs. Pettigrew helped her with her needle. But, latterly, the times had been hard, work was scarce, and both had been near to starving. On the Christmas-eve, when little Lucy went out to see if she could gather a few sticks or chips, they had not a dollar between them.

"I have more money than I know what to do with," said the newly-found brother. "You shall never, Lucy, dear, know want again."

"Need we tell the sequel? How there was a grand dinner in one of the most elegant private parlors of the Continental Hotel the next day; and how Hetty became a bride a week or two after; or how little Lucy never knew again the pangs of poverty, or the longing for a Christmas doll!--Peterson's Magazine.

BEECHER'S BOYHOOD.

Henry Ward Beecher tells, in the *Letter*, that when he was a youngster of nine winters, he had a long checked apron put on him, and was sent to do the house-work--to set the table, to wait on during meals, to clear off the things, shake and fold the table cloth, wash the dishes, scour the knives and forks, sweep up the carpet, dust the chairs and furniture, etc.

"To these tasks," says he, "I soon added the hemming of towels and napkins, and of course fabrications--bags, ticks, and such like. During this period I also continued my stable work." Mr. Beecher avers that the knowledge obtained in this way has been of incalculable value to him all his life; and he thinks that men should be made acquainted with such things in these days, when women are emerging from the household, and learning trades, professions and arts. Would it not be well for mothers generally to train up their boys much as Mr. Beecher's mother trained hers?

A CLERGYMAN had just united in marriage a couple whose christian names were Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend.

"They appeared both animated and benefited," was the ready reply.

How to get the real complexion of some ladies--take a little soap and water. "To what sect or fraternity do you think I belong?" asked a contemptible fop of a lady. "To the in-sect fraternity," was the reply.

St. Paul, Minnesota, has had the "White Fawn," which the papers describe as performed by girls "barefooted up to the neck."

"I tell you what, sir," said a Yankee of his opponent, "that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up, and there's nothing to carry."

A Yankee wishing for some sauce for his dumplings, forgot the name of it, and said: "Here, waiter, fetch me some of that gravy that you swallow your dumplings in."

"Remember who you are talking to, sir," said an indignant parent to a fractious boy, "I am your father, sir." "Well, who's to blame for that?" said the young impertinence; "taint me."

"I say, Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman, who was digging in his garden, "are you digging out a hole in that onion bed?" "No," says Pat, "I am digging out the earth and leaving the hole."

PUFF--An advertising tallow chandler modestly says that, "without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented."

A young author, reading a tragedy, perceived his auditor very often pull off his hat at the end of a line, and asked him the reason. "I cannot pass an old acquaintance," replied the critic, "without that civility."

A "girl of the period" comments thus upon Mormonism: "How absurd--four or five wives for one man, when the fact is, each woman in these times ought to have four or five husbands. It would take about that number to support me decently."

A good story is told of a boot-black whose energies were taxed by the huge shoes of a private just returned from the war. The little fellow, kneeling down, looked over his shoulder to a comrade, and exclaimed: "Lend me a spit, Jim; I've got an army contract!"

"You say that you know a horse from a jackass when you see them?" asked a counsel of a rather dull looking witness. "Oh, ye-as--just so," drawled out the intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, "I know the difference, and I'd never take you for a horse."

The following advertisement appeared in a Texas paper: "If the person who took it (it is concluded by mistake) the white water-proof coat belonging to Captain Johnson, will apply to the barracks, he can have the peg it used to hang upon, as it is of no further use to the owner."

A correspondent sends us the following as very valuable recipes: "To Cure Coughs--Rub them over with toasted cheese, and let your feet hang out of bed a night or two, that the mice may nibble them. If the mice do their duty, the cure will be effectual. To get rid of a felon--Hang him by the neck one hour."

Judge--when first admitted to the bar, was a very blundering speaker. On one occasion, when he was trying a case of replevin, involving the right of property in a lot of hogs, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury--There were just 24 hogs in that drove; just 24, gentlemen, exactly twice as many as there are in that jury box."

A feller in Decatur, Illinois, the other day thought he had found a long piece of dress goods upon the pavement. He picked up one end of it and commenced wrapping it around his arm, when on looking around the corner he discovered a lady at the other end quietly talking to a friend. He suddenly dropped his prize and started off.

How do you like the looks of the varmint?" asked an Arkansan of a down-caster, who was gazing with distended eyes at an alligator with open jaws on the banks of the Mississippi. "Waal," responded the Yankee, recovering his mental equispe, "he ain't what you'd call a handsome critter, but he's a deal of openness when he smiles."

How should a young lady act when first courted? A few hints may be useful. She should be smiling, of course. Courtesy is made up very largely of smiles. She should say sweet and comely things. She should now and then tint her cheeks with a just recognizable blush. (No doubt there will be occasion.) She should ask John Augustus if he doesn't dot on Tennessee, if he couldn't dine (that is, refresh) on Longfellow, and if he does not write lines for the Weekly Glampour. She should give her shower of curls an occasional shake, and let her 24 slipper creep out a bit beyond the straggling skirt. She should recollect that there is some nice cake in the dining-room closet, and some of that choice Angelica not gone. Having drunk pretty much all of it, (two-thirds of bottle,) John Augustus should take the offensive, his coat and hat, and go home.

A CAUTIOUS WITNESS.--A farmer was called as a witness to prove the bad character of Enoch Jones, who had formerly been his near neighbor. Counsel asked: "Well, what do you know of Jones, the plaintiff?" Farmer--"I can't say that I know much about him." Lawyer--"Does he bear a good character?" Farmer--"We didn't like him any too well in our neighborhood." Lawyer--"We don't suppose you did; but would you trust him or believe him under oath?" Farmer--"He might tell the truth if it was for his interest." Lawyer--"How do you think him an honest man?" Farmer--"I never gave him a chance to steal anything from me." Lawyer--"But do you think he would steal if he had an opportunity?" Farmer--"Well, I can't say, positive; but I should rather not try him." Lawyer--"Perhaps not; but am I to understand that you have such a poor opinion of Jones' honesty, that you would be afraid to leave anything where he could steal it, if he were so inclined?" "No, I shouldn't be afraid to, if I watched it."