

Pennsylvanisch-Deutsch.



WE DER SAN UKARNEVE GUMBUCKT HUT FOR AN FRAW.

My orrig wilecht glick so weit, hut mich aber gory fun der notion gebrecht for heira.

Es war easy doh im ahtedde, selly hab loh g'wist, is an smartz un rechthaffa meafte.

Ich hab net an ferstendiche un a really fraw kreeya konna, don da leh ohna ehtairely, un bleib an bntscheler.

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se, weil de ferstendiche menner so orrig rahr sin, un an unferstendicher ferlong ich net, secht se.

"So about we loh—denkshat net?" Sog ich.

"Oh, uf course," secht se—"ich was well das du an ferstendicher moon bist."

"El," sog ich, "well de ferstendiche med so orrig rahr sin, un an unferstendiche ferlong ich evva net."

"So about easy we loh—denkshat net, secht se, so holtwe is sin."

"Yoh," sog ich, "Becky, grawd easy we du, un ferstendicher will ich si wann ich net g'wist."

"Oh, git out," secht se—"ich hab allowed kes teilt so lobbich ahtuft tau bobbella."

"Nix wart," sog ich—yusht rouse mit der forrab—yah odder nea."

"Un is dera werklich now ernst?" "Uf course is mers ernst."

"Wann denkshat donn das mer heira setha?" "El der very dog—grawd fore em mid-dog cesa—so ball das der porra kummt."

"El ich mean now das ich un du tomma shponna—un das mer net long rass foala derweya."

"Well, donn," secht se, "wann es donn oboeult so mus, donn go ahead—ich bins agreed."

Don hen mer aw agreed uns ready macha for tau heira ohna ennlicher fusa.

De Becky is grawd ob un ivver de felder on eara house—so about an ferste mile ob, un hat eara brown seidicher dress aw-gedur, un in wennicher das tawansich minnutta war se widder taurick, un dewell das se fort war hab ich acht gevva das es fleash in uffs net ferbreunt."

Ivver a while sin de alty leit un der Porra hame kumma un hen sich onna g'huckt in de fuddera shub, uf de mommy is noone in de kich for gucka we's middog cesa awkummt."

"Now" secht de Becky, "Now Sam—now musht du's der mommy awer aw sawya."

"Very well," sog ich. "Un now, mommy, doh der onner dog husht mer g'awt das wana de Becky yeamohs heiert mus se de hochtsich doh im house haws, un for sich un der dawdy un 'de gons householtiung tau accommadata hen mer den morya ons g'macht dos des house doh about goot genuick is, un weil der Porra yetz yusht um de wag is kenna mer uns yuehse-e goot grawd allowed tomma ahsweasa lussa."

Immer un ewich, was war awer de mommy gepleas'd, un der dawdy aw, un in wennicher das fin minnutta noch dem das ich es der mommy g'awt hab, war de Becky my fraw! Un uf der heitich dog consider ich mich an glicklicher monn das ich se grickt hob, for se is noch so shea un so shlick un ferstendich das amoh.

—Mr. Shephard, of Everton, Indiana, having had the misfortune to lose his wife by elephant, thus describes the fair runaway: She is five feet in height, rather heavy, having very dark hair and eyes, a short concave nose, dark skin, a little mousethick, thick lips, no front teeth, all the teeth in her head decayed, and not much of them left except roots, round shoulders, subject to phthisis, a scar on her collar bone, caused by a burn, one or two scars on her face, and one crooked rib."

—The Gloucester News tells a story of a boy in one of the schools of that town who is an inveterate rhymer, and who laughed one morning during prayers, at the sight of a rat. Being asked why he laughed, he replied: "I saw a rat upon the stairs, Coming up to hear our prayers."

Being told that he must immediately make another rhyme or be flogged, he quickly answered: "Here I stand before Miss Blodgett—She's going to strike, and I shall dodge it."



COL. GEORGE W. HAMERSLY, Clerk of the Senate of Pennsylvania.

Scientific.

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LITTLE ISLAND, UNDER THE HILL, December 23, 1887.

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"Thin gitout, yes drunken gommoche," sez she, "an' never put yer ugly phiz inside the dhure till yer bring in mate or money, an' wid that she cum afthur me wid the brum, an' meself didnt shay to see what she wantid."

Its to the ould place and the carner I went fuat for consolasyon. "Faix, its a dhrap on the real shuff 'ull go mity com-fortin' this cowld marnin'," sez I, whin I interred.

"An' have yer the munney fur that same?" sez me ould friend as runs the sheben house.

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"That's played out," sez he. "The ould party isn't in the hicker business so much as it was, an' it's the spondulecks I'm takin now fur me whishky," sez he.

"An' where'll I be gettin' them?" sez I. "Wurruk!" sez he. "An' the arlirer ye go at it, my brer, the besthur for ye."

The curse av the crows on the light-skinned thief, to be thrafin' me so oad-cint whin it's meself had bin dhankin' the wako in his place at the limplax av the party! But it wuz fur wurruk I went, and a weary tramp I had, an' it's not yet I'll be findin' it. It's too busy the gintle-mint all wuz to see me, though it wuz willin' an' friendly enuff they wuz before illikshun. I wuz powerfully tired and discouraged, whin I seen a gintleman av me acknawtance standin' by his dhure.

"The tap av the marnin' to yer hanner," sez I. "Its mity glad I am to see yer good lukin' phiz wanst more."

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