

Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



BREF FUM SCHWEFFLEBRENER.

SCHIFFLETOWEN, Mertz der 22ta, 1899. MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM:

Ich susp et dos de Schiffletowner cop- perhaps a notion hen a trick uf mich tsu shpeela- mich om end noch ous der Posht Office rouse tsu foala. Geshter war wider amohl der Kee-duckter bei mer un hut absolut hawa wella dos ichan breef shreiva set on camer was se der olt Simon heastu un dramma uf em Washingtoner Sen- nawt huckt, un dos ich my influence yusa set gaye sel tenner uf office hill tsu peela. Er hut g'w'ant wann ich un omery head meiner net gean fer selly law yusht we se is, donu deat olles recht kumma fun weaya der Schiffletowner Posht Office, fer der weg we ers explained hut is es an law so dos der Kitzelderer ous der office rouse mus om aershta Oppri. un awer wann se de law now peela, fer sell meant se ob- shoffia, donu wars oil ferbei mit meer. Ich hob em g'sawt ich wet amohl a weil driver kunsiddera, un mit der Bevvy shwetza derweaya. Es is mer awer grawd suspicious fore kumma, dos er amohl de kerls sheina in my favor tsu sei. We er widder fort war bin ich aw grawd net in de shubt us der Bevvy. We ich nee bin in se yusht draw om bubblaly wessa un sawer aw du, un ich draw un hob er olles g'sawt fun weaya dem tenner uf office hill, un hob se g'froked es se mer roata deat fer tsu shreiva on den olta Simon Kammeru derweaya. Se hut awer grawd g'sawt dos se kens fun dena kerls draua deat, un dos ich besser narshet weiter noch froke derweaya. Well, des ding was goot, ich uf un ob tsu neia shooldmaster wu fun Shooldkill county kummt un ons Sola- klippers in de kusht geat, fer ar is an hortor Republican un geat nei fer mich fer Poshtmeashter. We ich eam g'sawt hob we der kee-duckter hawa hut wella dos ich nei set gea fer des tenner uf office hill, un geaya's tsu peela, donu hut er mers recht explained, un hut mich uf anehl convinced dos wann de law bleibet we is, om bleibet der Kitzelderer aw in de Posht Office, awer wann se's peela, donu ward woll der Grant mer my com- mission shicka. Un now, gea ich aw grawd draw un shreib on selly kerls un sog eana, yusht weck mit so law dos mich tsurick -htea macht fer so leit we seller olt Kitz- elderer. Ich was aw yetz exactly we's kummt dos es so long geat, un dos ich net mix griekit hob fun Grant -s is yusht weaya der ferdiveit tenner law.

Geshter hen mer amohl aus g'mocht dos om neg-lita Sundog ivver ocht dog wella mer's bubblaly dawfa lussa, awer uf der nawma sin mer noch net sog canich. We g'sawt in mein los-lita brief, de Bevvy is in favor fors Aley tsu heasa, un awer ich bin so holwer uf der notion fors Urias Solpeter Grant tsu dawfa, fer sell mein ich ewa deat de Posht Office a sure ding macha. Aley is uf course aw an guter nawma, awer ich mein ewa seller kent mer yusht so goot usa for an omers mohl, weil es kea g'fore hut dos Aley ons shterbt in Ameerikaw-anhoy noch so long dos ich odder du um de weg sin. Wann awer de Bevvy druff insist denn, uf course, wards ewa Aley heasa missa. Awer noch eam, es mog now heasa we's will, mer hetta gern dos du un di otly kummt om Sundog ivver ocht dog fors ivver de dawf heawa. Der kennet der gons weg uf de ears kumma bis on der Yutz- ashreddler Shation un fun dort is es yusht about tswea mile un a holwy bis noch Schiffletown. Der kennet Somshdags kumma un wann der dunet, donu shpon ich un bring eich river, un om Moon- dog morya nenn ich eich aw widder tsurick on der shtation. Now wann der in sin hend tsu kumma, donu konnsht uns shreiva, un donu wella mer olles recht shea eich richta.

Der klea meant mer awer, si net recht g'sund, fer er kreisht oi-so greisel-heftich orrick in der nacht. De olt Lawbuksy behawpt er is was mer aw gewocksa heast, un meant mer set bracha derfore. Se sawya es war an otly fraw driva in Lodwerrickshtedde de kennu's aw woocksa ferdreiva mit warta, un aw so a g'shmeer om icib was se mocht mit gens fet, gekochty tsuwivvella un a weinich guidingdoor un so ollerlea shufft nei. De fraw sawya se war a sivitya shwehter un a doeliter fun eam dier sei dawdy nee net g'sea hut, un dos sei dawdy un seigras-dawdy oll tswea im nei licht gebora sin, un sell gebt eura yetz de gewalt so warta bracha fors aw woocksa tsu ferdreiva.

Weil ich yetz draw bin fun weaya dem bubblaly tsu shreiva mus ich doch aw mentiona fun seina kleder. De frocks, un hemdlin, un socks un unner recklin setsht awer amohl sana! Was mich om erriekht g'liebet, hut is sell long-tail-

frockly. Now, s'habbdly is net noancer dos about sivvatsca tsell long, un awer ich will de kreuk kreeya wann sell frockly net uf's weinichslu a yard long is! De sheany socks-roat un wais shtraden- mit so fancy shoe-erlin, betta any how nix, for mer griek so yeh gor net iso seama weaya dem koryosa longa frock. Awer, wann's yusht net for des bela krois-shawer, fer sell boddet mich so orrick in der nacht. Ich ferriecht any how dos der klea hah noch oddlich feel toedderash, micht eb er gross geunuk is fer tsu de maed tsu gea.

Now mind, mer oes-lpeeta dich un otly om Sundog ivver aht dog. Last: mich anyhow wissa eb der fer surs kam- met, un no more at presnt.

PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENER.

MR. LINCOLN'S FORMER HOME.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton recently made a visit to Mr. Lincoln's former home in Springfield, Illinois, concerning which she writes as follows:

The same maps and pictures on which he had gazed still decorated the wall, with the addition of an engraving of Carpenter's picture of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet. A broken looking glass that had often reflected those sad features, still hangs in its accustomed place. There, too, stands the old book case, with pigeon holes of papers, just as Mr. Lincoln left them; no curious eye has yet seen their contents; no irreverent hand has yet untied a single knot. As I heard that fact, I was lost in admiration at the wonderful forbearance and self-control of the genius homo. In one corner of the book case was a large wasp's nest, showing how undisturbed it is left from year to year. I looked over the second volume of Mr. Herndon's manuscript of Mr. Lincoln's life, which will be a deeply interesting and valuable work when completed. From what I saw of the author in a long conversation the next day, I feel his will not be a mere outward history of facts, but of the inner life, of the sentiments, affections and philosophy of clear moral perception, of deep spiritual insight, a man of faith, of enthusiasm with what is called woman's intuition. Speaking of Mr. Lincoln's chronic melancholy, he said, in his poetical way, "Mr. Lincoln's sadness at times dripped from him like dew." Though we hear so much of his jokes and good stories, his joviality was only on the surface, and seldom enjoyed by those who met him daily.

DOGS.

A man in Pittsburg has four dogs which he has learned to harness each other. In putting on their collars, one dog gets it over his nose, while two of them then get it between their teeth and pull it over his head. The saddle and traces which are attached to the collar are then lifted by these two dogs over the other dog's back, and that completes his outfit. He then turns in and helps to harness another, and so on until they are all harnessed. The leader then takes one of the traces between his teeth and forces it over the button on the side of the cart. The other trace is served in the same way. They are then ready for work, and proceed in a dog-trot up to the front door of the house and wait until the man comes out and places his little boy in it, when they start off to the suburbs, the little boy driving them. Their owner always accompanies them, mounted on a Canadian cob. They have been known to make their mile in less than four minutes.

NEAREST THE FIRE.—During the sitting of a court in Connecticut not long ago, on a very cold evening, a crowd of lawyers had collected round the open fire that blazed cheerfully on the hearth in the bar-room, when a traveller entered, benumbed with cold; but no one moved to give him room to warm his shins, so he leaned against the wall in the back part of the room.

Presently a smart young limb of the law addressed him, and the following dialogue took place: "You look like a traveller." "Well, I suppose I am; I come all the way from Wisconsin about, at any rate." "From Wisconsin? What a distance to come on one pair of legs." "Well, I done it cunshyow." "Did you ever pass through hell in any of your travels?" "Yes, sir; I've been through the outskirts."

"I thought likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? Some of us would like to know." "Oh! you'll find them much the same as in this place. The lawyers sit nearest the fire."

DOBBS, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit and a gentleman. He was lately engaged at a sale of venerable household furniture, and had knocked down sundry articles of kitchen furniture and fixings. He had just got to "going, going, and a half, and a half-going," when he saw a smiling countenance upon agricultural shoulders winking at him. A wink is always as good as a nod to a blind horse or an auctioneer: so Dobbs winked, and the man winked, and they kept winking, and Dobbs kept "going, going, going" with a lot of glassware, stove-pipes, carpets, pots, and finally the lot was knocked down. "To a who?" said Dobbs, gazing at the smiling stranger. "Who? Golly!" said the stranger. "I dunno who!" "Why you, sir?" said Dobbs. "Sho! Me!" "Yes, yes," said Dobbs. "You bid on the lot." "Me? I'll be golly darned if I did," said the stranger. "Why, didn't you wink, and keep winking?" quoth the auctioneer. "Winkin? Well, I did—so did you wink at me. I thought you were winking as much as to say—keep dark, I'll stick somebody on this lot of stuff; and I winked, as much as to say—'I'll be hanged if you don't bid!'"

OUR Democratic friends are sending up a dismal wail about the withdrawal of General Hancock, by being assigned to the department of Dakota, but no one thought it necessary to commiserate the gallant little Phil Sheridan, who has been cut in that region for a year or more.



JOHN A. SMULL, ESQ., Resident Clerk of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

Selected. Our Little Jokes.

THE LENT HALF-DOLLAR.

When Charles Gleason was about ten years old, a bright half-dollar was given him by his grandfather, to buy anything he pleased for a New Year's present. The boy's mother had that morning taught him the verse: "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given, will he pay him again." The words were running in the boy's mind on his way to the store to purchase a toy which he had seen in the window of the shop on the previous day. Just before Charlie reached the store, he met a poor woman, who had sometimes done washing for his mother, and she seemed to be in great distress. "What is the matter, Hannah?" said this kind-hearted child. "O master Charlie, I've got to be turned into the street this cold morning, and my little Bill so sick."

"Turned into the street, you and Bill; what for?" "Because I can't raise my weekly rent. I've just been to see my landlord, and he says it's three days overdue, and he'll not wait another hour. There go the men now to put my stove and a few other things on the sidewalk. O, what shall I do?" "How much is your rent, Hannah?" asked the boy, with a choking voice. "It's half a dollar," said the woman. "It will kill Bill to put him out in this cold—and sure I will die with him."

"No you won't; no you shan't," said the tender-hearted child; and feeling in his pocket he brought forth his treasured half-dollar, and placed it quickly in her hands. Seeing she hesitated to keep it, notwithstanding her great need, Charlie told her it was all his own, to spend as he pleased, and that he would rather give it to her than have the nicest toy in the store. Then walking away swiftly from the shop windows, which were all full of tempting New Year's presents, he went bravely home to his mother, sure of her approbation. The first person he met was his grandfather. He had observed Charlie go down the street, and was waiting for his return, that he might see what he had bought. So his first salutation was, "Well, my child, what have you done with your money?"

Now Charlie's grandfather was not a religious man; and the boy knew that though he sometimes gave money to his relations, he seldom or never bestowed it upon the poor, so he rather disliked to tell him what he had done with his money; but while he hesitated, the verse which he had that morning learned came into his mind and helped him to an answer. Looking pleasantly into his grandfather's face, he said: "I've lent it, sir."

"Lent your half-dollar, foolish boy? You'll never get it again, I know." "Oh, yes I shall, grandpa, for I've got a promise to pay." "You mean a note, I suppose; but it isn't worth a cent." "Oh yes, grandpa, it's perfectly good. I'm sure about it, for it's in the Bible." "You mean you have put it there for safe keeping, eh? Let me see it."

Charlie brought the book and showed him the verse—"He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." "So you gave your money to some poor scamp. Well, you'll never see it again. Who has got it, pray?" "I gave it to Hannah Green, sir," and Charlie told him the sad story. "O, fudge!" said his grandfather. "You can't pay poor folks' rent; it's all nonsense. And now you have lost your New Year's present, or will, if I don't make it up to you. Here," he added, as he threw him another half-dollar, "seeing your money is gone where you will never see it again, I must give you some more, I suppose." "Oh, thank you," said Charlie, heartily. "I knew the Lord would pay me again, grandpa, because the Bible says so; but I didn't expect to get it so quick."

"That boy's too much for me," said the old gentleman, as he walked quickly away. THERE is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and played its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. Death! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! How much charity, mercy, and purified affection would be seen to have their growths in dusty graves! Dickens.

Dentistry.

LANCASTER, June 25th, 1895. EDITORS EXPRESS: Dr. Wm. M. Whiteside, the enterprising Dentist, has purchased from me a large stock of teeth and all the fixtures, the instruments formerly belonging to me, and also those used by my father, Dr. Parry, in his practice. In the purchase, the doctor has provided himself with some of the most valuable and expensive instruments used in dental practice, and has beyond doubt one of the best and largest collections of teeth and instruments in the State. Persons visiting the commodious offices of Dr. Whiteside, cannot fail to be fully accommodated. The doctor loses no opportunity of furnishing himself with every late scientific improvement in his line of business. H. B. PAIMLY.

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