

Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



BREF FUM SCHWEEFLEBRENNER.

SCHIFFLETOWN, April 7, 1869. MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM:

Now is es exactly sex dog sidder ich im omt bin, awer somehow, es kummt mer fore dos wann ich so a wennich gehumbugged wär, for der weg we de business run'd is de Office tau sawya gor nix wert. Mer hen yust a mall olly onnary dog, un yetz is es shun twena mohi g'happendel dos ols gar nix drin war. Ea mohl awer wara siva breefa un about a dutzend Tseitunga. Ich konna doch de nawma ordlich goot leasa—in English boll onna so goot dos deitach. Awer de Bevy, wann ols a brief kummt for onmanot onna shicka, dut can olly mohl examina, for sure tsu sei dos es ken mistake gebt. Se gebt aw about goot ocht dos ken bref letz ob geat fun doh. Geshter is oamer kumma on der Solaklupper, un wo de Bevy ean in de finger griekt hut donn sogt se, doh is ebbas abdrichs in dem—guck yusht was er so dick is, secht se, un for fear es kennt ebbas happenda besser nemusht eu grawd nuf. Donn awer huts schier an dishbadawt gevva. Ich wera grawd agreed gwist en nuf tsu nema awer es is mer doch sheer fore kumma es deat sich net sutu for a regularer United States officer doh im shiddel rum lawfa un breefa drawya. We de Bevy der proposition g'macht hut, hab ich se grawd g'froked eb se wenas tsu wem dos se shwetzt? "Well yah, ich glawb ich du," secht se. "Awer" sog ich, "es lout mer net so." "Warum net—was meantsht?" "Ei" sog ich, "ich meau dos der Pit Schweflebreuner, Esq., an United States officer is, un dos es unnich seiner dignity is so breefin doh im sheddle rum tsu drawya. For sell du set mer buwa hawa, mit so uniforms aw un brass k'nep un grohe reck un blohe coppa." "Yah awer," secht de Bevy "des Posht emty doh in Schiffletown is net g'g'nunk—dnt net business g'nunk for soddiche tsu hawa." "Awer" sog ich, "ich bin evva doch der United Shtates officer fun Schiffletown, an Esquire, un aw g'sea dos so about der feddersht manh doh, un dahrum deat sich's net sutu wann ich de breefa rum trawya deat. Mind, "sog ich" net dos mers tsu fiel truvvel is, awer yusht weaya "der dignity derfu." Weil awer der Solaklupper my perticklera freind is, hob ich conclude dos, weil der bref ferleicht gelt hut, wet ich can so in der shidill nuf nemma, un sell hob ich aw gedu.

Geshter owat hen ich un de Bevy dos ding awer amohl ivver gebaudert fun weaya der Posht Office, un so feel dos mier aus macha hen kenna, war de office about fufsea cent der dog wert sidder dos mer se hen. Now, wanns net besser waerd, donn is es net der wert dos mer se polta. Es kumma ols ordlich leit tsu uns awer om end ordlich wennich ged. Ich weas aw yetz we's kummt dos der Kitzelderfer so orrig war for de office—we's kummt dos er der kee duckter tsu mer g'shickt hut sellamohls for an proposition macha in der office tsu diena for mich ols deppity, for nix, providing ich deat de office dort on seim wertzhouse lussa, for es is net was de office ei trawgt, awer for customers tsu fonga, dos so leit so orrig derore nei geana. De Bevy but g'meant mer setta now aw in business gea awer was for a business deat sutu, gell is de question? Wertzhouse holta wella mer net, un beer saloon deat de Bevy aw net abtunda. For goot tsu betzabla set mer a business hawa so a wennich of der humbugb shyle, for de leit wella absolut gehumbugg'd werra, un mer hen aw etliche plans for so ort business. Ich hob narsh proposed dos de Bevy sich aus gevva set for a wohn-sawyer, awer sell deat sich net yusht sutu for ma United Shtates officer sei fraw. Mer hen aw derfu g'hot for so a chance business—agent tsu sei for a gift enterprise, for es hut ols noch plenty leit de dumme geauk sin sich humbugga lussa of seller weg, mit so gifts, odder dollar shiores, odder onnary plans for de leit weis macha dos wann se gelt nei betzabla sin se sure feel meander rouse tsu teanya. Awer de Bevy meant evva decently leit kenna sich mit nix-a-so ob gevva, un dos wan se in business geat was es ebbas sei dos reshppectable is. Donn hob ich proposed draw gea un bitters odder patent medizeen macha for sell is of course aw humbugb business, awer, we g'sawt, de leit wella absolut g'humbugg'd sei. Now, suppose ich deat amohl draw gea un deat "Schweflebreuner's Herb Bitters" odder "Schweflebreuner's Stomick Bitters" odder ebbas-a-so macha, un donn es shuff in so pint buattlin du uns adferdeisa dos es deat olles cura—kupwea, rummatticks, bauch-

wea, difus fever, micels, disscuderry, oustearing, dyspepsy, un weas net was olles. Sell, ich bin ordlich goot g'satisfied, deat gelt macha, on a holwer dohler for a halb pint butty full. Uf course, es deat nemond cura, awer sell macht nix aus—in sellam deal wera "Schweflebreuner Bitters" yusht so feel wart dos ennich onners bitters, for wanns ons cura geat sin se oll about uf gleiche footing—yusht so dos es de leit humbugga un eara gelt fongt De norra sin noch long net oll doat, un ich hob an shitorky notion nei gea for an substansheler norra benefit, un for sell tau du war ich woll nei gea for "Schweflebreuner's Herb un Stomick Bitters," odder ebbas fun der ort. Ich will awer doch noch an woch driver consider.

Om Sundog hen mer's buwelly dawfa lussa, mit em neia frockly aw wu se uns g'shickt hen. Abey is em kleana sei nawma. Er is g'sund, frish un fet, un de Bevy aw. We is es mit eich—sin'd ear aw all g'sund derheam? Mer wella anyhow so huffa.

PIT SCHWEEFLEBRENNER.

FORTUNE'S FREAK—A WOOD-SAWYER BECOMES A MILLIONAIRE.

Wonders never cease; and Fortune, whom all court so assiduously, has no end to the freaks she will play upon mankind. Now we hear from the Dubuque (Iowa) Times, published on Thursday last, that a poor man has suddenly become rich. Says that journal:

Three years ago there resided in this city a sun-burned, hard-fisted, industrious man, named Adolph Gull, who earned the food required for the consumption of himself, wife, and family of seven children, by sawing wood from door to door. But little was known of his early history beyond the fact that he was an exile from Poland, Europe, an item of information which he imparted to one or two personal friends, with the further statement that he had relatives living there who were very wealthy, and might place him above want, if so disposed. During the internal feuds and tyrannical government which oppressed that unhappy land, he, with a number of others, determined to emigrate and seek relief on the shores of free America. After a safe and prosperous voyage the party landed in New York, from which point Mr. Gull continued his journey to the West until he came to Dubuque, where he rented a cheap tenement on Washington street, and settled down to the business we have before stated. How long Mr. Gull would have remained in this city following his humble employment, and congregating with others of his class on Seventh street, we do not know, had it not been for the liberality manifested by Uncle Sam. In 1866 Mr. Gull's attention was turned to the homesteads offered by the General Government to all actual settlers on the western frontiers of our State. After revolving the matter over, he resolved to avail himself of the benefits of so humane a provision, and flinging his back and saw to one side, he packed up his household goods, bade adieu to his fellow comrades, and, with his family, started for the field of promise. He was fortunate in procuring a good location within twelve miles of Fort Dodge, and soon had a nice little patch of ground under the plough. Here he worked and toiled month after month, and was gradually becoming independent in circumstances through his own exertions, when all at once the fickle goddess fortune came to his relief, and made him a millionaire. On the 14th inst. he was called to Fort Dodge on business, and on inquiring at the post-office found a letter directed to his address, from the old country, which had evidently been awaiting his order for some days. Mr. Gull took it out, glanced at the superscription intently, and remarking that at last some of the folks had concluded to write to him, opened the document and commenced to read. He had not devoured more than half a dozen lines before he uttered a loud yell, and absolutely inexplicable to the bystanders, who thought that the man had become suddenly insane. After the first surprise was over, Mr. Gull became more rational, and informed the spectators that he was no longer a poor plodding farmer, but a millionaire, by the decease of an uncle in Poland, who had willed to him his entire property, amounting to five millions of dollars, which was now awaiting his disposal. All this and much more the letter contained. To make a long story short, Mr. Gull sold his farm the next week, and is now on his way to the old country to take possession of his property, passing through Dubuque last Monday evening. We have only to add, we hope he will be successful and find everything all right. But who could have supposed that a Dubuque wood-sawyer could ever have turned out a millionaire.

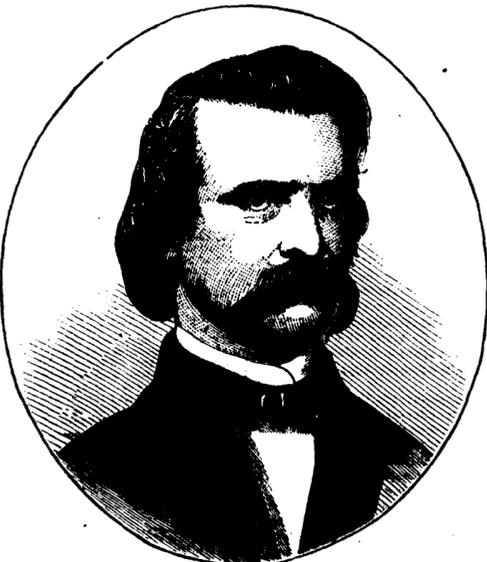
ONLY ONE BRICK ON ANOTHER.

Edwin was one day looking at a large building which they were putting up just opposite his father's house. He watched the workmen as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, "Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the brick layers; pray, what may you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?" "No," said Edwin, smiling, "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick on another." "Very true, my boy. Never forget it. Just so is it in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all round the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean."

Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labors. The greatest labor becomes easy, if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of that great building is only one brick upon another.

THE State Treasurer elect, Mr. Robert W. Mackey, has appointed Thomas Nicholson, at present a Representative of Beaver county in the Legislature, Cashier of the Treasury. Mr. Nicholson has heretofore filled the same position, always with great acceptance, having a reputation for integrity beyond the limit of his-
pieton.



GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN, Of Illinois, Commander-in-Chief, Grand Army of the Republic.

Selected.

GREAT ROBBERY IN PHILADELPHIA. From \$800,000 to \$1,000,000 in Bonds and Money Stolen.

A most gigantic robbery was perpetrated some time during Sunday, at the depository of the Beneficial Safety Fund Society, of Philadelphia, at the southwest corner of Twelfth and Chestnut street, by which that institution loses about \$800,000 in bonds and other securities, the most of them not registered; and an unknown amount of bonds, money and valuables was stolen, belonging to private depositors. At six o'clock on Sunday morning the watchman left the building, as is his wont. At about five in the afternoon the proprietor of a billiard room in an upper story discovered that the shutters of a rear window opening into the room of the Safety Fund Society had been forced, and immediately notified the officers of the institution. The latter on entering found everything in the greatest confusion, the floor being littered with broken boxes, papers and burglars' tools, including a very large iron brace and bit, a file, and a pound of powder and fuse, which had not been used, a bottle of alcohol and other things. The outer door of the safe—one of Lillie's largest patent burglar-proof, built into the corner of the room—had been opened by unscrewing and knocking off the combination figure, drilling a hole about five-eighths of an inch in diameter at the right of the latter, and then, in some manner unknown, picking the lock.

The lock of the inner door had been jimmied, as also a small safe inside, which contained most of the bonds. Thus the thieves succeeded in gaining access to the valuables without using their powder, and very luckily for them, as a family residing on the floor above must have heard the explosion and given the alarm at once. The value of the securities stolen amounted to \$746,000.

About \$12,000 in money belonging to the Society was taken. Fortunately there is a record of the numbers of the above-named bonds, which will assist greatly in the detection of the perpetrators, if not in the recovery of the bonds themselves. The treasurer of the institution also loses about \$80,000 in coupon bonds, which were his own private property. He has no record of their numbers.

There were some half dozen tin boxes, the property of private depositors, concerning the contents of which little is known. These were all broken open, and everything taken except a quantity of silver plate, which was left, probably on account of its bulkiness. Among the private valuables known to have been stolen was a diamond valued at about \$5000. The registered bonds of course will prove useless to the robbers, and will not be lost to the owners.

BILLINGS ON BED BUGS.

I never seen ennybody yet but what dispeized bed-bugs. They are the meaneost of aul crawling, creeping, hopping, or biting things.

They desent tikle a man by dalite, but sneak in after dark and chaw him while he iz fast asleep. A musketo will fite you in broad dalite at short range, and give you a fair chance to knock in his sides—the flea iz a game bug, and will make a dash at you even in Broadway; but the bed-bug iz a garroter, who waits till you strip, and then picks out a mellow place tew eat you.

If I was in the habit of swearing I wouldn't hesitate to cuss a bed-bug rite to his face. Bed-bugs are unqommon smart in a small way, one pair of them will atock a hair mattress in two weeks with bugs enuff tew last a small family for a whole year.

It don't do enny good to pray when bed-bugs are in season; the only way to get rid of them iz to bile the whole bed in aquafortis, and then heave it away and buy a new one.

Bed-bugs, when they have grone aul they intend to, are about the size of a blue jay's eye, and have a brown complexion, and when they start out to garrete are as a grease-spot, but when they get thru garroting they are swelled up like a blister.

It takes them two days tew git the swelling out of them.

If bed-bugs have any destiny to fill, it must be their stumwucks, but it seems tew me that they must have been made by accident, just as slivvers are, tew stick into sumbudy.

If they wur got up for some wise purpose, they must have took ne wrong road, for there kant be enny wisdom in chawing a man aul nite long, and raising a family besides to follow the same trade.

Our Little Jokes.

—How to ride a velocipede—straddle the saddle, then paddle and skeddadle.

—A man never feels more like a fool, nor looks like a pair of them, than when he wants to sneeze and can't come it.

—An Iowa editor dislikes young married couples "because they are so apt to give themselves heirs."

—A Western paper speaks of a certain lady in public as "an ornament to both sexes."

—Some milkmen resemble the whale that swallowed Jonah—they take a great "prophet" out of the water.

—Spring style of hats most predominant for gentlemen, look as if a Quaker's head-gear had been elongated in the cylinder, and slightly reduced in the brim.

—Ancients venerated the ashes of departed ancestors—moderns following the example, show great affection for the "dust" of theirs.

—We hear of a farmer curing his daughter of the Grecian bend by throwing water on her—and then laying her in the sun until she warped back to the old place again.

—"There is no place like home," said a brainless fop the other evening to a pretty young lady. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "but why don't you stay there?"

—"Jenny," said a Scotch minister, stooping from his pulpit, "have ye get a peen about ye?" "Yes, minister."

"Then stick it into that brute o' a man o' yours by your side."

—An affectionate husband once said: "Ah! dear doctor, how is my wife today?" The doctor shook his head, and said, "You must prepare for the worst."

"What!" said the husband, "do you think that she is likely to get over it?"

—Said Lord John Russell to Mr. Hume at a social dinner: "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number." "What do you consider the greatest number?"

"Number one," was the commoner's prompt reply.

"Pa," said a young hopeful the other day, "didn't I hear you say that you wanted a cider press?" "Yes, my son; where can I get one?" asked the parent.

"Why you jest try Jake Stokes. By the way he hugged sister Sal the other night, out at the gate, I should think he might be about the thing you want."

—A Welsh clergyman applied to his diocesan for a living. The Bishop promised him one, but as the clergyman was taking his leave he expressed hopes that his lordship would not send him into the interior of the principality, as his wife could not speak Welsh.

"Your wife, sir!" said the Bishop, "what has your wife to do with it? She does not preach, does she?" "No, my Lord," said the parson, "but she lectures."

—Jinks tells a good story of a man on a Mississippi steamer who was questioned by a Yankee. The gentleman, to humor the fellow, replied to all the questions straightforwardly until the inquisitor was fairly puzzled for an interrogatory. At last he inquired:

"Look here, squire, where was yeou born?"

"I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont street, No. 44, left hand side, on the 1st day of August, 1890, at five o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin."

Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was struck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said:

"Yes; well, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?"

—As the chambermaid of a steambot on the Ohio was passing one of the ladies' cabins, an old lady, in a plaintively husky tone, requested her to close the door, as she had caught such a bad cold at Detroit that she was almost dead. At this moment a very phthical old lady, occupying a berth near the door, forbade the girl to shut it, on account of her shortness of breath.

"Shut it, or I'll die," squeaked the Detroit lady. "Leave it open or I'll smother to death," gasped the other. As the war waxed warm, a wag in an adjoining cabin, thrusting his head from his berth, decided the chambermaid's quandary by ordering her to open that door until the Detroit lady dies of her cold, and then close it until the other one smothers to death.

MEMORY!

O memory! fond memory!

When all things change we fly to thee;

We bid thee bring us back the years,

The thoughts, the friends we loved so well:

E'en our sorrows—time endearing—

Breathe on us thy magic spell.

Dentistry.

LANCASTER, June 25th, 1868. 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. Barry, 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. FAREW.

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