They All Snoze at Once.

A good old United States senator, who was once a boy himself, and who enjoys fun as well to-day as he did forty years ago, in a letter the *The Sun* on some business of grave importance to the country, tells a short story of one of his experiences in school when a boy, that caused school to be dismissed, and then he asks, "George, what was the funniest scene you ever witnessed in school, when you were a boy?" Whether the statesman wanted the question answered personally, by letter, or through *The Sun*, he did not say, so here goes. The funniest scene that ever occurred anywhere, in school, occurred in this state twenty-five years ago. There were about sixty boys in the school, and nearly as many girls, and the boys were nearly all full of fun, though they did study, and many of them have made high marks upon the blackboard of fame. The teacher was a pious, truly good man, whose sole interest was the development of the minds of his pupils. His greatest sadness was when there was any levity going on. The boys could be boys, and wrestle, and perform any athletic exercise, and yell like Indians, out doors, and it was all right, but laughter was something that made the teacher tired. He would pull a boy's ears for laughing quick as lightning, and if half a dozen boys laughed at once it seemed as though it would kill him. He was the best hearted man in the world, but fun or anything laughable seemed to him to be wrong, and he could not help it. Some of the boys felt hurt at his opposition to laughter, and they thought if they could only get him to laugh just once, so he would know how it was, how it felt, and that it did not hurt him, it would do him good, and not do the school any hurt. So one Friday afternoon when there was going to be an "exhibition," such as speaking pieces, the boys put up a job. There was to be a house full of visitors, fathers and mothers of the boys and girls, and at noon one of the boys whose father kept a grocery, brought up about half a pound of black snuff. The snuff was parcelled out to all the boys, a "pinch" to each, and at a given signal all were to take the snuff, and watch for results. The red headed boy was to go upon the platform to speak "Bingen on the Rhine," and when he got to the proper place he was to take his snuff, and sneeze, and the rest were to follow suit or trump. The school room was full of visitors, the teacher was in his element, and every boy looked as though he would do or die. One of the boys gave a big girl a pinch of snuff, before the time came, and she took it and began to sneeze, which created some excitement, and all the boys looked at her as though she was trying to beat them at their own game, but the red-headed leader winked at the boys, as much as to say, "That is a premature explosion;" so they waited. But the laugh that was created among the visitors by the single sneeze of the girl, showed that when there was sneezing enough to go around, it would bring down the house. The teacher told the visitors how the school was progressing, and what improvements the scholars were making, then had them sing a song, and then all was still, and the good man announced that there would be a declamation by one of the scholars, of "Bingen on the Rhine," and as the red headed boy came out of the aisle with boots four sizes too big, and pants two sizes too small, with his father's old fashioned "stock" around his neck, and tumbled up on the stage, as a boy always tumbles when he wants to do anything nice, there was a titter on the part of the visitors. The teacher frowned, half at the awkward boy, and half at the visitors, and as the boy faced the audience and made a bow that would stop a clock, the teacher said, 'Let us have the utmost quiet, and George, take your hands out of your pockets and speak up loud." George removed his great, big, awkward, red hands from his pockets and spoke up loud. That was what George was there for. Clearing his throat, which was long and narrow, and freckled, and swallowing the Adam's apple that stuck up like a bracket shelf in a pantry, he proceeded upon the mournful story of "the soldier of the Legion," who "lay dying in Algiers." He went through it nicely until he came to the passage which says, "His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was childish weak, his eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak." As George sighed, he put his thumb and finger to his nose and inhaled enough snuff to have exploded a bank safe. He began to catch, and act like a person who is going to sneeze, and the boys began to load their own cartridges. History will record that George snoze first, though he tried hard to prevent it apparently, and the teacher sympathized with him. The visitors did not, they began to titter, the teacher frowned, and George gave another sneeze that nearly knocked the globe off the table, and then they laughed. The teacher was about to say something appropriate to the occasion, to apologize for the declaimer, when away over by the stove a big boy sneezed so that it almost loosened the stove-pipe, and then a little fellow on the front seat sneezed, and finally the skirmish line of sneezers was overcome by the main force, and in half a minute sixty boys were sneezing for all that was out. The visitors, noticing the helpless and forlorn look of the teacher, his wild appearance, tried to keep from laughing by stuffing handkerchiefs in their mouths, but they *had* to laugh or die, and it was not long before everybody was laughing, except the teacher, and he looked as though he wanted to die. George was on the platform yet, but he had forgotten the balance of his "Bingen," and the audience had forgotten him, but when he turned to the teacher and asked if he could be excused, the teacher said, "Yes, a thousand times, forever," and then the teacher had to laugh. He said there would be a recess of ten minutes until the scholars had sneezed up a lot ahead, and then there was a solid ten minutes of laughing. For a wonder the teacher did not attempt to find out how it happened, in order to punish anybody, which was probably the best way, as the boys had too much respect for him to do such things often, while if they had been mauled they would have been trying a new game every day. There are many people alive to-day who were in that schoolhouse when the sneezing occurred and none of them will ever forget the look of surprise, annoyance, pain, indignation, sorrow and anger that took turns on the face of the truly good old teacher, God bless him, when the sneezing and laughing was at its height. But such things that were done years ago, when the country was new, are all wrong now, and we hope the United States senator who has brought out this story, will not attempt it in the senate, because it would create a sensation that would cause the senate to be laughed at. That was the funniest scene we ever witnessed in school.—*Peck's Sun.*

Raw Meat.

"McQuirter is a peculiar fellow," said Tom Boles, the other day leaning back and gaping, until it seemed as if his entire head would become a yawning cavity. "I was going to say that I slept with him last night, but, hang him, I didn't sleep. I went to his room, having accepted an invitation to eat oysters and sleep at his expense. Mack, you know, is a sort of literary man. He writes poetry on the death of friends, and it seems to me that he is always glad when a valued friend drops off, for it gives his grim muse a chance to come out of its box. Well, after we had eaten the oysters and settled down to the comforts arising from briar-root and tobacco, Mack looked up suddenly and said:

"Tom, I am going to write a poem."

"Who's going to die?" I asked.

"Hang it all, you fellows think I can only write when somebody dies. You take my muse for an undertaker, don't you? I have written many poems on live topics, let me tell you. Do you know what kind of poetry takes best?"

"The light and breezy kind, I should think."

"That's where you're wrong. It's the terrible verse that captures the people. Fine drawn sentiment only appeals to a few refined people, whereas a well versified description of jim jams is understood by the masses. Take, for instance, the 'Maniac.' Don't you remember it. 'Stay, jailer, stay! I am not mad,' and so on. Had that been a love scene it would have been forgotten years ago. Do you know how that was produced? No! Well, I'll tell you. Raw meat."

"Raw meat?" I repeated, looking up in astonishment.

"Raw meat," puffing vigorously at his pipe. One night the author of that tragic poem went home as hungry as a wolf. He could find nothing to eat but some raw ham. He didn't take time to cook it, but devoured a quantity of it 'dry so,' as the country people say. That night he had vivid dreams of startling terror, and the next morning he wrote the poem That's true, and you needn't grin with such a broad mouth of incredulity. This set me to thinking, and upon investigation I find that Byron, Milton, and even the great Shakespeare himself ate raw meat to induce startling dreams, for, from the lurid scenes thus flashed athwart their minds, they, upon awakening, could draw wild pictures from recollection. No trouble at all, you see, only have to spin it off, and then watch the public stare at it. Now, I'm going to eat a lot of raw meat, and to-morrow morning, fresh from scenes that still hang before me in wild glare, I shall count off the thrilling number. See here;" going to the wood box and taking out an enormous ham—"bought it for this occasion. Ah!"—brushing the dust from it—"there is more inspiration in this than there is in all your hours of hard work. Coleridge did not believe in the ham theory,"—taking up a knife and cutting into the baconed muse—"declared that he was not a ham fatter. Took opium and other stuff to make him sleep in dactylic cat-naps, but Shakespeare snored in pentameter. Won't you have some?" depositing five or six large slices on the table. "No! You are not literary. Of course it is making reputation at the expense of the stomach, but he who would not make sacrifices to advance a noble calling should not be recognized by men who have gained eminence."

He finished his raw repast in silence. After awhile he said:

"Suppose we turn in. Believe I can sleep like a top. That meat falls so naturally into the grip of good digestion, that I have some doubts of it producing the desired effect."

We went to bed, and lay for a time talking about the grocery business—my calling—the onion sets, cotton and live issues, until Mack dropped off into a sound sleep. I couldn't sleep, and, lighting my pipe, I lay there smoking. Pretty soon Mack began to mutter "Whoa there!" he cried out, "got no more sense than to run over a fellow. Get back there, you blamed fool. Whoa, I tell you!" He was talking to a horse—a nightmare doubtless. "Didn't I tell you to *whoa!*" he yelled, and reaching over, he grabbed my pipe, snatched it out of my mouth, and dropped it into the gaping bosom of his night shirt.

"You blamed scoundrel," he yelled, squirming like a worm. I tried to get the pipe, but he fought me off. "*Whoa!*" he howled at the top of his voice. "Head him!"—and he sprang out on the floor, fell over the wood box and howled piteously. Now he was thoroughly awake and was losing no time. In a minute his shirt bosom had withered into nothing. "How in thunder did that happen?" he asked, going to the water-bucket and deluging himself. I explained. "Thought I was in a narrow lane," he continued, "and that a horse was trying to run over me. He finally knocked me down, and trampled on my breast. Gemini! I'm burning up."

"Didn't dream in heroic measure?" I suggested.

"Look here, don't twit me; when a little man takes you into his confidence, don't abuse the trust. The greatest favor that can be conferred upon a person, is for a literary man to tell him how certain things were written. Look at Dickens. Look at Thackery!"

He took down a bottle of sweet oil and greased his breast. "Never mind talking to me; I know what I'm doing. Don't say anything about this outside. The boys don't understand it." After a while he lay down again. I followed him, leaving my pipe on the table. After many groans and mutterings he dropped off to sleep. I was so wrought upon that I couldn't even doze. He slept in restless starts and jerks. He worked himself around until he lay with his head a few inches from the edge of the sharp cornered bed-post. Thoughts became indistinct to my mental eye. The low-turned light faded. A rat gnawing at the washstand, seemed as though he were miles away, and a wagon that rattled in untimely travel along the street, stopped its noise suddenly, as if it had reached a falling off place. A steamboat, far down the river, whistled, and the sound died into faint music. Faces of friends came up and odd forms danced before me.

"Don't shove me?"

I started from a light sleep. Mack was dreaming again. "Look out, I tell you," and he jumped. His head struck the corner of the bed post. It was quite enough to have split open the head of an ordinary man, and emptied his intellectual faculties out on the bed quilts, and I was surprised when he rolled out on the floor and groaned. I knew he was hurt, and leaped to his assistance.

'Let me alone!" he exclaimed, lifting a blood stained hand from the top of his head. "Go 'way, I tell you! Raw meat! If I could see the fellow who wrote that article and led me into this, I'd mash him into a nondescriptive mass. If you tell the boys anything about this, I shall try my hand on you."

"Yes, Mack is a peculiar fellow, and you needn't tell him that you have seen me."—*Opie Read in Texas Siftings.*

"Yes," said Amy to the high school girl, "She told the story, and of course she got the cart before the horse." "You mean," corrected Mildred, "that she caused the vehicle to precede the quadruped."

I NOTICED that a Spanish girl of my acquaintance held her fan half open. I asked the philosophy of the thing.

"Why you wouldn't have me hold it any other way, would you?" she said with mild surprise.

"What difference does it make?"

"All the difference. If I keep it closed it means I hate you."

"Heaven forbid!"

"And if I open it wide it means I l-o-v-e y-o u."

As she then began to open it I flew.

"YOU'RE not looking well this morning," said Mrs. Yeast to her husband when he came down to breakfast.

"No; nor am I feeling well, either," was the gentleman's reply.

"Headache?" inquired the lady, cautiously.

"No; but I dreamed last night that I was out to a large dinner party, and I must have eat too much, for this morning I awoke with a violent attack of indigestion."

"That's just like you!" exclaimed the unsympathetic woman.

"How are you?" asked Denman.

"Pretty well, thank you; but I've just been to a doctor to have him look at my throat."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, the doctor couldn't give me any encouragement. At least he couldn't find what I wanted him to find?"

"What did you expect him to find."

"I asked him to look down my throat for the saw-mill and farm that had gone down there."

"And did he see nothing of it?"

"No, but he advised me if I ever got another to run it by water."

As a party of tourists were being rowed across a lake in Scotland, a squall of unusual fierceness came up and threatened to capsize them. When it seemed that the crisis was really come, the largest, and physically strongest of the party, in a state of most intense fear, said: "Let us pray." "No, no, my man," shouted the bluff old bluff boatman, "let that little man pray; you take an oar."

MR. DUMLEY was making an evening call, and Bobby, who was allowed to sit up a little later than usual, put to him the following question:

"Mr. Dumley do you want to make $5 in ten minutes?"

"Do I want to make $5 in ten minutes?" laughed the young man. "Certainly I do. But how can I make $5 in ten minutes, Bobby?"

"Mamma will give it to you. She told papa that she would give $5 to see you hold your tongue for ten minutes."

PROTECTION VERSUS FREE TRADE.—"Hi, is your dad a free trader?" shouted Jimmy Tuffboy to his neighbor, Charley Smallface.

"Naw, he ain't a free trader. He is a protectionist, he is, and don't you forget it."

"Well, my dad is the freest trader in these parts. I heard him tell ma he had the grocer solid for another month."

"Yaas, and the grocer says he's goin' to copper on before a great while. Then where'll your free trade go to?"

HOW HE MANAGED HER.—"Yes, I have a happy home," said Winslow; "you are right."

"How do you manage it?" asked a friend.

"I manage my wife properly," said he.

"How?" continued the friend.

Mrs. Winslow just then came upon the scene, and Mr. Winslow replied:

"By letting her have her own sweet way."

A NEW NAME FOR AN OLD TROUBLE.—"Call that man insane?" said the judge to the policeman.

"I do, yer honor, sor."

"Nonsense!" That man's got more sense than you have."

"Faith, an' that may be true, yer honor, but it's crazy sense he's got, sor."

A Batch of Jokes.

As the boat was loading cotton meal at Natchez we saw a big bloodhound come down the street, walk around the wharf and stretch out in the sun for a nap. The talk at once turned upon dogs, and upon this one in particular.

"That dog," said one of the passengers, "would no doubt kill any man whom he attacked."

This was followed by various yarns in regard to the strength and ferocity of bloodhounds, and then another passenger put in:

"I'll give any man a dozen good cigars who will go out there and wake that dog up and pat him on the head."

"A dozen cigars!" echoed another. "Why, man, I wouldn't go out there and rouse him up for a $10 bill."

"Humph," sneered a man who sat with his feet on the rail a little ways off, and who had come aboard as we landed.

"Maybe you want to wake up that dog?" hotly remarked the $10 man.

"I think I could."

"You do, eh?"

"I'll bet you $20 I dare fling him into the river!"

"Done! Done quicker than greased lightning!" shouted the other as he felt for his cash, and in a minute or two the money was up.

"Now, then, you are to walk down there, seize him by the collar and fling him into the river!"

"Exactly."

And he walked. Without betraying the least hesitation he went down the plank, marched up to the dog, and taking him by the collar, drew him to the edge and dumped him off. The dog made no resistance and speedily swam around to the bank and trotted off up the street.

We all felt completely flattened out, and after the stakes were given up and the winner had disappeared, I went over to the pilot, whose face wore a broad grin, and asked:

"Did you see it?"

"Yes."

"Didn't the dog have any grit?"

"Heaps of it; but if you had owned him for five years and had played this same game fifty times on greenhorns, he wouldn't bite you, either!"

A PERSONAL item states that "Queen Victoria is passionately fond of baked apples." Now, if it had said "baked beans" Boston would have put on more airs than a brass band and declined to associate with an outside American any lower in the social scale than a champion slugger.

"I'M all wool and a yard wide!" shouted a cow boy, as he gave his sombrero an extra side hitch, and looked around for a foe. "That may be," replied an undaunted female, "but you won't wash."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A LITTLE girl in Rutland, Vt., becoming wearied with the quarreling of two children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of fighting forever over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn."

—Lowest prices. Everything new and fresh, at Garman's.