Wit and Humor.

From "Vanity Fair."

ARTEMAS WARD ON "FORT."

Every man of intelleck has got his Fort.

Danil Webster's Fort was to speecherify in the Hauls of Kongriss & make Dickshunaries.

Shakrpeer rote good plase, but he woodent hev bin wuth a pint of kold Sidar as a stenner graffic Reportir. Wood hi? Hey? He bet 2 dollars he woodent.

Henry Ward Bitcher wood make a good end man for the kork opery minstrels, because he can cackle well.

Old George Washigton's Fort was to maik Sas. syperiller. "Goy to the wurld! anuther life saived" (Cotashin from Townsin's advertisement.)

Cyrus Field's Fort is to lay a sub machine tellergraf under the boundin biller of the Oshun & then hev it Bust.

Spaldin's Fort is to maik Prepard Gloo, which mends everything. Wonder of it will mend a sinner wicked waze. (Improptoo goak.)

Zoary's Fort is to be a femaile circus feller.

My Fort is the grate moral show bisnis & ritin choice famerly literatoor for the noospapers, That's what's the matter with me. &c., &c., &c. So I mite go on to an indefinit extent.

Twict I've endevered to do things which they wasn't my Fort. The fust time was when I undertuck to lick a oudashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent & krawld threw. Sez "my jentle Sir go out or I shall fall onto you putty hevy." Sez he, 'Wade in, Old wax figgurs," whareupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed & knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & flung me into a mud pudle. As I arose & rung out my drencht garments I konkluded fitin wasn't my Fort.

Ile now rise the kurtin upon Seen 2d:—It is rarely seldom that I seek censblashun in the Flowing Bole. But in a serten town in Injianny in the Faul of 18—, my orgin grinder got sick of the fever & died. I never felt so ashamed in my life, & I thawt Ide hist in a few swallers of sunthin strengthenin. Konsequents was I hisied in so much I'dident zackly know where bowts I was. I turned my livin wild beests of Pray loos into the streets & opsot my wax wurks.

I then bet I cood play hoss. So I harnist myself to a Kanal bote, there bein two other hosses hitched on likewise, I behind & another ahead of me. The driver hollered for us to git up & we did. But the hosses bein ouised to sich a arrangement kicked & squealed & raird up. Konsequents was I was kicked vilently in the stummuck & back & presently I fowud myself in the Kanal with the other hosses, kickin & yellin like a tribe of Cusctrorus savajjis.

I was rescood, & as I was bein carrid to the tavern on a grate big hemlock bord, I axed, in a feeble voise, "Boys, playing hoss isn't my Fort."

MORAUL.—Never dont do nothin which it isn't your Fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin in round in the Kanal, figgeratively speakin.

THE ASTONISHED MEDDLER—A TRUE STORY.—What, says Quilp, is more intolerable than an officous intermeddler with other people's affairs? One of the most busy of the tribes was traveling in the cars not long ago, and exercising his talent in a manner at once amusing and mischievous. "Hallo!" cries Mr. Meddler, to a decrepit old gentleman, just as the train was leaving a way station, "Wake up, and step lively! This is the place where you want to get out." The old man had barely time to put his tottering legs on the platform of the depot, when the train was again in motion. "Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Meddler, on returning to his seat which was next the one which the old gentleman had occupied—"Good gracious! the old fellow has gone and left his carpet bag!" So the kindly threw it out of the window. Half an hour later, a young man came in from another car and inquired for a missing carpet bag. "It was on this seat," said the stranger, pointing to the spot where the old gentleman had been sitting. "Good gracious!" again cried Mr. Meddler, "why, I thought that carpet bag belonged to the old fellow who got out a while ago, and so I threw it out of the window after him, 'cause I 'sposed he'd forgot it!" "The deuce you did!" said the stranger, with a scowl, "and how came the old man to leave the train?" "Why," said Mr. Meddler, "I thought I heard him say he was going to Middleport, so when we came to the depot, I told him he was there, and had better get out. That's how it was." "You had better minded your own business," said the young man, rather sharply. "That old gentleman was going to Middlebury, to see a dying son, who will now be dead and buried, probably, before his father can get there. That's *one* of the results of your officious intermeddling with things that don't concern you. And that carpet bag is *my* carpet bag, and has got my wedding suit in it. I was to have been married to-night, if it hadn't been for *you*. You've damaged a funeral, and spoiled a wedding with your confounded nonsense!" And so he had, sure enough.—*Boston Post.*

ABERNETHY once said to a rich but dirty patient, who consulted him about an eruption, "Let your servant bring to you three or four pails of water, and put it into a wash tub; take off your clothes, get into it, and rub yourself well with soap and a rough towel, and you'll recover."

"This advice seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient.

"Well," said Abernethy, "it may be open to such a construction."

A YOUNG lady, in reply to her father's question why she did not wear rings upon her fingers, said:—

"Because, papa, they hurt me when anybody squeezes my hand."

"What business have you to have your hand squeezed?"

"Certainly none, but still you know, papa, one would like to keep in squeezable order."

An old farmer was in the habit, every night, of counting his live stock, to see if any had gone astray. He called to his son:

"John, have you counted the hogs?"

"Yez, sir."

"And the turkeys, cows and sheep?"

"Yez, sir."

"Well, then, John, go wake up the old hen and count her, and then go to bed."

A gentleman named Duulop, being present at a party where one of the company had made several puns on the names of the persons present, remarked that he h d never heard his name punned upon, and didn't believe it could be done. "There is nothing in the world more easy, sir," replied the punster. "Just *lop off* half the name, and it is *Dun*."

A MODEL TENANT.—"Jimmey, get some kindling wood, and be making a fire."

"Plaze, sir, I can't. Mister O'Brien used the last banister yesterday."

"The bannisters gone! Then go on the roof, and try the vartue o' thim shingles."

In a week afterwards Mr. Murphy wants a reducashio o' rint. Kase, why, the roof leaks!'

'I suppose, Jim, that were I to jump into the water here, I should find it over my head and ears.' 'Probably over your head, Frank, but not your *ears*.'

SHERIFF'S SALES.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Venditioni Exponas* and *Levari Facias*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Schuylkill County and to me directed, there will be exposed to sale by public vendue or outcry, on

Saturday, December 8th, 1860,

at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, at the COURT HOUSE, in the Borough of Pottsville, Schuylkill County, the following described Real Estate, to wit:

All those certain lots or pieces of ground, situate on the northwardly side of West Railroad street, lately in the township of Norwegian, now in the Borough of Pottsville, County of Schuylkill, Penna., being the lots Nos. 174 and 190 on the map and plan of the Norwegian addition to Pottsville, each of said lots containing in front or breadth on West Railroad street 65 feet, and in length or depth 230 feet to Williams street. The said lot No. 174 is bounded eastwardly by lot No. 177 on said map or plan now or late the property of Charles Reed, northwardly by Wallace street, westwardly by lot marked No. 173, southwardly by West Railroad street; the said lot No. 180 is bounded eastwardly by lot No. 179 on said map or plan, southwardly by Wallace street, westwardly by lot No. 181 on said map or plan, conveyed to Peter Ratchford and southwardly by West Railroad street; with the appurtenances—as the property of ELIJAH HAMMER.

Also, All that certain lot or piece of ground, situate on the corner of Norwegian and George streets, in the Borough of Pottsville, County of Schuylkill and State of Penna., and marked and numbered in the Greenwood addition to Pottsville with number 5, bounded in front by said Norwegian street, by the same by other lots of Samuel Reed, Evan Thomas and Thomas Biddle, the said lands of Thos. James W. Ryan and others, westwardly by lot numbered 5 B. Bannan and others, westwardly by lot number five, and eastwardly by George street, and is in depth or length on the westwardly side about 190 feet and on the eastwardly side about 200 feet, with the appurtenances, consisting of a 2 story brick dwelling house, with stone basement and a 2 story brick back building attached—as the property of RICHARD D. SHONEKLL.

Also, All that certain farm or tract of land, situate in the township of East Brunswick, Schuylkill County, bounded by lands of Jeremiah Leibinger and Jacob Oldhouse, and marked and numbered in the Greenwood addition to Pottsville with number 6, bounded in front by said Norwegian street, by the same by other lots of Evan Thomas, James W. Ryan