

Witt and Son.

ARTHUR WARD AS AN EDITOR.
In the Orton of 15—my friend, the editor of the *Mandolinist's Bugle*, was obliged to leave professional duties & go to a big city after, and asked me to edit his doorsteps, and his absence. Accordingly I girded up my shorts & said, "It don't take me a minute to slash-cut copy enough from the exchanges for 1, iso, and I thwarr'd I'd ride up to the next town on a little jaunt, and my brain which had bin never bent by my mental efforts." (This writer, ironical!) So I did, and the Rale office, and the Superintendent for a para.

"You a editor?" he asked, evidently on the point of a snicker.

"Yes, Sir," said I, "don't I look poor?"

"Just about," said he, "but our Rale can't prove it."

"Can't, hay?"

"No sir—it can't."

"Because," said I, looking him full in the face with a tight smile, "it goes so darned well, you know, anybody?" Me thinks I had him there. It's the slowest Rale Rode in the West. With a mortified air he tried to get out of his office. I patted him and went.

Petitions to be presented to the Legislature of any State that is nearly out of business:

From a hump-backed husband—Praying that a hill might be passed to restrain his wife from the use of more than six bonnets in one season.

From a jealous husband—Praying that it might be made felonious for a bachelor to ask a married lady to dance.

From a fidgety husband—For an act to declare the wearing of parrot and lap-dog caps.

From a distracted husband—To make marriages compulsory at a certain age—to extend to both sexes.

From a young lady—Inquiring again the length in which moustaches have grown.

From two young ladies—Two unshapely country ladies visited Niblo's in New York, during the ballet season. When the short-skirted, gosamer-clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless and fretful. Finally, one of them, who was a member of a society of ladies, said to the other, "I don't like it." "Well, Mary?" "It's not nice, I don't like it." "Well, Mary?" "It's not nice, I don't like it." "Well, Mary?" "It's not nice, I don't like it." "Well, Mary?" "It's not nice, I don't like it." "Well, Mary?" "It's not nice, I don't like it." "Well, Mary?" "It's not nice, I don't like it." "Well, Mary?" "It's not nice, I don't like it."

Surely—What's the matter with you?

But we exempt—Wreak back, sit very weak back, you mean.

—We, yes, we, weak knees—very weak knees, can't march.

—So, Yes, I'll give you a certificate—(writes)

"Upon honor, I hereby certify that he is a good hearted man who shrinks from doing his duty."

He will be put in the front rank when he can't run away.

—(Handing the surgeon a quarter.)

"The house don't keep?"

"Recruiting is he? That's good! Where's he recruiting?"

"Up in the White Mountains, sir, recruiting his health."

"Ah! he's sick, is he?" What's the matter?

"A Good Jox!"—Now remember, said an officer to an Irish soldier, when the Colonel asks you what battery you're in, tell him that we don't have one."

"No, sir, we won't," said Pat.

The Colonel met him a day or two afterwards and asked him what the Captain told him to say when Pat stepped up to the Colonel and without saying a word, gave him a black eye.

"What do you mean?" shouted the Colonel, in no good humor, or being struck by an Irish soldier.

Faith an' the Captain told me to bather ye, if ye'll ax me?"

The Colonel, of course, took the joke.

The landlord laughed heartily, and brought his private bottle.

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The Boston Courier is the father of the following:

"Where is your master to-day?"

"Oh, he's off, sir," said Pat.

"Recruiting is he? That's good! Where's he recruiting?"

"Up in the White Mountains, sir, recruiting his health."

"Ah! he's sick, is he?" What's the matter?

"He took cold on account of the draft."

"That's bad! Then he won't go to the war!"

"Oh, no, sir, he's too 'Wide Awake!'"

"Enough!—A Frenchman was held when he was severely beaten by a bravo soldier who held his rifle over his head, and when he fell, he fell heavily on his head. The unfortunate fellow kept calling out, "My hat! My hat!" until "Hurrah! I say hurrah!" but a man who was passing saw his predicament, and told him to cry "enough!"

"Enough! enough!—But he can't do worse."

"I think he's got up, when the Frenchman rubbed his hands with delight, and cried,

"Enough! by gosh, 'tis very much good for little fellow to remember!"

Montgomery vs. PLUMMER.—A Western paper has the following atrocious advertisement:—"To RENT—A house on Melville Street, located immediately back of a fine place, for which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the season. Rent low and the greater part taken in plums."

A young old Justice, down South, bought him a new shiny coat, and when it commenced to rain, put it under his coat. When asked why he did not keep his hat on his head, he replied:

"De hab's mine—bought him with my own money; head belongs to mass; let him take his own property!"

Paddy was summoned to court for refusing to pay a doctor's bill.

"Why did you refuse to pay?"

"Paddy—What else could I do? Sure, didn't I owe him anything but some emetics?"

and the devil a one could I keep on my stomach!"

A London lawyer, who gives the following as the prayer, taught to the children of the Scarborough wrecker, in England, in old times: God bless daddy, God bless mammy, God send a ship ashore before morning! Amen!

A wry dentist having labored in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with the felicitous apothecary: "The fact is, madam, it seems impossible for anything bad to come out of your mouth."

Lower Pauper.—A merchant in Burlington having sunk his shop floor a few feet, announces that, "in consequence of recent improvements, goods will be sold much lower than formerly."

A man having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, said: "This is the first time that I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

"Boy, why don't you go to school?"

"Cause, sir, daddy, is scared that if I learns everything now, I shan't have anything to earn when I come to go to the 'cademy."

Woms should be seconded by action: it isn't enough for a housewife to stock a stocking with a hole in it, "you be damed!"

An earnest schoolmaster advertises that he will teach a Sunday school twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Was the circulation of the blood sometimes suspended? Because it attempted to excrete in vain.

IRON WORKS.

PINE GROVE IRON WORKS.
PIKE COUNTY, PA.—MANUFACTURERS OF
IRON, STEEL, AND MACHINERY.

BOILERS AND STACKS.
The subscriber is prepared to ex-

ecute orders for the above articles, at

Coal Creek, 20 miles from Pine Grove, Pennsylvania. 20 feet boilers always on hand.

COAL AND OTHER SHOVELS.
The best made and workmanship. Liquid prop-

elled, and ready to be used in a MANUFACTURE of coal.

JABEZ SPARKS.
Price \$45 per 2000 lbs., (2 1/4 cwt.

per lb.)

PALE ALTO ROLLING MILL.

The subscribers are constantly han-

dling 1000 tons of iron, 2000 of steel,

and 1000 of copper.

THE SAME IN QUALITY.

And intended to be sold in a MANUFACTURE of coal.

PRICE \$45 per 2000 lbs., (2 1/4 cwt.

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FOUNDRY & ROLLING MILL.

The subscribers are constantly han-

dling 1000 tons of iron, 2000 of steel,

and 1000 of copper.

FEET FERTILIZER.

By the introduction of new and improved machinery in our works, we have entirely discontinued

the use of lime, and the cost of making

lime has been reduced.

We are confident of maintaining the

best quality of lime.

JOHN BURSH & CO.

June 20, 1861.

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