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Bob Wadden's Horse Trade

'Not that I recollect,' I replied.

Well, Bob was an amazin' hand at trillin' horses, and generally came out ahead. I never knew him really girdled an

'How was that Uncle Mike?'
'Why, you see, Bob had been gettin' a gray horse in some of his dealings, that was about as nice to look at as ever put his nose through the rack sticks, he was a human lookin' horse, and nothin' shorter than me. He was always lookin' arter, stars, and carried his tail like the national flag on the 4th of July; but he wouldn't stop when I was above it, he'd almost stop when I

'Now, then,' says Bob, 'some individuals bound to be picked up.'

... wanted fixen,' he sent him to the blacksmith's harnessed up his t'other horse hitched them to a wagon load of stone drove down to Sam Hewitt's, stopped before his door, took out the near horse and harnessed up the gray in his place, went in, took a drink and waited around till some fellow should come along who wanted to speculate. He hadn't waited long when he seen some feller comin' down the

like a creation, his horse under full run while he was sawin' the bits an' collarin' wo, wo! with all his might an' main. He managed to stop him after a little by Sam Hewitt's and turning him around he came up a clappin' his hands.

'He's never ready to stop,' says he, 'the horse ain't, and though he's the best horse ever owned, yet I'm determined to get rid of him.'

"Well, just then, out comes Bob, mounted his wagon, just as if he was going to drive off, when, says he, Hallo, stranger, perhaps you'd like to deal with me for a steady one?"

"Well," says Bob, after a few words with me, "there's my gray—here's your sorrow what's your proposition?"

'Now you are talking,' said the stranger, examining the gray as he stood hitched to the load of stone; 'I'll give you sorrel and the best forty-dollar cloak in my wagon for the gray.'

Neither of them asked t'other question, because neither of them wanted to answer any. The horses were exchanged, Bob got his cloak, and the stranger got into

upon, took up his lines, and bidden "good bye, was about to start, when grout a stop to it and wouldn't budge a ha-
in vain did the stranger whip and coax
not an inch could be got. There sat B
laughing in his sleeves, about the

...the stranger say, however but after he had
got quite tired, and had given up trying
any more, he came and sat down on a

horse block. Bob thought he might well be going; so picking up the ribbon he goes along says he. The sorrel turned head and looked back at him, as much to say, don't you wish I would? but did

'Well, I reckon it's my turn to laud you now,' said the stranger; 'I suppose you will give me a ride, won't you?'

Then he laughed again, and when he came away, they were playin' a game

see who should take 'em both.

POOR A Scotch parson, in the Rutlandshire, said in his prayer, "Laird bless the Grand Council, the Parliament, and the

"In this it is the prayer of all good people," "Friends," replied the minister.

"I don't mean as that fellow mean
any prayer is that they may all hang
together in concord and accord," "It
matter what cord," replied the other, "
that is don't break."

It is a popular delusion that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket:—assists to get off.

— These are said to be tight fin
yet one would think they are loo
enough, since there is a *license* for eve
thing.

The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others but hides us from ourselves.

Rare subdues vicious horses and
subjugates the vicious.

“Out of darkness cometh light as the printer’s devil add when his loud
 voice is heard.”

FOR WHAT YOU ARE. TILLY
 (SINGING) "WOULD BECOMING BETTER &
 BETTER."