

Humorous.

Patsy's Goat.

When Mr. Terrence McFadden, of Honesdale, Pa., died, his widow made a raffle of her household goods. Out of all the collection, Patsy Conley drew a three weeks-old billy-goat. Patsy saw nothing extraordinary in the goat at first, but when—before it had been a member of his family two days—it butted the baby down cellar, ate up the week's wash that was spread on the grass and climbed to the top of a fifteen-foot board pile when Mrs. Conley came out at it with the clothes pounder, and looked calmly down at her as it chewed the last ruffle on a nightgown. Patsy set his heart on the kid and took it under his special protection. He named it Beelzebub.

As Beelzebub increased in size and age, he made it extremely lively for the Conley neighborhood. He was always ready for a fight, and would eat anything that he came across. He would go a mile out of his way to lunch off a door mat, and it would never do to hang a carpet out. He especially delighted in butting school children over in the street, and eating their lunches, books, and satchels.

Finally the people got out of humor with Beelzebub, and they told Patsy he had better keep him in. So he tied a long rope to one of the goat's legs, and fastened him to a post. But Beelzebub quietly butted the post down, and then deliberately proceeded to take in the rope. He swallowed it up to his leg, and was beginning on that when Patsy discovered him, and cut the rope.

Mr. Conley was obliged to give Beelzebub a holiday now and then. On one of these, last summer, he wandered down by the river side. Two boys were in swimming, and Belzy recognized in one of them a boy who had a few days before fed him a pack of lighted fire crackers. The goat walked leisurely up to the spot where the boy's clothes lay, and ate up a pair of pants and two shirts. Every time the boys made as if they were coming out at him he put himself in the shape of a buck deer sign, and they went back. He kept the boys in the water three hours.

On another of his holidays, a few days ago, Beelzebub acquired an accomplishment which for a time gave the most unmitigated pleasure to his master. Laborers were engaged in enlarging a cut on a railroad a mile down the track. The goat, hearing the noise of the blasts, went to see if there was anything in the job for him. Some of the men lived a long distance away, and carried their dinner with them. The bright tin lunch pails standing here and there along the track struck the eye of Belzy. He smelt of one, pranced about it awhile, and at last with one grand butt, sent it flying down the track, scattering its contents along the route, and giving it the appearance of a flattened oyster can.

The result of this so delighted Beelzebub that he forsook all other pleasures, and laid in ambush about the cut, watching for dinner pails. Patsy became aware of his amiable pet's new diversion, and daily bore him company to the spot to enjoy the fun. By and by the men took to hiding their pails, and Beelzebub grew morose and low-spirited. One day last week Patsy and his pet walked down to the cut, and Beelzebub seemed more than usually sad. He hadn't seen a dinner pail in some days. Suddenly, as they neared the cut, Belzy became strangely elated. Ahead of them, near the track, stood a pail. It was a beauty, and had been placed on a stone, affording a splendid mark for the goat. Patsy rolled on the ground, he felt so good. Belzy fairly gloated over the prospect. He stood within a few paces of the pail. He reared up on his hind legs and pranced about in a perfect frenzy of joy. He shook his head, and made several feints of bearing down on the pail, as if reveling in a while in sweet expectancy. Presently Belzy waltzed back a little further. He threw his head down, and with a bl-a-a-t that expressed all the unadulterated cussedness of his nature, went for that pail as if he had been shot out of a cannon. He struck it like a battering ram. There was a sound of a thunder clap, and by the pieces of goat, rock and earth that fell thickly about, Patsy knew that Beelzebub had been deceived, and would never, never butt dinner pails more. Belzy had butted a can of nitro-glycerine.

Sir Isaac Newton's Imitator.

Old Keyser found Cooley's boy, the other day, standing in a very suspicious position under his best apple tree, with a stick in his hand, and a certain bulgy appearance about his pocket. Having secured him firmly by the collar, Keyser shook him up a bit and then asked him sternly what he was doing there.

"Ain't a doin' nothin'," said Cooley; "I come over yer to study."

"That's entirely too thin," exclaimed Keyser.

"Yes, I did. I come over yer to study about Sir Isaac."

"Sir Isaac! What in thunder do you mean, anyhow?"

"Why, Sir Isaac Newton. We had it in our lesson. He was in an apple orchard and seen an apple fall, and that made him invent the traction of gravitation, and I come over yer to see if it was so."

"It won't do sonny," said Keyser. "You are too enthusiastic about Sir Isaac. And besides, what were you going to do with that stick?"

"With this stick? This yer stick? What was I goin' to do with this stick? Why, a boy gave me this stick to hold

it in while he went on an errand for his aunt."

"And where did the apple-cora come from there on the ground?"

"That apple-cora—that one lying there? The birds is awful on apples this season. I seen a blackbird drop that there and I says to myself, 'Them birds are just ruinin' Mr. Keyser's apples, and won't Mr. Keyser be awful mad when—'

"What makes your pockets bulge out that way?"

"Mother made them pants, and they never did set right. Oh, that bulgin' place! Well, as I couldn't find out much about Sir Isaac here, I was just takin' two or three apples home to see if I could discover somethin', and asked father to help me—Mr. Keyser, what are you going to do?"

"I'll never take another apple as long as I live—'pon my word I won't!"

Then Keyser flogged him, and Mr. Cooley's boy has knocked off on Sir Isaac Newton and natural philosophy, and is devoting himself to other branches of knowledge.

Zeb Crummet's Cruise.

[Respectfully dedicated to the "man who won't pay the printer."]

May your eggs be rotten for breakfast, your bread mouldy for dinner, and you go supperless to bed.

May the bed-bugs pull the comforters over your head on hot nights, and walk off with every rag of bed clothes in the winter.

May your wife be cross, your servant girl prudish, and your neighbor's fences high.

May your dreams be varied between the embraces of crocodiles and the acting back stop to the hind end of a mule.

May you have steel filings in your eyes and be obliged to use chestnut burs for eye stones.

May you lie speechless and be obliged to shout for "cocktail."

May the ghosts of starving editors and printer's devils, gaunt, lean and hungry, haunt you constantly.

May your boots squeak, and run down at the heel and pinch your corns terribly.

May your horse be balky, your cow give sour milk, your chickens get lousy, and your pigs die of the surry.

May your creditors never let up on you, your friends be sent to an insane asylum, and your enemy prosper.

May your wife go away with a circus, your business go to ruin, and you go to— the devil.

A Model Student.

The Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, though a very clever man, once met with his match. When examining a student as to the classes he had attended, he said:

"And you attended the class for mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"What are they?"

"An inside and an outside!"

The doctor next inquired, "And you attended the moral philosophy class also?"

"Yes."

"Well you would hear lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"

"Yes."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes."

"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a wheelbarrow."

The doctor then sat down and proposed no more questions.

Securing a Situation.

"I observe by the records that your name is Henry Clay Greenlaw," remarked His Honor, as a very tall and very slim colored citizen was pushed in.

"De same, sah."

"It is the solemn duty of every colored mother in the land to name her sons after Henry Clay and her daughters after Martha Washington. If you had been named after a Chicago alderman I should have disposed of your case in ten seconds."

"Yes, sah."

"Now then, Henry Clay and so forth, you were found drunk on a pier, and it piers to me from your general look that you are not entirely sober yet."

"Ize from de Souf, sah, looking for a place in some hotel."

"This court knows no East, no West, no North or South, Henry Clay. You were found doubled up over a barrel, sick, discouraged and weary hearted, and on the way up here you tried to bite the officer."

"What I wants is to get a place as waiter," put in the prisoner.

"This court is supposed to be an officer of intelligence, but not an intelligence officer. Nevertheless, I think I can secure you such a place. I'll put you where you'll wait long time before you find a chance to get inebriated again."

"Yes, sah—bleeged sah."

"No thanks, Henry Clay. I'm going to send you to the Island. I feel kindly towards you, and as I don't want you to shiver around the streets and fall into bad company I will send you over to my boarding house until the summer blossoms make the birds warble little poems of joyful praise."

"Yes, sah. What's de wages, sah?"

"You can settle that over there. They have recently cut down on salaries, and you must not expect too much."

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