

## Humorous.

## Under the Umbrella.

The wind was damp with coming wet,  
When Frank and blue-eyed Lizzie met;  
He held a gingham o'er his head,  
And to the maiden thus he said:  
"Oh, lovely girl, my heart's afire  
With love's unquenchable desire.  
Say, dearest one, wilt thou be mine,  
And join me in the grocery line?"  
The maiden in accents sweet replied:  
"Jim, hold the umbrella more my side;  
My brain new bonnet's getting wet—  
I'll marry yer, yer needn't fret."

## Didn't Cut His Name.

A boy in St. Louis was recently presented with a jack-knife, with which, boy-like, he cut and marked everything that came in his way, from the dining-room table to the cat's tail. A few days after he had become the happy possessor of the knife his father was startled by seeing two men bringing home the young hopeful in a very dilapidated condition. His face seemed to be cut and bruised and covered with blood. The father, of course, was very much alarmed, and enquired of the boy who had hit him.

"Nobody didn't hit me," he answered, between his sobs, "it was only a mule kicked me in the eye."  
"A mule kicked you in the eye, eh?" echoed the father. "Haven't I told you a thousand times or more that mules and gunpowder were not fit things for boys to fool with? What were you doing to the mule?"

"I wasn't foolin' with him at all," said the boy, "I was only tryin' to cut my name on his back."

## A Domestic Annoyance.

Yesterday when a Cass avenue woman handed her flat-irons over the fence to her neighbor she looked so cross that the other woman asked:

"What's the matter—are you sick?"

"No—I'm mad!"

"Heard bad news?"

"No; the news is good enough, but there's my boy Henry."

"Yes."

"I got it ready to whip him this morning, and two ladies called. After they had gone I got his coat off again when the gas-meter man came in and I had to stop and have a jaw. Before I got hold of Henry again his father came home and told me not to whip him at all. You don't know how annoyed I feel!"

## An Easy Question to Answer.

One of our citizens is blessed, or otherwise, with a very stubborn wife. In his case he finds that when a "woman will, she will, you may depend on't and when she won't she won't and that's an end on't. This peculiarity of disposition in his wife is no secret among his associates, and one of them meeting him the other day asked:

"W—, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey!" echoed W—, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

"That's not bad. Ha, ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home."

"Mrs. W—," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up, but she didn't, she looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered:

"I suppose because you was born so."

W— has abjured the habit of putting conclusions to his wife.

## Health Before Everything.

A farmer was yesterday walking around the Central Market trying to find some chap willing to go into the country and do a little work for good pay, when a colored man accosted him, saying:

"Boss, does you want some one to husk your corn?"

"Yes; I have been looking all the morning for some one."

"What's the pay?"

"I'll give one dollar a day."

"And board?"

"Yes."

"And chicken and puddin' for dinner?"

"Y—yes."

"And havin' cigars to smoke?"

"I—I guess so," stammered the farmer.

"An' a coal stove right close aroun' dar whar the corn is?"

"No; I never heard of a stove in a corn field."

"Well, if dar's no stove out dar, you can't coax dis chile along! Ize got to take keer of my health, even if dere isn't a bushel of corn raised in this country."

## Halfway Honest.

The other day a crowd in attendance at a horse sale in Detroit were greatly astonished to hear an auctioneer say:

"Gentlemen I can't lie about the horse—he is blind in one eye."

The horse was soon knocked down to a citizen who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty, and after paying for the horse he said:

"You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind of one eye. Is there any other defect?"

"Yes, sir, there is. He is also blind in the other eye!" was the prompt reply.

"Dialogue on Court street." "Kate, I understand you have accepted a situation as governess. Rather than that I would marry a widower with six children." "Yes, Sophie, so would I, but where is the widower?"

## The Story of the Flood.

We had another little excitement in our church a few Sundays ago. Mrs. McIntosh is remarkable for her singular absence of mind.

Dr. Potts, the preacher, was reading from the Scriptures the story of the deluge, and when he came to the story of how it rained so many days and nights, Mrs. McIntosh became so deeply absorbed in the narrative, and so strongly impressed with it, that she involuntarily raised her umbrella and held it over her head as she sat in the pew.

Mrs. Butterwick, who sits in the next pew in front, always brings her dog to meeting with her, and when Mrs. McIntosh suddenly raised her umbrella, the action affected the sensibilities of Mrs. Butterwick's dog in such a manner that he began to bark furiously.

Then the sexton came in and tried to remove the animal, but it dodged into a vacant pew on the other side of the aisle and defied him, barking all the time most vociferously. Then the sexton became indignant and flung a hymn book at the dog; whereupon the dog flew out and bit him upon the leg. The hubbub in the church was by this time, of course, something simply dreadful. Not only was the story of the deluge simply interrupted, but the boys in the gallery actually sicked the dog at the sexton, and seemed to enjoy the contest exceedingly.

Then Deacon Jones came after the dog with his walking-stick; whereupon the animal actually dashed toward the pulpit and ran up the steps in such a fierce manner that Dr. Potts all at once mounted on the chair to get out of the way of the beast, and said if this disgraceful scene did not soon come to an end he should dismiss the congregation. Then Deacon Jones crept up the steps, and after a short struggle seized the dog by the hind leg and walked down the aisle with him, the dog, meanwhile yelping with supernatural energy.

Mrs. McIntosh turned round to watch the retreating Deacon, and as she did so she permitted her umbrella to drop over, so that the end of one of the ribs caught in Mrs. Butterwick's bonnet. A minute later when she straightened up her umbrella, the bonnet was wrenched off, and hung dangling from her umbrella. Mrs. Butterwick had become exceedingly warm over the onslaught made against her dog, but when Mrs. McIntosh removed her bonnet she fairly boiled over, and turning round, white with rage, she screamed:

"What'd you grab that bonnet for, you green-eyed catamount? Hain't you made enough fuss in this yer tabernacle to-day, skeering a poor innocent little dog, without snatchin' off such bonnets as the likes of you can't afford to wear, no matter how crazy you are, you red-headed lunatic, you! You let my bonnet alone or I'll warm you with this parasol, if it is in meeting, now mind me."

Then Mrs. McIntosh seemed to realize that her umbrella made her conspicuous, so she furl-ed it and concluded to go home. As she stepped into the aisle, Mrs. Butterwick gave her this parting salute:

"Sneakin' off before the collection, too.—You'd better spend less for breastpins and give more to the poor-heathen, if you don't want to catch it hereafter."

Then she began to fan herself furiously, and as things became calmer, Dr. Potts resumed the story of the flood. Mrs. McIntosh has moved into a back pew, and because the deacon requested Mrs. Butterwick to leave her dog at home, she has succeeded from the Presbyterians and she now declares that the Lutheran faith is the only religion for her.—*Max Alder.*

## Giving Advice to a Fireman.

The Danbury News says: They were taking the truck from the hook and ladder house yesterday. An elderly party was observing the operation so intently that a bystander was led to observe:

"Did you ever belong to a fire company?"

"No, sir ee," was the emphatic reply. "I can't see any fun in a fireman's life. But I once did." "I was living in New York then, and was a pretty good-sized boy. I didn't belong to any company but I felt an interest in them all. The last fire I went to was in a four story building. I was excited by the cries and noise and flames, and when I saw that one of the pipemen was throwing a stream where he ought not to, I kindly directed the foreman's attention to the fact." Here the narrator paused and sighed.

"And what did he say?" asked the interested listener.

"He didn't say anything."

"He didn't like it, did he?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but as he knocked me off the walk with his trumpet, and stamped on me in the street, I have always believed that he took some offence at my advice. Still he said nothing to that effect," and the elderly party sighed again.

## Had a Question.

In one of the Detroit schools, recently a teacher departed for half an hour from the usual programme and asked her scholars such questions as might interest them. After she had asked "What causes rain?" "Who invented the locomotives?" and so forth, and helped to explain them, she said:

"Now, children, any of you who so desire can ask me questions."

No one seemed to think of anything except a reckless-faced boy about fourteen years old. He raised his hand, and the teacher said:

"Well, Robert, have you a question?"

"Yes, mum, I'd like to know what they mean when they say to a feller: 'Oh, pull down your vest!'"

The teacher had to admit that she was behind the age.

Across the walnut and the wine, Engaging child: "Oh Mr. Jenkins! do let me see you drink!" Mr. Jenkins: "See me drink! What for my child?" Engaging child: "Oh! Mamma says you drink like a fish!"

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Large stock of fine cassimeres, cloths and beavers. Measures taken, good fitting and workmanship guaranteed. Prices fully 20 per cent. less than out of town. Call and leave your measure at G. R. & Co's.

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Gents furnishing goods. White and colored cotton shirts, Wool and Merino Wrappers and Drawers, Flannel and merino Hose, Knit Jackets, Comforters, Ties, Bows, Mufflers, Gloves, Trunks, Satchels, &c. &c. the largest variety in town, at G. R. & Co's.

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Filling his large "temporary" on the National Hotel grounds. We shall remain here until our new

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Our stock is new and bought with care. We will, as heretofore, offer the largest assortment and best bargains in the county.

Butter and Produce shipped. Highest price and prompt returns guaranteed. Money advanced when desired.

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Montrose, Pa., Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1875.—no5—1f.

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which they are selling at from 15 to 20 per cent. less than heretofore. A full assortment of

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Parlor Sets, from \$50 upward. Chamber Sets from \$40 upward. Mattresses from \$4 upward. Pure Wash Mattresses from \$10 to \$15. Oak, Ash and Walnut Extension Tables from \$5 to \$15.

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