

Humorous.

JOHN JENKINS' SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid o' givin';
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use o' livin'?"
And that's what I say to wife, says I,
There's Brown, the miserable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.
I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
Just who was bit by the sermon.
Of course there could be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin';
For Peters and Johnson they sat and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds o' cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of a man that gives
The Lord, Amen, at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and over-reachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow;
But I noticed that he didn't open his mouth
Not once, after that to holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Givin' some more of this open talk,
It's very refreshin' diet.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the feller
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As sort o' moral umbrells.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers;
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit to others."

My wife she nudged and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin',
And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a-billin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gittin' a little too bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out, that I
Ain't that kind of a critter.

WHAT SMITH'S BOY SAID.

BY MAX ADELER.

A family by the name of Smith has recently moved to Germantown, and Mr. Brown's boy, on Saturday, leaned over the fence and gave to our reporter his impressions of Smith's boy, a lad of about fourteen summers:

"Yes, me and him are right acquainted now. He knows more'n I do, and he's had more experience. Bill says his father used to be a robber (Smith, by the way, is a deacon in the Presbyterian Church, and a very excellent lawyer, and he has \$10,000,000 in gold buried in the cellar, along with a whole lot of human bones, people he's killed. And he says that his father is a conjurer, and that he makes all the earthquakes that happen anywhere in the world.—He'll come home at night, after there's been an earthquake, all covered with sweat and so tired he kin hardly stand; Bill says it's such hard work."

"And Bill told me that once when a man came around trying to sell lightning-rods, his father got mad and et him, et him right up, and he takes a bite out of everybody he comes across."

"That's what Bill tells me. That's all I know about it. And he told me that once he used to have a dog, one of those little kind of dogs, and he was flyin' his kite, and just for fun he tied the kite-string onto his tail. And then the wind struck her and the dog went boom! down the street, with him legs in the air for about a mile, when the kite all of a sudden began to go up, and in about fifteen minutes the dog was fifteen miles high, and commanding a view of California, Egypt and Oshkosh, I think Bill said. He came down anyhow, I know, in Brazil, and Bill said he swam home all the way in the Atlantic ocean, and when he landed his legs were all nibbled off by sharks."

"I wish father'd buy me a dog, so's I could send him up that way. But I never have no luck."

"Bill said that where they used to live he went out on the roof one day to fly his kite, and he sat on the top of the chimney to give her plenty of room, and while he was sitting there thinking about nothin', the old man put a keg of powder down below in the fire-place to clean the soot out of the chimney. And when he touched her off Bill was blown over again the Baptist church steeple, and he landed on the weather-cock with his pants torn, and they couldn't get him down for three days, so he hung there, going round and round with the wind, and he lived by eating the crows that came and sat on him, because they thought he was made of sheet iron and put up there on purpose."

"He's had more fun than enough. He was telling me about a saw-gro-euffer his brother invented. It was a kinder machine that worked with a treadle; and Bill said the way they did in the fall was to fix it on the hog's back, and then the hog'd work the treadle and keep on jumpin' it up and down, until the machine cut the hog up fine and shoved the meat into the skins. Bill said his brother called it 'Every-thing his own stuffer,' and it worked splendid. But I do know, 'Pears to me if there couldn't be no machine like that. But anyway Bill said so."

"And he told me about an uncle of his in Australia who was et by a big oyster once, and when he got home he was et by a big oyster. Then he split the shell open and took one half for a dose, and he sailed along until he met a sea serpent, and he killed it and drew out of its skin, and when he got home he sold it to an engine company for a hose, for \$40,000, to put out fires with. Bill said that was actually so, because he could show me a man

who used to belong to the company.

"I wish father'd let me go and get a sea serpent like that; but he don't let me have no chance to distinguish myself."

"Bill was saying only yesterday that the Indians caught him once and drove eleven railroad spikes through his stomach, and cut off his scalp, and it never hurt him a bit. He said he got away by the daughter of a chief sneaking him out of the wigwam and lending him a horse."

"Bill says she was in love with him, and when I asked him to let me see the holes where they drove in them spikes, he said he doesn't take off his clothes or he'd bleed to death. He said his own father didn't know it, because Bill was afraid it might worry the old man."

"And Bill told me they wasn't going to get him to go Sunday-school. He says his father has a brass idol that he keeps in the garret, and Bill says he has made up his mind to be a pagan, and to begin to go naked, and carry a tomahawk and a bow and arrow as soon as the warm weather comes. And to prove it to me he says his father has this town all underlaid with nitro-glycerine, and as soon as he gets ready he's going to blow the old thing out, and bust her up, let her rip and demolish her. He said he'd do it the same, and told me not to tell anybody, but I thought they'd be no harm in mentioning it to you."

"And now I believe I must be going. I hear Bill a whistling. Maybe he's got something else to tell me."

The Smith boy, we think, will be profitable to the youth of this community.

THE MAN THAT WILL MAKE A SPEECH.

A man wearing passably good clothes and a look of mental anxiety, entered a produce house on Woodward street yesterday noon, and finding only a clerk in possession, asked:

"Say, are you pretty well posted on big words?"

"I know quite a large number of big words," replied the clerk as he finished footing up a column of figures.

"Well, then, here's the situation. I live out here a piece and am something of a big gun around home. When anything is going on they call me out for a speech. I made one on election day, another that night, and another next morning, and now I'm laying the sleepers for a speech to eclipse 'em all."

"What sort of a speech?" inquired the clerk. "Political, of course. My other speeches were political, but were very plain. This time I want to get in some old socks—a few regular old twisters. For one thing I thought I would declare this country in a state of—what do you call it?"

"Peace?"

"No, sir; I mean confusion, excitement, and so on. There's a word to signify it, but I can't speak it."

"Anarchy?" suggested the clerk.

"No—no. It's archaic, or something of the kind."

"I guess you mean anarchy, don't you?"

"I do—I do! Bless me if I hadn't been trying for a whole hour to get that word! That's the very thing. When called out I want to lead off with: 'Fellow citizens, the tyrant has shown his hand, and anarchy reigns supreme. I guess that will knock 'em.'"

"You don't mean anarchy—you mean anarchy?" protested the clerk.

"That's what I mean, of course, but every time I think of anarchy I get it anarchy, and I don't know but I'll have to give up the speech."

"Write it down."

The man took up the pen, scratched his nose reflectively, and wrote, "A-r-k-a-n-y." Holding up the paper he waved his hand and began:

"Peace has fled and anarchy reigns in the land."

"I told you it was anarchy," called out the clerk.

"That's so—that's so. This suspense is telling on my memory like a fit of sickness. Now then, a-n-a-r-k-y, anarchy, and don't you forget it. You need not say anything about my calling in here."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the clerk.

"Oxg seven eighths of the best speakers in town, come to me for big words."

He halted at the door to examine the slip of paper and after repeating the right word over several times he went on:

"A state of anarchy is upon us, and where will it end?"

He seemed satisfied with that until he reached Woodward avenue. At that point he appeared to become inspired again, and said:

"Anarchy! Anarchy! and where will it end?"—Detroit Free Press.

UNPATENTED BUT EFFICIENT.

A roving agent stopped at Si's house on Friday.

"Sir, I am introducing to the citizens a new and excellent patent fire kindler."

He sat down a tin bucket and pulled out one of his turpentine swabs.

"Who, der yer call dat?" asked old Si.

"This air, is my patent fire kindler, which largely facilitates the operation of—"

"An' yer wants ter sell me one ob dem fir things?"

"Yes, sir, I should like to."

"I'm bleeged ter yer for de kindness, but yuse I've got a eight year ole gal in dis house cat's got dat fire kindlin' contrack, an' dis heah fightin' ob mine ferrellaters de operashuns whetsher dar's a fallin' ob ob de willin'ness."

The agent decamped, and old Si turned around to remark:

"Long as dar's lightin'ood in Georgia an' merrer in de ole man's bones, he ain't gwine ter freeze ter heah for de want of a turpentine fire starter."

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks his master inquired how much of his money he had saved. "Fah, none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

"Parlor polo"—polo-nabe

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We will send you on receipt of Fifty Cents, one pair elegant engraved Sleeve Buttons, one set Spiral Rings, one Collar Button, one beautiful Coral Scarf Pin, one Gentle Watch Chain, and one heavy Wedding Ring. Above lot used to retail for \$5.50. Four lots will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.50. Jewelry circular free. Address W. W. BELL & Co., Phila., Pa.

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CAUTION Be not deceived by premature books, assuming to be "official" and telling what will happen in August and September.

Mason & Hamlin

Cabinet Organs

Have been unanimously assigned the

First Rank

in the SEVERAL REQUISITES

Of such Instruments, at the

U. S. CENTENNIAL, 1876,

and are the only organs assigned this rank. Their superiority is thus declared, not in one or two respects only, but in all the important qualities of an organ. Medals and Diplomas have also been awarded them, but medals of equal value were awarded all articles deemed worthy of recognition, so that many makers can advertise their organs as "highest award."

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Nov. 22d, 1876.—1m.

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May 10.

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