

Swallowing Oysters Alive.

A SUCKER—HIS FIRST OYSTER—SWALLOWING IT ALIVE—TERRIBLE SITUATION—THE RESCUE—DISAPPEARANCE.

At a late hour the other night, the door of an oyster house in our city was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker State. He was quite six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breeches pockets. His outer covering was hard to define, but after surveying it minutely, we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy yellow liney woolsey, and that, having sprouted up with astonishing rapidity, he had been forced to piece it out, with all colors, in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and consequently, stuck that far through his inexpressibles. His crop of hair was surmounted by the funniest little seal skin cap imaginable. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the *bivalves*, and slowly ejaculated—

"Yes, sir," responded the attentive operator, "and fine ones they are too."

"Well, I've heard of 'listers afore," says he, "but this is the first time I've seed 'em, and pre-haps I'll know what *thar* made of afore I git out of town."

Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached the plate and scrutinized the unopened shell fish, with a gravity and interest which would have done honor to the most illustrious searcher into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they looked when out.

"I never seed any 'thin' hold on so—takes an amazin site of screwin, hoss, to git 'em out, and ain't they slick and slip'ry when they does come?" Smooth as an eel! I've a good mind to give that feller lodgin, just to realize the effects, as uncle Jess used to say about speculation."

"Well, sir," was the reply, "down with two bits and you can have a dozen."

"Two bits!" exclaimed the Sucker, "now come, that's stickin it on rite strong, hoss, for 'listers. A dozen ain't nothin to a chicken, and there's no gettin' more'n a picayune a piece for them. I've only realized forty-five picayune on my first venture to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you'll conclude to deal."

A wag, who was standin by indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to shell out, and the offer was accepted.

"Now mind," repeated the Sucker, "all fair—two chickens for a dozen—you're a witness, mister," turning at the same time to the wag, "none of your tricks, for I've heard that your city fellers are mity slip'ry coons."

The bargain being fairly understood, our "Sucker" squared himself for the onset, deliberately put off his seal skin, tucked up his sleeves, and fork in hand, awaited the appearance of No. 1. It came—he saw—and it was quickly boiled! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife and fork with a look of mingled amazement and horror—something akin to Shakespeare's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost—while he burst into the exclamation—

"Swallowed alive, as I'm a Christian!"

Our Sucker hero had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it stood open. Fear—a horrid dread of he knew not what—a consciousness that all wasn't right, and ignorant of the extent of the wrong—the uncertainty of the moment was terrible. Urged to desperation, he faltered out—

"What on earth's the row?"

"Did you swallow it alive?" inquired the wag.

"I swallowed it just as he gin it to me!" shouted the Sucker.

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend; "the creature is alive and will eat right through you," added he, in a most hopeless tone.

Negro Humor.

A Virginia rebel, who issued a book giving his experiences as a prisoner in the hands of the Federals at Point Lookout and Elmira, tells the following story:

The boys are laughing at the summons which S., one of my fellow Petersburgers, got to day from a negro sentinel. S. had on when captured, and I suppose still possesses, a tall beaver of the antique pattern, considered inseparable from extreme respectability in the last decade, and for many years before. While wandering around the enclosure, seeking I suspect, "what he might devour," he was suddenly arrested by a summons from the nearest negro on the parapet, who seemed to be in doubt whether so well dressed a man could be a 'reb,' and therefore whether he should be shot as one.

"White man, you belong in dar?"

"Yes."

"Well, ain't you got no better sense dan to cross dat line?"

"I did not notice the line."

"Well, you had better notice it, and dat quick, or I'll blow half dat nail keg off!"

As one of the Dover (England) volunteers was passing along, rifle in hand, he was accosted by a precocious urchin, who called out:

"Who shot the dog?"

This saying, our friend appeared by no means to relish. So, turning, he said, "If you are not off very soon, I'll shoot a donkey."

Whereupon the boy calling out to one of his companions, rejoined, "I say, Bill, look here—this fellow is going to commit suicide."

A FUNNY BET.—A few days before the election Mr. Jacob Effinger, a noted brewer of Lancaster, made a bet with a good Republican, that if Clymer was elected Governor the latter would have to walk to Columbia bare-headed and bare-footed, while if Geary was elected Effinger would have to do the same. Under the stern logic of events Mr. E. started out, on Thursday after election, to fulfil his obligation, being bare-headed and bare-footed. He arrived safely in Columbia.

Some time ago, during a severe thunder-storm, a lady friend was telling the children not to be afraid; that God held the thunder in his hand, and would not let it hurt them unless he thought it for the best. She had hardly concluded when a very large clap was heard. "There, now!" said a four year old, "God has let go of it and gone home out of the rain!"

A Western correspondent who expects to be believed, says he met a big Indian on the plains a few weeks ago, who had with him a large bundle of scalps. Upon venturing to ask the gentleman his occupation, the latter, with great gusto, answered: "Ugh, me been skirmishing for waterfalls."

NO PIECE FOR THE WICKED.—Aunt Rosy was dividing a mince pie among the boys, and when Jim, who had wickedly pulled the cat's tail, asked for his share, the dame replied,

"No, Jim, you are a wicked boy, and the Bible says there is no piece for the wicked."

"Yesterday I was called an ass by Mr. Jones, and I intend to prosecute him for it. What do you think of it?"

"If I were you I would not do it."

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Re. STEBBINS—Clymer, by request.

August 6, 1868.—17

14, 1865. CHARLES H. LEACH, Adm'r

Aug. 1, 1863.—50