

Advocate.

ENT.] TERM—\$ 25 per Annum if paid in Advance

SATURDAY SEPT. 24th, 1864

NO 11

"Wall, reckon we'll stop at Peters burg."

"Show your tickets, if you please."

"Sartainly. Lize you got some with you? Let this gent look at 'em."

Lize drew a piece of white paper from her redicule, and, with a smile, handed it to our friend the Captain, who read:

"The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited."

"What's this?" said the Captain.

"Why that's one of the tickets to our wedding, that's what you asked for, haint it?" said the somewhat surprised Jeems.

"Whw! haw! haw! haw! haw! haw!" was the discordant sound that arose from the seat of the sloopy looking individual.

A bland smile passed over the face of the Captain, as he explained his meaning to our verdant friend. He had no tickets, but willingly paid his fare, and the train sped on towards its destination. But wonders did not cease here; presently our pert newsboy, Billy, entered the car, strutting up to Jeems, he asked:

"Have a *Ser*, sir?"

"Wall, ef I have my way about it, the first one will be a son, sartain," said Jeems. Lize blushed.

"Don't count your chickens afore they're hatched!" said Billy as he hastened on to the next car.

In due time the train stopped at the big depot, in the city. Amidst confusion of a strange noise and a babel of disordant voices, our friends landed on the platform.

"Buss, sah? Buss, sah?—free for de United States!" said the sable porter of our up town house. "Lady take a buss, sah?"

"Wall, I rather 'spos she won't from anybody but me; reckon I'm able to do all she wants in that line, and more too."

"Go to the Swan House, sah? right erost do street; best house in de city. Dis way, sah, any baggage, sah? Have it sent up to your room in a few minutes."

In a short time Jeems and his bride found themselves in one of those comfortable rooms on the second floor of that well ordered establishment, the Swan House. The baggage was sent up with the usual promptness, and our friends were soon making their toilet for dinner. Jeems had his coat and boots off in a jiffy, and Lize's hair fell gracefully over her shoulders.

"That's a darnd purty *torsel*," said Jeems, eyeing the bell cord; "wonder what it's fer?" catching hold of it.—"Look! it works up there on some sort of a thingumbob. I'd like to have that *torsel* to put on my horse's head, next mester day; see how it works," said he, giving it a pull.

Presently the door opened, and the sable face of one of Airie's sons was thrust into the room, with the inquiry:

"Ring, sah?"

"Ring! ring what, you black ape? Ef you don't quit lookin' at my wife, and make yourself scarce, I'll wring your head off."

"Stop a minit," said Lize. "What's the name of the man that keeps this tavern?"

"Mr. Conley, marn."

"Well, tell his lady that she needn't go to any extra fixins on our account, for we're plain people," said the amiable bride.

"As they used to say in our debatin' society," interrupted Jeems, "I amend that motion by sayin' you can tell 'em to give us the best they have got; I'm able to pay fur it, and don't keer for expense."

"Tee hee! tee hee!" was the only audible reply from the sable gent, and he hurried down stairs.

Dinner came, and was dispatched with a relish. Jeems and his bride took a stroll over the city, seeing the lions and other sights until suppertime, which being over, they retired to their room. The gas was lit by the servant, who received a bright quarter for his services. Jeems was the last in bed, and according to the rule in such cases, had to put out the light, which he did with a blast from his lungs.

The noise in the street had died away, and quiet reigned in the Swan House. The young man on the watch dazed in his chain. The clerk [rather corpulent] was about to retire, when he thought he smelt gas. Some one came down stairs and said he smelt gas. The guests, [some of them,] woke up and smelt gas. Much against his will, the clerk proceeded to find where the leak was. It seemed stronger in the neighborhood of the room occupied by the bride and groom. Clerk concluded to knock at the door of their room.

"Who's there?" came from the inside.

"Open the door, the gas is escaping."

"Gas! what gas?" said Jeems, opening the door.

"Why, here in this room. How did you put your light out?"

"Blew it out, of course."

"You played h—l." Our amiable clerk came very near saying a bad word, but remembering that there was a lady in the place or rather in the bed, he checked his rising temper, and having lit the gas, proceeded to show Jeems the mystery of its burning as follows:

"You see this little thing here? Well, when you want to put it out you give it a turn this way, and when you want to make it lighter, you give it a turn this way. Serious consequences might have resulted if it had not been discovered. It might have suffocated us all. Now be careful next time."

"Much obliged; but how the devil did I know that this darned stuff was escaping?" replied Jeems.

"Didn't you smell it?" said the clerk. "Pears to me I did smell suthin'." said Jeems. "But, Lize, I'll be darn'd ef I didn't think it was you, kase I never slept with a woman before."

"Well, Jeems, I thought it was you smelt that way all the time. I was jest a wonderin' if all men smelt that way. It 'peered strange, but then, I never slept with a man before, and didn't know nothin' about it," was the response of Lize, as she turned over for a nap.

The red in our clerk's face grew smilingly redder, as it reflected the light from the burning jet, and a roguish twinkle lurked in the corner of his eyes, as he turned off the gas and all was dark, and our friends were left alone in their glory. A sound of suppressed mirth was heard in the reading room for a few minutes, and all was still.

JOSH BILLINGS ON DRAFTING.

Widder winnin, and there only son, iz xempt, provided the widder's husband has already served 2 years in the war, and is willing to go in agin. I bieve the supreme corte has decided this thing forever.

Once more—If a man should run away with his draft, he probably wouldn't evir be allowed to stand the draft again. This lak at it, the mear ya can see the wisdom into it.

Once morly—Xempts are those who have been drafted into the *Snail* prizzen for trying to get an honest living by supporting 2 wives to oust; also, all them people who are crazee, and unsound on the goose; also, all newspaper correspondents, and fools in General.

Once morly again—No substitute will be accepted who is less than three or more than ten feet high. He must know how to chew tobacco, and drink poore whiskee, and musn't be atead of the ach nor the rebels. Moral character ain't required, as the Government furnishes that and r-shuns.

Conclusively—A person cannot be drafted more than twice in two places without his consent; but all men has a right to be drafted at least oust; I don't think even a writ of *habeas corpus* can deprive a man of this last blessed privilege.

WHAT THE WIND SAYS.

"Do you know what the December wind says, grandpa?" asked a little child at an old merchant's knee.

"No puss; what does it?" he answered, stroking her fair hair.

"Remember the poor," grandpa; when it comes down the chimney, it roars, 'remember the poor'; when it puts its mouth to the keyhole it whistles 'remember the poor'; when it strides through a crack in the door it whispers it; and grandpa, when it blows your beautiful hair about in the street, and you shiver and button up were coat, does it not get at your ear and say so too, in a still small, voice, grandpa?"

"Why what does the child mean?" cried the grandpa, who, I am afraid, had been used to shut his heart against such words. "You want a new muff and tippet, I reckon. A pretty way to get them out of your old grandpa."

"Lo, grandpa," said the child earnestly, shaking her head, "no; it's no muff and tippet children I'm thinking of; my mother always remembers them, and so do I try to."

After the next storm the old merchant sent fifty dollars to the treasurer of a relief society, and said, "call for more when you need it." The treasurer started with surprise for it was the first time he had ever collected more than a dollar from him, and that he thought came grudgingly.

"Why," said the merchant afterwards, "I never could get rid of that child's words; they stuck to me like glue."

"And a little child shall lead them," says the scripture. How many a cold heart, and, close heart is opened by the simple earnestness and suggestive words of a child.

"Ma, has your tongue got legs?" "Got what, my child?" "Got legs, ma." "Certainly not—but why do you ask that silly question?" "Oh, nothing—only I heard pa say your tongue was running from morning till night."

ONE OF CEBIAN LODGES STO. RIES.

We recently met our friend, Dr. J. J. Lord, formerly of Boston, Mass. The doctor is not only compounder of roots and "yarks," but one of the finest poets in the land. Sonnets from his pen have graced the columns of some of the magazines and journals in America. He has been a resident of this section for about six years. During his first few years he was extensively engaged in buying wool, and, on one occasion, becoming a little bewildered with the multiplicity of crooked roads over the broad prairies, he rode up to a small cabin, enclosed in a clump of locust trees, and hailed a white-headed boy, perched on the top of a hen-coop, with:

"Hello, boy!"

"I reckon you're a stranger?" was the response.

"Look here, sonny."

"I ain't your sonny."

"No, you ain't my sonny, but if you'll jump down and come here I'll give you a divoo."

The boy sprang as if alighting from a wasp's nest, and coming up to the stranger, exclaimed:

"Well, old hoss, what is it?"

"I've lost my way and don't know where I am. Can you tell?"

"Yes you're sitting on that hoss."

Mr. Lord laughed at the boy's wit, and handed him the dime.

"The boy took the money, looked upon it with mingled feelings of wonder and delight, and said:

"I reckon you must have a power of money?"

"Why so?"

"Cause you slather it away so."

"What's your father's name?" inquired Mr. Lord.

"Bill Jenks," was the reply.

"Ah, yes. 'I know him,'" exclaimed Mr. Lord. "He grows wool, don't he?"

"No; but his sheep dar."

"If you knew me, my lad, you would be more respectable in your replies. I'm a friend of your father; my name is Lord."

"O, yes," exclaimed the astonished and delighted lad. "I've hearn pap read about you in the Bible," and starting for the house on a dead run, he bawled out at the top of his lungs, "Mother, mother, the Lord is out here a horseback, and has lost his way."

A CONDUCTOR DEAD BEAT.—A corpulent and good natured Conductor on the Columbus and Cleveland railroad, and one the best in the country was sold the other day in a singular manner. His train, the morning express, was rolling towards Cleveland at the rate of forty miles an hour, when several men were noticed on the track ahead, who, upon the approach of the train, ran up the embankment and commenced gesticulating in the most energetic manner. The engineer supposing that the men intended to warn him of a broken rail or a ruined bridge, whistled down the brakes and stopped the engine, but the train was running so fast that it could not be stopped until the men were passed. The clever conductor, in order to save time, leaped from the train and ran back to enquire 'what in thunder was the matter, that they should gesticulate in that manner and stop the train.' 'The devil take your train,' responded one the men, as he danced about and struck out at the air. 'We didn't stop your train. We ran into a blasted blumible bees' nest, and are fightin' 'em!' The Conductor regained his train as speedily as possible, the whistle was sounded and the train dashed away to make up time, leaving the men on the track behind, still fighting the enraged bees.—*Statesman.*

THE SKEPTIC SILENCED.—Ah! exclaimed a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker. I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?

I do believe the Bible, replied the old man. Do you believe it?

No; I can have no proof of its truth.

Then, inquired the old man, does thee believe in France?

Yes, for although I have never seen it I have seen others who have. Besides there is plenty corroborative proof that such a county does exist.

Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?

No.

Did thee ever see thy own brains?

No.

Ever see a man who did see them?

No.

Does thee believe thee has any?

This last question put an end to the discussion.

THE BIRDS SONG.

Lo! the lillies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven;
Every hush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow."

"One there lives whose guardian Eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall;
Pass we blitely, then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow."

It is a lamentable fact that some of the ablest as well as the poorest newspapers in the country are giving up the ghost, on account of the high price of stock and labor.

An exchange says: "How young men consent to loaf about the corners as they do, when a good dose of arsenic can be purchased for a sixpence, is really surprising."