Speaker Series, Number 15.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Charles T. Dearing, Louisville, Ky.
Popular Dime Hand-Books.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

Each volume 100 12mo. pages, sent post-paid on receipt of price—ten cents each.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERIES.

1—DIME GENTS' LETTER-WRITER—Embracing Forms, Models, Suggestions and Rules for the use of all classes, on all occasions.

2—DIME BOOK OF ETIQUETTE—For Ladies and Gentlemen; being a Guide to True Gentility and Good-Breeding, and a Directory to the Usages of society.

3—DIME BOOK OF VERSES—Comprising Verses for Valentines, Mottoes, Compliments, St. Valentine's Verses, Bridal and Marriage Verses, Verses of Love, etc.

4—DIME BOOK OF DREAMS—Their Romance and Mystery; with a complete interpreting Dictionary. Compiled from the most accredited sources.

5—DIME FORTUNE-TELLER—Comprising the art of Fortune-Telling, how to read, Character, etc.

6—DIME LADIES' LETTER-WRITER—Giving the various forms of Letters of School Days, Love and Friendship, of Society, etc.

7—DIME LOVERS' CASKET—A Treatise and Guide to Friendship, Love, Courtship and Marriage. Embracing also a complete Floral Dictionary, Language of the Handkerchief, Language of the Fan, Cane, Finger Ring, etc.

8—DIME BALL-ROOM COMPANION—And Guide to Dancing. Giving rules of Etiquette, hints on Private Parties, toilettes for the Ball-room, etc. Also a synopsis of Round and Square Dances, Dictionary of French Terms, etc.

9—BOOK OF 100 GAMES—Together with forfeits and conundrums, games for social parties and home amusement, adapted to winter evenings.

10—DIME CHESS INSTRUCTOR—A complete hand-book of instruction, giving the entertaining mysteries of this most finetasting and fascinating of games.

11—DIME BOOK OF CROQUET—A complete guide to the game, with the latest rules, diagrams, Croquet Dictionary, Parlor Croquet, etc.

12—DIME ROBINSON CRUSOE—In large octavo, double columns, with numerous illustrations, from original designs.

DIME SCHOOL SERIES—DIALOGUES, No's 1 to 13. SPEAKERS, No's to 13. Replete with choice pieces for the Exhibition, etc.

DIME GUIDE TO CURLING AND SKATING—A Manual for the Ice; giving all the laws of the popular game of "Curling," with complete diagrams; also explicit instructions for Skating, with a guide to all the "figures."

DIME BIOGRAPHIES—No. 1 to 13. 1, Garibaldi; 2, Daniel Boone; 3, Kit Carson; 4, Anthony Wayne; 5, David Crockett; 6, Winfield Scott; 7, Pontiac; 8, John C. Fremont; 9, John Paul Jones; 10, Marquis de Lafayette; 11, Tecumseh; 12, George B. McClellan; 13, Parson Brownlow; 14, Abraham Lincoln; 15, Ulysses S. Grant.

HOUSEKEEPERS' HAND-BOOKS.

1—DIME COOK BOOK—Or, the Housewife's Companion. Embodying what is most Economic, most Practical, with illustrations. By Mrs. M. V. Victor.


3—DIME HOUSEWIFE'S MANUAL—Or, how to Keep House, to Dye, Clean and Renovate; how to Cut, Fit and Make Garments; how to Cultivate Plants and Flowers; how to care for Birds and Household Pets, etc. By Mrs. Victor.

4—DIME FAMILY PHYSICIAN—And Manual for the Sick Room. Family Diseases and their Treatment; Hints on Nursing and Rearing; Children's Complaints, how to prepare Curatives, Rules of Health, etc.

5—DIME DRESSMAKER—And Miller's Guide. A complete manual of the art of Cutting, Fitting, and making up the Family Wardrobe, etc.

The above books are sold by Newsdealers everywhere, or will be sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, ten cents each. BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William Street, New York.
CARL PRETZEL'S

KOMIKAL SPEAKER:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

DROLL, WHIMSICAL, LAUGHABLE AND ODD

PIECES FOR RECITATION,

IN SCHOOLS, EXHIBITIONS,

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES,

AND PARLOR ENTERTAINMENTS.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS SERIES.

NEW YORK:

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

98 WILLIAM STREET.
PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The great success which has followed Carl Pretzel's "Pook" and writings has been owing not less to their author's whimsical and odd forms of expression, than to the genuine humor and sense which underlies his ridiculous "Dutch-English." No mere verbal forms, no matter how absurd and singular, can long maintain a reader's interest unless there is also present the evidence of a clever originality of thought. This Carl Pretzel undeniably has, and in introducing his name and compositions to our Speaker Series, we simply recognize a merit which, we are sure, will be highly popular in and acceptable to schools and scholars.

The volume, it will be seen, is not all Carl Pretzel; that would be "too much of a good thing," perhaps; but we have given enough to characterize the collection. The additional matter comprises a considerable number of the very best things of our current literature, chiefly humorous and delightful as pieces for recitation and declamation.

As a whole this volume may be regarded as one of the most interesting and available of all the "Speakers," "Orators," "Reciters," etc., etc., at any price, which have been offered.

BEADLE AND ADAMS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

(Sp. 15.)
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Don’d Been Afraid</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gamboling</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indemberance</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gretchen und Me Go Oud</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope. Das Ish Vat it Ish</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dot Musquiter</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Leadle Gal-child’s Dream</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dhere Vas No Crying High Above</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leadle Speedches</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pells, Pells, der Court-house Pells</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Puzzled Dutchman</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Address to a School</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His Sphere</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wolf and Lamb. Esop “Translated,”</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lion in Love. Do, do</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Treachery of Jones</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don’t Call a Man a Liar</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man. A Lecture on Pedigree</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bu’st. A “Dialect”–ical Revelation,</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simon Short’s Son Samuel</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reckembrmerder Poor</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Natural History Views</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cart Before the Horse</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To See Ourselves as Others See Us</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sorrowsful Tale of a Servant Girl,</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Loafer’s Society</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It’s the Early Bird, etc.,</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music,</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Lager Beer,</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Candle’s Wedding Day</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dot Young Viddow Clara</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Best Cow in Peril</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequent Critters</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In for the Railroad. Teamster’s Speech,</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of the Sink</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carl Pretzel</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Same</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Same</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Same</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Same</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Same</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben Zeen</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. M. Griswold</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Same</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Max Adler</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fat Contributor</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carl Pretzel</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. H. Stoddard</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Ida Bennett</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carl Pretzel</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Josh Billings</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joe Jot, Jr.</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Clive</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Quill</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. Y. Dispatch</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joe Jot, Jr.</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pompey Squash</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Same</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerrold</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carl Pretzel</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Practical</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Josh Billings</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. M. Love</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Springfield Union</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Case of Young Mr. Bangs,</td>
<td>Max Adler, 71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cannibal-man,</td>
<td>Mrs. D. M. Jordan, 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boss Bagshaw,</td>
<td>A Shoemaker, 76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gone vor a Soldier,</td>
<td>Carl Pretzel, 73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Raccoon,</td>
<td>Josh Billings, 80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Childhood,</td>
<td>Joe Jot, Jr., 83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schneider's Ride,</td>
<td>Oafly Goof, 84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boy Suffrage,</td>
<td>Edwin Fields, 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gardening,</td>
<td>W. Whitehorn, 89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He was Dhinkin',</td>
<td>Gus Phillips, 91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abner Jones' Testimony,</td>
<td>Saturday Night, 92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>By a Money-changer's Window,</strong></td>
<td>Launce Poyntz, 93</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CARL PRETZEL'S

KOMIKAL SPEAKER.

DON'D BEEN AFRAID.

When all der world vas looking so placker as blue,
Und der voices of men vas gruff,
Yoost look on der side dot vas shuckful mit light,
No matter of you dink it vas tuff,
But don'd been afraid.

Reckermemper dot life cooda't been prite all der while,
Nor dem clouds could been siftered all o'er,
But keeb me down a shiff ubber lip, und nefer give ub,
Und dot sun he would tanz on your door,
But don'd been afraid.

Ofer you don'd vas cud out, mit plenty of strength
To fite mit der battle of life
Yoost shtand ub your ground, like a plenty shtrong man,
Und run, ofer you got beat in der shtrife,
But don'd been afraid.

Dook der side of der right in tings vat you do,
Und shun out der tings vat vas wrong,
Shtand ub for your honor, und slander oppose,
Und victory vas gone mit der shtrong,
So don'd be afraid.
GAMBOLING.

CARL PRETZEL'S ADVICES TO DER SCHMAL GALS UND POYS, YOOST SHDARDIN IN DER WORL.

Mine young fellow citizens, don'd gambol. Efen gambol-ing on der green vas sometimes inchoorious except when you vin, dhen it don'd bite you. I have known mens dot had put a kobber cent on der tree shpeck, und played der ace to vin, got played der deuce mit. Ofer you could vin all der while, dhen you could been a great succeed in pishness. But no matter how much more worth as a Rothschilds you vas, ofer you lost all der while, on a leedle times you could been seen shtooding on der corner of some of our principal shstreets peddling peanuts mit all your future bristine beaudy und luster gone away.

Gamboling vas not a heldy luxury to indulge in, unless you know der cards und could talk to 'em. Dhere vas numerous kinds of it, und you vas a big fool to bet on anodder man's game. Der game called Pharyo's Bank vas inwented about der time of der flood, und vas shtarted on a shmall shkale, on ackound it vas founded in der vasser among der bullrushes; a goot many mens vas found dead in consequences about it too. I have heard dot it has been broke a goot many times, but it always got shdarded again, on ackound it got so many branches. It never gets excited, und reidains its drangwility to der last. Ofer a man can shduck to der "lay out," he is shure of a—lay out.

Gamboling as a medicine to got ub a nerf vas goot, but you found dot der physician presents a hefy bill. Ofer it don'd make you a bankcorrupt, it vill shure make your mind, soul und body corrupt. It enhances whisky drinkin' und pootty gwick ofer you keep it ub. You would on a leedle while, heard der news placks, und boot boys, sung out to you on der shstreet dot "dhere vas a ledder for you on der Post Office." Shure ting your white close would show more behind as dhem plack pair of close, und der shirt vat showed behind out would look yoost der same as it. vas giddin' ub a corner. It vas der seal which you couldn't conceal ofer you shduck to moral vices of gamboling.

Somtimes leedle boys, dot vas ignoranter like der deuce
of dot vice would hafe dot seal show, but dot comed from gamboling on der cellar door. But ofer you saw dot on a big mans, you could make your minds up, dot it don'd vas comed from gamboling on a cellar doors. Boys, please dot you don'd do it, und to der young ladies I would said dot when I saw 'em ender a public gamboling haus, it vas lookin' to me. yoost der same as if dhey didn'd hafe more as three cents worth of modesty.

INDEMBERANCE.

"Vill der times efer come, vill dot day efer break,
When der peobles forefer dot trinking forsake?"

—BYRUM.

Der many wrecks of human peobles vat efer tay we see, as we walk dot shreet ofer, should been a shtrong incendif to bring to your minds der trooth of dot old atferb vich did said, "nefer don'd put dot teif in your mouth vat would shtean your prains right away gwick out." Dose vas a dhrue re-
marks in some inshdances, und in odders it don'd abbly to der cases; for der man vat would trink himself dot fatal com-
pounds, commonly called whisky, vas mitout sences, und der man mitout sences he could fool dot teif, on ackound he got no prains to shtean right away gwick out.

How many young mans hafe been cut down, shust as der brightest brosbeccts vas looming him ub, by a kobious use of dot fatal fire waters; und vat shtronger incendif do you vant, dhen to saw der young mans drunk like a post-hole, mitout a fife or three-cent pieces in der dwo-times National Pank, or a rag of a new pair of clothes to his backs.

Who ish der reason of dot decay, und how ish der matter mit dot lowness down of der yooth? Yoost look you back, und say, who makes oben der flood gates of all dot zin und unhabbiness. Vas dot der drinker? nein; vas dot der deal-
er? nein; vas dot der manufackdure? vell, I baed you. He vas der feller, und mine prayer vas dot he should been combelled to look down indo his deep shtills, filled shupfull of dheir outsites in mit dher tears of wifes, mothers und sisters, und been made to feel himself der hefy emotions o
greif und sorrows, vat causes each leedly tear-drob to drinkle
dheir feadures down. I yoost dink dot der zin of Mister
Kain, wouid been notting, in kombarison to der afflicotions of
his soul, on dot periods.

Young mans, nefer don’d trink some tings. Demberance
vas der froot of goot tings. Indemberance vas ids destroyer.
Der first makes you habby like der deuce; while der seecond
brings on your head mis-ery und crime, und in der eshtimation
of your friends you vas a toadsh-tool, mitout one redeeming
feadures. Enyhow, your feadures would soon brove it, of
you shduck to it.

GRETCHEN UND ME GO OUD.*

Dook me dot papers, Shudge, und write dis ting about,
Mine house he vas gone crazy on ackount Gretchen und me
 go oud;
For dwendy years already we lif so happy like der deuce,
But now I dink dot’s besser, Shudge, of we vas lockt togedder
loose.
Dhem marriage tings makes a man und vooman one you see,
But der tuyfel himself he don’d cood told which vas dot one
to be.
I dook dot vooman for besser, und she dooks me for worser
too.
We lofed der odder plendy vell; vell, dot vas der ting to do.
She don’d vas pooty for nice, Shudge, but she was bully for
shtrong.
Und ofer I hadn’t believed it I don’d vood seen some wrong;
So I shpeaks mit Gretchen a leedly times, und Gretchen was
shpeak mit me,
Und we vas make our segloosions ub, dot we never could
degree.
Who ish dot metter? Vat? Py chinks, I don’d cood said,
Der long years pehedt from dis go plendy habby sphed;
But odder of a somehow dot ting got yoost plaid out,
Mine frow got a fhliirdation of dot heart, so worser like der
gout.

* From the New York Weekly.
Don't been exdoshed, Shudge, I dells you dis ting for true,
Dhem vimmens, efery one, cood yoost make fool mit you;
Dhere hearts vas got changes like der moon vay up by dot
sky,
Und efery time vas got a man in dot, how ub vas dot for
high?
Yah! yah! dot's so, and yoost make on der paper vat I
shpeaks mit you;
Mine frow vas a pooty mean voomans in some dings und
much meaner in odders, too;
I only found me some excendricks out, yoost a couble weeks
or three,
Und I dells you vat it is, Shudge, dot's who is der reason mit
me.
Don't look of me mit dot tone of voice, but make down
yoost vat I say:
I wants me lockt out from Gretchen, und dot too right avay.
So? You want to found you out who vas der reason mit
das?
Vell, Shudge, dot was a koorious ting, but you know how
yourself it vas,
Some odder fellow vas got him, der love of mine Gretchen
now;
Vell, he vas got mine sympady, und she could been his frow.
Der old lofe was all go dead, dhem hearts vas cold like lead,
Und it's very seldom who ish der reason dis ting vas now go
dead.
But dot's der vay, und der more you lif der longer you find it
out,
Der excendricks of dese vimmens vood make you lafe und
shout;
But dot makes me notting differences, I don'd vill cry und
fret;
On ackound, I yoost dinks, dot dhere vas yoost so good fish
in der vasser as don'd got pulled out yet.
HOPE.

When sorrowfulness und trouble hafe clothed der soul in
darkness, dot leedle vord Hope hafe shed upon it a flood of
rays und wrapt it ub in sunnenshine. It yoost keebs a goot
constant lookout ubon all mankindt, und pours down ubon
der wretchedfulness und discouraged a balm to soothe dot
anguishments. Vat a cold, dark, plack, place earth vould
been mitout der existence of Hope's pright and benenrating
gleams! People vould trob like der fflowers dat shutud der
bosom of mudder earth, vhen dhey could got no more der
sun's chenial warmness; und beneat der cold, dark sea of
pain, vhen der pody vas wracked mit bitterness und woes, ub
shumps Hope, dot pooty gwick soon der great aleeviator vood
been comed.

"Ubon der souls of men, frozen out mit der icicle touch
of deshpair, und got tarkened much mit der dark eclibse,
vould play der beautiful inflooenzas of nadure. Der moosick
of der pirds, der shweed shmallow rose, der shtar-browed
night-times, und der pright-eyed day-times, vould hafe no
charms or pleasure mit dhem. Discouragements und deshp-
pair vould shroud all tings in der gloom of darkness."

How beautiful dhen vas dot thinking of hopes, und it vas
a consoling ting dot der anchor of Hope vas alvays ub, to
been weighed as it pleases der nadures of men.

Der young peobles git it on dheir mind, und been glad of
its brormises.

"It glidders in its choys und pleasures, und burns by its
air castles, und vas lookin pright droo its thoughts, und Beam-
ing Hope could change der gloom of der grafe indo dwlilight,
und moulding der ashes of der dead indo forms of eferlasting
beaudy. It is a soul-chem to been brized, a rock shtone of
safety to be shduck on.

SCHANDAL.

When Mister Adam und Efey got shnaked der garden of
Eden pooty gwick out, a shmall inseckt, called a shnake, vas
der inshtroomendalidy. Und on der feetshteps of all hoo-
manidly, der curse of dot inseckt-beast vas lay his ecks, und breed der offspring of its kind. Der ladin of shnake, beast und inseckt vas schandal, consekerwendly, on ackound of dot leedle onpleasantness in der garden of Eden, dot repdile got a pedikree; but did you efer in mine life addempt to trace der pedikree of der schandal mongrel, und find you out some of his dirty work?

In mine esdimation, he vas sunk so low down like a shkunk mitout eny hands or feet, under vherefer he or she vas go, der air vas redblent like der admospheres of der shkunks' hapitations.

You may dink dot I vas severe on der schandal, but I yoost dells mit one hand, dot I vas hafe feel der sthing of dot repdile. It makes notting different vedder or not, der ting vas a merrited sthing, shill the probagators of esil must hafe mine shot, und ofer I can drife a thousand buck-shot indo der phrame of dot insect, I do it. Sech bolicemans und a bull-tog make me notting fraud. He vas like a great Hawk pird, encircling over some vigtim, vhen all fon a suddenly, mit one fell shwoop he comes down on der unconscious vigtim, und it falls mit der hefy weight on his back. Der schandal mongrel—schald 'em mit dorpentine seeds.

“DOT MUSQUITER.”

Johannes did said dot der musquiter vas a grade pird. He vas von of dose pecooliar gases dot ven you got him, he don’t vas dere. Id vas always yoost de same vay. Vhen you shlap him, you always shriere de blace dot he vas yoost left already. He vas got a fine voice, too, und when he sings you some leedle songs, you don’td could vent to sheleep right away for more as a couple o’ hours already. Youst so quick dot you light der kerosene gas-lamp already, den dem fellers gommerce to gome in, und pretty quick dey settle down to business, und den you don’td got some peace till de nexd day yed.

Dot musquiter is long-live-lived, doo. I don’td guess any feller did ever knowed vun to die a natural teath. Anyvay
dot musquiter vas a petter feller as dot "bug-bed" or de vlea. When he got hungry he gomes und dells you aboud id by blowing his "dinner-horn," und helps himself. But de bug-bed, und dot vlea, dey youst help deirselfs midout saying somedings about id at all already.

Herr Sherman und myself ve vent offer to Noo Chersey de odder night do seen a vrient of mine. She vas preddy, I tole you! She vas so preddy dot dey galled her de "cauli-flower of Noo Chersey." I always tought dot id vas a joke about "Chersey" being a foreign country; but I find me dot owd last Tuesday. Dot vas no joke; id vas a fact. I wish I could brought you a sample of dose mosquitters. You youst got dot stuffed, und it would been a shplendid ornamentation do put on de top of your mantelpiece. You could tole beoples dot it vas a "Prazilian Mocking Pird."

Youst so quick ve got dere, dem fellers gommed to foller us right away. Anybody vould think dey vas shate constables follering a "griminal." Dot minit ve sit down dey youst vent for us, und we didn't got some peace de whole evening. Preddy quick we sharted for home; dey follered us down to de depot, und when dey found out dot ve lose me dot "ladd drain," dey all shook hands und give tree cheers. Den dey all "fell in" und 'sorted us down to de "hodel," und right away so quick dot ve vas gone to bed, dose fellers lit on us, und dey wouldn't let ub till de next morning. So help me, Toothpicks, I didn't knowed myself by dot looking-glass, till I feel me in my pockets und don't found some "scrips." Den I knowed id vas me right away. I vas so shwelled oud dot mine mudder wouldn't have knowed me.

De peoples ower dere in Chersey go gunning for musquitters mit Indian glubs. In de day-time dey roost on der trees und de resd of de furniture, but in de night-time dey prowl around, like dot roaring lion in de Pible, "seeking who dey may devour" some feller up. Vun feller tole me dot ladd summer de musquitters vas so thick dot de beoples all had to carry revolvers und umbrellas. Dey "shwarmed" on vun feller, und pefore he could got away dey shstriped him, und he is now de "skeleenton business" in a traveling cirgus. He dances on a tighd-rop und chews tacks. I have got var. of
his favorite oaths dot he used to shwear, pickled in a boddle of alcohol.

So much for Chersey musquites. I can got a blendy midout leaving de gountry. I don’t vent to Chersey some more till nexd vinter anyway. Ve got some nice shpecimens here, doo, dough dey don’t vas so “wicious” like dem fellers. Sometime you can catch ours on de wing, but you can’t never do dot mit dose Chersey fellers. Anyway ours is bad enuff. I wish de dax gollector had dem all.

Dot musquiter vas a splendid pird,
He sings yonst like a harp string,
Und ven dot singing you don’t heard,
He bites you mit a bee-sting.

A LEEDLE GAL-CHILD’S DREAM.

PARODY, FROM “THE CHILD’S DREAM”—FROM CARL PRETZEL’S BOOK OF PARODIES.

“Fadder, goot Fadder,” vas vat a leedle gal-child did said, When she waked ub one nite times from her own leedle ped.

“Fadder, I vant me to shpeak mit you, so quick vat I cood Aboud somedings I seed me, vat around mine bed shtood Yoost now while I vas shleebin’ mit dwo closed out eyes, I seed me some moosicks like dat comed from der skies, Und as I vas dinkin’ of vat dat cood bin, Fife or dree goot-lookin’ angels comed valkin’ right in. Dhey vas look of me for more as a minnoot or dwo, Und dhey don’t shpeak a mouthfull, dot’s yoost vat dhey do, Dhey yoost shtobbled around mine leedle trundle-ped, Und efery one vas make some hants of mine hedd.

I vas gry me mit dears so pigger like pearls, But dhey yoost wired dem all out mit mine golten gurls.”

“Dot’s a nice horses, a tream, mine goot-look’in’ shild, You vas sick of your hedd, und dat makes you got wild.”

“A nicehorses, a tream? Oh no, fadder, dat don’t cood be, For nicehorses dhey don’t cood shpeak mit me, For dhey did shpeak mit me, und I yoost told some lie, For I cood shpeak vat dhey said, mit one hant of mine eye. Yoost now on der befront of mine leedle trundle-ped,”
I saw me some features of dose vat vas dedit:
There vas mudder und sister und mine leedle brudder too
Vas lookt on mine face while I vas dreaming of you;
Und mine tarling sister as she shtood herselv dhere,
Mit her plack und plue eyes und flaxen hair,
Vas vishing in vhisbers, dot I yoost dhen cood die.
So she vas got me togedder on der goot-lookin' shky;
Und dhen leedle Shonnie, he vas look of me too,
Mit his hants of mine own, und he told me for drue
Dot I don't must shtob here py dot sufferin' und sin,
But yoost ffly mit vings to Heffen mit him;
But mine mudder's eyes vas yoost now got dim
When she said, 'Dot's besser she lif to keep comfort mit him;
He don'd vas so shtrong, he vas vek mit der cub
Vat he trank out mit sorrow, der pottle all ub;
Pooty soon dhey vood comedit to dot home vot's up dhere,
Und been three from all sorrow und trouble und care.'
Dhen dhey efery one kneel py mine leedle trundle-ped,
Und vas pray mit some voices dot you soon vood been ledt
Indo der rectitude path where demptation don'd come
To shtreal dheir brains out, mit whisky und rum;
Dhen I yoost lookt mine eyes out, while I heard me dot 
prayer,
Und vished of mineself, of you vas been dhere,
Dhen some moosicks vas comedit, und I lookt of mine eyes,
But I don'd see me sometings, I dhink dhey vas gone py der 
shkies;
Dhen I got me afraid, und I yoost comed here
To dold you, mine fadder, of vat I vas hear.
Hark! vat is dot! dis some moosicks I see,
Dhey vas come pack, mine fadder, dhem ghosts py me.'
Wot vas only der song vat vas rock her to rest,
Und der shild shweedly shlept on her fadder's breast.

DHERE WAS NO CRYING HIGH ABOFE.
Yeost imagine some fater lands dhen vas efer known,
scenery by nature more beautifull dhen any dot efer decked
der earth, fhowers more fragrant dhen some vat nefer blossomed, human peoples more holy und anhelick den we hafe efer seen. Aldough dese pigtures of der imachination vas dranscendently beautiful, und vas tend to cheer us in der hour of gloom und solitude, yet/efen all dose vas fade right away gwick out like der dew from der shky, vhen we dink dot dhere vas no crying out loud in Heaven, und somedimes vhen der silken tread vas proke vat binds der dearest object of earth, dhen it vas we yearn for dot pright und beaufiful land, where crying don’d could come. Und der one dot dinks dot life was a condinnal round of choy und pleasures—when he don’d had made some feetshteps go droo der wail of solitude, hand togedder mit der hand of sorrowfullness, but der shstars abofe him had always been bright und beaufiful, he dot vas like dot—vas ignoranter like a post-hole of high ub beaudies.

"Sorrowfullness vas der golden ladder dot shtretches from earth to Heaven." It vas bedewed mit der tears of human peobles, und not one peobles could make it ub except der child of sorrow. Der more vat one crys der soon gwicker he got to der tob ub. Und he dot was hafe afflixtions mit sorrow plenty enuff here, vas only brebaring der way to hafe his outsides in filled full ub, mit der choy und habbiness of a time to comed yet. Und, dook der orphan childs, weeping like der deuce ofer der graves of his poor fadder und mudder, who was shweedly shleeping side und side in der cold und silentude grave, und aldough der "noon of night" vas gone out, und "der shstars vas gently gliding from Heaven down" delling him dot shweet shleep vas hoffering ofer der peobles of der palace und der cot, und yet he don’d did shtir a mouthfull, but mit his hands und eyes lookin’ ub, he sees, mit an eye of faith, der forms of his fadder und mudder away off. Aldough der tear-trob vas shtand und shparkel off his eyeses, und dhen rolls his feauture down, shtill he vas habby in der dought dot on a leedle while, he too woul’d leaf him dot world shuckfull mit sorrow und sinfullness, und been united once more mit dose he vas lofe so plenty vell.

Und dhen dink of poor old Rip Van Winkle, vhen he makes der moun Bain down, mit white hair und trembling feetshteps, to see der land of his home. Der old house vas
gone, der old hickory walnut tree, mit its vide xtending arms shooing heavenward ub, der shmall shtream, making shweet moosick as he glides o'er der rounded shtones, don'd did look like dhey once vas looking. Der old home mit all its kindred affections vas dead, und silentude in der grave. His own feetsheds vas make him fool, und he makes himself down by a chair, in der place where he so often vas set down before.

Duen come der flood of reckerlections on his mind, und he gives away to dot sorrowfullness, mit his hands deep on his hair, und crys like his heart vas preak. Don'd been ashamed on dot, old mans, der great, der rich, der poor, hafe all cryed, und even der Fadder of all mankindt hafe weeped. Of sorrows cub we must eferypody drink ourselves; sometimis when der world vas treat us like a beice of ice; when der lib of shkorn vas comed; when shkandle vas eat us ub. Shstill reckermemper dot pooty soon gwick all tings like dot would been ober, und we found us out dot dere vas a places where crying und sorrowfullness coodnd'd got in, efen of he paid two tollars und a half to see about it.

CARL PRETZEL'S LEEDLE SPEEDCHES.

PAY ME OUD AS YOU VHENT ALOONG—Old Schon Randolphus once did said dot when he looked himself on der philosopher's shtone he saw sometings dot vas writed in letters of gold, dis langwages, "Pay me out as you vhent along." Now, der man vot vill only keeb der abofe maxims on his beforehead, have conquered three-thirds of der miseries of dis life. He don'd would been slandered by his wash lady's bill; his boarding-house womans would always look so shmilin' like a pail full of chibs, und his dailer und bootcher would lofe him as dhey do dheir only forgotten son. Keep dot maxims, und walk on der open shstrect out. Dhere would been no necessidy of building alleys nor back shstreets; efery alley would been a public shstreet, und at nite times you could shleeb as dranquility as a shmall cat kidded, und you nefer got some nitechorses, too. But "pay you out as you vhent along."
For der small child childrens.—Don't got mat on little tings. Ofer a spider bug break out his web down, eleven or eight times, yoost so often he makes it all right, und never don't shpeak cross a mouthfull on ackound of dot misfortunes vat comed on his house; yoost make your head out to do it, und you sure vood have been a great succeed. Don't been afraid when troubles vas comed; keep ub a goot shiff under lip down, und pooty qwick dot dark clouds vas busted all to ter deuce.

Ofer it vas der time when der sun vas going out, vell keeb you eyes on der shtars. Ofer der ground vas dark, look ub indo der Heafens. Ofer your temper vas a shmart qwick one, dot's besser you look out. Efren a fire vood set a house on shparks. One leedle misfit of temper may make you onhappy so long vat you lif. Nefer shtrike backward, but shtrike to der front, don't gif some evil on ackound you don't got it from an odder feller.

Ofer you got a enemy vat don't like you pooty vell, treat him kindly like der deuce, und hafe him for a friend, but don't trust him so far as a bull can throw you mit his tail, for you know dot

"Vasser falling day by day"
Rub's der hardest rock, in "leedle pieces."

"He knows der rest."—One nite times I comed me home on my house, und took mine leedle daughter Gretchen, jr., on mine kneeses. I told her some shhtory riddles, und vas make her some love. She vas creeb on my bosom, und soon vas go sleepy. I dook her on her leddle cradle ped und say, "Gretchy, vood you go on your ped mitout saiding your prayers?" She opened dem beaudifull leedle blue eyes, und rather dreamily exclaimed:

"Now I vas lay me down to sleeb,
I pray der—"

Dhen adding, in a shweet leedle whisper, "He knows der rest," sunk down on her leedle ped, in his watchfull care, who gives His beloved sleeb.

A shmall child's thought.—Upon a times I vas siddin' by der fireshtove place, mit mine mind vanderin' avay off indo dea future, und by mine side vas siddin' mine leedle daughter,
Gretchen, jr. So pigger like five or three years old, she vas a beaudifull curly-headed leedle gal-chilids, und I vas love her mit a mudder's care. She vas lookin' at an old pigure album poook, when all of a suddenly she raised her big blue eyeses, und mit an oxbression on her feadures which I nefer could forgot, und told me, "Papa, I wish I had me a pigure of God; won't you det me one?" I yoost looked down indo dhem beaudiful eyeses, und thought me, dot ofer God vas love, a face exbsessing such puridy und affections as hers would been His. Dhere could been no truer picture of our Heavenly Father, dhen der love, innocence, und puridy exhibitied on dot shweet leedle ounedance of mine shmall darling child, Gretchen, jr.

"PELLS, PELLS, DOT COURT HOUSE PELLS."

While der moon was unhookin' der kurdins of nite,
   Und der vinds through der trees was a sighing,
Dhere vent shtrugglin' along in der pale moonlite
   A bell cofered rooster a crying
   Pells, Pells, Pells.

Now I oney had made mine ped of der outsite dherein
   To shleep, und to tream, und to shnore,
But yoost as mine eyes und ears vas unlockin',
   I heard me dat raskal vat vas roar
   Pells, Pells, der Court House Pells.

I couldn'd shleep a mouthfull; who was dot bell,
   Vat dot feller vas loudly did cry?
So I voke me out Gretchen dis ting for to tell,
   When she murmured dis words, mit a sigh,
   Pells, Pells, der Court House Pells.

I make der ped out so quick vot I cood,
   Und got me my club-stick to maual,
When yoost on mine face, on der top of my shnood,
   I found me out sometings to bawl
   Pells, Pells, der Court House Pells.
It was yoost behindt sunrisen der very next tay
Dot I comed mine shleep out of mine ped,
When Gretchen vas told me, "who vas reason I say,"
Und got mat like der deuce when I said,
Pells, Pells, Pells.

Dot was a night-horses, I dink, I got me last night,
While tumbling, und tossing, und rolling about,
Der ugliest feadures vood come on mine sight
As I'de voke ub, turn ofer, see you, when you'd shout,
Pells, Pells, der Court House Pells.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

I'm a proken hearted Deutcher
Dot's villed mit crief und shame;
I dells you vot de drouble ish:
I does not know my name.

You dinks dis very funny, eh?
Ven you der shtory hear
You vill not vonder den so mooch;
It vas so strange and queer.

Mein moder had two little twins,
Dey was me and mein broder;
Ve loookt so fery mooch alike
No one knew vich from toder.

One of der poys was "Yawcup,"
Und "Hans" der oder's name;
But den it makes no different—
Ve both get called der same.

Vell, von of us got tead—
Yaw, mynheer, dot ish so!
But vedder Hans or Yawcup,
Mein moder she ton't know.

Und so I am in droubles,
I gan't get droo mein head
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifling
Or Yawcup vot is tead!
ADDRESS TO A SCHOOL.—Washington Whitehorn.

My dear boys and girls, I am glad to see so many of you here to-day. Your teacher tells you you should all be as near like little ants as you can, and as this is a fine day I expected to see most of you little truants.

I used to go to school myself; which you will hardly believe, but it is so. In the path to wisdom and knowledge I was even in advance of my learned father—that is to say, he walked behind me with a switch every morning, and you can bet I liked to go to school; he seemed to awaken an ardent desire in my breast to get to school as early as possible.

How pleasant it is for the intelligent scholar to sit in this hall of learning with his eyes bent upon the hard-conned page and wish he hadn’t come to school to-day! and how gloriously is the student’s heart stirred with lofty ambition for—for a prospective half-holiday?

It is a noble thing to learn while you are young how to calculate with mathematical precision, just the exact place to locate a bent pin on your neighbor’s bench, or to draw readily the most difficult problem in moods and tenses by the double rule of three.

Nothing does my old gray hairs so much good as to see a young scholar with ease cipher any compound sum in nouns and pronouns, or work out the most difficult problem in moods and tenses by the double rule of three.

How proud it makes a father feel to know his boy can reduce any complicated sentence in grammar to compound fractions, multiply the subject by the predicate, subtract the verbs and ascertain the number of cubic feet in it by throwing the remainder first into decimals and then into apoplexy! I say, how proud that father feels! Work this answer out by simple proportion; How proud does he feel?

When I was a mere boy I was the most skillful scholar at school in parsing the most abstruse example in arithmetic; and I was so well versed in geography that I could bound New York by almost any State in the Union.

No matter how difficult an example in compound interest was, I could always read it.
It is saying a good deal, but it is nevertheless quite true, that, however hard any lesson in geology was, I could always spell it through, and I could give the definition of any word in the dictionary—if I could find it there.

I am very glad to hear you all whispering; it is so much more becoming than to talk out loud, and I am overjoyed to see so many boys intently studying—what they shall do after school.

If, in your headlong race down street, any one of you should run against a gentleman and he should apologize to you with the toe of his boot, and you don't see fit to accept his apology, don't pick up a rock and hit that gentleman in the small of the back; don't do it; it is very wrong; hit him with a brick; and never go over into anybody's yard and steal apples—unless there are no pears and peaches there.

I hope all you boys and girls will persevere in all things—if you are after a licking, persevere also. If I were your master I should be severe and make you purr.

It has sometimes happened that some of our great men have gone to school like you, and assiduously studied mischief, and vigorously carved their desks, and patiently cut the pictures out of their books, and diligently pulled their neighbor's hair, and devotedly asked the next boy for the answer, and unremittingly made mouths at the master, and energetically pinned rags on the next boy's coat, and earnestly and intensely didn't care a cent for their studies; and I think, on looking around this room, that I perceive symptoms of great men here.

If you grow up in ignorance, you may become rich and live miserably, and die and take but little along.

I have no doubt that you work hard at the grammatical construction of mud-houses after school, and know well the geographical position of the preserve jar; and every night you take your books home to—to bring them back in the morning, certainly; and it's a nice thing to be a scholar, or it would be if the lessons were left out, and when I get to be school commissioner I shall reverse the old way, and make the teachers recite to the scholars.

And now you can go on eating your apples and peanuts.
HIS SPHERE.—By Ben Zeen.

No outward sign his saintliness disclosed,
Save that his eyes seemed cast from heaven's own blue;
No aureole round his freckled brow reposed,
Save where the copious, yellow ringlets grew.

He bore the yoke, and wore the husband's name
To one who, of his meek simplicity,
Made, I must say, the largest kind of game
Oft while she sipped with friends "the mild bohea."

He split her wood, brought water from the spring,
And took a lunch for dinner washing-days;
And helped her counterpanes and quilts to wring,
And beat her carpets through a musty haze.

He nursed the baby, gave it catnip tea,
Or walked the floor with it whole weary nights;
Or greased its breast, in dread of croup, while she slept, or was hearing Stowe on Woman's Rights.

And when neuralgia settled in her jaw,
And her old snags began to jump and dance,
He stroked her temples with his honest paw,
All nervously for fear of some mischance.

He brought her steaming cloths to lull the pain,
And tried to soothe her with his tend'rest care;
But when his tender spouse got well again,
She was as snappish as a cubless bear.

He had a farmer's eye for "Chester Whites,"
And short-horned Durhams and merino sheep,
For which she lectured him so sound of nights
He scarcely dared to dream of them in sleep.

Sometimes he looked, with envy, too, I fear,
On Shoddy's coach and thorough-blooded pair,
And dangling watch-seals, all the useless gear
That Shoddy in his pride delights to wear.
On rings as broad as bracelets, bosom pins,
Plugs glossier than the oiliest Congo's hide;
In short, on all exhaustless money brings,
On all that could desire caprice or pride.

Yet near the crowd of snobs and petit maitres
He lived, a rustic, in his dusty gray;
With long-tailed broadcloth coats and Congress gaiters
Glist'ning in pride before him ev'ry day.

He wore his sockless brogans and his jeans,
His shapeless hat of felt or oaten straw,
Through which the winter's snow, the summer's rains,
Sifted and dripped through many a rent and flaw.

Scorned by the children he had helped to rear,
Awed by the lingual scepter of his spouse,
Life's way to him, indeed, was hard and drear,
And ye he ne'er forgot the nuptial vows.

The years wore slowly onward, and at length
The heart-cleft tree was trembling in the air,
And life had lost its comeliness and strength,
And seemed as hanging by a single hair;

Then joy lit up his mild and humble face:
"At last," he cried, "at last I'll have a home!
I'm glad this is not my abiding-place;
But I will greet you kindly when ye come!"

Then sad, remorseful feelings fill their eyes,
And seek an utterance from a fal't'ring tongue;
But vain their bitter tears, repentant cries,
"The harp of many strings" is all unstrung.

Alas, for youthful hearts and lover's eyes!
For e'en at prudent age, with utmost care
Instead of some bright tenant of the skies
We ope to guest Tartarean unaware.
THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.—By A. M. Griswold.

(A FREE TRANSLATION.)

Early one morning a wolf, who had been sitting up late with the boys, drinking hot rum punch, awaking with that thirst known only to the "hister," got out of bed and hastily putting on his dressing-gown and slippers, proceeded to a brook which meandered just back of his boarding-house, for the purpose of cooling his parched tongue-e-run. He would have preferred a gin cocktail, but there wasn't any place open at that early hour. As he was lapping from the brook, mentally considering whether it was not about time for him to reform and join the Young Men's Christian Association, he 'spied a little lamb paddling at some distance down the stream. He immediately determined to mash her, and bethought himself how he might justify himself should he be arrested for the deed and hauled up before the police court.

"Villain!" thundered the wolf, "what yer 'bout?"

"I am slacking my thirst," meekly replied the little lamb.

"None of your slack to me," roared the wolf. "How dare you muddle the water while I'm drinking?"

The wolf's brains must have been a good deal muddled, or he would have known that it was contrary to the laws of hydrostatics for water to run or even walk up hill; and when the lamb gently reminded him of it, he changed his tactics, as the strong can readily do when they resolve that the weak and helpless shall be their meat.

"Be that as it may," said the wolf, "it is but a year ago that you called me' names, whipped a brother of mine, and said my sister was cross-eyed."

"Hope to die if I did," returned the lamb, shaking in her garters; "a year ago I wasn't born'd."

"Well," replied the wolf, "if it wasn't you it was your father, and it is all in the family, anyhow." Then a new idea struck him, and he returned to his mutton by saying:

"You are Mary's little lamb, ain't you?"

"Ye—ye—yes," stammered the lamb, with fear.

"Then I've heard of you," cried the wolf, seizing her by the wool, "Mary is a friend of mine. She took you to the select school one day, in order to make something out you,
but instead of trying to get an education so you might be of some use in the world and an honor to your parents, you threw paper wads on the wall and made up faces at the school ma'am, for the other scholars to laugh at, thereby diverting their attention from their books. My little boy was there, I remember, and he hasn't studied any since. Oh! but I know you now."

Then he fell to and devoured the lamb, without any mint-sauce, for the lamb was afraid to give him any sauce, even if she had had it, so that Mary didn't have a lamb not no more. The wolf would have given her "a little lam'" though if she had happened along.

He eat the lamb, as he said, as a terrible example to lambs to improve their time at school and not distract the attention of the scholars from their lessons, and he sung at his repast:

"Made the children laugh and play,
Laugh and play, laugh and play,
Made the children laugh and play,
Which was agin the rules."

Moral—Lambs who have been cutting up at school should use a bathing-tub at home if they want to paddle, unless, on the appearance of a wolf, they are able to paddle their own canoe.

THE LION IN LOVE.—The same.

A lion once fell in love with a woodman's daughter. Pleased at first with her appearance, he at length was enamored of her skill on the sewing-machine and fascinated with her engaging way of doing general housework. He offered her his paw in marriage, but she referred him to the old man, who spurned his offer, not desiring to have his family lionized in any such manner. But the lion insisted, threatening to make sausage meat of the entire family unless they prepared at once for the marriage ceremony. (No cards.)

The woodman, seeing that so formidable an addition to a traveling menagerie was not to be trifled with, pretended to accede to the demand. He really felt flattered, he said, by the proposal. It was an opportunity to transform his premises into a zoological garden that might never occur again
in a lifetime. He already imagined that he could hear a lot of whelps running about the house snapping at people and calling him by the endearing name of "gram'pa." It was a pleasing contemplation.

"But what great teeth! and what great claws you have got!" said the woodman. "Where is the damsel that would not be frightened at such things as these in a young husband? You must have your teeth drawn and your claws pared off before you can be a suitable bridegroom for my daughter. Awhile after marriage you can show your teeth and claws as much as you please. Other husbands do."

The lion agreed to the proposition, for love makes jackasses of lions as well as men. A skillful dentist was sent for who administered chloroform to the lion, and extracted his teeth by the aid of nitro-glycerine. His claws were then pared by a chiropodist, who afterward had them silver-mounted and placed on exhibition in a velvet-lined case, together with numerous eminent corns and distinguished bunions, removed with his patent corn-sheller.

Minus teeth and claws, the lion called upon the woodman to accept him as a son-in-law. But the woodman, no longer afraid of the tamed and disarmed bully, seized a prostrate sapling and belabored him soundly, regardless of his entreaties:

"Woodman, spare that tree, Touch not a single—bow-wow-wow."

He slunk away into the thicket, never again to undertake the task of making a woodman's daughter play the part of Pawlean, the Lady of Lions, to his Claw'd.

Moral—This fable teaches the advantages of chloroform in affairs of the heart, and the important part the chiropodist plays in our modern civilization.
THE TREACHERY OF JONES.—By Max Adler.

A PHILADELPHIA TRAGEDY.

Rebecca Johnson was a maid of high and noble birth;
No man could guess the awful sum her proud papa was worth;
She fancied Jones when first they met, because she saw him try,
As courteously he bowed to her, to smile with his right eye.

And subsequently, when Jones called, the sparkling that was done
Was so terrific that at once Rebecca's heart was won;
And Jones, for fear the exercise by Johnson might be stopped,
One evening fell upon his knees, and sighed and blushed and popped.

The wild, tumultuous passion that was raging in her breast
Can hardly be imagined, and it cannot be expressed;
But, till she learned precisely in what neighborhood he dwelt,
She didn't dare to tell young Jones the ecstasy she felt.

She said, "Your proffered love I shall assuredly decline
If north of Market street you live, or further south than Pine;
That people dwell beyond those bounds you may perhaps insist,
But I, of course, can't recognize the fact that they exist."

And then Jones said no earthly prize could possibly induce
A relative of his to live on any street but Spruce;
The fellow fibbed most shamelessly, as des'rate lovers will;
The street that Jones lived upon was really Callowhill.

So then she flew into his arms and murmured in sweet tones:
"I love you! Oh, I love you! Fold me close, my sweet! my Jones!"

And though he clasped her to his heart and kissed her,
mussed her hair,

And carried on outrageously, she didn't seem to care.
The wedding followed in a week; two weeks they were away;
Then back to Philadelphia the Joneses came to stay.
While speeding homeward in the cab, the bride remarked:
"Why will
This brutal man, of all the streets, drive into Callowhill?"

They stopped before a house just then, and Mrs. Jones looked queer,
And said, "What does this mean, my love? What business have we here?"

But gazing out, she saw a plate of brass upon the door:
And JONES was all the legend that the shining tablet bore.

A wild, unearthly yell escaped the lips of Mrs. Jones,
And this was followed by a lot of sobs and shrieks and groans:
"Oh perjured villain! Slave!" she screamed, "I tell you I will not
Consent to live with any Jones on this plebeian spot!"

Then suddenly she tackled Jones (who called for the police),
And brained him instantaneously with blows from her valise.
And looking at his corpse without a shadow of regret,
She killed herself by swallowing her cut-glass vinaigrette.

They buried both the bodies in the same cold, cheerless tomb;
Rebecca's high-toned friends declared she merited her doom;
The Jones' shutters for a year were bowed both front and back,
And all the Johnsons dressed themselves for twenty months in black.

DON'T CALL A MAN A LIAR.—The Fat Contributor.

Never tell a man he is a liar unless you are certain that you can lick him, for, as a general rule, when you say that it means fight.
I have arrived at this conclusion through sad experience. I know that it is not safe to give the lie to a muscular Christian.

I did it once. I am sorry for it now, as I never grieved for anything else in the whole course of my life.

We were standing on the sidewalk, in front of the club, when I made the statement. We were talking politics, and men who talk politics and get hot over it are, to put it mildly, lunatics, or else want an office, or have some friend who wants an office.

This man made an assertion touching the fair fame of my candidate. It is probable that if it had been as true as it was false, I should have taken the same course, because, you understand, a man who talks politics has no sense, anyhow. I think I said this before, but it is all the same. I want to make it strong, and get you to understand how I got my ornamental eye.

I mildly suggested that a man who would make such a statement as that was lost to all sense of shame, and would be guilty of any bad crime.

He disagreed with me upon that point. As for himself, he never made a statement except upon the most ample proof. My candidate was the meanest villain living.

I told him he lied.

I have been kicked by a mule; have fallen out of a second-story window on a hard pavement; eaten green persimmons; heard Miss Blow read poetry for two hours and a half; skated; rode a sharp-hacked horse of mustang parentage, an adept in the art of "bucking;" suffered grief of various kinds, and still clung to life; but all of these are feathers in the balance, as compared with the result of that little word liar.

Immediately after saying it I sat down—not in the way people usually sit down.

I sat down on the rim of my ear, ten feet from the spot where I had been standing when I made use of the expression quoted above. I am not used to sitting in that position, and do not think it agrees with me.

I have heard of people who "got up on their ear" and walked off. I wish I knew how to do it, and would have
propelled myself away from the spot immediately if I had possessed the happy faculty. I proceeded to get myself perpendicularly, intending to use the locomotion which nature had given me; but when I came right side up, something heavy ran against my nose, and I felt very tired. I sat down on my other ear. I like a change; it is too monotonous doing the same thing over and over again.

Somebody took my large friend away, and I was quite pleased when he was gone. I have concluded to look twice at a man before I give him the tie again. My eye is in mourning, my nose swelled into the size of a citron, with the color of bluish rose, and my clothes look as if they had run through a patent sausage machine. I would not have that man’s temper for any thing in the world.

---

**CARL PRETZEL’S LECTURE ON MAN.**

**MINE DEORY APOUT BEDIGREE.**

Der key to mine deory vas a monkey, und dot vas abarent mit you all.

Olt Shendlemans Tarwin did said dot “man vas comed from a monkey out.”

Ofer dis vas been der pefront orriginal of man, der monk, in a good many inshances vas ondided to hafe mine sym-pady, ofer he cood use dot.

Id vas for drue a circular singleshdance, dot man in all his brisdine beaudy and lustre, vas dook his bedigree from der insect tribe.

Yoost call a mans a monkey, and he dinks right away you consult him.

“But der drooth befrails when id vas mightdy.” “As der dwig got bent der drees goes yoost like dot.” “Und as he falls so he must shtand.”

Yoost for inshtinckt let us dook a look indo der fudure of man.

In 1492, about der time when Atam got shnaked der garten of Eten out, man vas yoost becamekated mit der wedder.
He had been porned mitout his knowledges or consents; his konshtidootions vas adabted to der glimade vat vas dhere, und his furames vas shuckfull of der outside in mit life.

All nature vas so quièduède like der dence, I wish I cood yoost shnore me so loud as it vas quièduède enuff. At dis eboch dhere vast comed some shnakes, dot shnakes cood said sometings, consekerwendly dot inseckt hafe one of der powers which man did hafe apofe der voomans kインド.

Adam was done vat der repdile did said, und then he vas fall down so flat he cood shtrand.

Dis vas only for inshtinckt, to brove dot man not only comed der monkey out, but to gif der shnake raddle a shance to got a bedigree neider.

Ferry ofden der beculiar gharackteristics of odder pirds cood been foundt linkering around der phrame works of mankindt.

Dook der vassup, der sheebs, vich makes so many mutton hedts vat you ofden comed in contact with in der daily walk of life.

Dook der shnail—der not pootty gwick shnail—and oh his feadures cood been viewed ler outlines of man.

Dook der shkunk. Vell, dot's besser you don't hantle him; but shill efen on dis vhibberwill smellum shtrong songster de ggearackderistic feadures of man vas more greatly visable as on some odder pird.

Eberywhere, no matter vhere you vhen, man mit dis latter consbickuousnecessidty [I'de shuff dot vord as a relick] voed comed in contact mit you no matter vat your name vas.

Dis adds annoder heldy charm to der fact dot mans bos- sesses more dishtinckt gwodations from der animals kインド as he did once from der clay earth.

Vy, dot clay vas only some inanimate mut mitout lifely. Vat you don'd cood hold for more as a minoot long by a shplid shboon.

Ofer you got no jeckobtions, und you got plenty time enuff, and you don'd got any doubt aboud it, yoost dook a dry once to make a man mit some of der mut vat grewed on der shtreet.

Efen of you got der pest gwalidy, I baed you two tollars und a half you don'd could make it shpeak sometings ofer
you dry two weeks. Und reckermember you got to make him walk more as a mile neider, or you loose der beer, ain’d it. Vell, I baed you.

I dink I know fife or dree fellers vat vas dry to make a man, but I notice dhey don’d only got der left hand done yoost yet, und when dhey got it gombleted dhey vood hafe to write under der pigture, "Dis vas a cow."

Vat I vant me to temonsthrade vas dis: Dot man vas made.

Vell, you see dot when Mr. Kolumhus Kristopher vas landet mit his ark poat, some mans vas comed der vasser over mit him, but dhey vas olt mans.

Hisdory don’d did speak a mouthful about dhere names or der bedikree of dhere antcesdors.

It was mit a dekree of uncerdaindy to found out who dhey vas.

Enyhow dhey vas our before fadders, vedder dhey vas monkeys or not.

Der well ret mans of der cidy, or der well ret mans of der forrest out, vas yoost so ignoranter like me neider. So dot makes it yourself efident fact dot man vas a connundrum, und it vas besser you gif him ub, except when you hear mit your eyeses some of der animal gharchteristics brominently displayed on der feadures of der male man. Dhen you cood said mit a cerdaindy dot man comed from an animals oud.

I hear me ladely dot der debt shpirid ghosts of some anudiqated monk vas comed to earth of clay.

I forgot me which, und it vas had a dendency to increase der mempers of mine deory, but deth to dose who vas ashamed of myself about dhere pedikree.

Der shpiridualists und female voomans sufferers vas desh-bise mine tocktrine, und on dat ackound I see me der drooth of der olt atferb dot a rolling shtone vas der root of all evil.
KOMIKAL SPEAKER.

BUST.*—R. H. Stoddard.

Well, sonny, it pays to be honest,
And run your shebang on the square;
When a chum of mine forgets it,
We separates then and there.
I kept telling Jim Smith this—
He allowed the remark was just—
But he went his own gait all the same,
His tune was—"Go it, or bust!"

We were out in Kansas together—
Jim and me—in the year Fifty-eight;
They had made it so hot in Missouri,
We concluded not to wait.
So we put, being peaceable men,
Even Jim soon saw that we must;
I had only my oxen and cart,
And Jim not a red, being bust.

We put, as aforesaid, to Kansas,
And had scarce been there a week
When we stumbled across an old miner
Who had recent returned from Pike's Peak.
He dropped there was gold there, one night,
And showed us a bag full of dust.
Said Jim, "Le's be off!" Said I, "Wait."
"Nary wait," said he, "Pike's Peak, or bust!"

I sot and thought over the matter,
And made up my mind the next day
I would see about Jim and me going:
He'd turned in, and was snoozing away.
I judged, from the smile that he wore,
He was sharing the sleep of the just.
When I woke I observed it was late,
And I was alone there—and bust!

Unbeknown he had doctored my whisky,
And gone back on me thus from the start;
He had got up and got before morning,
And stolen my oxen and cart!

From The Aldine.

Sp. 15 2
CARL PRETZEL’S

You had better believe I was riled,
I’ve a sort of idee that I cussed;
“ I’m going to go for you Jim—
We’ll see before long who is bust.”

Why the doggoned cuss had absconded
Was inquired, and the miner he told;
So the next day there started a party
To go after Jim—and the gold.
Those oxen of mine were our guides,
We got on their track from the fust;
And we followed ’em, two days behind,
Determined to ketch up—or bust!

’Twas a mighty rough country to travel—
All sand to the foot of the Peak—
Vegetation about as abundant
As that yellow fuzz on your cheek.
Not a tree or a shrub—withered grass,
And never a stream you could trust;
There was alkali something in all—
But no Peak, and no Jim—was he bust?

The track of the wagon we followed
Would be lost for a time, and then found—
Like the rivers that sink in that desert,
And as suddenly rise from the ground.
’Twas hotter than thunder one hour,
And the next there would come a cold gust
Slap down from the snows on the Peak;
Four days, and no Jim!—had he bust?

The next day we sighted the wagon.
“You have got him at last now,” they said;
But he’s halted!—There’s something the matter—
And what are those birds overhead?
Not buzzards! An ox, too, is down—
And a leg through the grass there is thrust.
Halt, help! There’s a murder been done!
“Hollow, Yank!” Silence, men—Jim is bust!
Poor Jim: At his feet lay his rifle,
Close by it his whip and a boot;
There were marks all around of a tussle
With some treacherous dog of a Ute;
A tomahawk spattered with blood,
And Jim lying scalped in the dust,
And daubed, by himself, on my cart,
Was his epitaph—"PIKE'S PEAK, OR BUST!"

SIMON SHORT'S SON SAMUEL.—Miss Ida Bennett.

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers' speeding storms, spreading sunshine successively saw Simon's small, shabby shop still standing staunch, saw Simon's selfsame sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, solely superfinely." Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed skirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout, sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spice; Simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; Sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; Skeptical Saul sold silver salvers, silver spoons; Selfish Shadrach sold shoe-strings, soaps, saws, skates; Slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since, Simon's second son, Samuel, saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Sophronia Spriggs. Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sung several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly singing such shamefoul, senseless songs.

"Strange Sam should slight such splendid summer sales!"

* This is a whimsical composition and rather curious, too. It will be hard to commit to memory, but for that reason is a good exercise, and will besides, excite considerable interest in the audience. It was first read before the Concord, N. H., High School.
said Simon. "Strutting spendthrift! shatter-brained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sirs," said Sally, "Sam's smitten—Sam's spied sweet-heart."

"Sentimental school-boy!" snarled Simon. "Smitten! Stop such stuff."

Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seizing Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spoons. "Sneaking scoundrel. Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease?" Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. "Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop strolling streets, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously, stop sprucing so, stop singing serenades, stop short! Sell saddles, sonny; sell saddles, sensibly; see Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's staple, so solicit, sure; secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

"So soon? so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon! surely," said Sally, smiling; 'specially since sire shows such spirit."

So Sam, somewhat scared, sauntering slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliloquizes.

"Sophia Sophronia Spriggs—Spriggs Short—Sophia Sophronia Short, Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid! Suppose she should say—She shan't!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam, she stopped starching; saluted Sam smilingly. Sam stammered shockingly.

"Spl-spl-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar-sartin, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds.)

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"


"Sartain," said Sophia, smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds.)

"Sire shot sixty sheldrakes, Saturday," said Sophia.
“Sixty? sho l’” said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.)

“See sister Susan’s sunflowers,” said Sophia, sociably scattering such stiff silence.

Sophia’s sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally: “Sophia, Susan’s sunflowers seem saying, ‘Samuel Short, Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling springs shall sing soul-soothing strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighing; super-angelic sylphs shall—’”

Sophia snickered; so Sam stopped.

“Sophia,” said Sam, solemnly.

“Sam,”

“Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short’s sincere. Sam’s seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia. Speak! Sophia, speak! such suspense speculates sorrow.”

“Seek sire, Sam, seek sire.”

So Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said “Sartin.”

---

RECKERMEMPER DER POOR.

One day in der summer times, dhere vas dwo peobles dookin’ a shmall walk der field ofer. One vas a goot und holy shendlemans, der odder vas a young mans dot vas not holy too, on ackound he got a couble evil thoughts on his mind once on a while. While dhey vas valkin’ along, der shmall est aged one saw an old coat und a pair of shoeses by der roadside.

“Ha, ha,” he say a couble times, “now we have some fun. I vill yoost make ’em shoeses full mit thistles, und when der man makes ’em on, he vood shump like his heart vas proke.”

“Nein, nein,” say der goot olt man, “dose vas a vicked dricks I baed you. Now, mine boy, on ackound dot you was rich, dot’s besser you put a silver tollar in each shoeses, und then we yoost hide in der bushes und watch for dot. Don’d let us got und make poor people pay for dot.”

Pooty soon gwick dhere comed along some poor old man, dot vas tired mit his vork. He shtops und makes on his
coat, but so gwick he vas make on his shoe, mine gracious but he vas oxbrised to saw dot silver. Dhen he makes on der odder one, when he could no longer contain himself, but lookin' eferywhere der place around, mit tears rolling down his feadures, he makes his knees on der ground, und mit his lookin' ub to heaven, he gave thanks for der timely boundy vat vas comed to safe his sick frow und shtarving childrens.

"Now, mine poy," said der old man, in der bushes, "don'd you feel better?"

"Yah, dot ish so, I yoost feel me now der trooth of der old affurb which I nefer pefore undershtood, dot it vas more goot to gif dhen to got somet'ings."

---

**NATURAL HISTORY.*—Josh Billings.**

The cockroach is a bug at large, easily domesticated, born on the 1st of May and 1st of November semi-annually, and is ready for use fifteen days after date. They can't swim, but will float a long time.

Kissing—the more a man tries to analyze a kiss the more he can't. Any man who can't sit down, tint his chair back, place his feet on the mantle-piece, and tell how a kiss tastes, has no more real flavor in his mouth than a knot-hole. The only way to define a kiss is to take one.

Snakes travel on the outside of themselves—they go down a hill very easily, because they have nothing to hold on with.

Any man who can wear a paper collar for a whole week, and keep it clean, ain't good for any thing else.

Love is like the measles—you can't have it bad but once, and the later in life we have it, the worse it goes with us.

Swine have four legs, with some notable exceptions. Some are full in the face like a town clock. They have been learned some good things, among others hoisting gates from their hinges and upsetting garbage barrels. They can root well, but have a bad memory.

*This is the substance of Mr. Shaw's lecture, "The Pensive Cockroach." It rambles and rambles through a wide field. There is very little oratory in it, but a great many very cute sayings, which will take with an audience.
The flea is the smallest and most pesky of animals. They bite worse than the musketo, and oftener, because they bite on the run. About fifteen fleas die annually, except when a dog is drowned.

Dogs have infested this earth as long as man. There is no reliable evidence as to the first dog. Esau was a mighty hunter, but whether he kept a dog or not is not known. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. He found out like a great many others that he could not live on pedigree.

The yellow dog has no pedigree; his tail is a burden to him. Ever since Columbus discovered America the yellow dog has been an orphan.

The Newfoundland dog is useful to save children from drowning, but then you have got to have a pond and children running around loose.

The rat-terrier is a native of Great Britain. One who has no pedigree, and can kill 97 rats a day, is not worth as much as one with a pedigree, who can only kill 58 per day.

An uneducated man can't see anything in the moon, but an educated one can see green cheese, toll-gates, women's rights conventions, etc.

Clams are of sedentary habits, but when they do leave home they travel on their muscle.

The hornet is a red-hot child of nature. Never examined his social habits closely, because I did not think it polite.

The principal business of the hen is to lay eggs, and then set on them. The hen will set on a stone and hatch a stone. I have seen hens set on duck-eggs, and then try to learn their children to dig in the garden. It is a melancholy sight to see the ducks go into the water and the old hen on the shore wringing her hands, crying for them to come out.

The monkey is the shadow of the human being. He scratches his head as natural as a school-boy, and probably for the same reason.

The difference between a mistake and a blunder is this: When a man sets down a good umbrella and takes up a bad one, that is a blunder, but when he puts down a bad umbrella and takes up a good one, that is simply a mistake.

I would like to know who invented tight boots. Any one who can wear tight boots, be humble and not make use of
profane literature, will make a good husband. The only thing in favor of tight boots is that they make a man forget all his other miseries.

We have been told that an honest man is the noblest work of God, but there has been so much demand for the work that we are afraid a large amount of the first edition is still with the author.

The fly—thousands of flies find watery graves by getting drowned in milk-cans. They won't light on a healthy spot in a man if they can find a place a little raw. Have never seen a fly the worse of liquor, but have often seen liquor the worse of flies.

The cat has been called a domestic animal. The only thing you can trust a cat with is a bar of yellow soap. They will often lay down at your feet full of injured innocence and chicken. They are as hard to lose as a bad reputation. Both are very plentiful in this world just now. Counted 68 cats on the roof of my boarding-house the other night, and it was not a good night for cats either.

The codfish is a fruit of the ocean. It is good eating on a wet day, as it will keep a man dryer than an umbrella. If you make the first meal of cod, you can make the other two of water.

In conclusion, I will read an essay on marriage. Who were the first pair to put on the silken double-harness and promise always to be kind and loving, sink or swim, survive or perish, I never could find out. Some marry for beauty and never discover their mistake; some for money and don't see it; some for pedigree; some to please their friends; some to get rid of themselves, and find that two can play at the same game; some to get even.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.—Joe Jot, Jr.

Oh, for some deep, secluded dell,  
Where brick-and-mortar life may cease,  
To sit down in a pot of grease,  
No—no—I mean a grot of peace.
I'd choose a home by Erin's wave,
With not a sound to mar life's lot;
I'd by the cannon have a shot—
No—by the Shannon have a cot.

How fair the rocky isle around,
That wild expance to scan it o'er;
I love a shiver with a roar—
I mean a river by the shore.

'Twere sweet at moonlight's mystic hour,
To wander forth where few frequent,
To come upon a tipsy gent—
No—no—I mean a gipsy tent.

In that retirement, love, I would
Pursue some rustic industry,
And make myself a boiling tea—
No—no—I mean a toiling bee.

Beneath a shady sycamore,
How sweet to breathe love's tender vow
Your dear ones bitten by a sow—
No—no—I mean sitting by a bough—

Or sweet with your fond wife to sit
Outside your door at daylight's close,
While she's hard hitting at your nose—
I mean hard knitting at your hose—

Perhaps on earthly cares you brood,
While sympathy her sweet face shows;
'Tis good to walk upon one's toes—
I mean to talk upon one's woes—

Ah! still you watch that fairy shape,
A summer dress which does adorn,
Admiring much her laugh of scorn—
No—no—I mean her scarf of lawn.
"TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US."—By
Frank Olve.

Bill Baker owned a fighting-dog,
A brindle, coarse-haired brute,
Whose chief delight was to engage
In a canine dispute;
An ill-conducted, vicious, cross,
Stub-tailed, hair-lipped, crop-eared,
And red-eyed, canine nuisance,
By the neighborhood canines feared.

Bill's dog came down the street on a
Diagonal dog-trot,
A-looking for some other dog,
For whom to make it hot;
When, on a scrubby-looking brute,
His vision chanced to fall,
Staring from out a looking-glass
That leaned against the wall.

Bill's dog surveyed that strange canine,
With sinister regard,
And doubted if he'd ever seen
A dog look quite so hard.
The more he gazed, the less respect
He felt within him stir,
For that demoralized, cross-grained
And hang-dog looking cur.

That stranger dog returned Bill's dog's
Insulting stare, in kind,
Which tended to still more disturb
Bill's canine's peace of mind.
With every bristling hair along
His back, he fiercely frowned,
And curled his tail until it raised
His hind feet from the ground.

And showed his teeth, and cocked his ears,
And otherwise behaved
Impertinently, as dogs do
Whose instincts are depraved;
KOMIKAL SPEAKER.

But all his hostile signs were met
   By signs as hostile, quite,
And Bill's dog felt himself compelled
   To slink away or fight.

He flew into that looking-glass
   With all his might and main—
Filled with chagrin and broken glass,
   He soon flew out again.
Reflection showed Bill's dog that he
   Had got into a scrimmage,
Through indignation at the sight
   Of his own hideous image.

The knowledge of his aspect quite
   Destroyed his self-esteem;
For the hideous reality
   Surpassed his wildest dream.
Life lost, at once, all charm for him;
   So mournfully he steered
Into a neighboring sausage-shop
   And never reap beared.

The moral of this doggerel
   Is obvious, I trust;
(For there is moral lesson in
   Bill Baker's dog's disgust);
If some men knew how they appear
   To others, they would hide
Themselves within a sausage-shop—
   That is, they'd suicide.
SORROWFUL TALE OF A SERVANT GIRL.*—_By John Quill._

Mary Ann was a hired girl.
She was called "hired" chiefly because she always objected to having her wages lowered. Her simple name was Mary Ann, and she never had any other, as far as I know. She went through the world on plain Mary Ann, and seemed content.
She was of foreign extraction, and she said she was descended from a line of kings. But nobody ever saw her descend, although they admitted that there must have been a great descent from a king to Mary Ann.
And Mary Ann never had any father and mother. As far as it could be ascertained, she was spontaneously born in an intelligence office.
It was called an intelligence office because there was no intelligence about it, excepting an intelligent way they had of chiseling you out of two-dollar bills.
The early youth of Mary Ann was passed in advertising for help, and in sitting on a hard bench, dressed in a bonnet and speckled shawl, sucking the end of a parasol.
Personally, Mary Ann was a young thing of about forty summers, with rich blowsy hair, and a cream-colored complexion. She weighed two hundred pounds, and wore her own hoops where she couldn't get anybody else's. She had a fiery black eye, which was always blacker when she returned from a wake, and she had a brass ring on the third finger of the left hand.
Her nose began well, and had evidently been conceived in an artistic spirit, but there seemed not to have been stuff enough, as it was left half finished, and knocked upwards at the end, while her waterfall was tied up in a scoop-net.
But she was a fair young creature, and she had a delicate nervous system, and a sense of propriety.
She said she would never live anywhere where they didn't have Brussels carpet in the kitchen, and a family that would

* This being rather long, can, of course, be abridged at will. If, however, the student cannot commit all to memory, we suggest that he copy it off in manuscript and read it from the stage as his own story of a domestic experience. It will be appreciated by the ladies especially.
take her to the sea-shore in summer. And as she knew absolutely nothing, she said she must have four dollars a week as a slight compensation for having to take the trouble to learn.

And Mary Ann had her peculiarities, too. She indulged a strong predilection for cooking chickens with craws in them, and she always seemed to think that as nature had placed scales on the fish, it was wicked to remove them.

Yes, Mary Ann was eccentric, and she would often boil her stockings in the tea-kettle, and wipe the dishes with her calico frock.

Her brother was a bricklayer, and he used to send her letters sealed up with a dab of mortar, and it was thus, perhaps, she conceived the idea that hair was a good thing to mix in to hold things together, and so she always introduced some of her own into the biscuit.

But Mary Ann was fond—yes, passionately fond—of work. So much did she love it that she dilly-dallied with it, and seemed to hate to get it done. She was often very much absorbed in her work. In fact, she was an absorbing person, and many other things were absorbed besides Mary Ann. Butter, beef, and eggs, were all absorbed, and nobody ever knew where they went to, for Mary Ann was a clandestine absorber, and never was ostentations.

And she was very fond of good victuals. She was delicate and her constitution required it. Indeed, she was so fragile and ethereal that her nature required a stimulant, and she would get boosy four times a week on the cooking-wine, and lie stretched across the ice-chest in the cellar till she recovered.

But there were some things that Mary Ann couldn’t bear. She had a deadly hatred of good bread, and she conceived such a dislike for coffee that she always made it taste like boiled boots and tobacco-juice.

And whenever Mary Ann had to make boned turkey, she used to bone the turkey so effectually that nobody could tell what had become of it.

There was also a strange fatality attending Mary Ann’s efforts in the crockery line. If she so much as laid her little finger on a saucer, that identical saucer would immediately fall on the floor and be shattered to atoms.
But Mary Ann would merely say that she couldn’t help it. If the attraction of gravitation was very powerful in that spot she wasn’t to blame for it, for she had no control over the laws of nature, and so Mary Ann never worried herself about it.

Although Mary Ann never had a father or mother, she may have been the daughter of her uncle and aunt, for she manifestly had uncles.

Uncles indeed seem to have been one of Mary Ann’s weaknesses, for she had some twenty or thirty cousins who came to see her every night, and who stayed late and practiced pigeon-wings and Irish jigs on the kitchen floor.

Her uncles’ children were all males, and there was a mysterious and inexplicable connection between their visits and the condition of the pantry, which nobody could explain. There was something shadowy and obscure about it, for whenever Mary’s cousins came there was always a fading away in the sugar-box, and low tide in the flour-barrel. It was strange, but true.

But as often as Mary Ann watched and got on the alert, just that often she said she couldn’t imagine how it was.

And she was absent-minded, also, and in a moment of self-forgetfulness, she would blow out a gas, and suffocate the family, or perchance she would hold the baby for an hour by the leg and let it hang down until it burst a blood-vessel.

Absence of mind, however, was not as strong a suit with her as absence of body, and her Sunday out used to come once a week, and sometimes twice.

But she always went to church, she said, and she thought it was right to neglect her work for her faith, for she believed that faith was better than works.

Mary Ann was a believer in cold water, also, not as a beverage, but as an instrument of torture. She was intensely happy when she could stick herself out of a second story window, and wait till a man came by with a new hat on. That was Mary Ann’s chance, and it filled her with tender joy to grab a tin cup and souse water on that nine-dollar hat and utterly ruin it.

When she did this she would sit there, unconcerned like.
until the man got past, and then she would get down and fairly burst the hooks and eyes off her dress, exulting with wild laughter over her deed.

And sometimes she would go out and scrub the pavement, and then she would turn the hose on, and go up the alley and lay off until she saw a fellow drawing near with blacking on his boots; then she would rush out and dab about a bucketful of water over them, and enjoy herself to hear him curse.

These were the happy moments of her checkered life, and she would go in and feel a peaceful calm in her soul when she did it.

Mary Ann, too, had a marked partiality for good clothes. Often in silent meditation in the retirement of her own kitchen, she would reason to herself that a beneficent Providence had implanted in the female heart a desire for goodly apparel, and she would frequently think, "Was it her business to fly in the face of nature, and to refuse to appease the longings of her bosom!"

And she always said—"No, it wasn't;" and then she would take hold of her kerosene lamp and go up-stairs and try on her mistress' bonnet, and help herself to underclothes and flannel petticoats, and then she would see how she looked in a velvet cloak. With a saddened heart, then, regretfully, but feeling it to be an imperative and melancholy duty, she would nail any hem-stitched handkerchief or hosiery or valuables that were lying around.

She said herself she was sorry, but her womanly instincts were strong and she felt that she must obey them.

But if the beginning of Mary Ann was strange, how extraordinary was her ending! She never died—Mary Ann was not one of your perishable kind. But she suddenly disappeared. One day she was there full of life and spirits, and hope, and cooking-wine, and the next day she wasn't, and the place that once knew her knew her no more.

Where she went to, how she went, by what means she went, no one could tell; but it was regarded as a singular coincidence that four aprons, eight napkins, a soup-ladle, two ear-rings and a lot of valuable green-backs melted away at the same time, and it is supposed that the person who stole Mary Ann away must have captured these
And Mary Ann was never heard of again. There was a wild tradition that her form was seen hovering around the intelligence office in a new bonnet, but it was, probably, her specter, which came back to haunt the place she loved on earth—the one place that was filled with so many pathetic and tender memories of the missing Mary Ann.

---

**THE LOAFERS' SOCIETY.**—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

The fellow who lounges all day  
In rum-mills, at customers winking—
Who, making each tippler his prey,  
Goes in for gratuitous drinking—
Who sponges his lunch and his beer,  
With liquors in all their variety—
This sucker, 'tis perfectly clear,  
Is one of the Loafers' Society.

The rascal who guzzles when dry,  
And takes a big horn for his ration—
Who gets pretty drunk "on the sly,"  
And artfully shuns observation—
Yet preaches his temperance stuff,  
Exhorting you all to sobriety,
Why he, 'tis apparent enough,  
Is one of the Loafers' Society.

The bully who blows about fight,  
While sick infants fly from his clutches—
Who makes it his pride and delight  
Assaulting poor cripples on crutches—
Whenever this fellow you meet,  
Just give him a kick very quietly,
For this most detestable "beat"  
Is king of the Loafers' Society.

The woman who gads all around,  
Neglecting her family labors—
The one who is constantly found  
Discussing affairs of her neighbors—
Who, spoutin' about "Woman's Rights,"
Gains plenty of vile notoriety.
We think her the worst of all "frights,"
And queen of the Loafers' Society.

The man who by politics, tries
To get in a lucrative station—
Who speechifies nothing but lies,
And wishes to "serve" the dear nation—
The "pap" of an office he'll cram,
And lug off the spoils with anxiety—
This sucker on old Uncle Sam
Is chief of the Loafers' Society.

This organization is vast,
Great influence always commanding:
Young men who are idle and "fast"
Are members in excellent standing.
The hypocrite, soaker and sneak
Are there in an endless variety,
And any one having much "check"
May join the great Loafers' Society.

"IT'S THE EARLY BIRD," ETC.—Joe Jot, Jr.

More than one has shown how hollow
Is this proverb, and absurd,
For the worm, it sure must follow,
Got up earlier than the bird.

Doubtless, too, the bird in question
Eating with too great a zeal,
Suffered much from indigestion,
Owing to that morning meal.

And it would not be surprising
If that bird fell a prey
To the sportsman; early rising
Makes the aim so sure, they say.
Perhaps it's young, too—had it any—
By their parents left forlorn,
Caught catarrhal ailments many
From the keen, cold air of morn.

Other birds—for birds will cluster—
When they saw the bird alight,
Might have chirped with scornful patter—
"Ah! the rake's been cut all night!"

Summing up the case concisely.
This decidedly I say:
Early birds don't get on nicely!
Early rising does not pay!

MUSIC.*—_Cesar Pompey Squash._

My sable brudrin ob boff ganders—Harken ye, all ye nigs,
weder from de Massasip or de Mississiou, from Texico or
Mexus, from Kaintuck or Karoline, from de Swarnee and
Tombrebee, and from all parts ob Dixy to de relms ob de
Alybarm—ye shiny-faced bracks, ye kwartroons, ye merlat-
ters an' mustees, and ye pale-face nigs of all ages an' sizis, and
of bof de heminine an' sheminine ganders, boot-bracks an'
barbers, winder-cleeners an' floor-scrubbers, tabel-waiters an'
kitchen-kernels, pollytishuns, offis-holders an' offis-seekers—
harken all ye to de wuds ob wisdum an' uncommon sense
dat shall drap like manna and wile hunny from de lips ob
your blubbed shepud and pasture.

All ye that hab no music in your sole am fit for pizen,
stratajims and spiles, sez de grate profit and perjector ob de
Kellyseeum.

Music hab charms to soove de sabijc,
To rend a rock an' split a kabidge,
sez de poick ob nater; darfo I, Squash, say unto you, dat
hab no music in yer soles, get a banjo, a tambo, a tryangel,

*No collection of school or exhibition pieces for declamation would be
complete without a negro speech. We question their good taste, how-
ever. They are highly ludicrous when well delivered, en character. To
be a success this must be delivered by the speaker assuming the complete
"get-up" of a negro preacher or lecturer.
a fiddle, a symbol, a anvil, or a d'uble big base drum, an' play on dem, and beet dem togedder, till you hab beet music into your unfisticated soles; for de grate powow ob music am yit but little un'stood.

Teech your pickaninnies de art ob playin' solos and hilos on little drums, donjon's an' juiseharps; l'arn your dorters to play on de humstrum an' de peanner-forty; you' sons an' big boys to go it strong on de banjo, de awgin, de hewgag an' de bones, an' your wives to play on de harp ob a t'ousand strings. Darfo, I say unto you, git music.

Wid music you can do any t'ing—widout music you can do nex to noffin'; you're wuss dan de infiddle wot don't believe in any t'ing.

Music hab powow to draw a t'ousand 'kar-lodes ob people—it hab powow to ereck a b'ildin' as high as de towow ob Babel, as long as de Hoosick tunnel, an' as broad as de Back bay. It will elevate each one ob you higher dan de hole in de sky, and make you feel as happy as an uncort possum.

Darfo, I repeet, git music. You mite as well try to lib widout relijin an' wirtoo as widout music. Widout it you am no mo' use in dis world dan a fiddle widout strings, or an orgin widout a bellows.

Darfo, I say ag'in, git music—git it if you hab to steel it from an' awgin-grinder.

An' why, my hairers, do you t'ink I am heah to-day distillin' dese trufes into your minds? I hab tole you heahtofo' about de gran' powow ob music at de Hub—ob de grate Peece it hab made 'mong all de nashuns ob de uniwerse, includin' Kuby; an' dat, I am shua, am enuff to conwinse ebery stubborn darkey dat music am 'senshal to darkey life, liberty an' happyness.

Darfo, I say unto you, for de 'lebenty-leb'nth time, git music.

De jubylee wur a splendid success, because dey did it wid music. Had dey undertuk de job ob makin' piece wid 'preechin', darnin', or stump-speekin', it wud hab ben a deader faleyer dan Boyree in de Naby department, or Ben Butler's attemp' to blow up all Dixey wid' a powdah-bote. Darfo, I repeat, for de hunduth time, git music.

And wot am music! It am de konkord of swete sounds—de mellowliflewus warblin' ob melody; and dese deliteful
t'ings am to be foun' in wind, steam, catgut, brass, sledgehammers, anvils, and de gods ob music, Orfeus, 'Pollow and Gilmore. Noise am music if it cums to time and am in tune, weder made wid a bullgine wistle, or a big cannon. Darfo, I say unto you, beest music into your soles.

Now, my deahly-blubbed sinners, I am a-cumin' to de nub ob my discourse—to de meat in de cocoanut.

I hab got an idee, ob witch I hab gibben you only de prolog. De peppergram ob dis grate idee, I mus' reserbe for a futur' 'casion, less sum musicle quack steel my funder afo I hab got it all bottled up. But I tell you it am suffin' big.

Deckun Smut will now circulate heself 'mong dis permis-kus semblygashun an' gadder up de dimes and kwarters dat am ankshusly waitin' to git inside ob dat ram bever ob yours.

De koreas in de meanwhile will sing de Harryloolah sock-dology, gas-meter, wid full orkestry, includin' base-drum, anvil an' fire-cracker-companyment.

ON LAGER.—*The same.*

My deah saints and saintesses: De subjic' w'ich 'grosses de 'tenshun ob your shepud dis moruin' am one w'ich am at de presunt infectin' de moril, fizzlycle and politicle atmosfear fruont de hole lengf and bredf ob de lan', mo' 'tickerly, dis yer' locality. Yea, my deahly-blubbed brudrin, it frettens de berry eggstistence ob our party, an' if we don't take pooty strong meazures to rumedy it, de haters ob brandy-smash, gin-cocktail, rum-punch, an' negroes, will be ruined by it—dey will be as dead, politercally, as so meny clams t'ree munffs out ob der water.

Now de kwestion am bery 'portant, and it am nessary for de keepin' ob our powow, dat I shud settle it dis evenin', to de satusfacshun ob de hole body pollytik, De p'int am dis—

**AM LAGER BEER 'TOXICATIN'.**

De fuss t'ing am to assurtnane witch am de true way to decide it, so dat it may add strengf to our party. We hab de testemony ob de senses, dat it am 'litually 'toxicatin', but
none to hurt; w'ile on de oder hand de Dutchmans t'inks it ain't ob much mo' account dan jinger-pop. One sez he c'u'd drink a galun ob it t'ree times a-day, an' anudder t'inks dat Faf c'udn't brew enuff in a day ob eight hours' labor to get him eben desuntly drunk. Darfo, unkuestionably, polisy dictates dat de majority dat am de strongess shall decide de grate p'ints at ishoo.

Aldo I hab a small-beer obinyon ob licker dat won't elewate a man's sperits a little, yet I shall take de ground dat lager won't toxify, beca'se w'en I hab ben thussty, and de w'isky jug w'u'dn't run, I hab resorted to wot de probeisheunists call a Tight-on-it bevridge, notwistandin' it am a historical fack dat de ou'y man wot eber got tight on lager-beer, drank four galuns dulterated wid two pints ob Jurzy litenin'; but drinking as your pasture did, puah, it had no mo' effec' 'pon him dan a haff-pint ob modrit whisky w'u'd, ald'o he and one ob de mos' 'spectable dekons ob dis siety manijed to empty a hole keg in one ebenin'.

Facks am stubun t'ings, and it am a fac' dat lager won't toxify, an' darfo I shall cotinner to substansehfy dis fac', an' argefy it 'cordin' to de fuss prinsepuls ob de le'rnd slances.

Wot am lager-beer? It am a likwid inwented by King Gambrenus ob Dutchlan' 'bout de year dat de Dutch took Holland, wher' all de good gin cum from, to keep de sojers ob his army from gettin' drunk on Shenapps. It made sober men ob ebery man from de jin'r'al down to de privat, an' from dat day to dis it hab been de nashunal drink ob de hole Tightonit race; ole men an' ole wimen, de harrs, de frows an' de y'ung frows hab it for breffus, dinner an' sup- per, an' for lunch 'leben times a day, an' four hours' sozzle in de ebenin'. Instid ob puttin' der babies out to be wet-nussed, dey tie der little mouffs to de taps ob lager-beer kegs, an' lef um suck away till dey am big enuff to go alone; but dey neber get weaned from de tap; dey stick to it fru life like a pollytishun to his pap.

It am a helify bev'ridge; a lager-beer drinker neber habs de gout, de rewmatics, de jarnders, de tic-dollar-rue, de hydraphobus, de newrology, de highstrikes, nor de deler'um triangles. He am shua to grow fat on lager as a darkey am
to grow fat on clams, 'possum an' hominy; besides, it am a shua cure for dem inwallids wot am 'flicted wid corns, bun-yuns, an' oder delikit deezis.

Lager-beer am a highly-soshul bev'ridge; an' if any ob you gemman darkies wish to put its virtues to a prakital tes' you hab my consent to w'eel a couple barrils ob lager to my house to-morror nite, and I'll 'p'int a comity ob six for de express purpose ob showin' wot am its powows as a soshul an' moral drink.

'Cordin' to de siance ob kemistry, dis Tightonit nectar, called lager, am made out ob de follerin' ingredyunts:

Take 'lebenty-2 galuns ob de solushun ob wumwud, gauls an' bitter aloes, den add to dat twenty-7 poun's ob norf Caliny rozin; dis you must put in a mash-tub wid two granes ob malt; den put in sum salt, shake her up, and your lager is fit to serve to king or subjic.

I shall charge you niggers noffin for dis reesipy, but I w'u'd 'speckfully infome you nigs dat your belubbed pasture's exchequer am gittin' bery low, and de spenses of dis fulpit am on de increase, like de eternal rebenev, all de time; quonsequently I shall expe'k you will shell out wid mo' dan your ushal lib'ral'ity w'en Dekin Smutt totes roun' de tambo.

De serbicis will conclewd by de jining ob Misser Sipio Sumner Sokrates Shinbone an' Missee Kleopary Wictory Eugeny Lillypad in de holy bands ob padlock, at my house.

De bone, banjo an' drum-corpse will den sarahmrade de happy cupple wid de weddin' march and Gilmore's anvil korea—de anvils omitted on dis occassun.

CAUDLE'S WEDDING-DAY.*—Jerrold.

Caudle, love, do you know what next Sunday is? No! you don't! Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't you guess, darling! Next Sunday, dear? Think, love, a minute—just think. What! and you don't know now? Ha!

*These celebrated "curtain-lectures" can be produced with great success by simply introducing to the stage a screen, which is supposed to shelter a bed, and behind which, of course, Mr. Caudle talks. The effect will be heightened by turning down the stage-lights. For an evening entertainment, nothing can be more amusing.
If I hadn't better memory than you I don't know how we should ever get on. Well, then, pet—shall I tell you what next Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding-day. What are you groaning at, Mr. Caudle? I don't see any thing to groan at. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you. No; I rather think it's I who ought to groan!

Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very different man then, Mr. Caudle. What do you say?—And I was a very different woman? Not at all—just the same. Oh, you needn't roll your head about on the pillow in that way: I say just the same. Well, then, if I'm altered, whose fault is it? Not mine, I'm sure—certainly not. Don't tell me that I couldn't talk at all then—I could talk just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you have made me talk. What do you say? You're very sorry for it? Caudle, you do nothing but insult me.

Ha! You were a good-tempered, nice creature fourteen years ago, and would have done any thing for me. Yes, yes, if a woman would be always cared for she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while you're courting us; but once married, how soon you pull our wings off! No, Mr. Caudle, I'm not talking nonsense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody ever tells me that I talk nonsense but you. Now, it's no use your turning and turning about in that way; it's not a bit of— What do you say? You'll get up? No, you won't Caudle; you'll not serve me that trick again, for I've locked the door and hid the key. There's no getting hold of you in day-time—but here you can't leave me. You needn't groan again, Mr. Caudle.

Now, Caudle, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all, love, there's a good many folks who, I dare say, don't get on half so well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps, but you are aggravating, you must own that, Caudle. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love. We never have kept our wedding-day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? They'd think it hypocrisy? No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure
I try to be comfortable; and if ever a man was happy, you ought to be. No, Caudle, no; it isn’t nonsense to keep wedding-days; it isn’t a deception on the world; and if it is, how many people do it? I’m sure it’s only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife. Look at the Winkles—don’t they give a dinner every year? Well, I know, and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelvemonth, that’s nothing to do with it. They keep their wedding-day, and their acquaintance have nothing to do with any thing else.

As I say, Caudle, it’s only a proper compliment a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding-day. It is as much as to say to the whole world, “There, if I had to marry again, my blessed wife’s the only woman I’d choose!” Well! I see nothing to groan at, Mr. Caudle—no, nor to sigh at either; but I know what you mean; I’m sure, what would have become of you, if you hadn’t married as you have done—why, you’d have been a lost creature! I know it; I know your habits, Caudle; and—I don’t like to say it—but you’d have been little better than a ragamuffin. Nice scrapes you’d have got into, I know, if you hadn’t had me for a wife. The trouble I’ve had to keep you respectable—and what’s my thanks? Ha! I only wish you’d had some women!

“But we won’t quarrel, Caudle. No; you don’t mean any thing, I know. We’ll have this little dinner, eh? Just a few friends? Now don’t say you don’t care—that isn’t the way to speak to a wife; and especially the wife I’ve been to you, Caudle. Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now don’t grunt, Mr. Caudle, but speak out. You’ll keep your wedding-day? What? If I’ll let you go to sleep? Ha, that’s unmanly, Caudle; can’t you say, “Yes,” without any thing else? I say—can’t you say “Yes?” There, bless you! I knew you would.

And now, Caudle, what shall we have for dinner? No—we won’t talk of it to-morrow; we’ll talk of it now, and then it will be off my mind. I should like something particular—something out of the way—just to show that we thought the day something. I should like—Mr. Caudle, you’re not asleep? What do I want? Why, you know I want to settle about the dinner. Have what I like? No-
as it is your fancy to keep the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. We never had one, Caudle; so what do you think of, a haunch of venison? What do you say? Mutton will do? Ha! that shows what you think of your wife: I dare say if it was with any of your club friends—any of your pot-house companions—you'd have no objection to venison? I say if—What do you mutter? Let it be venison? Very well. And now about the fish? What do you think of a nice turbot? No, Mr. Caudle, brill won't do—it shall be turbot, or there shan't be any fish at all. Oh, what a mean man you are, Caudle! Shall it be turbot? It shall? And now about the soup—now, Caudle, don't swear at the soup in that manner; you know there must be soup. Well, once in a way, and just to show our friends how happy we've been, we'll have some real turtle. No you won't; you'll have nothing but mock? Then, Mr. Caudle, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on a wedding-day! Was there ever such an insult? What do you say? Let it be real then, for once? Ha, Caudle! as I say, you were a very different person fourteen years ago.

And, Caudle, you look after the venison! There's a place I know, somewhere in the city, where you'll get it beautiful. You'll look at it? You will? Very well.

And now who shall we invite? Who I like? Now, you know, Caudle, that's nonsense; because I only like whom you like. I suppose the Prettymans must come. But understand, Caudle, I don't have Miss, Prettyman: I am not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof: if she comes, I don't appear at the table. What do you say? Very well? Very well be it, then.

And now, Caudle, you'll not forget the venison? In the city, my dear! You'll not forget the venison? A haunch, you know: a nice haunch. And you'll not forget the venison? (A loud snore.) Bless me, if he ain't asleep! Oh, the unfeeling men!
DOT YOUNG VIDDOW CLARA.—Carl Pretzel.

IN DER ROORAL DISHTRICKS OUD.

Vell, I baed you she vas handsome, mid ackomblishmentts rare und fine,
Und so modest like a rosebud, dot gushing viddow mine.
'Dwas in der coundry ovd dis people first I met,
Yoost under der shady, shaddowy log, for an hour long we set.

I talked aboud der sun und moon, of der fhowers choice und shweet,
Und I told her how I lofed her, from her head-crown to her feet;
Und I told her she vas beaudiful, und dot she vos got mine heart,
Und from her side I'd always been, und nefer would depart.

Now, dot viddow didn'd say somet'ings, but hofe an awful sigh,
Dot maked mine heart get tremblings, I dink I must get die.
I don'k could look me on her face, I vish me now I look,
For dh'en I yoost could blainly saw why she dot sickness dook.

Pooty gwick I got some courageousness, und I shpok to her again;
I looked me ub, yoost on her face, mine gracious dot gife me pain.
Her eyeses dhey vas tanzin', und vas merry mit dot shport,
While mine vas dhrowing ovd der tears vot sometimes comed in court.

Now, dot viddow had shtuddled nasure, und vos shkooled in all der arts;
Wby, she vas got diplomas much, as der mistress of all hearts.
She could told yoost efery seckond vhen to sigh und vhen to shmile,
When to been a shplainid maedehn, or a viddow all der while.

Vell, dot's der vay she blayed me, so, fellers, you besser look oud,
She could blay mit you so easy as der angler does der troud;
She is a handsome, cheerful viddow, mit a t’ousand virtues more, 
But I dells you how’s der reason, now, Clara vas been dhere once before.

THE BEST COW IN PERIL.—Dr. Practical.

Old farmer B. is a stingy man, 
He keeps all he gets and gets all he can; 
By all his friends he is said to be 
As tight as the bark on a young birch tree; 
He goes to church and he rents a pew, 
But the dimes that he gives to the Lord are few; 
If he gets to heaven with the good and great, 
He will be let in through the smallest gate.

Now, farmer B., besides drags and plows, 
Keeps a number of very fine calves and cows; 
He makes no butter, but sends by express 
The milk to the city’s thirstiness.

“What do the city folks know about milk? 
They are better judges of cloth and silk; 
Not a man who buys, I vow, can tell 
If I water it not, or water it well. 
If they do not know, then where’s the sin? 
I will put the sparkling water in.”
Thus talked, to himself, old farmer B.; 
How mean he is, young and old can see.

One night it was dark—oh! fearfully dark; 
The watch-dog never came out to bark; 
Old farmer B. in his bed did snore, 
When rap, rap, rap, nearly shattered his door; 
And a voice cried out with a hasty breath, 
“Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death.”

Clipping off the end of a rousing snore, 
Farmer B. bounded out on the bedroom floor; 
And the midnight voice was heard no more;
He pulled on his pants, he knew not how,  
For his thoughts were on his choking cow;  
He flew to the yard like a frightened deer,  
For his stingy soul was filled with fear;  
Looking around by his lantern's light,  
He found that the cows were there all right.

"I will give a dime," cried farmer B.,  
"To know who played this trick on me;  
May the hand be stiff and the knuckles sore  
That knocked to-night on my farm-house door."

With a scowl on his face and a shaking head,  
Farmer B. again sought his nice, warm bed;  
No good thoughts came, they were all o'erpowered;  
The little good nature he had had soured.

When he went to water his milk next day,  
The midnight voice seemed again to say,  
As he pumped away with a panting breath:  
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death."

The meaning of this he soon found out,  
For a stone was driven in the old pump's spout.

Old farmer B., when he drives to town,  
Now meets the neighbors with a savage frown;  
They smile, and ask, as they kindly bow:  
"How getteth along the best cow, now?"

FREQUENT CRITTERS.—Josh Billings.

THE LOAHER.

The loafer iz a human being who iz willing tew be despized just for the privilage of abusing others.

He occupys all grades in society; from the judge on the bench klean doun to the ragged thing in britches who leans aginst a lamp-post and fites flys in August.

He haz his circle of friends, where his korse jests are re-echoed; and whare to be in his konfidence is konsidered an honor.
He iz not alwus destitute ov kommon sense, and quite of-
ten is the author ov jests which pass upon the unwary for hu-
mor and even wit.

He haz no pride that is worthy, and haz no delikasy that
enyybody can hurt.

During biz boyhood he kills kats and sells their hides to
the hatters, and robs all the hen’s and ’arly apple-trees in the
naborhood.

During biz middle life he begs all the tobacco he uses, and
drinks all the cheap whisky he kan at sumboddy else’s ex-
 pense.

During biz old age he winters in the almshouses and sum-
ers in the sugar-hogsheads, and when he comes tew die he
is buried in a ditch, like an omnibus hoss, with his old shoes
on.

This iz a trew ackount ov the life and adventures ov the
ordinary loafer, and yet there are thousands ov human krit-
ters coming onto the platform ov life every six months whose
only ambishun is to be successful loafers.

The loafer cares nothing for public opinyun, and this alone
will make any man a loafer.

The loafer rather covets disgrace ov all kinds, and when a
man gets az low down az this, he haz got az low down az he
kan git without digging.

THE PROJEKTOR.

The projektor is a man with one idee, and that idee iz of-
tun like a paving-stone, the hardest kind ov a thing tew hatch
out, and when it iz hatched out, you kan’t alwus tell what
kind ov a breed the thing iz.

Ha haz been bizzy at work for the last 4 thousand years
triceing tew build perpetual moshun, and haz cum within 3
quarters of an inch of it several times, but alwus slips up just
az he reaches out to grab it.

He haz dun sum dredful good things for mankind, but
too often iz ov no more use in the world than an extra pump
iz.

The projektor iz alwus a man ov genius, but biz genius iz
frequently like the genius ov a goose, thare ain’t no one kan
beat them at standing on one legg.
I hav known theze breed of pholks tew drag out a long life, richer in their own estimashun than Cræsus, and poorer in the opinyun of others than Lazarus.

They seldom reap enny gain from their invensbuns, and if ever they do diskover perpetual mosshun, they will sell the principle tew sum kunning kuss for 17 or 18 dollars, and starve to death on the glory ov it.

I hav known several ov theze poor phellows in mi life, and only knew them tew pity them, for they are az tender all over, as spring lam, and az easy tew cheat as a blind baby.

I hav a friend who iz a projektor. I kan't tell what part-tikular pholly he iz at work at now, but sum one, I am sure, for thare ain't on the whole 'arth, a more bizzy kritter than the man, who iz sure that to-morrow will put the finishing-touch-es tew hiz patent rite plan, for threading the rong end ov a cambrik needle, or hiz resipee for making soft-soap out ov calf's liver.

But we kan't spare the projektors; all that we can hope for iz, that too meuuy ov them won't spend a whole life in making a juse-harp that will play Yankee-doodle backwards, and finally die, and leave the tune half finished.

THE PRECISE MAN.

The "Precise Man" sumtimes parts hiz hare in the middle, and when he duz, he kounts the hairs on each side ov hiz hed, and splits sum, if it iz necessary tew make the thing ded even.

If he iz a married man, every thing must be just so—if he is a bachelor it must be more so.

He alwus sets a hen on 12 eggs, and haz a great horror for all odd numbers.

He gits up at jist sich a time in the morning, and goes tew bed at jist sich a time at nite, and would az soon think ov taking a dose ov striknine for the hickups as tew kut oph a dog's tale when the moon waz in the last quarter.

The precise man haz but phew branes; and they are az well broke az a setter dog's, for he seldom makes a false point.

He iz a bundle of fakts and figgers, and iz az handy in the
naborhood az a pare ov platform scales or a reddy rek-
oner.

He iz invariably an honest man, but often az much from
pride az from principle.

He lov's hiz children, if he haz enny and would rather hav
them perfekt in the multiplikashun table than in the Illiad ov
Homer.

Hiz wife iz soon broke tew akt and think az he duz, and
she is known fur and near for the excellence ov her soft-
sope.

The last thing he alwus does Saturday nite iz tew grease
hiz boots, and the fust thing on Sunday morning iz tew wind
up the old wooden klok in the kitchen.

He iz generally respekted during life, and after he iz ded
and gone hiz children keep hiz fame fresh by pointing out
with pride the korner where hiz kane alwus stood and peg
whare hiz hat alwus hung.

IN FOR THE RAILROAD.—J. M. Love.

A TEAMSTER'S SPEECH.

Mr. Feller-wagoners—I feel on this orkasion a dull rump-
ling commotion within my delapidated constitutional work-
box, to go ahead or colapse my intestinal combustibility.
Something 'kin to the revolutionary spirit of my forefathers
have been shooting through my corporeal machinery, bidding
me in tones of thunder to keep my eyes skinned. Fellers! havin' gone through a preliminary dissertasion, I will come
to the question under consideration. Fellers! when you get
through that demonstrative acceptability of my profound
lognaciousness, I will further desec the subject!

The question before you are the railroad or not. I am
personally, individually and generally for the railroad, the whole
road or nothing but the road. I go the whole hog or nothing—
pig-tail brussels and all. I was not born in the woods to be
skcered by a kricket, or an ingnus-fatuous, a lattin praseology,
which been translated into English according to Mulchisedec,
mean Jack and his lanthorn. Whar's the man that's ag'in
his country risin' and refulgent hallucination of prosperity to all furtability and eternity.

It is now in our glorificated strengthinality to collect all the monied aristocracy of the world in a pile—and how easy, into our trowserloons! The man that don't feel their oats on occasion, orter be kicked to death by gallinippers, as the Jews in the days of Zabacadsneezer, on crossing the Mississippi, war served. I say in all the pride of a Washington, a Jackson, a Jefferson, why vasculate or twistificate on the limbo of everlasting degredation and nothingness? You had better rest your cranums under the kiver of posthumous forgetfulness. What! fellers, are we to go through mud as deep as the ocean to market, and our teams out of site so far that peace-warraunts could not find 'em, when we can have a rail-car that goes so swift that you wouldn't know war you'd been until you'd find your ownself at home with the old woman and the little sprouts.

Think, fellers, of a mighty steam-enjine in a gallop with cars for folks to set in, chained together with Gibraltar power and Herculean strength. Well may the ha'r raise on end when we take a retrospective view of its coming contact with an ox-team. Oh! the awful smasheration that would take place should they come in juxtaposition!

Fellers! I would further examine this amalgamated and hetererogenius question, but I have already used up the English and latin language, and feel too dry in the breathing lungatisical and anatomical organs to proceed.

---

**SONG OF THE SINK.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.**

With fingers swollen and sore,
With feet that were weary and loth,
A woman stood in unwomanly garb,
And plied an unsightly cloth.
Wash, wash, wash,
With arms to the elbows pink,
And still in her soaked and sad estate
She sung the Song of the Sink:
"Wash, wash, wash,
By the light of the morning star,
And wash, wash, wash,
When the sunset burns afar;
It's oh, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work.

"Wash, wash, wash,
From dawn to the sunset hour,
Wash, wash, wash,
And pile up a 'porcelain tower.'
Steam and water and soap,
Soap and water and steam,
Till over the dish-pan I fall asleep,
And still wash on in my dream.

"Oh, men with sisters dear,
Oh, men with mothers and wives,
It is not the food you are eating up,
It's human creatures' lives.
Wash, wash, wash,
With arms to the elbows pink,
Until I see, with a second sight,
A coffin in place of a sink.

"Oh, what is the value of time,
To those that stand here all their lives?
The sand in his hour-glass slack
Is only for scouring our knives.
And times are all one to me,
A matter of three meals a-day:
And measuring kitchen floors, I think,
Like a pendulum-beat, 'twixt cupboard and sink,
That we should have 'mileage' each way.

"Wash, wash, wash,
With scarce a respite to eat:
And what are my wages? A calico dress
And an apron the size of a sheet.

Sp. 15 5
CARL PRETZEL'S

My sphere? Ah, the sink is its name;
My genius is drowned in a tub,
And ambition's dream it has gone off in steam,
My mission to scrape and to scrub.

"Wash, wash, wash,
From breakfast till dinner-time;
Wipe, wipe, wipe,
Till the kitchen clock strikes nine;
Pans and kettles and jugs,
Jugs and kettles and pans,
Till the heart is wrung, and the brain is numb,
And so are the parboiled hands.

"Wash, wash, wash,
In the dull December light,
And wipe, wipe, wipe,
In the purple summer night.
To rake, and to reap and to sow,
Machines are the theme of the hour,
For dish-washing naught will avail
Save engines of one-woman power.

"Oh, but to sit down and eat
From dishes that some kind elf
Had washed in my absence, and wiped,
And tidily ranged on the shelf!
Oh, but for one brief day
To sit with a palm-leaf fan,
To see the washing and wiping done
Just once—that is all—by a man!
'Tis wash, and rinse, and wipe,
'Tis sink, and table and shelf!
I have handled each dish on the dinner-board
Since breakfast six times myself."

With fingers swollen and sore,
With feet that were weary and loth,
A woman stood in an unwomanly garb
And plied an unsightly cloth.
Wash, wash, wash,
With arms to the elbows pink,
And still in her soaked and sad estate—
Ah, would it were printed on every plate—
She sung the "Song of the Sink."

THE CASE OF YOUNG BANGS.—Max Adeler.

When Mr. Bangs, the elder, returned from Europe, he brought with him from Geneva a miniature musical-box, long and very narrow, and altogether of hardly greater dimensions, say, than a large pocket-knife. The instrument played four cheerful little tunes for the benefit of the Bangs family, and they enjoyed it very much. Young William Bangs enjoyed it to such an extent that one day, just after the machine had been wound up ready for action, he got to sucking the end of it, and in a moment of inadvertence it slipped, and he swallowed the whole concern. The only immediate consequence of the action was that a harmonic stomach-ache was at once organized upon the interior of William Bangs, and he experienced a restlessness which he well knew would defy the soothing tendencies of peppermint, and make a mockery of paregoric.

And William Bangs kept his secret in his own soul and in his stomach, also, determined to hide his misery from his father, and to spare the rod to the spoiled child—spoiled, at any rate, as far as his digestive apparatus was concerned.

But that evening, at the supper-table, W. Bangs had eaten but one mouthful of bread when strains of wild, mysterious music were suddenly wafted from under the table. The entire family immediately groped around upon the floor trying to discover whence the sounds came, although William Bangs sat there filled with agony and remorse and bread and tunes, and desperately asserted his belief that the music came from Mary Ann, who might perhaps be playing upon the harp or the dulcimer in the cellar. He well knew that Mary Ann

*This is a story to recite to the audience. It's effect will be greatly enhanced if the narrator can imitate the sound of a music-box. Well narrated with such imitation, it will "bring the house down" in the most vociferous manner.
was unfamiliar with the harp, and that to her the dulcimer was as much an insolvable problem as it would have been to a fishing-worm; and he was aware that Mary Ann would have scorned, under any circumstances, to evoke music while sitting upon the refrigerator or reposing in the coal-bin. But he was frantic with anxiety to hide his guilt. Thus it is that one crime leads to another.

But he could not disguise the truth forever, and that very night, while the family was at prayers, William Bangs all at once got the hiccups, and the music-box started off without warning, with “A life on the ocean wave, and a home on the rolling deep,” with variations. Whereupon the paternal Bangs arose from his knees and grasped William kindly but firmly by his hair and shook him up, and inquired what he meant by such conduct. And William threw out a kind of a general idea to the effect that he was practicing something for a Sunday-school celebration, which old Bangs intimated was a singularly thin explanation.

Then they tried to get up that music-box, and every time they would seize young William by the legs and shake him over the sofa-cushion, or would pour some fresh variety of emetic down his throat, the harmonium within would give some fresh spurt, and joyously grind out “Listen to the mocking-bird,” or “Thou’lt never cease to love.”

So they abandoned the attempt, and were compelled to permit that musical-box to remain within the sepulchral recesses of the epigastrium of William Bangs. To say that the unfortunate victim of the disaster was made miserable by his condition, would be to express in the feeblest manner the state of his mind. The more music there was in his stomach, the wilder and more chaotic became the discord in his soul. Just as likely as not it would occur that while he lay asleep in bed in the middle of the night, the melody-works within would begin to revolve, and would play “Home, sweet home” for two or three hours, unless the peg happened to slip, when the cylinder would switch back again to “A life on the ocean wave and a home on the rolling deep,” and would rattle cut that tune with variations and fragments of the scales, until William Bangs’ brother would kick him out of bed in wild despair, and sit on him in a wild effort to subdue the serenade...
which, however, invariably proceeded with fresh vigor when subjected to unusual pressure.

And when William Bangs went to church it frequently occurred that, in the very midst of the most solemn portion of the sermon, he would feel a gentle disturbance under the lowest button of his jacket, and presently, when every thing was hushed, the undigested engine would give a preliminary buzz, and then reel off "Listen to the mocking-bird," and "Thou'lt never cease to love," and scales and exercises, until the clergyman would stop and glare at William over his spectacles, and whisper to one of the deacons.

Then the sexton would suddenly tack up the aisle and clench the unhappy Mr. Bangs by the collar, and scud down the aisle again to the accompaniment of "A life on the ocean wave and a home on the rolling deep," and then incarcerate William in the upper portion of the steeple until after church.

But the end came at last, and the miserable offspring of the senior Bangs found peace. One day, while he was sitting in school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Home, sweet home," his gastric juice triumphed. Something or other in the music-box gave way all at once, the springs were unrolled with alarming force, and William Bangs, as he felt the fragments of the instrument hurled right through and among his vitals, tumbled over on the floor and expired.

At the post-mortem examination they found several pieces of "Home, sweet home" in his liver, while one of his lungs was severely torn by a fragment of "A life on the ocean wave."

Small pieces of "Listen to the mocking-bird" were removed from his heart and breast-bone, and three brass pegs of "Thou'lt never cease to love" were found firmly driven into his fifth rib.

They had no music at the funeral. They lifted the machinery out of him, and buried him quietly in the cemetery. Whenever the Bangses buy musical-boxes now, they get them as large as a piano, and chain them to the wall.
PRETZEL'S SPEECH BEFORE THE ILLINOIS ASSEMBLY.

Mr. Shbeaker und Shendalemen of der Shoory: Id vas mit feltin' heart-feel dot I listen mineself with a loud tone of voice to der logics und sendiments vat I hear beneat' der hallowed brecinks of dis glassic blaces, und while sidding mineself down so flat I can shtand, breathin' der bire admospheres vat comes fon der flirates out of der great und der goot, I can hellub dinking how goot, of not id vas dot I should been here. I hafe congregated me togedder on dis house, to trink mineself all ub der knowledges vat trobs fon der mont' out of dose vat zail der shkib of der Konstititootion fon der Shate py Illinoys.

On ackound I vas so full of der outside in, mit der logics, conundrums, riddles und such dings becular of dis inphlated poddy, I feel I don'd cood shbeak mineself a mouthful, already.

Shendalemans of der shoory, I don'd got some langwages vat I had I vood gif you eny, shtill mit all shpeedfulness I vood lock mine lib open, und gif some dickulations fon mine hedt out, und I hobe dhey vood trob on yourselves or on your hearts, like der summer sun when he breathes softly like der deuce ofer der shleebin' valleys.

I look me round, und seed der honorable mempers of dis shoory, trawn ub in hollow shpiddoons mit blainty of pigamy sthamped ubon your brows. I feel der leedle dear-trobs dricklin' down mine sheeks. Ockubyin' de seats of der souls of Washington, Penchanaun, Mrs. Vinslow, Clay, und Susan Cady Prandrett, I told me notting lies, on ackound of der olt atverb which said of our pehindtfadet like dot: "Mine childs, dot's besser when you told me ein t'ousand lies as cud mine voods ub one abble-trees mine garten down." Mine countrymen, der ears of der whole countrdy vas about you. Oexcept efery shkiduvation, fon a sead py der aldermanic poddy to a vet-nurse; und when you handtle der American eakle-pird, reckermember you don'd cood got him without you put a parrel of salt on his antiquated dail.

Id vas for dhrue der ebock of new and oldter departures, (excess fonz your frow.) All der leatin' lites of der phase sickle und boltidickal vorldt have been indo dhemselfs a
leedle times und said dot, und dot ish who ish der reason mit me. Und now, mister shendlemans, I comed me fon der ruins of Chicago, oud mit der left leck (which vas der right one) dot maked ofer der lamp dot make trouble mit der packpone of dot city. Py your hants I gif dot kickin' drophy as you deserf id. Blace id mid der odder arkifes of dis country, to been kebt as a memendoe und a varning to all peoples dot a kickin' gow vood make a heab of drouble. Don'd kick some t'ings vat you got to be done; but reckermember, "as dot twig got pent, der d'ree goes yooost der same like dot." Been furious enuff und you all vood been ogstremely oxsendrick. Dook der leck hoof und vear him by your necks.

THE CANNIBAL MAN.—Mrs. D. M. Jordan.

It's about an ancient cannibal man,
Who came from an island near Japan;
A cannibal man who was tough and old
When Barnum bought him and paid in gold;
And whether the man or Barnum was sold,
You will learn in this solemn story.

His teeth were sharp as the teeth of a saw,
And he had two rows in his lower jaw,
Filed and polished and ready for use
On any customer full of juice,
Or the first baby that lay around loose,
For babies were all his glory.

A sad mistake for a cannibal band
To come to an almost babyless land,
For babies are strangely out of style;
You may travel the country many a mile
Without the light of a baby-smile,
Unless with the Dutch and Irish.

But Barnum kept his man in a cage,
Though he felt quite sure, at the fellows's age,
That his cannibalistic feats were done,
CARL PRETZEL'S

Unless he should eat a man for fun;
And once, on the sly, he fed him one,
    Which wasn't a wise proceeding.
For, having tasted a white man's meat,
He was always ready to kill and eat—
And he looked with longing at rosy girls,
Who came to the show in shining curls,
With cheeks like peaches and teeth like pearls,
    And he wondered how they tasted.
It happened once, when the flesh was weak,
That he snatched a bite from a rosy cheek;
When Barnum entered the cage to beat him,
The cannibal thought he had come to treat him,
    And straightway began to eat him
    Without even salt or pepper.
And though he was stingy and awful tough,
For a good square meal he proved enough;
Alas! alack! what a terrible omen:
It teaches to women as well as showmen,
That whether a cannibal, Greek or Roman,
    Be ever so old you can trust no man.

BOSS BAGSHAW.—A. Shoemaker.

Boss Bagshaw was a cobbler,
    Once livin' at Bull's Head,
Where long he waxed stout and fat,
    As well as his shoe-thread.
And though he sowed not what he reaped,
    He ripped what he had sowed;
And almost apostolic care
    For way-worn soles he showed.
The boss a doctor never was,
    Though often did he heel;
And kips and calfs he did cut up,
    As for the public weal.
Though he could neither write nor read,
The shoeless were aware
That for the understanding he
Did exercise a care.

No evil fortune, small or great,
Could make his spirits fall;
He even sung right merrily
When once he lost his all.

And even to his dying day,
Of Bagshaw be it told,
He never sold a leaky boot,
Though such he oft half-soled.

Once he, from too much drink, was in
A state of lethargy,
When thieves made booty of his shoes,
And with them they did flee.

When he came to, says he, if I
Get once upon their tracks,
For havin' stolen of my stock
They'll get shoemaker's whacks.

That afternoon one thief he ketch'd,
Which quickly came to grief;
For boss he went from weltin' shoes,
To weltin' of the thief.

The M. P.'s ketch'd another one,
Makin' out of town,
And when the thief was taken up
He seemed quite taken down.

Boss plied his trade for thirty years,
Or somewhat thereabout,
For he, though long a-peggin' in,
Was longer peggin' out.

But Bagshaw couldn't always live,
Like cobblers in the past,
He one day from his last did go,
To come unto his last.
Pretzel as a Soldier.

Der kneescisy of a heldy brigade vas considered a goot desiderautumn, conekerwendy der inflowential mempers of sociedy did comed togedder, und meat in solemn conclafe for der consumations of dot obchecks. Der cidy, at der present crisis, vas mitout a armed troops; der peaceful habitation of our citizens vas mitout a solger to protect 'em against a mob of infantry vat might comed at any moment to lessen der role of der census-dooker; all of der shinen' lites of der "bolide kal," "moosical," "shkyendifical," "liderary" vorlt vent into dhemselfs a leadle times, und mit'out malices aforethought, comed to a two-time consideration, dot der peace und quietude of der cidy must been dooly respeckttable. To wit, viz: Der obchecks of dis brigade vas to brotec der strong und open der floodgates to berbetal peace, giving plenty comfort to der he'fy laden. Dooken a part off der shoulders of der poor, by eading ub der surbluss shock of provisions. Endeavoring to teach der misguided yooth of der nation to trink notting but a "Pretzel Hippodrome cock-tail." Dot don'd would cut him down yoost as der brightest prospects vas looming up, but make him feel yoost so happy like der sun wben he breathes softly und shweedly offer der shleeping valleys.

Dose vas der obchecks which prompts der orriginations of dot kombany of heroes, und when you hear dot tramp offer der economized roads, you could said by yourself, "Here vas comed der saviors of our cidy, und der well-doers of our civilizid coundry." Dhey vas der ferret-ouders of wrong, punishing der wicked; der ferret-inners of right, cherishing der goot. Dhey would subsist oney on der goot t'ings of dis earth, und throwing 'em occasionally ub. Mit one accorden, dhey believe eferyboddy dot

"As der dwig got bent,
Der dree goes yoost der same like dot."

Der mempers combosing dis troupe must not been con-
founded mit any odder. Dis vas known as combrisin' oney
der ablest, shoodic'ous, respeckttable und ooprighthood stars in
der sociedy vorldt. While it vas not a kid golfe insheitootion,
it bosesses der prains und gwalifications of a business-men.
Dhere ish not a peoble belonging here but vat vas a "shen-
dlemens vat makes himself," und on his tombstone I could commence his appetite by saying, in dis beautiful languges:

"Where der schattering moonbeams,
Shifting droo a row of dottering valls,
Feetshteps as silent as der falling dew vas"—

und dhen let it taper off as shendly und moosickly, as no letters could do dot shustice. Dot's vat kind of men vas us, und by der vay of brefface, I yoost sing you a verse of one of dose soodign songs of der brigade, or rather, I vill write 'em, und when you go der door out you got der air:

"Saw ye my leck off;"

yoost repeat dot a couple times more, und dhen in a shweet, meloncholly, clarion voice, did said short so gwick you can. Sometimes some of der mempers don't could "saw dhere leck off abofe der knee," consekerwendly, dhey got to trink a "Pretzel Hippodrome," und all der odders choin in der chorus.

How you make dot cock-tail. Dook one chill of wet wasser, sthir briskly a couple seckonds, add a glass tumbler to hold dot, mit a shmall shprinkle of shweet sugar; look vonce at a empty black bottle, marked, "Davy Chones' lock-out;", don'd dook any; sthir in some tanzy mit a lemon-peel, und trink vile cold. Dose trink could make you shtand wherre t'ousands fall before. It vas not dot tief vat shteals your brains out when you got 'em in your mouth, but lets you life to been a green old age.

I hears me dot reffle und I must away out; 'tis der call of der colonel; hear me vat he did said:

"Brigade, fall me togedder in,"

und dhen der combuy all goes togedder, one on der back of der odder one. "Face by der left side out," dhen dhey do it; dhen he speaks his head out, "Got me in line;" he say dot on ackound one of der boys vos out of der place vot he vas in. "Left dress me out," dhen dhey all crowd so close dhey can shtand togedder; dhen he vas say, "Leave your face," mit plenty exclamation on der face, und dhey all make back and back; dhen he yells his head out, "Go 'heedt"—"pooty gwick shlow times"—"march." Der brigade vas now
go 'hedt to der dune of der "Gal vat got left." Sometimes afder dot, in a conspicuous minoot, he say, "Head of der line to der right, oblique droo der door, halt!" und den dose vas a pigtuesque scene vat vas depicted on der features of dot company. Shmiles could been seen ofer dhere horizontal faces, and laffiness could been heard shstreaming down also. When der order vas comed to "hantle gunpowders," "chew der end off," "opliterate," or "condense ca'tridge," dot vas a meloncholy sight to saw. Der members vas all nerfy enuff, but der thoughts of der damage vat vas to been done during war, der many innocent lifes vas going to bleed, on ackound of dher not being fire-proof, vas a sad, sad reflections. Pooty soon gwick, der order vas comed to "Preak his ranks out," und dhen efery one could shpeak his head out so much vat he likes. Efery sober, industrious shndlemans could, mit one hand, saw der efficacy of such a brigade. Der mempers, efery one, vas high-toned out moral shndlemans, und so I said before dot, dhey vas efery vay worthy to been a nominee for der President of der Oonited Shtates. I hope der super-intendents of all der railroads in der country would send each und efery memper a free pass for der right of vay ofer all freight-trains, to valk ofer dher roads. Hotel-keepers would been recipients of our hospitality, so much vot dhey like.

May der brigade shaddow shtill be so large, und grow as der tay atances, adding to their number der whole-souled und der chovial, der sober und respeckttable mempers of creation's lords. Vimmens vas got to dook der sixteenth dekree before dhey can choin der brigade. Dis vas not a bolidical shnap.

THE RACCOON.—By Josh Billings.

The raccoon iz a resident ov the United States ov America; he emigrated tew this country soon after its diskovery by Columbus, without a cent, and nothing but his claws tew git a living with.

He iz one ov them kind ov persons whose hide iz worth more than all the rest ov him.

He resides among the heavy timber, and cultivates the corn-
fields and nab'ring garden-sass for sustenance, and understands his bizzness.

His family consists ov a wife and three children, who live with him on the inside ov a tree.

He can alwus be found at home during the day, reddy tew receive calls, but his nights are devoted to looking after hiz own affairs.

He dresses in soft fur, and hiz tail, which iz round, haz rings on it.

Theze rings are ov the same material that the tail iz, and are worn upon all occasions.

During the winter he ties himself up into a hard knot and lays down by hiz fireside.

When spring opens, he opens, and goes out tew see how the chickens have wintered.

Hiz life iz az free from labor az a new penny, and if it wasn't for the dogs and the rest ov mankind, the raccoon would find what everybody else haz lost—a heaven upon earth.

But the dogs tree him and the men skin him, and what there iz left ov him ain't worth a cuss.

He iz not a nat'ral vagabond like the hedgehog and the alligator, but luvs to be civilized and live amung folks; but he haz one vice that the smartest missionary on earth kan't re-deem, and that iz the art uv stealing.

He iz second only tew the crow in petit-larceny, and will steal what he kan't eat, nor hide.

He will tip over a barrel ov apple-sass just for the fun ov mauling the sass with hiz feet, and will pull out the plug out ov the molassis, not bekause he luvs sugar enny better than he duz young duck, but jist tew see if the molassis has got a good daub to it.

I have studied animal deviltry for 18 years, bekause the more deviltry in an animal, the more huunan he iz.

I can't find, by searching the passenger list, that Noah had a coon on board, but I am willing tew bet 10 pound of mutton sassage that mister coon and hiz wife commuted, by stealing a ride.

I never knu a raccoon tew want enny thing long that he could steal quick.

Ennybody, who haz ever looked a coon right square in the
face, will bet yu a dollar that he is a dead beat, or under five hundred dollar bonds, not tew go into the bizziness, for the next ninety days.

I have had tame 'coons by the dozen; they are az eazy tew tame az a child, if you take them young enuff, but I kan't advise ennybody to cultivate 'coons; they want az mutch looking after az a blind mule on a tow path, and there ain't enny more profit in them than thare iz in a stock dividend on the Erie Railroad.

I never was out of a pet animal since I kan remember, till now, but I have gone out ov the trade forever; lately I discovered that it waz a good deal like making a whissell out of a kat's tale, ruining a comfortable tale, and reaping a kursid mean whissel.

Raccoons live tew be 65 years old, if they miss the society ov men and dogs enuff, but thare ain't but few ov them die ov old age; the North-western Fur Company are the grate undertakers of the coon family.

I feel sorry for coons; for with a trifle more brains, they would make respectable pettyfoggers before a justiss ov the peace; but even this would not save them from final per-dishun.

Natur' don't make enny mistakes, after all; she bits the bull right in the eye every time; when she wants a raccoon, with rings on his tail, she makes him, and when she wants a pettyfogger, she knows how tew make him, without sp'ilin' a good coon.

Pettyfoggers, no doubt, have a destiny tew fill, and they may enable a justiss of the peace, on a cloudy day, tew know a good deal less of the law than he otherwise would; still, for all this, if I was obliged tew pray for one or the other, I think I should say, "Give us a little more coon, and a good deal less pettyfogger."

If the raccoon would only give his whole attenshun tew politicks, thare ain't but few could beat him; he's at home on the stump, and menny on us, old coons, kah reckolekt how, in 1840, with nothing but a hard cider diet, he swept the country, from the north to the south pole, like a cargo ov epsom psalts.
MY CHILDHOOD.—By Joe Jot, Jr.

Ah, dear, I never can forget
My childhood's early days,
When innocence was on my brow—
Molasses on my face.

I gathered pleasure day by day,
Yet I improved my mind
By turning over wisdom's page—
And riding on behind.

Bright over me in gladness shone
The sun that never swerves,
While my feet were in duty's path—
My hands in the preserves.

I lived within the present then;
I thought 'twould never cease;
And every hour I sipped delight—
And stoned old Jones' geese.

Time rested lightly on my head,
And I at care could scoff,
For oh, I had the kindliest home—
The mumps, and whooping cough.

Bright dreams enhanced my slumbers then,
Of all things fair and good;
I built my castles in the clouds—
But mostly in the mud.

The early playmates of my youth,
Their memory never dies;
How firm together did we cling—
And gouge each other's eyes!

different parts of the valley. Smoke ascended lazily from
the rude huts, and floated away at the mercy of the gentle
breeze that was stirring, and in spite of its wild, savage ap-
ppearance there was an air of cheerfulness and comfort about
the village that rendered it quite attractive.

Hamilton and Quiggs concealed themselves in a thick cop-
pice on the hill, where they had the whole valley under their
SCHNEIDER'S RIDE.—Gus Phillips (Oofy Goofy).

From agroos der rifer, ad der broke of day,
Bringin’ of Brooklyn vresh disarm,
Der noos vas brought by a Dootchman dhruh,
Dot der officers of der refenue
Vout be offer in less as a’ hour or two,
To confershkate all der whisky dhey got
In Schneider’s blace, or near dot shpot.

Und vilder yet der roomers flew,
Dill Schneider didn’t know whut ter do;
So he closed der door, und he barr’t ’em dight,
Saying, “Dhey may hammer away mit all dhir might;
But ofe dhey got in, dhren ve shall see,
Which vas der shmartest—dhem or me.”
For a hour or dthree no resht he got,
Shtill Schneider shtayed right on der shpot.

But there is a shreed in Brooklyn town,
Dot isn’t bafed—dot leads right down
To Coney Island; und whut ish more,
It’s a voonder dot nefer vas used pefore—
It vas right in vront of der back of der shstore;
Und dhree on dot shreed vos nine drucks und a carr’s,
All loaded mit whisky und ready to shtard;
Dhey’re most all loaded, und Schneider ish gay,
For in ten minutes he’ll be more as a mile away.

Dhey’re ofe, und nodings ish left ter show
Which vay dhey made up dhir mints ter go;
Efery dhinks ish mofed, yet not a sound
But der noise of der wheels agoing around,
As so shwiftly dhey go ofer der ground;
Und Schneider turns round und says, “Goot-day,”
For now he vas more as fife miles away.

Shtill shumps der horses, shtill on dhey go,
Und der vay dhey mojes dot ishn’t shlow;
Dhey’re goin’ down hill, und faster und faster
Dhey’re drifen aheddt by Schneider, dhir master,
Who shtucks to ’em now like a poor-man’s blaster;
For vell he knows dot if now he vas dook’t,
He could make up his mint dot his goose vas gooked—
So efery muscles he brings in blay,
’Cause dhey ain’d any more as ten miles away.

Under dheir vlyin’ hoofs der roat
Like a great big mud-gutter dot flowed,
Und efen der flies dot comed from town,
Got tired at last, und had to lay down
Und dook a small resht on der ground;
For Schneider und der horses dhey vent so fast
Dot efen der flies gifted oud at last;
Und der dust vas thick und der horses vas gray,
Und Schneider vas fifteen miles away.

Der very first dthing vhat Schneider saw
Vas der sant, und dhen he heard der ocean roar;
He shmeck der salt in der goot old prezes
Vhat wafed ofer vhere dhere vashn’t some dreeses,
Und his heart velt glad und his shpirits vas gay,
Und der very horses dhem seemed to say:

"Ve prings you, Schneider, all der vay
From Irishtown, und safe der whiskey,
But ’pon our vorts, it vas rader risky!"

Den hurrah! hurrah! for Schneider dhrue,
Und hurrah! hurrah! for der horses, too!
Und vhen dheir shadders vas high und dry,
Let some bully boy mit a grockery eye
Get up on der top of a parrel und gry—

"Dhes eish der horses vhat safed der day
By cartin’ der whiskey und Schneider away
From Irishtown, dwendy miles away!"

---

BOY SUFFRAGE.—By Edwin Fields.

The boys of this country are unjustly and unreasonably
deprived of their inalienable rights; they are suffering great
damage and hardship through their exclusion from the ballot.
Equal justice and equal rights demand a new amendment to
the Constitution, to right this wrong; and I warn the public
that if this is not done, it must take the consequences.

The suffrage under a free government may be given on any
one of four theories. First to the fighting men only. A
man's right to his own life and limbs is greater than to any
other property whatever; and it is not right, one might
argue, to let Mr. Stayatom Tape-seller vote that his able-bodied
neighbor go risk a neck for him. But on this ground,
all boys who are willing to go and be soldiers ought to vote.
And pray why shouldn't that heroic drummer of Antie-
tam (or wherever) crutch it up to the polls as well as
the "drummers" of New York dry goods houses, who were
facing their customers in broadcloth while he faced those
very tough customers in butternut homespun?

A second theory is the offspring of Peace (and shoddy) and
goes in for property qualifications. The pulse of property, it
is said, is infinitely more sensitive and trustworthy than the
pulse of patriotism. Very well; that suits the boys. We
have lots of property — only our parents and guardians
pretend to own it for us, and so will not own it to us.

Then there is the intelligence system, according to which
only those should vote who know enough. Very well
again; fetch on your pompous School Commissioners or
Inspectors. Do you suppose they could answer the questions
they put to us boys on examination days? But is education
intelligence? Shall two highly educated friends of mine,
who happen to be pigs, vote by reason of their learning? No
matter; fix it as you like, you can't keep out the boys.

Finally, there is the Declaration of Independence. "All
men" includes women, therefore boys. Certainly it doesn't
draw any absurd line at twenty-one years. A more natural
limit would be the first cigar, or the first sweetheart, or the
first stove-pipe hat; for these are epochs, and really indicate
maturity. Pray, who is to judge whether "a man's a man for
a' that," except the individual himself. This is the true test;
now try it on a boy if you dare.

Objections are plenty, of course. Every great truth meets
with them. It is easy to see what they will be in this case,
and who will make them. Here comes the model school-
master, with the abdomen of an elephant and the "cheek"
of a right whale. He is noted for his influence over boys; and he says: "My son, you don't want it. If you boys were to take a preliminary vote, a large majority of you would prefer that we older persons should vote for you. You want to be represented, and we represent you."

Now look here, old Didax; this, as we boys say, substantially, has not sufficient thickness. You haven't the remotest idea of what we want; you know only what you want us to want. But the boys are finding you out. You once swindled me out of a holiday by persuading me that I really preferred to spend it in study, and the hollow fraud reverberates within me yet. As for boys taking an interest in politics, what do you suppose was the matter with little Johnny's eye the day after election? Would you older persons like to take that sort of thing, too, in a representative way? If so, any of us fellows would be happy to accommodate you!

But somebody says that, being cerain of the ballot at twenty-one, we ought to be contented to wait. I never knew a man so religious that he was willing to be robbed of his property in this world because he felt certain of a treasure laid up in the next—especially if it was the thief who offered the consolation. Suppose you give up your right to vote to the boys for ten years, and see whether the hope of getting it back again makes you contented. Moreover, as you often tell us, in another connection, to be sure, we may never reach twenty-one.

"What will we do with it?" That is one of those things which no fellow can find out. I suppose we shall use the ballot pretty much as you do. I know several boys to whom it will be almost a means of livelihood, as it is to so many of you; though, of course, the price of votes will fall somewhat, upon such an increase in the supply.

"What good will it do us?" What good does it do you? We have noticed that when voters have grievances, their grumbling is heard and attended to. Now, no amount of obstreperosity helps us. We demand a voice, and the voice will then proceed to demand several things. For instance, the boys of the United States are at this moment in a condition of slavery. The parent can rent or lease his child, and
legally entitled to the wages of his labor. He can whip or authorize the overseer or schoolmaster to whip. Boys do not realize how much they suffer—great is the power of habit and certain pain—annihilators (the secret of which is handed down among us) deaden the sensibilities. Now we demand community of property. How much more reasonable is it, to make the inheritance begin with the birth of the child (except girls) than with the death of the parent. Moreover, the claim of the child upon the property of the parent ought to be more sacred than that of any other creditor, because the child does not enter upon the contract with his eyes open, but is involuntarily made the party of the second part; and the law ought to protect him against risks which he never agreed to assume.

You must stop calling us names, and giving us guardians and advice, and things. The other day I was contemptuously described as an “infant” by a little old judge who couldn’t have reached my shoulder without the aid of a step-ladder. But what is the use of remonstrating? Give us the ballot and these things will cure themselves.

But the last enemy approaches, and says insidiously: “I should be sorry to see you exposed to the corrupting influences of politics!” There are two good answers to that. One is a remark of my mother, that “dirt is good for boys.” The other is the very obvious reply, if politics are filthy, and you can cleanse them, we will. You need our purifying influence. As matters now stand, the spectacle of your corruption is demoralizing us; make us your responsible guides, and we will reform you. But do it before it is too late. The present generation of boys can save you. Methinks I see the fair vision of an election-day in the not too distant future, after the country shall have been thus redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled. The decent polls, in convenient and respectable neighborhoods, are surrounded by interested disorderly citizens. Some have voted: most are waiting to see how the boys will vote, and to guide their own course thereby. School lets out early; a procession of innocent, sedate, well-dressed boys trickles forth. Hand in hand they march to the polls, and decorously deposit their votes amid the gratified smiles of parents and spectators. From such a scene, violence, de-
banchery and dishonesty will fall back in dismay; and venerable patriots, ready to depart from earthly scenes, will thankfully and gladly reflect that the country is safe in the hands of its boys.

---

GARDENING.*—By Washington Whitehorn.

My garden is not doing as well this year as might be expected, somehow or other. My corn came up all right and looked as if it was going to amount to something, and I went to the trouble and expense of getting poles, and stuck three in each hill for the corn to climb up on, but, someway, it hasn't got the right twist; for none of it will twine around the poles. I have examined all of it and don't find any tendrils at all. I think that something is the matter with the corn this year. Adopting one of Greeley's hints, I gave some of the stalks a little start to help them along by twisting them around the poles and tying them, but such as I assisted this way died. I never heard of corn being so obstreperous before, and am half-inclined to think the man sold me the wrong kind. I tried a new plan by grafting broom-straws on each stalk yesterday, and firmly hope, if there is any luck at all, I will have a double crop, or, at least, enough to pay expenses. Broom-corn has got up to such a price that it pays to raise as much of it as you can.

I read that potatoes were planted in hills; as we had no hill in our lot, I built one in the center, and put my early roses in. They came up all right, and had a pretty early rose on top—that is, they blossomed early, but not a sign of a potato appeared, although I have looked diligently all over the vines and under all the leaves. This is certainly beyond my comprehension, and I can't account for it. I looked all through the dictionary and couldn't find any explanation of it whatever. I have lent my copy of "What I Know About Farming." It is all probably explained there.

My pea vines grew well enough, but I couldn't find a berry

* This has very little "oratory" in it, but will create considerable fun recited from the stage, by a speaker dressed a-la-gardener, who comes in as if just from his garden, and tells the audience his experience.
on them anywhere until it was too late, when a friend told me I would find them in those pods if anywhere. I thought they grew just like any other berry.

Our radishes came to nothing at all. When they first came up I went out to pull the weeds out, and through some unaccountable oversight I pulled up all the radishes and left the weeds, which I tended for nearly two months with the most assiduous care and uncomplaining industry, for I dearly love radishes, and during that time they grew to be higher than my head, and yet not a radish made any show of appearing on the branches, and it was not until I had called in a vegetable doctor (his sign read "Indian Vegetable Doctor"), to see if he couldn't do something for them, that I found out my mistake—that they were weeds, and the meanest kind of weeds, too—for, when I pulled them all up—regretfully, however, for, through long care, I had become attached to them—and thrown them all over the fence, I verily believe they came back and got into their old places again, for when I went out there in a few days again after a rain, that bed was just as full of weeds as ever.

We had got some gourd seed, but neither my wife nor I had ever seen them; we thought they were something new and nice introduced through the Patent Office from our Minister to England, so we planted plenty of them, and they are growing very well, but a squash beats them all around for pies, or stewing, though we expect better of them after they get ripe.

I read that you must stick onions early, so I planted them and put sticks to all of them, but they don't seem to run up poles very well either, any more than my corn did.

I sowed a large part of my lot with timothy seed which I had bought of a peddler for turnip seed, and had quite a nice little crop of hay to cut. He also sold me some seed for dried herring, which I am extremely fond of, but they never came up on account of the weather being so wet; they grow better, I suppose, in dry seasons.

It was quite early in the season when I planted peach seeds, hoping to have peaches early in June, but I think they are bogus, for we haven't had any signs of peaches yet, though I've pulled up several of the little vines to see.
My cabbage didn’t do well either this year, for only one cabbage grew on a stalk.

My cucumbers got as full of seeds as they could hold, and after waiting several months for them to get ripe, we found they didn’t amount to very much then. I can’t say that we are particularly fond of them.

My pumpkins ran all over their trellises and made a beautiful bower, but the fruit didn’t hold on long enough to get ripe, and I have had all the sense knocked out of my body by having them fall on me. I haven’t got over it yet.

My apples, pears and quinces promise to be very late, although I planted the seed three months ago.

When my beans begin to come up, my neighbor told me, I must prune them every day by cutting them off at the roots, so that the tops wouldn’t draw all the substance from the roots; I did so, but we haven’t had a single mess yet. I don’t believe this is much of a year for beans.

Take it all around, mother earth seems to be against me this season.

---

HE WAS DHINKIN’—Gus Phillips.

He sot by der fire a-dhinkin’,
    Und his eyes vas on der stove,
His bipe vas clinched bedween his dooths,
    Und his lips dhey didn’t move;
His hands vere grossed upon his breast—
    Agrost his breast so glose—
Und dhree big tears run out his eyes
    Und drickled down his nose.

He vas dhinkin’ of days gone by,
    When he used to vas a leedle shild,
Und used to sot by his mother’s breast
    Und kinder draw it mild;
When he used to sot by his mother’s lap
    Und play mit her apron-shttrings,
Und gone to shleep mit der kitten-kats—
    Und all dot kinder dhings.
He vas lifing his boyhood days again,
He vas yoost a shild once more;
He thought he done like he used ter done—
Shlide down on der cellar door;
Play shnap der whip, I shpy der wolf,
Und odder dhings so gay,
Und dhrree more tears run out his eyes
Und passed forever away.

His heart vas glat—a great big shmil;
Dot settled on his face;
Mit all der beoples in der vorlt
He would not shange his place.
He sot und sot, und der tears o’
Und drickleed down his nose;
Den der fire vent oud und he yumped in bed,
Midout tookin’ off his clothes.

ABNER JONES’ TESTIMONY.—*Fat Contributor’s Saturday Night.*

I live in Indiana and my name is Abner Jones,
I was raised on hog and hominy, buckwheat and Injun pones;
There ain’t no blamed nonsense in what I’m going to tell,
For tho’ I know but little, I know that little well.

I’m here to testify about the way I got took in
In one of your gilt palaces that covers so much sin;
I’m here to tell you how I lost a hundred head of hogs,
And threw away my labor far worse than to the dogs.

I met a nice young fellow, down on Race street, at the show,
I told him I was kind a’ strange, and had no place to go;
He volunteered immediate to “whoop it up,” he said,
And asked me if I’d ever tried my luck upon the red.

I’d heard of red-checked maidens, and at huskings found red ears,
And I’d read of noble red-men for lo these many years;
But I wish I may be bu’sted, if I thought the fellow meant
To rope me into any thing for which I would repent.
I couldn’t state just where it was, we walked around awhile, I reckon from the Race-street show, ’twas something like a mile; I wasn’t quite clear-headed when I left the plaguy place, Nor in a fit condition to see an honest face.

You see they shook up something from the bottles in the bars, A kind of “Tom and Jerry” that makes a man see stars; And so with all this dizziness a-ringin’ in my head, I piled a hundred greenbacks up and bet them on the red.

The fellow shoved my money very quickly to the back, And I planked another fifty down, but this time on the black; It didn’t seem a bit of use, I never hit the thing, And all the while my money flew as if ’twere on the wing.

I kinder got excited, and bound to win it back, And so I kept a-changing, alternate red and black; But every time I went for red, the black was sure to win, And when I turned to black, the more they shoved my money in.

And this is why I’m here to know if something can be done To bust such institutions up, and make the scoundrels run; And if there’s any lawyer here, can make the halter draw, I want some satisfaction out of justice and the law.

---

BY A MONEY-CHANGER’S WINDOW.—By Launce Poyntz.

By a money-changer’s window stood a poor girl in a niche, Deaf to the sound of passing feet, Gazing and dreaming a vision sweet, “If she were only rich!”

Alone in the crowd of Broadway, the weather bitterly cold, Only a sheet of plate-glass clear Fenced in the wealth that looked so near, Crisp notes and shining gold.
Close to the great bank portal, where, all the live-long day,
   People were hurrying past without end,
Carrying money to hoard or spend,
She stood by the passageway—

Dreaming of what she might do, wistfully eyeing the gold;
Then, in a moment, she thought of the way
Weary and long she must go that day,
Shivering, hungry and cold.

All in a moment remembered wishing would buy no bread,
   A waif cast up by the city's stream,
She bitterly sighed, "'Twas only a dream,
Would God we all were dead!

"Up in our garret mother sews for a pittance small,
   Brother and I must work together,
Glad of a job in the bitter cold weather,
Keeping the house for all.

"At nights we strive to slumber, hunger and cold to forget,
   Stinted of food from day to day,
Fearing to-morrow, and waiting for pay,
Pay that is held back yet!

"Oh, for a warm, bright fire! Oh, for one cheerful meal!
   Shoes to cover the little bare feet,
That patter over the frozen street,
Never more cold to feel.

"Think of how little we need to live, how hard it is to bear
   That others should leave such sums to lie,
When every coin would a blessing buy,
And lighten a load of care!

"Oh, 'tis well for the poor life's short, 'tis well there's a promise given!
   For charity grows so very small,
That the only hope we've left at all,
Is of rest at last in heaven."

She turned from the tempting window, she gave one lingering sigh,
Then off to toil for a scanty dole,
God send her one kind, pitying soul
In the holy Christmas night!
**DIME SCHOOL SERIES.**

BEADLE AND COMPANY have now on their list the following highly attractive and desirable DIALOGUES and SPEAKERS, prepared expressly for schools, families, etc.; printed in clear, cut type, comprising the best collection of humorous, burlesque and pathetic Dialogues, Dramas and Recitations published. Each volume 100 12mo pages. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, ten cents each.

**DIME DIALOGUES, No. 1.**

Meeting of the Museus; or the Crowning of Florence Nightingale. For nine young ladies.

Saluting a Live Englishman. For three boys.

Tessa's Coronation. For male and female.

Fashion. For two ladies.

The Rehearsal. For six boys.

Which will you Choose? For two boys.

The Queen of May. For two little girls.

The Tea-Party. For four ladies.

Three Scenes in the Wedded Life of Mr. Bradley. For male and female.

Mrs. Sniffles' Confession. For male and female.

**DIME DIALOGUES, No. 2.**

The Genius of Liberty. For two males and one female.

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper. For several characters.

The Society for Doing Good and Saying Bad. For two males and two females.

The Golden Rule. For two males and two females.

The Gift of the Fairy Queen. For several female characters.

Taken in and Done For. For two characters.

The Country Aunt's Visit to the City. For several characters.

The Two Romans. For two males.

Trying the Characters. For three males.

**DIME DIALOGUES, No. 3.**

The May Queen, Musical and Floral Drama, as performed at the Concert of Notre Dame, Cincinnati, for an entire school. For two males and two females.

The Dress Reform Convention. For ten females. For five males.

Keeping Bad Company. A Farce. For five males.

Courting under Difficulties. A Comedietta. For two males and one female.

National Representatives. A Burlesque. For four males.

Keeping the Draft. A Comedietta. For numerous male characters.

**DIME DIALOGUES, No. 4.**

The Frost King. A Scenic Drama. For ten or more persons.

Starting in Life. A Petite Farce. For three males and two females.

Faith, Hope and Charity. A Comedietta in verse. For three little girls.

Darby and Joan. A Minor Drama. For two males and one female.

The May. A Floral Fancy. For six little girls.

The Enchanted Princess. A Burlesque Divertissement. For two males and several females.

Honor to whom Honor is Due. A Comedietta. For seven males and one female.

Phrenology. A Discussion. For twenty males.

**DIME DIALOGUES, No. 5.**

The Three Guesses. A Fairy Extravaganza. For school or parlor.

Sentiment. A "Three Persons" Farce. For several characters, male and female.

The Eta Pi Society. A Juvenile Farce. For five boys and one teacher.

Examination Day at Madame Savante's. A droll scene. For several female characters.

Reading in "Traps." A Sarto-comic Passage. For several male characters.

The School-Boys' Tribunal. A Dramatic Episode. For ten or more boys.

What comes of a loose tongue. A Domestic Interlude. For several male and female characters.

How Not to Get an Answer. A Comedietta. For two males and one female.

Putting on Airs. A Comedietta. For two males.

The Straight Mark. A School Experience. For several boys.

Two Ideas of Life. A Comedietta. For ten girls.


The Six Virtues. For six young ladies. Fashionable Requirements. For three girls.

A Bewry of 'ps (Eyes). For eight or less little girls.
DIME SCHOOL SERIES—Dialogues.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 6.

Ex. T. A. Kapt. Sep. Secret. For seven females, and one male.
The Keeler’s Secret. For seven females, and one male.
The Peal under Difficulties. For five males.
With a Tell. For a ch. c. school.
Woman’s Rights. For seven females and two males.
All is not Gold that Glitters. For three females and one male.
The Generous Jew. For six males.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 7.
The Two Beggars. A Minor Drama. For fourteen females.
The Earth-Child in Fairy-Land. A Fairy-Land Court Scene. For numerous girls.
Twenty Years Hence. A Serio-Comical Passage.
For two females and one male.
Woman. A Poetic Passage at Words. For two boys.
The ‘Ologies. A Colloquy. For two males.
How to Get Rid of a Bose. A School Drama.
For several boys.
Boarding-School Accomplishments. A School Drama.
For two males and two females.
A Plea for the Pledge. A Colloquy. For two males.
The Ills of Dram-Drinking. A Colloquy. For three boys.
True Pride. A Colloquy. For two females.
The Two Lecturers. For numerous characters.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 8.
The Fair School. For a number of girls.
The Enrolling Officer. For a number of characters.
The Base-ball Enthusiast. For three boys.
The Girl of the Period. For three girls.
The Fowl Rebellion. For two males and one female.
How but Sure. For several males and two females.
Candle’s Velocipede. For one male and one female.
The Figures. For several small children.
The Trial of Peter Sloper. For several male characters.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 9.
Advertising for Help. For a number of females.
As performed in the Woodward High School, America to England, Greeting. For two boys,
with an episode for the whole school.
The Old and the New. For four females and one male.
Choice of Trades. For twelve little boys.
The Lap-Dog. For two females.
The Victim. For four females and one male.
The Duelist. For two boys.
The True Philosophy. For several females and two males.
A Good Education. For two females.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 10.
Mrs. Mark Twain’s Shoe. For one male and one female.
The Old Flag. For three Boys. School Festival.
The Court of Folly. For many girls.
Scandals. For boys and six girls.
Scandal. For numerous males and females.
The Light of Love. For two Boys.
The Flower Children. For twelve girls. School Festival.
The Deaf Uncle. For three boys.
A Discussion. For two boys.

Dime School Series—Dialogues.
DIME DIALOGUES, No. 11.

Appearances are very Deceitful. For six boys. The Convertirns Family. For three males and three females.

Curing Betty. For three males and four females. Jack and the Beanstalk. A dress piece and fairy tale drama. For five characters. The Way to Do it and Not to Do it. For three females.

How to Become Healthy, Wealthy and Wise. For one male and one female. The Only True Life. For two girls.

Classic Colloquies. For two boys.

L. Gustavus Van and Cristorn. II. Tamerlane and Bejazet.

Fashionable Dissipation. For two little girls. A School Charade. For two boys and two girls. Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," Arranged as a dress piece and recitative, for seven girls.

A Debate. For four boys. Ragged Dick's Lesson. For three boys. School Charade with Tableau. From School Festival.

A Very Questionable Story. For two boys. A Sell, For three males. The Real Gentleman. For two boys.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 12.

Yankee Assurance. For two males and one female, and several subsidiary characters.

Boarders Wanted. For two females and one male, and several subsidiary characters.

When I was Young. For two girls.

The Most Precious Heritage. For two boys.

The Double Cure. For two males and four females.

The Flower-garden Fairies. For five little girls.

Jemima's Novel. For three males and two females.

 Beware of the Widows. For three girls.

A Family not to Pattern After. For ten characters.

How to Manage. An acting charade.

The Vacation Escapade. For four boys and teacher.

That Naughty Boy. For three females and one male.

Mad-cap. An Acting Charade.

All is not Gold that Glitters. An Acting Proverb.

Stic Transit Gloria Mundi. A Latin Acting Charade.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 13.

Two O'clock in the Morning. For three males.

An Inquisition Meeting. For several females.

Before and Behind the Scenes. For several boys and girls.

The Nastiest Boy. For a number of boys and teacher.

Blue Beard. A Dress Piece. For several girls and boys.

Not so Bad as it Seems. For two girls and several subsidiaries.

A Curate's Moral. For two males and one female.

Sense vs Sentiment. A Parlor and Exhibition.

Petite Drew a Worth, not Wealth. For four boys and a teacher.

No such Word as Fail. A Dramatic Proverb. For several male characters.

The Sleeping Beauty. A Fairy Tale Drama. For a school.

An Innocent Intrigue. For two males and one female.

Old Nabby, the Fortune-teller. For three girls.

Boy-talk. For several little boys.

Mother is Dead. For several little girls.

A Practical Illustration. For two boys and one girl.

CARL PRETZHL'S KOMIKAL SPEAKER, No. 15.

Don't Be Afraid, Gambling, Indolence, "Dot Musquer," Gat Child's Dream, No Crying High Above, Lesson Speeches, Court Humor, Puzzled Dutchman.


THE DIME SCHOOL MELODIST,

Comprising the music and words of familiar and beautiful Songs, Duets, Trios, etc., arranged in a simple manner, for School Singing, with elementary introduction suited to children of the most tender age. Compiled and arranged by George C. Keenrod.

THE DIME MELODIST,

Comprising the music and words of the most popular Songs and Ballads, by J. R. Thomas, George E. Rovit, W. V. Wallace, George Linley, Stephen Glover, Samuel Lover, and other celebrated composers.
Dime School Series—Speakers.

**DIME AMERICAN SPEAKER, No. 1.**

Young America,  
Birth of Washington,  
Plea for the Maine law,  
Not on the battlefield,  
The Italian struggle,  
Independence,  
Our country,  
The equality of man,  
Character of the Revol'n,  
The fruits of the war,  
The Case of Mr. M'Chesney,  
True manhood,  
The mystery of life,  
The ups and downs,  

The truly great,  
Early retiring and rising,  
A. Ward's oration,  
The national flag,  
Our national day,  
Intelligence the basis of war, [liberty,  
Charge of light brigade,  
After the battle,  
The glass railroad,  
Case of Mr. Macintosh,  
Prof. on phrenology,  
Washington's name,  
The sailor boy's siren,  

J. Jeboon's oration,  
A Dutch cure,  
The weather,  
The bent horn,  
Philosophy applied,  
Penny wise, pound foolish,  
True character, [liberty,  
Sart'dly right's enjoy's,  
"In a just cause,"  
No peace with oppression,  
A Thanksgiving sermon,  
The cost of riches,  
Great lives imperishable.  

The prophecy for the y'g  
Unfinished problems,  
Honor to the dead,  
Immorality of patriots,  
What's a polit' system,  
A vision in the forum,  
The press,  
The press,  
The press,  
Woman's rights,  
Right of the governed,  
My ladder,  
Alone,  
The rebellion of 1861,  
Disunion,  

**DIME NATIONAL SPEAKER, No. 2.**

Union and its results,  
Our country's future,  
The world is on trial,  
Let the childless weep,  
Our country's glory,  
Union a household,  
Independence bell,  
The scholar's dignity;  
A Christmas chant,  
State's right of Christianity;  
The true higher law,  
The one great need,  
The ship and the bird,  
Tecumseh's speech,  
Territorial expansion,  
Martha Hopkins,  
The bashful man's story,  
The matter of fact man,  
Rich and poor,  
Seeing the eclipse,  
Go-lang! git up,  
The rate of life,  
Washington,  
Our great inheritance,  
Eulogium on H'ly Clay,  
Ohio,  
Oliver Hazard Perry,  
Our domain,  
Systems of belief,  
The Indian chief,  
The independent farmer,  
Mrs. Grammar's ball,  
How the money comes,  
Future of the fashions,  
Our country first, last, and all the way,  
British influence,  
Defense of Jefferson,  
National hatreds,  

Murder will out,  
Strive for the best,  
Early rising,  
Deeds of kindness,  
Gates of sleep,  
The bungle,  
The Hoedl gem,  
Purity of the struggle,  
Old age,  
Beautiful and true,  
The worm of the mill,  
Man and the infinite,  
Language of the Eagle,  
Washington.  

**DIME PATRIOTIC SPEAKER, No. 3.**

America to the world,  
Love of country,  
Right of self-preservation,  
Our cause,  
[ton.  
A Kentuckian's appeal,  
Kentucky steadfast,  
Tidiness is treason,  
The alarum,  
April 15th, 1861,  
The spirit of '61,  
The precious heritage,  
The Irish element,  
Train's speech,  
Christy's speech,  
Let me alone,  
Brigand-ir-General,  
True draft,  
Union Square speeches,  
The Union,  
Our country's call,  
The story of an oak tree,  
L-e-g on my leg,  

History of our flag,  
T. F. Meagher's address,  
Our domain,  
We owe to the Union,  
Last speech of Stephen A. Douglas,  
Lincoln's message,  
Great Bell Rolfand,  
The New Year and the Union,  
King Cotton,  
Battle anthems,  

The ends of peace,  
Freedom the watchword,  
Crisis of our nation,  
Duty of Christian patriots,  
Turkey Dan's oration,  
A fearless plea,  
The onus of slavery,  
A foreigner's tribute,  
Catholic cathedral,  
The "Speculators,"  

**DIME COMIC SPEAKER, No. 4.**

Klechevogers on the war,  
Age bluntly considered,  
Early rising,  
The war and the sheep,  
Comin' Grammar No. 1,  
I'm n't a single man,  
A. Ward's advice,  
Beauvis on Pickwick,  
Romeo and Juliet,  
Happiness,  
Dogs,  

A song of wise,  
Ward's trip to Richm'd,  
Parody,  
The mountebank,  
Comicalism,  
A sermon on the foot,  
Old dog Jock,  
The Bibles' toilet,  
Brian O'Linny,  
Crockett to office-seekers,  
Fanny folk's  
Who is my opponent?  

Political stamp speech,  
Comic Grammar No. 2,  
Farewell to the bottle,  
The cork leg,  
The smell in school,  
Slick's definition of wife,  
The spade,  
The debating club,  
A Dutch sermon,  
Lecture on locomotion,  
Mrs. Cudde on umbrellas.  

**DIME ELOCUTIONIST, No. 5.**  

ORATION.—Rules of Composition as applied to Words, Prases, Sentences, etc., etc., etc.  
**_SEC. IV. REPRESENTATIVE EXERCISES IN PROSE AND VERSE.—Falsefl; Byron; H-miet, etc.**  

**SEC. V. OBSERVATIONS OF GOOD AUTHORITIES.**

**DIME HUMOROUS SPEAKER, No. 6.**

A sad story,  
A string of onions,  
A tragic story,  
Cats,  
Courtship,  
Debt,  
Devils,  
Dow, it's lectures,  
Ego and echo,  
Fashionable women,  
Four, thistles,  
Good nature,  
Gotflied Klecheyogers,  
Schlauchenflichter's smake  
Hosea Bigbow's opinions,  
Parody on "Arab's  

Poetry run mad,  
Right names,  
Scientific lecture,  
The ager,  
The cookery,  
The cadiish,  
The fate of Sergeant,  
The feath'r,  
The feather's quarril,  
The Hamerican wood- 

The last of the serpants, 
The march to Moscow,  

The mysterious guest,  
The bamp,  
The sea-serpent,  
The secret,  
The shoemaker,  
The useful doctor,  
The waterfall,  
To the bachelors' union.  
Vagaries of popping the question,  
What I wouldn't be,  
Yankee doodle Aladdin,  
Zé Mosseetare,  

1863.
Dime School Series--Speakers.

DIME STANDARD SPEAKER, No. 7.

The world we live in, The two lives,
The woman's claims, The true scholar,
The poet, The presence of the Judges not inifiable,
The real conqueror, Fanaticism, [crime],
The citizen's heritage, Instability of successful
The last, Agriculture,
Italy, Ireland, [guru],
The mechanic, The people always con-
Natura & Nature's God, Music of labor,
The modern god, [sun], Prussia and Austria,
Ostian's address to the Wishing,
Independence bell, 1776, The Blarney stone,
The ladies' man, The student of Bonn,
John Burns, Gettysburg, The broken household,
No seat in heaven, Miss Prude's Tea-party,
The idler, The unbeliever,
The p. ver of an idea, The Bible, the pure and the sword
The absence of the My country,
So-frag, [sea], True moral courage,
Dream of the revelers, What is war,
H. Cyrus laid the cabl', Animal[Puritanism],
The sin of ambition, Nebuchadnezzar,
Paradoxic, Immortality of the souls,
Littly Jerry, the miller, Occupation,
The neck, Heroism and daring,
Foggy thoughts, A shot at the decanter.

DIME STUMP SPEAKER, No. 8.

Hon. J.M. Sturba's views on the situation,
Hans Schwackheimer on woman's suffrage,
Ill, for a nomination,
Old ocean, [sea],
The sea, the sea, the open
Theater bungled spanner
Ever where you belong,
Life is what you make it,
Where's my money,
Speech from conscience,
The man's relation to society,
The limits to happiness,
America, [fallacy],
"Right of secession" a Temptations of cities,
Broken resolutions,
There is no death,
Races,
Barful discourse,
A Frenchman's dinner,
Unjust national acquias,
The amateur coachman,
Old world, [sens],
The permanency of States,
Liberty of speech,
Jno. Thompson's dangers,
It is not your business.

DIME JUVENILE SPEAKER, No. 9.

A boy's philosophy,
How out your row,
Six year-old's protest,
The snitch, [cat],
A valediction,
Popping corn,
The editor,
The same, in rhyme,
The fairy shoe-maker,
What was learned,
Press on,
The sky,
The snake in the grass,
The tale of the tropics,
Bromley's speech,
The same, second extract,
The father's child,
Shackspurian scholar,
Madden's psalm of life,
A mixture,
Base-ball, Pleas for the Republic,
Playing ball,
Ah, why,
Live for something,
Lay of the honpecked, [sea],
The outside dog, Wold and lamb,
Lion in love,
Toms asking for a king,
Sick lion,
Country and town mice,
Man and woman,
Tootsie planter,
Little things,
Baby's soliloquy,
Repeance,
Plea for Eggs,
Humbug patriotism,
Night after Christmas,
Short legs,
Shrimps on amusements,
How the raven became black,
A mother's work,
The same,
Who rules,
A sheep story,
Little correspondent,
One good turn deserves my dream, [another],
Rain,
I'll never use tobacco,
A mosaic,
The old bachelor,
Prayer to light,
Little Jim,
Angelina's lament,
Johny Shrimps on boats,
Mercy,
Choice of hours,
Poor Richard's sayings,
Who killed Tom Roper,
Nothing to do,
Honesty best policy,
Heaven,
Ho for the fields,
Fashion on the brain,
On Shanghai,
A smile,
Bouffianas,
Homoopathetic soup,
Nose and eyes,
Mail,
[come],
To a hundred years to
The madam and her
Little sermons, [rarez],
Snufis on electricity,
The two cradles,
The ocean storm,
Do thy little, do it well,
Little puss,
Base-ball, [lover],
Prescription for spring.

DIME SPREAD-EAGLE SPEAKER, No. 10.

Ben Buster's oxation,
Hans Von Spiegel's 4th,
Josh Billings' advice,
A lover's luck,
Hifalutin Adolphus,
Digestion and Paradise,
Distinction's disadvantage,
Smith's, [lakes],
Bushellon Bendibus,
A stock of notions,
Speaking for the sheriff,
Dakin a shrewd,
Then and now,
Josh Billings lecturing,
Doctor DeBlister's aint
Consignments,
Hard lives,
A lover's luck,
A colored view,
Original Maud Muller,
Nobody,
The meteor circumstanes,
Good advice,
The itching palm,
Drum-head sermons,
Schnitter's philosophingo,
"Woman's rights,"
Luke Luther,
The hog,
Jack Spratt,
New England tragedy,
The ancient bachelor,
Jacob Whittle's speech,
Jerks and constellations,
A word with Snooks,
A mulie ride, [buzzers],
Josh Billings on the
The American ensign,
Il trovatore,
Kissing in the street,
Scandalous,
Slightly mixed,
The office-seeker,
Old bachelors,
Woman,
The Ning Niam,
People will talk,
Swachecken's hat,
Who wouldn't be fire,
A mule ride, [buzzers],
Music of labor,
"Woman's rights,"
Luke Luther,
Dime School Series--Speakers.

**DIME DEBATER AND CHAIRMAN’S GUIDE, No. 11.**


II.—HOW TO DEBATE. Why there are few good debaters, Prerequisites to oratorical success, The logic of debate, The rhetoric of debate, Maxims to observe, The preliminary preparation, Order of the argument.

Summary, Preliminary organization, Permanent organization, The organization, Order of business and proceedings, The "Question." How it can be treated, The "Question." How to be considered, Rights of a speaker as against the chair, Calling yea and nay, Interrupting a vote, Organization of deliberative bodies, Conventions, Annual or General Assemblies.

**DIME EXHIBITION SPEAKER, No. 12.**

The crator of the day, The heathen Chinese, The land we love, Jim Binford, Be true to yourself, Ah Sin’s reply, A plea for smiles, The Stanislav scientific society, Free Italy, Italy a ruler, The curse of one man power, The treaty of peace (1814), The critical moment, The east and the west, Is there any money in it?, Are we a nation?, Social science, Influences of liberty, The patriots’ choice, The right of the people, The crowning glory, The pumpkin, When you’re down, What England has done, The right of neutrality, The national flag, Our true future, Graecelita, All hail! Hence, Emancipation of science, The spirit of forgiveness, Humanity and love, Beauty, Song of labor, Manifest destiny, The salutary effects of a disconcerted candidate (original), Maud Muller, After the Little Breeches, Hans Dolderwick’s wedding, A victim of the toothache, Story of the twins, A cold in the nose, My uncle Aclompus.

**DIME SCHOOL SPEAKER, No. 13.**

L.—POPULAR AND DRAMATIC ORATORY. Fanny Butterly’s ball, Tropics unconvincing to greatness, Live for something, Civil and religious liberty, Second review of the grand army, Dishonesty of politics, The great commoner, Character and achievement, “I can’t,” “It might have been,” Don’t strike a man when down, On keeping at it, The treasure of the deep, Keep cool, The precious freight, A sketch, The sword the true arbiter, Aristocracy, Baron Grimalkin’s death, Obey Snipkins, A catastrophe, Cheerfulness, Mountains, The last lay of the Minstrel, The unlucky lovers, The dread secret, Civil war reform, The true gentleman, The tragic muse.

II.—SABBATH SCHOOL ORATOR. A cry for life, The scaffold, Grained lives, A good life, To whom shall we give thanks!, Resolution, Never mind, The bible, Christianity our bulwark.

**DIME LUDICROUS SPEAKER, No. 14.**

STANDARD DIME BOOKS.

Games and Pastimes for 1873.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

DIME BASE-BALL PLAYER FOR 1873.
(TWELFTH ANNUAL EDITION.)
The long-established and accepted authority in Base-Ball circles on all Rules, Laws and Usages of the Game; and the STANDARD SOURCE OF REFERENCE for Averages, Club Reports, Professional Records, etc., containing a Brief History of Base-Ball, Rules for Forming Clubs, Instructions for Scoring the Game, Technical Terms used in the Game, Instructions for Managing a Club, Rules for Making out Averages, List of Professional Players, Noted Club Records for 1871-2, Club Averages for 1872, and the New Code of Playing Rules for 1873. Edited by Henry Chadwick.

HAND-BOOK OF CROQUET.
A complete Guide to the Principles and Practice of the Game. This popular pastime has, during the few years of its existence, rapidly outgrown the first vague and imperfect rules and regulations of its inventor; and, as almost every house at which it is played adopts a different code of laws, it becomes a difficult matter for a stranger to assimilate his play to that of other people. It is, therefore, highly desirable that one uniform system should be generally adopted, and hence the object of this work is to establish a recognized method of playing the game.

CRICKET AND FOOTBALL.
A desirable Cricketer's Companion, containing complete instructions in the elements of Bowling, Batting and Fielding; also the Revised Laws of the game; Remarks on the Duties of Umpires; the Mary-le-Bone Cricket Club Rules and Regulations; Bets, etc., etc. By HENRY CHADWICK, author of "Base-Ball Player."

YACHTING AND ROWING.
This volume will be found very complete as a guide to the conduct of watercraft, and full of interesting information alike to the amateur and the novice. The chapter referring to the recent great rowing race of the Oxford and Cambridge clubs, on the Thames, will be found particularly interesting.

RIDING AND DRIVING.
A sure guide to correct Horsemanship, with complete directions for the road and field; and a specific section of directions and information for female equestrians. Drawn largely from "Stonehenge's" fine manual, this volume will be found all that can be desired by those seeking to know all about the horse, and his management in harness and under the saddle.

GUIDE TO SWIMMING.
Embracing all the rules of the art for both sexes. Illustrated. By Captain PHILIP PETERSON. Comprising Advisory Instructions; Rules upon entering the water; General Directions for Swimming; Diving; how to come to the surface; Swimming on the Back; how to Swim in Times of Danger; Sea-bathing—how to manage the waves, the tides, etc.; a Chapter for the Ladies; a Specimen Female Swimming-School; how to manage cases of Drowning; Dr. Franklin's "Code" for Swim- mers.

For sale by all Newsdealers and Booksellers; or will be sent singly, or in packages by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price—Ten Cents each.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers,
98 William street, New York.
STANDARD SCHOOL SERIES

Beadle and Adams have now on their lists the following highly desirable and attractive text-books, prepared expressly for schools, families, etc. Each volume contains 100 large pages, printed from clear, open type, comprising the best collection of Dialogues, Dramas and Recitations, (burlesque, comic and otherwise.) The Dime School Series for the season of 1873 embraces thirty volumes, viz.:  

No. 1—Dime American Speaker.  
No. 2—Dime National Speaker.  
No. 3—Dime Patriotic Speaker.  
No. 4—Dime Comic Speaker.  
No. 5—Dime Elocutionist.  
No. 6—Dime Humorous Speaker.  
No. 7—Dime Standard Speaker.  
No. 8—Dime Stump Speaker.  
No. 9—Dime Juvenile Speaker.  
No. 10—Dime Spread-Eagle Speaker.  
No. 11—Dime Debater and Chairman's Guide.  
No. 12—Dime Exhibition Speaker.  
No. 13—Dime School Speaker.  
No. 14—Dime Ludicrous Speaker.  
No. 15—Carl Pritzel's Komikal Speaker.

These books are replete with choice pieces for the School-room, the Exhibition, for Homes, etc. They are drawn from fresh sources, and contain some of the choicest oratory of the times.

Dime Dialogues Number One.  
Dime Dialogues Number Two.  
Dime Dialogues Number Three.  
Dime Dialogues Number Four.  
Dime Dialogues Number Five.  
Dime Dialogues Number Six.  
Dime Dialogues Number Seven.  
Dime Dialogues Number Eight.  
Dime Dialogues Number Nine.  
Dime Dialogues Number Ten.  
Dime Dialogues Number Eleven.  
Dime Dialogues Number Twelve.  
Dime Dialogues Number Thirteen.

These volumes have been prepared with especial reference to their availability in all school-rooms. They are adapted to schools with or without the furniture of a stage, and introduce a range of characters suited to scholars of every grade, both male and female. It is fair to assume that no volumes yet offered to schools, at any price, contain so many available and useful dialogues and dramas, serious and comic.

Dime School Melodist, (Music and Words.)
Dime Melodist,

For sale by all newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—ten cents each.

Beadle and Adams, Publishers, 98 William Street, N.Y.