

Clippings.

Intoxicating music—'Ale to the Chief.

Discoursing sweet music—blowing your own trumpet.

The height of impudence—the length of a book agent.

A number seven hat will just fit a St. Louis mosquito bite.

The new German greenbacks are called Reischskaisen-scheine. They are pronounced good.

A harder subject to deal with than even an old deck of cards, is a man who don't advertise.

Young ladies profess to be terribly afraid of a pistol, and yet they don't want it to go off.

Somebody advertises for a machine-girl. Is she better than a hand-maid?

Josh Billings says he will take the stage this winter; also the railroad cars, when they run his way.

Printers' pi is very indigestible, and the one that makes it, would rather see some one else dispose of it than himself.

Any letters for Mike How? asked an individual of a clerk at a post-office window. No letters for anybody's cow.

The Milwaukee News has received an exchange with but one original article—a five-line acknowledgement of the receipt of a string of fish.

I have bought my 'first last,' was the remark of a cobbler when he set up in business for himself. We should have thought he would have bought a 'last first.'

Jaen Welch, of Iowa, got mad and stopped his newspaper, and then because the withdrawal of his patronage didn't kill the paper he went and killed himself.

The new Italian minister rejoices in the title of count, and is to be known as Count Blanc, wherefore Miss Grundy asks us if his equipage may not with propriety be called a carte blanche!

We always record with regret any instance of a man striking his sister-in-law. It is a cruel intimation to his wife's mother that he'll never marry in that family again.

An Englishman is trying to find out, you know, why the double bass viol player of an orchestra is always baldheaded. Perhaps it is because the leading violin takes the air.

Father Imhoff, of Richmond, Indiana, has just lived out his hundredth year. It is hoped, by his friends, he will live to pack his carpet-bag next year, and say to the public: Imhoff to the Centennial.

A few days ago a Norwich man bought a chest of tea in Providence, and on opening it found a stone inside weighing nearly eleven pounds. He remarked that the weights of Providence are very mysterious.

A jailor in a Western State had received strict orders not to keep his prisoners in solitary confinement. Once when he had two in charge one escaped, and he was obliged to kick the other out of the door to comply with the regulation.

Danbury has the champion patient boy. He went to a neighbor's house for a cup of sour milk. I haven't anything but sweet milk, said the woman pettishly. I will wait till it sours, said the obliging youth, sinking into a chair.

Nothing is so discouraging to a young lawyer just as he waxes eloquent about angel's tears, weepin' willows and tombstones, as to be interrupted by the cold blooded justice with "You're off your nest, bub; this is a case of hog-stealing."

A Chicago chemist, owing to the non-payment of his fee, refuses to return the stomach of a dead man sent to him for analysis. Although the chemist has now two stomachs he doesn't appear to have any bowels—of compassion.

Henry Ward Beecher was introduced to a Shaker at the White Mountains and said to him. I understand your belief deprives you of some of the pleasures of this life. Whereupon the other replied: It shields us from some of its temptations, also.

A Frenchman learning the English language complained of the irregularity of the verb 'to go,' the present tense of which some wag had written out for him as follows: I go; thou startest; he departs; we make tracks; you cut sticks; they abscquatulate or skeddadle.

The Chicago Tribune says that Daniel O'Connell was proud of his power of giving a lick with the rough side of his tongue. It would have been a great relief to the young men in the post office if Mr. O'Connell's services could have been secured for the stamp department.

A little girl went into a neighbor's house one day, where some apple-parings lay on a plate on the table. After sitting awhile, she said, I smell apples. Yes, the lady replied, I guess you smell these apple-parings on the plate. No, no, she said, 'tain't them I smell; I smell whole apples.

Mrs. Milliss was asked the other day how she managed to get along so nicely with Mr. Milliss, and frankly replied; Oh, I feed him well. When a woman marries, her happiness for a little while depends upon the state of her husband's heart; after that, it's pretty much according to the state of his stomach.

When you meet a small youth playing the drum, at the head of a lot of two-foot soldiers, with a stick and brass kettle, you may know that his mother has the preserving fever, and has sit down to wring her hands and wonder what on earth has become of that boy she has sent after Mrs. Jones' kettle two hours ago.

What are you doing there; why don't you go to work? asked a father of his son. I'm like Micawber, replied the youth, waiting for something to turn up. The boy was placed across the paternal knee, and received the usual mild admonition. He believes now that something has turned up in a double sense, entirely different from what he expected.

A very fashionable Danbury lady tried to mount the step in front of Merrill's grocery, the other day, but her pull-back prevented her. Several times she repeated the attempt, but without success, while an anxious populace looked on. What do you suppose she then did? Retreated? O, no. She just turned around, and went up the step backward, as easy as could be.

Two women have started a barber-shop in Pittsville. We saw one woman start a barber-shop once. She came in with a cowhide in her hand and said she was going to horsewhip the man who had been talking about her; and eight men with towels under their chins and lather on their faces, hustled out of the chairs and started for the back door on a run.

Blitz and the Darkies.

The naughtiest thing Blitz ever did was to disturb a negro meeting some years ago in Belknap street, Boston. The story is not generally known, as it would, perhaps, have caused some personal trouble to him, had it been represented to the authorities.

All Boston knows or has heard of the negro preacher, Father Snowden, who held forth to his called brethren, in Belknap street for many years.

It was a quiet Summer's afternoon and the house was pretty well filled—there being a revival of religion going on among the gentlemen of color—when Blitz with some persons (although he is himself as dark as a mulatto, and has curly hair to boot) entered the house. It was pretty warm weather, and consequent the hall was not a little offensive to the senses polite; but things went on nicely enough until the minister got warmed up in his subject, and was using words, almost too long for a common-sized dictionary, when Blitz thought it about time to do something.

And the Lord said unto Moses— Bow-wow-wow, came apparently from behind the speaker.

The congregation looked each other in the face, with countenances darker than ever, while Father Snowden, after staring behind himself, seemed to come to the conclusion that the noise proceeded from the street, and so he commenced again.

And the Lord said unto Moses— Stand from under, cried a voice apparently at the top of the house.

The startled congregation rolled up the whites of their eyes to the ceiling in amazement, while the minister suddenly drew to one side, expecting something was coming down. But after a moment's pause, all seemed quiet, and Mr. Snowden resumed.

And the Lord said unto Moses— Ain't you ashamed of yourself? take your hands off of me! said a voice proceeding apparently from a neat mulatto girl, who sat in the front pew, and upon whom all eyes were now turned.

I didn't touch her! said the man next to her, in amazement. Some smiled and said Sam Johnson ought to be ashamed of himself to act up so in meeting, and the minister frowned upon him in a way that would have thawed a snowball outright, after which Mr. Snowden attempted once more to resume his remarks.

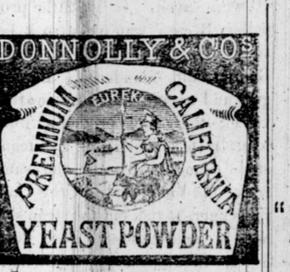
And the Lord said unto Moses— Well, what did he say? came suddenly from the big lips of an attentive listener in the side aisle. The minister was astounded. He looked at the man as though his boldness had electrified him, while some of the congregation began to think that under the circumstances the inquiry was a very natural and appropriate one. As to the minister himself, he was a little vexed, now, and repeated with emphasis.

And the Lord said unto Moses— Fire! Fire! roared a voice, which seemed to come from the entrance of the house with startling emphasis. This was too much to bear tamely. Even the minister rushed to the door, and the afflicted women screamed like mad, as they huddled and pushed each other down the aisle. Bonnets suffered some on the occasion, and when they all fairly got out, they looked up at the top of the meeting-house, patiently waiting to see the flames burst out through the slated roof.

And there Blitz left them standing, their eyes rolled heavenward, and Parson Snowden in a brown study.

A letter from Norwich, Conn., to the Hartford Times contains the following story as told by George W. Fuller, a subma.ine diver, who is now in the former city: While performing some work for Uncle Sam in one of the Southern ports, where it was customary for those who supplied the market with early garden-truck to load their boats and row them around to the wharf, it happened one day that a burly negro loaded his boat with water-melons, and had just reached the dock where the usual number of loungers stood watching the operations of the diver. The negro all unconscious of his situation, was zealously endeavoring to dispose of

his cargo, when Fuller suddenly emerged, helmet first, from the water, thrusting his goggle eyes and ugly head before the astonished occupant of the boat, and seizing one of the largest of the melons, sunk immediately. The darkey, with a yell and a bound, reached the dock, and neither stopped nor turned until he reached home with tidings that do double had 'fiscated de melons and was taken 'um down.



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Table listing various legal and business forms for sale cheap, including BLANKS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, SUMMONS, WARRANTS OF ARREST, EXECUTIONS, ATTACHMENTS, and SUBPOENAS.

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