STORY OF A NEW HAT.

A business man had purchased a new stiff hat, and he went into a saloon with half a dozen friends to fit the hat on his head. They all took beer and passed the hat around so all could see it. One of the meanest men that ever held a county office went to the bartender and had a thin slice of Limburger cheese cut off, and when the party were looking at the frescoed ceiling through their beer glasses, the wicked person slipped the cheese under the sweat-leather of the hat, and the man put it on and walked out. The man who owned the hat is one of your nervous people who is always complaining of being sick, and who feels as though some dreadful disease was going to take possession of him and carry him off. He went back to his place of business, took off his hat and laid it on the table, and proceeded to answer some letters. He thought he detected a smell, and when his partner asked him if he didn't feel sick, he believed he did. He then turned pale and said he guessed he would go home. He met a man on the sidewalk who said the air was full of miasma, and in the street car a man who sat next to him moved to the end of the car, and asked him if he had just come from Chicago. The man with the hat said he had not, when the stranger said they were having a great deal of small-pox there and he guessed he would get out and walk, and he pulled the bell and jumped off. The cold perspiration broke out on the forehead of the man with the new hat, and he took it off to wipe his forehead, when the whole piece of cheese seemed to roll over and breathe, and the man got the whole benefit of it, and he came near fainting away. He got home, and his wife met and asked him what was the matter. He said he believed mortification had set in, and she took one whiff as he took off his hat, and said that she should think it had. "Where did you get into it!" said she. "Get into it?" said the man. "I have not got into anything, but some deadly disease has got hold of me and I shall not live." She got his clothes off, soaked his feet in mustard water, and he slept. The hat was lying on the centre table, and the children would come in and get a smell of it and look at each other with reproachful glances and go out and play. The man slept and dreamed that a small-pox flag was hung in front of his house, and that he was riding in a butcher's wagon to the pest house. The woman sent for a doctor, and when the man of pills arrived she told him all about the case. The doctor picked up the patient's new hat, tried it on, and got a sniff. He said the hat was picked before it was ripe. The doctor and the wife held a postmortem examination of the hat and found the slice of Limburger. "Fest and short were the prayers they said." They woke the patient, and to prepare his mind for the revelation that was about to be made, the doctor asked him if his worldly affairs were arranged in a satisfactory condition. He gasped and said they were. The doctor asked him if he had made his will. He said that he had not, but he wanted a lawyer sent for at once. The doctor then asked him if he felt as though he was prepared to shuffle off. The man said he had always tried to lead a different life, and tried to be done by the same as he would do it himself, but that he might have made a mistake some way, and that he would like to have a minister sent for to take an account of the stock.

The doctor brought to the bedside the hat, opened up the sweat leather, and showed the dying man what it was that smelled so, and told him he was as well as any man in the city. The man pinched himself to see if he was alive, and jumped out of bed and called for his revolver, and the doctor could'nt keep up with him on the way down town. The last we saw of the odoriferous citizen he was trying to bribe the bartender to tell him which one of those pelicans it was that put that slice of cheese in his hat lining.

A Double barreled Affair.

The following letter is said to have been written by a newly-married lady to her friend and confidant. Her husband was a jealous old curmudgeon and insisted upon her showing him every letter she wrote:

I cannot be satisfied my dearest friend,
blest as I am in the matrimonial state,
unless I pour into your friendly bosom,
which has ever been in unison with mine,
the various sensations which swell
with the liveliest emotions of pleasure,
my almost bursting heart. I tell you, my dear
husband is the most affable of men.
I have now been married seven weeks, and
have never found the least reason to
repent the day that joined us. My husband is
both in person and manners far from resembling
ugly, cross, old, disagreeable and jealous
monsters, who think by confining, to secure
a wife. It is his maxim to treat as a
bosom friend and confidant, and not as a
plaything or a menial slave, the woman
chosen to be his companion. Neither party
he says, should always obey implicitly,
but each yield to the other by turns.
An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy,
a cheerful, venerable and pleasant old lady,
lives in the house with us. She is the de-
light of both old and young; she is ci-
vil to all the neighborhood around—
generous and charitable to the poor.
I am convinced my husband loves nothing more
than he does me; he flatters me more
than a glass, and his flattery
(for so I must call the excess of his love)
often makes me blush for the unworthiness
of its object, and wish I could be more deserving
of the man whose name I bear. To
say all in one word, my dear, and to
crown the whole—my former gallant lover
is now my indulgent husband; my fondness
is returned, and I might have had
a prince without the felicity I find in
him. Adieu.

N. B.—We give our readers a key to unlock the secret of this letter. Read the first and every alternate line only, and the trick will be seen.

Stippled and Blended.

Silence is a still noise.

Bashfulness is ignorance afraid.

Economy is a first mortgage on wealth.

An aristocrat is a democrat with his pockets filled.

Honest men are scarce and are going to be scarcer.

Conceited people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else.

The cross man goes through life like a sore-headed dog followed by flies.

Laughing is the sensation of feeling good all over and showing it in one spot.

A "gentleman about town" is one who pays cash for everything except his debts.

Marriage is an altar on which man lays his pocketbook and woman her love letters.

Anxiety is milking a kicking heifer with one hand and holding her by the tail with the other.

The monkey is a human being, a little undersized, covered with hair, hitched to a tail, and filled with the devil.

The only way to define a kiss is to take one and then sit down, all alone, out of the drauth, and smack your lips.

Friendship is like earthenware—if it is broken it can be mended; but love is like a mirror—once broken, that ends it.

Adversity is a poultice which reduces our vanity and strengthens our virtue—even a boy never feels half so good as when he has just been spanked and set away to cool.

Wanted—A young lady who can run a typewriter without trying to run the editor. We know we are not pretty and sometimes go around with a suspender down and shoes off, if our corns hurt, but that's our own affair. This is a snap for some quiet, considerate girl who ain't afraid of homemade socks and red whiskers.—Next.

General Directory.

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Russell A Alger	Secretary of War
E A Hitchcock	Secretary of the Interior
John D Long	Secretary of Navy
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C S Bean	Supreme Judges
F A Moore	Supreme Judges
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W F Gray	Representatives
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G Croner	Nightwatchmen
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W H Haines	Councilmen
Geo Fisher	Councilmen
W H Luckey	Councilmen
Jerry Horn	Councilmen
AL Roney	Councilmen
B Mummy	Street Commissione

BROAD-AXE

PROSPECTUS

The Broad-Axe will henceforth be published on Wednesdays of each week at

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