

NASBY.

More Trouble.—Isaaker Davits's Wife Wins a Victory and Further Increases the Female Population.

[Toledo Blade.]—CONFEDERATE X BOARDS (Which is in the State uv Kentucky), July 10, 1883.—Unless suthin happens to save us, the old organization at the Corners is gone, and I mite ez well dust out and seek pasters, fresh. The foundashens uv the grate deep is broken up, and there is a choice and miscellaneous assortment of hell afloat.

Joe Bigler and Pollock got hold of Issaker Gavitt, and in conjunction with his wife, whom I wish the devil had, hev organized a conspiracy that bids fair to transform the Corners into a Noo England village and leave me out into the cold altogether.

It is the same old trouble. Mrs. Bascom wood wear her red silk stockings, and wood sport her noo silk dresses. She coudn't help it—no woman kin. Give sich a woman ez Mrs. Bascom a noo silk dress and red stockings, and she wood wear em if she knowed she hed to go to the stake the next minut. Female vanity is the spring uv woes unnumbered. Naturally, the wimmin uv the Corners rebelled, and Issaker Gavitt's wife developed an amount of strategy wch I never supposed any woman ever hed.

She compelled Issaker to stay at home four days last week, and not go to Bascom's at al. We missed him from his familiar seat, and ther wuz gloom intensified. Bascom wuz glowry, the good old Deacon wuz sad, and Kernel M'Pelter murmured suthin about chaos comin agin. Bascom remarkt that he shoold lose the art uv waitin of Issaker kept away much longer.

Yesterday about 11 A. M. ther cum along in front uv Bascom's a percessh wch started us. It consisted uv a wagon drawn by one mule, and into it wuz Issaker Gavitt and his wife, both with banners.

Mrs. Gavitt sat on the left side with her dress pulled up onto her lap, so ez to expose a pair uv legs half way up to the knee, clad in a pair uv red stockings, with patent-leather shoes on the end uv em, and she held in her hand a banner onto which wuz inscribed these legends:

"My husband hasn't bin to Bascom's for four days. He hoz chopped cord wood and sold it. He hez milked the cows and helpt me to churn, and in them four days we hev sold truck enuff to buy me these shoes and stockings, with store garters, and him a bild shirt. The stockings ain't silk, but ef he keeps away from Bascom's two weeks longer I will hev silk stockings and he will hev a decent suit uv cloze."

Issaker carried a banner onto wch wuz this: "At home and at work four days. A bild shirt for the first time since I wuz married."

Ez the percessh passed Bascom's he tried to drop the banner and git out, but his wife held him down in his seat by the throat. He wuz konkered and subdood.

The effick wuz electrickled. Every woman in the Corners cum out to see Issaker Gavitt's wife in stockings, suthin that hedn't happened to her for 20 years. The shoes excited em to madnis, the red stockings made em shreek, and when Joe Bigler jumped into the wagon, and ez ef by accident flirtd up her dress so ez to show a pair uv bloo elastic garters, with white metal buckles, they abslootly howled. The wimmin uv the Corners, nor walln stockings ez a rool, don't hev no call for garters, and them ez do hev alluz bin obleeged to content themselves with a tow string.

Mirandy Pogran saw the site, and she rushed into the Bascom's and took her venerable father out by the ear.

"Wat yoo want to do," wuz her remark, "is to go home and go to work. Ef Issaker Gavitt kin in four days furnish his wife with shoes and red stockings by keepin out uv Bascom's, yoo kin dress yoor dawter suthin like decent by the same process. Git."

And the good old Deekin moved of regretfully toward his home.

Then Mrs. M'Pelter she cum rsh in' in for the kernel.

"Do yoo see," sed she "wat Mrs. Gavitt hed on? Red stockings and shoes, and all earned in four days! I will hev em myself in four days or yoor a corpse. Wat Issaker Gavitt hev done yoo kin do."

And then all the wimmin in the Corners formed themselves into a percessh behind the wagon that Issaker wuz drivin, and they marched thro the Corners shoutin, "Red stockings or no meals!" "Shoes wch buttin or no grub!" and sich incenary cries. And, wat wuz wuss, they formed a gard and stood in front of Bascom's, and whenever one uv ther husbands wanted to come in they hustled him off, a committee bein appointed to worry his ears till he wuz willin to go home.

It wuz a dreary nite we hed at Bascom's. Ther wuz nobody but him and me, for no man in the Corners dared to show his face within a mile uv the place. Ther we sot, and sot in gloomy silence. Bascom wuz so deprest that he never sed a word the first time I stole behind the bar and helped myself to a reviver, nor did he object the second time. The third time he lifted his sad eyes and remarked: "Help yoorself to all yoo want. Everything is lost. Ther is a sperit uv Devinanzashen abroad that will stop Herigan knows when and where. Help yoorself. The tale might ez well go with the hide."

And in sadnis I did help myself.

THE BAD BOY.

He Causes His Pa and Ma to Work on Sundays and Nearly Gets Them Churched. His Father Reaches Him With a Stave.

"Hello," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in looking sick at heart, and all broke up. "How is your muscle this morning?"

"All right enough," said the boy, with a look of inquiry, as though wondering what was coming next. "Why?"

"O, nothing, only I was going to grind the hatchet, and some knives and things, this morning, and I thought maybe you would like to go out in the shed and turn the grindstone for me, to develop your muscles. Turning a grindstone is the healthiest thing a boy can do."

"That is all right enough," said the bad boy, as he took up a sweet cracker, "but please take a good look at me. Do I look like a grindstone boy? Do I resemble a good little boy that can't say 'no,' and goes off and turns a grindstone half a day for some old dufer, who pays him by giving him a handful of green currants, or telling him he will be a man some day, and the boy goes off one way, with a lame back, while the good man goes the other way, with a sharp scythe, and a chuckle at the softness of the boy? You are mistaken in me. I have passed the grindstone period, and you will have to pick up another sardine who has never done circular work. Not any grindstones for Henry, if you please."

"You are getting too smart," said the grocery man, as he charged a pound of sweet crackers to the boy's father. "You don't have to turn the grindstone if you don't want to."

"That's what I thought," says the boy, as he takes a handful of blueberries. "You grindstone sharps, who are always laying for a fool boy to give taffy to, and get him to break his back, don't play it fine enough. You bear on too hard on the grindstone. I have seen the time when a man could get me to turn a grindstone for him till the cows come home, by making me believe it was fun, and by telling me he never saw a boy that seemed to throw so much soul into turning a grindstone as I did, but I have found that such men are hypocrites. They inveigle a boy into their nest, like the spider does the fly, and at first they don't bear on hard, but just let the blade of the axe or the scythe touch the grindstone, and they make a boy believe he is a bigger man than old Grant. They bet him he will get tired, and he bets that he can turn a grindstone as long as anybody, and when the boy has got his reputation at stake, then they begin to bear on hard, and the boy gets tired, but he holds out, and when the tools are ground he says he is as fresh as a daisy, when he is tired enough to die. Such men do more to teach boys the hollowness of the world, and its tricky features, than anything, and they teach boys to know who are friends and who are foes. No, sir, the best way is to hire a grown person to turn your grindstone. I remember I turned a grindstone four hours for a farmer once, and when I got through he said I could go to the spring and drink all the water I wanted for nothing. He was the tightest man I ever saw. Why, tight! That man was tight enough to hold kerosene."

"That's all right. Who wanted you to turn grindstone, anyway? But what is it about your pa and ma being turned out of the church? I hear that they scandalized themselves horribly last Sunday."

"Well, you see, me and my chum put up a job on pa to make him think Sunday was only Saturday and ma she fell into it and I guess we are all going to get fired from the church for working on Sunday. You see they didn't go to meetin' last Sunday because ma's new bonnet hadn't come, and Monday and Tuesday it rained, and the rest of the week was so muddy no one called, or they could not get anywhere, so Monday I slid out early and got the daily paper, and on Tuesday my chum he got the paper off the steps and put Monday's paper in its place. I watched when they were reading it, but they did not notice the date. Then Wednesday we put Tuesday's paper on the steps and pa said that it seemed more than Tuesday, but ma she got the paper of the day before and looked at the date and said it seemed so to her but she guessed they had lost a day somehow. Thursday we got Wednesday's paper on the steps, and Friday we wrung in Thursday's paper, and Saturday my chum he got Friday's paper on the steps, and ma said she guessed she would wash to-morrow, and pa said he believed he would hoe in the garden and get the weeds out so it would look better to folks when they went by Sunday to church. Well, Sunday morning came, and with it Saturday's daily paper, and pa barely glanced it over as he got on his overalls and went out in his shirt sleeves a hoeing in the front garden. And I and my chum helped ma carry water to wash. She said it seemed like the longest week she ever saw, but when we brought the water, and took a plate of pickles to the hired girl that was down with the mumps, we got in the lilac bushes and waited for the curtain to rise. It wasn't long before folks began going to church and yoo'd a died laughing to see them all stop in front of where ma was washing and look at her, and then go on to where pa was hoeing weeds and stop and look at him, and then drive on. After about a dozen teams had passed I heard ma ask pa if he knew

APPLE JACK.

How Two Quarts of Brandy Were Obtained—Cautious Law-Breakers—Chestnuts Fall to the Ground.

We were in Western North Carolina, in the mountain region of the Nantihals, and having unfortunately run adry of snake-bite preventive, had stopped a native to inquire the whereabouts of the nearest still. A few minutes after we were mounted and riding along a wild and picturesque road through the forest. Soon we came to a ford, and urging our animals into the clear water of the river, succeeded without swimming in reaching the opposite bank. It was but a short distance from this ford where we reached our destination.

The picture of that brandy still is vivid in my mind. As it was run under a government license, of course there was no attempt at concealment, as in the case of a moonshine camp. There was an open, level space amid the beech and sycamores. At the farther edge of this there was a rude shed, consisting of a sloping roof of long boards propped up on four posts, with no sidings. Three or four men were before the structure. We galloped into the open space, reined up our mules, and after dismounting tied them to trees. The men saluted us as we walked up to them, and shook hand upon introduction. One gray-haired old mountaineer, with a coon skin cap on his head, a flint-lock rifle across his shoulder, and a starving dog between his legs, had come down the mountain, whanging at squirrels on the way, and was present to get a flat flask filled, which he had in his pantaloons pocket. He was rogaling the crowd by a story of the imaginary bear tracks he had come across, and how his other three dogs at scent "hed slid hell-bent," and were at that moment chasing and baying in the laurel tangles high up on the slope of Shaggy Head. Two of the other men were youngsters, while the fourth, judging from the appearance of his begrimed face and dirty shirt, was the distiller. The under side of the roof was smoke-blackened. In the center of the shed's interior was a large mud-plastered stone furnace without a door, and crammed full of burning logs. Above this furnace and at the further end was a large copper boiler. A pipe led from it and formed a worm through a large hog-head of water. Around the shed stood casks containing the apple-pumice, or pounded, spoiled, mashed and rotten apples, which were to be used in turns for the runs of brandy. They were just about to make a run.

As we stood there a great Pennsylvania wagon, looking like a scow on wheels and drawn by two oxen, was driven into the open space by a nondescript individual from the Graham county wilderness. The conveyance was loaded with apples, a prime product of the mountains. These were sold to the smoky-looking man at the rate of ten cents per bushel, guessing at the number of bushels in the load without troubling themselves to measure it.

"Wal, hit's 'bont time I was gitting this run out the way," remarked the distiller, and he stepped back under the shed while we followed him. He took a small plug out of a cask connected by pipe with the boiler, and held a vial about as long and as large as his finger under the stream. After closing the hole again he tasted of the contents.

"Hit's 'bout prime," said he; then addressing me, "Hyar, taste o' this tap o' the-donblins."

I did as requested. It was a colorless liquid, and, being almost pure alcohol, burnt like fire. Two drams the size of the little vial would render an inveterate toper tipsy.

"How do you sell your brandy?" I asked.

"We don't sell hit now at all. Hed ter wait till hit's gauged," he answered.

"Look 'ere, elder," said Buck, motioning to the distiller to step around the hoghead with him. After a minute's confab they returned. I think the conversation was to assure the fire-water man that I was all straight.

Buck went to the saddlebags strung across one of our mules and returned with two quart bottles. These he handed to the distiller, who in turn gave them to one of the lazy-looking loungers, who appeared to be in his employ. The fellow put the bottles in the great pocket of his home-spun coat, and immediately disappeared into the shade of the woods. He was gone possibly fifteen minutes. Upon his return he delivered the bottles, filled to the corks, directly to Buck.

"These two quarts," said Buck, looking at me, "are seventy-five cents."

I took the money from my pocket extended it toward the distiller. He shook his head and replied with this mysterious sentence.

"Chestnuts fall to the ground."

I took the cue; dropped the money at my feet then turned and went to my mules. The money was still lying on the ground when the trees shut out the still and its crowd from our sight.

The mountain distillers all sell liquor with impunity, but at the same time use all precaution possible to prevent conviction if they are arrested. These precautions are in many cases, however, palpably thin. The distillers did not know but what I might some time be summoned as a witness against him. To prevent my being able to swear that he had ever

AMERICAN WIT.

A local Mrs. Malaprop gushingly says that she "does so love to sit at the piano in the gloaming, and impoverish."

The coat-tail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat tail, bearing the dusty toe marks, means "I have spoken to your father."

Mrs. X., hearing that Julian's music was being revived in New York, wanted to know if it was played on a "claretnet."

Three times did Marc Antony present to Caesar a kingly crown, and Caesar thrice refused. It is probable that Mr. Cesar wanted pie.

Most of the present Governors of the Southern States are going to run for re-election, but State treasurers generally run for Mexico.

An exchange says it makes a woman sick to keep a secret. He must have guessed at it, as it has never yet been put to practical test.

The oyster may be shellfish, but it knows when to keep its mouth shut. In this respect the bivalve is more sensible than some human bipeds.

An oyster weighing over two pounds was picked up at Barkan Bay. Barnum ought to buy it to clap on Jumbo's eye in case he gets into a fight.

If the pictures can be believed, it was a very simple matter for an ancient Roman to get ready for bed. He just took his sandals off, that's all.

It has been remarked that every miner knows his lode, but the history of the rise and fall of the toy pistol has proven that every minor doesn't know his lode.

The Boston City Council has appointed a committee to discuss the treatment of inebriates. "Treating" is what helps to make them inebriates.

"Take Notice," is the name of a new town in Idaho. If it wasn't for the name, some people might not see the single saloon which constitutes the place.

"This is running all my hopes into the ground," said the old girl, as she stood weeping beside the grave of the man to whom she was engaged to be married.

At a medical examination, a young aspirant for a physician's diploma was asked: "When does mortification ensue?" "When you propose and are rejected."

A "wind pump" is advertised which, it is claimed, is "a great improvement over all others." It is pretty evident that the inventor has never visited Congress.

A—"Only two hours in Munich! Why you couldn't have gone to a single picture gallery." "I have no need to go to galleries; my Johnny paints himself!"

Wanted it charged; Ella (five years old, who has broken a window with a snowball)—"Papa, dear, don't beat me; subtract it, rather, from my marriage dowry."

A speaker, in dealing with the "modern physical degeneracy of women," exclaimed: "We must take good care of our grandmothers, for we shall never get any more."

A recent dictate of fashion is important to all married men. It is that small checks will be en regle for spring and summer dresses. It generally takes such large checks.

Better late than never; A lady in Norwich, Conn., seventy-two years of age, has just begun to take lessons on the pianoforte. She hopes to live long enough to play "Old Hundred."