

POLF KAT KOUNTY, }
RACKOON NASHUN. }

MISTUR EDITUR—I prevale mi-self uv this present ockashun tu take mi sete tu let you no how I am a getin along.

Mistur Editur, I expected tu divulg tu yu a phue ackownts uv mi trip tu Edgfeel kounty in South Caliner. Well, tu persede, I went tu that kounty fur no uth-er purpus whatsumever but tu see the young ladies, which I suckseeded in duin tu a consid-derbel extant, & I tel yu I gased on them with a kind uv a look that no human tung kan describe. I foun sum uv the verry most ackomodatinest gurls, espeshaly the won what coamed her hare doun in her forid an then tuck it bak behine her yeers. O, I tel yu she lookt the most butifulest I ever sede—sich winen smiles an butiful ise. Mistur Editur, I foun it most difycult tu git tu tawkin with her abowt luv, fer when I wood insincate sech a thing she wood jest bust rite out an laf, an that wood make me fele verry awkerd, but i jest perseded as if nothin had ockurd. Mistur Edytur, it wood be unposerbil tu tel yu the hole confersashun, so i wil jes giv yu a idy. When I started tu start of, ses I, “Mis — cant i hav the pleshure uv shakin hans with yu?” Ses she, “Yes, if yu wil make me won promis.” Ses I, “I wil,”—thinkin it wus tu cum bak urly. “Well,” ses she, “it is this, that yu wont never onderde-preshate mo so mutch agin as tu ax me tu luv yu.” Then, ses I, “Thanky,” not noin what else tu sa, an with that i left in a flurry, an as I wus pursedin up the rode at rapit rait, I met the ole man—her daddy—an ses he tu me “Yung man, whi air yu in sich a hurry?” And ses I, “I promist tu mete a feller up the rode, an the time is dew.” At that the ole feller stept up an shuck hans with me, gud-bi, an axt me tu call agin an I thankt him an perseded on.—Now, Mistur Edytur, if yu nr eny uv the reeders uv our good little Weekly paper kin giv me eny advise what tu du, yu wil mutch obleeg Yoarn trooly

MR. BOB JONSONG, ESQ.

Diogenes, being asked which beast's bite was the most dange-rous, replied: “If you mean wild beast's it's the slanderer's; if tame ones, the flatterer's.”

Mr. W. C., a conceited snob, was so fond of fine clothes that he revelled in them by day and dreamed of them by night. One evening he visited a lady, and re-moved his overcoat, etc., in the hall, preparatory to entering the parlor, when the lady heard him utter the following sensible words. Taking his overcoat and hanging it up, he said: “Hang there, you fifty dollar overcoat!” Pulling off his gloves, and putting them on the table, “Lay there, you five dollar gloves!” Placing his hat on the rack, “Hang there, you ten dollar hat!” Putting his cane in the corner, “Stand there, you fifteen dollar cane!” Then, en-tering the parlor, he was about to sit dowd, when the lady pulled the chair from under him, and as she left the room, said: “Lay there, you ten cent fool!” He has not been around that house since.

HOW YOUNG MEN SHOULD DRINK.—Stand up straight like a man, your left side to the bar, take a glass neatly and firmly be-tween the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, letting the lit-tle finger drop down near the bot-tom of the glass, swing the glass in a plane exactly correspond-ing with the top of the bar, until it is precisely before you. Just then throw the head back a little, push the chin forward, so as to leave the throat in a full open, easy position. Compress the lips tightly, draw a full breath through the nostrils, and with a graceful curve raise the glass until the rim is within about three inches of your chin. Now is the supreme moment. Just here, turn your eyes upwards, think of your mother, and open your hand in-stead of your mouth! If any one laughs it will be an insult which you should resent by not going there again.

A clerk who had a mind for logic, applied it to a farmer with advantage thus:

Farmer. “Got any cow-bells?”

Clerk. “Yes; step this way.”

Farmer. “Those are too small; haven't you any larger?”

Clerk. “No sir; the large ones are all sold.”

Rusticus started off and got as far as the door, when the clerk called him back.

“Look here, stranger; take one of these small bells for your cow, and you won't have half the trou-ble in finding her; for when you hear her bell you will know she can't be far off.”

The logic was irresistible, and the farmer bought the bell.

A wag who saw seventeen cler-gyman at the Saratoga races in-quired if the races were to be opened with prayer, but he was hustled off the grounds.

AN EMBARRASSING POSITION.—“I say, conductor, do you know that good looking lady there, with a book?”

“Yes, I have seen her a few times.”

“By Jove, she's splendid?”

“Yes, I think she is.”

“I would like to occupy the seat next to her?”

“Why don't you ask her?”

“I don't know but it would be out of order.”

“It would not if she was willing to have you occupy it. Of course you claim to be a gentleman.”

“O, certainly. If you are ac-quainted with her, give me an in-troduction; that is, if you have no objection.”

“Certainly not.”

Fixing his hair, mustache and whiskers in becoming style, he, followed the conductor, who, on reaching the seat where the lady sat, said, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye.

“My wife, Mr. ———, of New York, who assures me that he will die before reaching Detroit if he does not form your acquaint-ance.”

The gentleman stammered, stuttered, grew red in the face, faltered out some excuse, and re-turned to his seat, leaving the lady, in company with her hus-band, to enjoy the joke.

An English reviewer says there is more poetry written now in one year than was written during the eighteenth century. Much of it is fairly good—quite as good as would have been sufficient to establish a great reputation among our grandfathers.

“Vegetable pills!” exclaimed an old lady; “don't talk to me of such stuff! The best vegetable pill ever made is apple-dumpling. For destroying a knawing in the stomach there is nothing like it. It always can be relied on.”

They tell of an old lady in Middlebury who walked over a bridge that was marked “dange-rous” without seeing the sign, and when informed of the fact on the other side turned back in great alarm and hastily recrossed it.

The Grand Secret of beauty is health—the secret of health is the power to eat, digest and assi-milate a proper quantity of wholesome food.

Heroism is active genius; gen-ius, contemplative heroism. He-roism is the self-devotion of gen-ious manifesting itself in action.

The *Vindicator* reports a three handed man in Newton—a right hand, a left hand and little be-hind hand.

MARRIAGE.—Men and women, and es-pecially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry, completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well sorted. But nature allows no sud-den change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love only belongs to brown hair, and plump, round, crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, but the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beauti-ful is the morning of love with its pro-phetic crimson, violet, purple and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rain-bow side turned toward heaven as well as earth. Young people marry their op-posites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is comonly a good match. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, “My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over vehemence requires to be a little modifed with somewhat of dullness and reserve.” When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself. Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their simi-lars, and from calculation. Each of these two arguments are very proper. In their long journey these young opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and both get away from the road; but each will charm the other back again, by, and by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much human-ity unlike himself; and she will be a nob-ler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, hav-ing a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete mar-riage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect per-sonal beauty. A real happy marriage of love and judgment, between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.—*Theodore Parker.*

REMAINS OF AN UNKNOWN HUMAN RACE.—The *Dalhousie Signal* publishes the following strange facts:

On the farm of Mr. Farnham Whaley, near Moorfield, in Lumpkin county, Ga., is a skirt of woods which possesses char-acteristics of deep interest. About three inches below the surface of the entire tract may be found innumerable bones, evidently the remains of an extinct spe-cies of the human race. Several mounds are also in the woods, and in one which has been partially explored were found skulls and bones which, from their size, must have belonged to a race far more gigantic than the race which now in-habit the earth. In this mound were also found clay utensils; also, arrow heads cut out of solid rock, and pipes of the same material. Such a memorial of the past starts many inquiries. Was the place once a battle ground, where the aborigines fought to maintain the glory of their respective tribes? Or was it a common burial ground? The first seems the most plausible theory, inasmuch as the whole tract, covering at least fifteen acres, has millions of bones but a few inches below the surface. It is evident that they were buried, but originally ex-posed to view, until the accumulated de-posits of time formed the black, rich soil which covers them. But whatever theory may be adopted, it is certain that these ebony memorials antedate history, and furnish another proof of how little is known of the races and tribes who flourished it may seem, centuries ago.