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HEAT IT HOT, SAM.

One evening a horseman drew up to a tavern, kept by a militia colonel, and asked if he could be accommodated for the night. A half-grown lad answered in the affirmative, and ushered him into the sitting-room, where the great wood fire of itself gave him welcome. After supper the landlord made his appearance for the first time. He was hearty and hale, and rosy as any Boniface need to be, but he was bent and crippled in his gait. He explained by saying that he had taken cold, which had settled in his back.

"I don't mind the pain so much," he continued, "but it's inconvenient. I have been recommended to try a poor man's plaster, and if you will excuse me, I'll have it put on. Sam! Samuel! Samuel McHatten!"

"Here father," said the young hopeful, hastily following a huge piece of mince-pie, which he had been enjoying.

"Here Sam, my boy, heat this plaster for me and put it on my back. Heat it hot, Sam."

Saying which, he handed the plaster to his son, and seating himself astride the chair with his back to the fire, threw his suspenders back and his shirt over his head.

"Now Sam," said the colonel, "if the poor man's plaster is hot enough, you may put it on but you may wait a little while; I am afraid it is not hot enough. Heat it hot, Sam, heat it hot. Can you tell?"—turning to the traveller who was seated in the corner—"why this is called a poor man's plaster, sometimes, the poor man's friend?"

"Because it sticketh closer than a brother."

Poor Sam, who had been watching his chance to speak without interrupting his father, now said:

"I guess it's hot enough now, father."

"What do you know about it?" said the old man testily. "I say heat it hot, Sam, heat it hot."

Sam, whose face was heated to a red heat, had held the plaster till it had run down on the hearth, but made no reply.

Sam warmed the plaster, approached him, and clapped it on. The old man gave one yell, like a wild Indian, and jumped clear over the back of his chair, kicking his old fashioned breeches off his feet, and dancing with pain. The traveler laugh till he cried, and the more mine heat roared, the more he laughed. When the first agony was over the colonel began to swear, and our traveler thought it would be prudent to retire, lest he should share his wrath with Sam, who, he observed, was getting out of the way.

The next morning, when leaving, he handed the colonel five dollars, saying, with a twinkle in his eye:

"I don't want any change. It was cheap at that." After he was seated fairly on his horse, out of range, he called back:

"Heat it hot, Sam—heat it hot."

CURIOUS MEDLEY.

By the lake where drooped the willow,
Row, vassals, row;
I want to be an angel,
And jump Jim Crow.

An old crow sat on a hickory limb.
None knew him but to praise;
Let me kiss him for his mother,
For he smells of Schweitzer chase.

The minstrel to this war has gone,
With his banjo on his knee;
He awoke to hear the shriek,
There's a light in the window for thee.

A frog he would a wooing go,
His hair was curled to kill;
He used to wear an old gray coat,
And the sword of Bunker Hill.

Oft in the stilly night,
Make way for liberty! he cried;
I won't go home till morning,
With Peggy by my side.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Susannah don't you cry;
Know how sublime a thing it is
To brush away the blue-tailed fly.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
With his baggage checked for Troy;
One of the few immortal names,
His name was Pat Malloy.

Mary had a little lamb,
He could a tale unfold;
He had no teeth to eat a hoe-cake,
As his spectacles were gold.

Lay on, lay on, Mackduff,
Man wants but little here below;
And I'm to be queen of May,
So kiss me quick and go.

THE LAST CHICKEN GONE.—When the Conference assembled in Hillsboro, some years since, on the last day of the session, a lad whose father had entertained some half dozen preachers, entered the room where the ministers were seated, in a terrible state of excitement.

"What is the matter Isaac?" asked one, "you seem excited."

"Excited! I ain't excited; I'm mad all over."

"What are you mad about, Isaac? Don't you know it is wrong to suffer yourself to become angered?"

"Wrong or not wrong, it's enough to make anybody mad but a preacher. Here's every chicken on the place eat up except the old rooster; and just now he happened to get a glimpse of you fellows and sung out, 'And must this fee-ble body die,' and dropped over stone dead."

The following rich scene is said to have occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam. *Judge*—"What's your native language?" *Witness*—"I pe no native. Ise a Dootchman." *Judge*—"What is your mother tongue?" *Witness*—"Moder? O, fader say she pe all tongue." *Judge*, (in an irritable tone.) "What language did you first learn? What language did you speak in the cradle?" *Witness*—"I did not speak no language in te cradle at all; I only cried in Dootch!"

A Willing Prisoner.—A man locked in slumber.

SAYINGS OF JOSH BILLINGS.

If you want tew buy repentance at the highest market price, invest in tite boots.

I had rather be a receiver of stolen goods than the keeper of other folk's sekrets.

I never knew a very handsome woman ingaged in the "woman's rates" bizness; they can play the cards they already play tew better advantage.

True happiness seems tew consist in being filled with wants and pashions, and keeping the wants and pashions on a milk diet. Instinct tells the animals how to supply their wants, and that is all reason kan do for us humans.

When day breaks the assets are always light.

It is a curious fakt that with a world of pleasure, our prin:ipal enjoyment is in hope.

There is wun mortification (that I can remember now) in bein rich, and that iz yu are flattered before your face ynd abused behind it.

I am loudly in favor ov new things, but I am opposed tu enny man, even one ov our colored associates, thinking he has discovered a new truth just because he haz, for the first time in his life, stumbled ortu an old wun.

I should be ashamed ov myself to say a harsh word against the noble animal—the hoss; but I haven't been able tew see that it is a rite tew let the best breed of mankiud run out just for the sake of gittin a hoss that can trot in 2.16.

I have noticed that those persons who have the keenest sense of misery have also the brightest visions of joy, but there iz sum folks whom molasses kandy won't make happy nor even muskeeters worry.

It iz astonishing how very small they ware their pantalunes in Broadway; but I notice the pantalunes are plenty big enuf for the legs.

Whe I see an old miser in the midst of his wealth, I konsider him just about as happy as a fly who has fell into a quart bowl ov molasses and kant git out.

A tavern keeper in a town of Wisconsin employed a German blacksmith to do a certain job of work, for whic' he paid the cash at once. Afterward a neighbor got a similar job done on credit for a less price. Upon being asked the reason, the blacksmith replied: "You zee, I've zo much charge on my book, and I zometimes lose 'em; and zo ven I have a good cash customer I sharge good prices, but ven I put it on my books I do not like to sharge so much, zo if I never gets 'em I no lose zo much."

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An Exalted destiny.—Born to be hanged.

A DENTIST at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.