

MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

By Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia.

LETTER XXIII.

Pineville, Aug. 24.
To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—My last letter seems to have produced a monstrous sensation among the cultivators of hair, and I can't help but feel a little proud of the success of my writings on that subject. Some of the florid ones said that the man who made two spears of grass grow where only one grew before, was a benefactor. Well if that's true, the rule ought to work both ways, and I'm of the notion that—in times like these, when things run into such ruinous extremes—the man who causes only a decent crop of hair to grow where an everlasting stack of it was cultivated before, has a equal claim to the gratitude of all decent people. The way my last letter has cradled off the soap-locks and imperials, and goat-knots and musty shows is truly alarming to the vermin who usually inhabit these regions, as the geography says. It seems it's made a clean shave of 'em in some parts of the country, and fellers who used to go in the hot weather sweating and smokin' under their burdens of hair, and sticking with bar's oil and permatum worse for a spangled dog after a shower of rain, is so much altered and look so much decreeter that their friends and relations don't hardly know 'em.

Day before yesterday, I went down to the post office to get the Miscellaneous, and when I ax'd the postmaster if there was any thing for me, he said, "Well, I reckon you'll think so gin you pay the postage," and he handed me about a dozen letters. I paid him what they came to, and was going to start home, when he hollered out, "Stop, stop, Major, here's something else for you," and out he come with a grate big bundle done up in a piece of brown paper.

"Why, what upon yearth is that?" as I "Lord only knows," he said, "It come in an extra bag this mornin'."

I looked at it and hefted it in my hands, but I couldn't make out what it was to save my life—it was \$2 postage, and I didn't feel like payin' that for nothin'.

"Maybe it's a bucket," as the postmaster says, "you better open it and see, and if it is you won't have to pay no postage."

But I could tell by the feelin' it wasn't no bucket letter. I knowed Mary's aunt down in Augusta axed in her last letter she was wise to send her some little things, and I was afraid to have it opened for fear the postmaster would see 'em, and tell everybody in Pineville. So I paid the postage and tucked the bundle under my arm, and went home laughin' all the way, to think what a joke I would have on Mary.

Well, when I got home, Mary and the galls come round me the first thing, wantin' to know what was in the bundle. After foolin' 'em a little while I gin Mary a kiss of a wink, and see I "Don't you remember what Aunt Mahaly writ about in her letter? them little things."

But Mary's hand was on my mouth in a minute. "Hush, hush, now Joseph—give it to me," see she, and she snatched the bundle out of my hands, and she and the galls run off to her room almost tickled to death, to see the little things.

I sat down in a chair and begun to open the letters, when all at once I heard a loud scream in Mary's room, and they all come runnin' out like they was frightened out of their wits. Mary come screamin' to me, as white as a sheet, and I took her in my lap and tried every way I could to quiet her, but she like to faint two or three times. The first word she said was, "Oh, Joseph it's something hairy!"

"Yes," as all of 'em, "it's some kind of a live varmint, for it stirred as soon as it need the light."

As soon as I got her passified a little, I went to see what it was. Miss Caroline she got the tongue and Miss Kestiah got the broomstick and come along as brave as could be, but Mary hung to my coat tail and kep' close behind me as she could.

"Take care now, Joseph," see she, "you don't know what it is, and it might bite you terrible."

I felt a little sort of jubus of the datted thing myself, and I tucked the broom-head and poked it two or three times to see what it would do; but it didn't stir, so I went up to it and pulled the paper open, and what do you think it was? As sheore as I'm settin' here it was nothin' but a grate big heap of whiskers and hair!

As soon as I see'd it I knowed, by the color it was the error to some alone. The galls and all of us had a good laugh at the circumstance, and after pullin' it about a little with the tongue, we found the following letter in the bundle, which I send you to print in the Miscellaneous:

thing! Cut his whiskers off to keep 'em from skarin' people! Well, he was a terrible fright, shors enough, and I dare my hair's a right, Christian-lookin' sort of a human, now, he's tick off his hair, I would like to see him now: I would."

"He's a right gallant gentleman, sis," see Miss Caroline; "to send his whiskers to you to be punished for frightenin' you so up to Athens, ain't he?"

"He is so," see Miss Kestiah.

"Well, Mary, what is you gwine to do with 'em?" see I.

"Why," see she; "I'll make Cato take 'em out in the old field to-morrow and burn 'em."

"Nonsense, child," see old Miss Stallins, who's the most conceited old woman in the world; "let Cato save 'em till next spring to plant Irish corn; he say how his hair is the best thing in the world for that, and I don't see why they won't do just as well."

"That's a fact," see I. "Here, Cato, take 'em out to the barn and be careful of 'em."

"Well," see Mary; "you can do what you please, but I won't eat a tater."

Cato tack the things and carried 'em out, and we all set down and went on readin' the letters. Here is the next one that we opened:

"Athens, Aug. 15.—To Major Joseph Jones: Sir—Your letter has caused a most alarming decline of soap-locks and goat-knots, as you very appropriately call them, in this town, and a consequent depreciation of Maccassar and bear's oil. The barbers have a perfect harvest of the hair crop, and our community are becoming to look like civilized beings. It would seem that a compromise had been made between the dandys and dandyones, and that butties are undergoing a sensible reduction. On last Sunday at church I saw 12 young ladies sitting on one bench, where but eight could possibly stow themselves on the Sunday previous, and I also observed that fans were not in anything like such constant requisition as formerly. Having observed these happy humanizing results, I hail you, as one of the greatest reformers of the age. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"OBSERVER."

I read the last part over three times to the galls. Mary said she liked it all very well, but the bustle part. She said she couldn't see why men need bother themselves about what don't come out of their noses.

"But they do concern 'em," see I, and on I went to read the next letter: "Savannah, Aug. 17."

"To Major Jones—Sir: I have just read that ridiculous letter of yours from Athens, in which you have taken the liberty to speak of my whiskers in a most scandalous manner. Sir, you are a fool, sir—a beardless puppy, sir, that ain't worth the notice of a gentleman who can't mass a pair of whiskers. If you had half sense, you would keep that silly little hysterical wife of yours at home (did you ever? see Mary, the mean old thing) and not carry her about with you when you go to show yourself. One fool at a time. Besides, you ought to know that the hair indicates the blood, and that some of the greatest heroes of antiquity wore long hair and flowing beards. But who could expect better from a play-wood's fool."

"Yours, &c., ELFIN."

"Read that over agin, won't you, brother?" see Sister Caroline, who's a mischievous scion on her pretty face. But one readin' of that letter was quite enough. I felt as hot as a pepper bug for about a minute—to think the datted scoundrel would speak that way about Mary.

formerly. At about this period I perceived a tender growth of little 'plu feathers,' as you have styled them, about his mouth and chin, and I could not fail to observe the assiduity with which he cultivated that tiny growth. At length they became perceptible across the room, and he evidently grew colder and colder, seeming to forget the fond theories of the fashion in his endless discussion of the fashion of imperials, whiskers, and mustaches; and it was only when I spoke of his beard that he stroked his chin with a degree of complacent satisfaction, and manifested an interest in my society.

He beard grew under his constant culture, and he daily became more and more single in his devotion, until it assumed the most hideous proportions, and I began to fear that I had lost all place in his affections. One night last week, as he sat by the window, the night breeze playing through the great tuft of hair under his chin and filling the room with the odor of soap and oil and absorbed perspiration, he addressed to cast his eye upon the 'Miscellaneous' paper which I ever kept upon my centre table. It was the number which contained your last letter. He read it. I watched with intense interest the shade of mortification that played over his once many features in the mass of hair that deformed them. He read the supplication in my look at parting, and in a tremulous voice made me a good evening. I received a package, neatly enveloped and tied with a blue ribbon, with the following lines:

"Dear Julia, receive your discarded rival. Henceforth my heart is wholly thine."

"Dear Major, need I say more? Can words express the deep and lasting gratitude I am bound to feel towards one, who has not only restored to me the affections of my dear Henry, but whose searching ridicule has weaned him from a devotion so unbecoming to his noble mind. Please accept my heartfelt thanks, and give my best compliments to your amiable and accomplished wife.

Yours, with sincere esteem,
"JULIA."

"P. S. Your remarks upon inordinant bustles were not half severe enough. All modest ladies are either discarding them, or reducing them to a size only sufficient to become fullness to the tufts of the skirt; which, I observed, was the extent to which Mrs. Jones indulged in them, and which I believe is approved by good taste."

"Read it agin, read it agin!" see Mary and all of 'em, and I had to read it over agin to gratify 'em.

Mary says it's the best letter she ever read, and is worth a whole lot of other things as that old hateful Edith, of Savannah, Miss Caroline see I ought to be really proud of it, and see she wouldn't marry no man in the world that wore big ugly whiskers.

I can't think what upon yearth possessed that fellar down in Augusta to send me his whiskers. I spose he thought I meant his whiskers, and was therfore to give 'em to me, because I'd made care about payin' \$2 a bundle, I don't care about payin' \$2 a bundle, but I shall see what virtue there is in hair next spring, and if it does make big potatoes, then I'll be willin' to admit that billy-goats and man-monkeys is some account after all.

Your friend, till death,
"JOE JONES."

LETTER XXIV.
To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—I ought to writ you a letter last week, but to let you know how we was all gittin on, but the fact is that I had no time for nothin'. I've had more than usual to tend to about the plantation, pullin' fodder and plokin out a little, over to the new ground, on the side of the hill, whar the cotton's opened considerable; and besides a good deal of my time has been took up at home tendin' to Mary and the family. So, I set wed over to the niggers, and see to things about home, I haven't had no time to devote to my correspondence.

It's monstrous strango to me how wimmin' ees have so much imagination, and be so dreadful skary and notionate. Now, Mary's jest as fat and bloomin as ever she was, her cheeks look like roses, and yet she's every now and then imaginin she's sick, and writin' to die, and makin out I don't give her like I used to, and all such nonsense. And if I go out in the field to look after the niggers a while, or happens to stay down to town more than a hour when I go after my papers and letters, when she's jest as apt as any way to take a cry about it. It makes me feel bad to see her act so, and you can't think how glad I am when she gits over them little streaks of low spirits. Then she's jest as happy as a lark, and if you could see her when she's laughin and playin on with the rest of 'em, or plagin in and rompin with me, you wouldn't think her beautiful bright eyes was ever dimmed with a tear, or that her merry little heart ever knew the weight of a sigh. The galls is all the time coaxin and babylin her up so, I don't wonder she acts childish sometimes. But old Miss Stallins, she scolds her one minute and then kisses her the next, and see I mustn't mind her little whines now, and see she'll outgrow 'em all one of these days. I hope she will, for galls, more on her account than mine.

The weather has been monstrous hot here for more'n two weeks, and I don't think I ever did see things jest sprout out and swinged up so with the sun at this season of the year before. It really does seem like there ain't no cool shady place left any more on the face of the yath. The dogs is all runnin about looking for some cool place, with their tongues hangin way out, and pantin at the rate of about two hundred and seventy-five breaths a minute, and the hens and turkeys is all got the feathers piked toker end foremost, and if you could hear 'em breath you would be shors they all had the quincy the worst kind. We have

all had pretty good health, except old Miss Stallins, who has had the Tiler Grip for more'n a week. The old woman had a monstrous bad time of it, and has drunk more yarb tea than enough to kill a horse. She see she always did consider old Tiler a cuss sent on the country, for Sabbath-breakin and other badness that's got so common of late years, and now she knows it, she see she wonders why the people don't petition Congress to send him into Botany Bay, for all the mischief he's done sense he's been President.

I have received a good many letters since I wrote to you, about my whisker letters, from fellars all over the country. Some of 'em are terrible mad with me, and some is very much pleased with my strictors on hair.

The followin letter was received two or three days ago, and as the writer is a military man, and somewhat of a bear in opinion on the subject, I have concluded to give him my views in a few words as possible.

"KATONTOX, Sept. 6."
"Dear Major—Since your atious letter made its appearance in the Miscellaneous there it has been quite a consterlation among the unfortunate disciples of Absalom, and I have no doubt that as many of these gentry have been shors of their 'pride' as suffered damage by the celebrat 'scoplock' order of the curtailing Secretary. It is now 'vexata questio' (as the lawyers say) with gentlemen of the 'sword and plume' whether you intend to extend your prohibition to 'Georgia Majors' and their subalterns—whether there are to be any exceptions to universal smooth faces? Now, I regard the 'scoplock' as a kind of privileged class, who have a much right to be hairy as Esau had. But, most verrous, as Mr. Orion used to say when at loss for ideas. Now, sir, as you are a Major yourself, you will perceive the importance of your position, and no doubt in your next letter will give us your views fully on this subject.

Very respectfully yours,
"CORPORAL TRIM."

Now I wish Corporal Trim and everybody else to understand me on this point. I ain't got no objection to reasonable whiskers in their right place, on a military man, or anybody else, but what I object to is these monstrous great big outlandish lookin things that kiver a man's face all over, and make it look more like a wassel lookin out of a moss matras than the countenance of a human creeter. But all whiskers shouldn't be of a reasonable size, but they should be in their right place, and not on the upper lip, but on the tip end of the chin, like a billy-goat. I have always thought that the great Creator of all things intended, in outside appearance at least, to distinguish between men, monkeys and goats, though they does happen sometimes to be a monstrous resemblance in their tastes and order of their minds. Whenever I see a chap tryin' to grow the tip end of his chin, I can't help but wonder why he don't have his coat tail cut to turn up behind and have it lined on the sides with hair. It would be a decided improvement, an would make him look more like the animal he seems so anxious to imitate.

But the Corporal seems more anxious to have my opinion about the proper kind of whiskers for militia officers, who, he see, he thinks has a good right to be hairy as Esau. Well, I ain't disposed to dispute that, but if there's nothin' in it, I don't see no good in that chap's did want to look like a blarney for a bowl of red soup, and got fooled out of his father's blessing with a piece of goat skin, it wouldn't be worth their while to waste wup bear's grass in its cultivation. Besides, if they was to be called into actual service with such whiskers on as some of 'em wear now-a-days, and I do charge through such hammocks as I do in Florida, they wouldn't be a mother's part of 'em, and I don't think they would be left hangin by the whiskers in the bamboo briars, like so many Absaloms of old, for the buzzards to eat at their leisure.

There is some excuse for pretty considerable whiskers on militia officers, in times of danger, because they sort of hide the signs of skare in a fellar's face, where, if he ain't got no pluck, he's jest as sure to show the white feather as he's born; and I haint the least doubt in the world, but that is the reason why big whiskers is so fashionable in the army. But in times of peace their ain't no excuse for thunderin grate whiskers that look like the man's face growed on them instead of their growin on his face, especially if they are red or sorrel color. Every man's face is adapted to a certain color; some men can go barefooted, and some can go without whiskers, but there is no more propriety in wearin a mountain of hair on the face than there is in stickin one's feet into a pair of leather mail-bags. It's all a matter of taste, and as I believe the wimmin' got more of that article than the men, by a long shot, I think the best plan is for every man to leave it to his wife, and them that haint got no wife to go without whiskers till they git one. When my piteer was tuck for my book, the engraver put on a very gontal pair of military whiskers that would do very well for a Major or a Colonel, but see I got married I've shaved 'em all off.

I look a grate deal better without 'em and literary men haint no business to encumber their intellectual faces with such things. Corporal Trim can git the drummer of his company to drum him up a suitable pair for a Corporal in a few minits, which should always bear about the same proportion to his commandin officer's that a little pompon is a subaltern's cap does to the flowin feather in that of a Highlander General.

But I reckon I've writ enough about whiskers. How do you think Henry Clay Jones would go for a name? Go for Mr. Clay, tooth and toe nail, myself, and 'tween you and me he's jest as good for President next fall as

A thrip is for a gingercock. Your friend, till death,
"JOE JONES."
(To Be Continued Next Thursday.)

Revival in the South.
Philadelphia Ledger.

The extent and variety of the material development of the South and the revival of business in that section are of the most gratifying character. Mines, manufactures, agriculture and transportation are healthily active and employment is abundant, with wages and prices buoyant. The crops have been more than ordinarily fruitful, with reservation as to cotton and tobacco, compensation for the latter being had in an increase in quotations. The Southern farmer is beginning to diversify his crops. He no longer stakes his all on cotton and prosper or falls as that staple is remunerative or unremunerative. He is giving greater attention to cereals, to fruit and to garden produce, and finds the results greatly to his satisfaction.

Mining operations are being conducted on a more extensive scale, with greater intelligence and system, and the products are being marketed in a more business-like way. Manufactures show a wonderful growth, and the South is preparing to supply its own needs in this particular by making up the list of articles with the raw material and the labor at its door. Notable progress is shown in the textile trades.

With its own cotton and the fleece of its own sheep the South is getting ready to make its cities and towns veritable hives of industry. Less politics and more attention to business, less repining over the lost cause and more ambition for the future, less sectional distrust and more friendly co-operation with Northern neighbors in the spirit of the South of to-day, and it is, indeed, a pleasure to-day that under such worthy inspiration that section is fast assuming the proportion of a land overflowing with milk and honey.

Man's Best Friend.
Philadelphia Times.

First and foremost woman is man's best friend—
Because she is his mother.
Because she is his wife.
Because without her he would be rude, rough and ungodly.
Because she can with him endure pain quietly and meet joy gladly.
Because she is patient with him in illness, endures his fretfulness and "rock" his "bun".
Because she teaches him the value of gentle words, of kindly thought and of consideration.
Because on her breast he can shed tears of repentance, and be his never reminded of them afterward.
Because she will stick to a man through good and evil report and always believe in him if she loves him.

Because when he is leaving like a fretful boy—and they all do, you know, at times—with no reason in the world for it, woman's soft word, touch of glance will make him ashamed of himself, as he ought to be.
Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy, there would be no good work done, there would be no noble books written, there would be no beautiful pictures painted and there would be no divine strain of melody.
Because—and this is the best reason of all—without her the world would be an unenviable state of wickedness, the blessed task of bringing it a Savior for all mankind was given to a woman, which was God's way of setting His wife, daughter and sweetheart, and therefore man's best friend.

Best Man a Part, Too.
Clinton Democrat.

Senator Marion Butler, an apostle of reform who goes about screeching at times, with no reason in the world for it, woman's soft word, touch of glance will make him ashamed of himself, as he ought to be.

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Judge Green Adopts the Cash Plan.
London Tople.

Judge Green has one method of dealing with offenders that other judges would do well to copy. He requires those convicted to pay the fine and costs on the spot or go to jail or the chain gang. He has hung up the sign in his court, "Don't ask for credit, however good the security. We do a cash business strictly."

Worked as the Kid's Deler.
The Era.

In some parts of Devonshire the people live to be very old. An old man of 90, living quite a distance from the nearest town, requiring some family groceries, sent his son, a man of seventy-five years of age. When the son failed to show up with the provisions in time his grandfather, contentant of 103, said peevishly: "That's what comes from sending a kid."

It has been held that consumption is hereditary, and that the disease is transmitted by a sure sign that others of that family could not escape it, and that the disease is transmitted by a sure sign that others of that family could not escape it, and that the disease is transmitted by a sure sign that others of that family could not escape it.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

SOME VIVID AND GRISTLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FIELD OF SLAUGHTER.

The Unburied Dead One of the Awful Features of the Great Conflict—Gray and Stone Lay Side by Side or Adhered to the Other in Great Masses.
New York Evening Post.

"I have no time to bury my dead and see give you some," was Grant's famous reply to Lee, whose, under a flag of truce, a cessation of hostilities was requested long enough to bury the dead. Thus one great and awful feature of the battle of the Wilderness was the unburied dead, that lay for days and weeks all over the blood-stained fields, a one of the most horrible and ghastly sights ever witnessed in human vision. Probably an hundredth of the civil war afforded such an opportunity for inspection as this.

Ordinarily, after a fight, burying parties were detailed, and the long-dead trench, a common grave, was dug, and the dead were at least covered, but not so here. Grant could not stop, and the long stretch of country, overrun with Mosby's guerrillas, that intervened between the Rappahannock river and the nearest union lines, prevented aid from that direction in burying the thousands that were slain in the Wilderness and in the fight at Spotsylvania Court House.

I sat on my horse looking over the portion of the field where the fierce and deadly fighting of May 4 and 5, 1864, occurred. It was four or five days after the fight, about the 8th or 10th of May. A small detachment of our regiment had been sent as an escort to a train of ambulances, to either in the wounded who had been temporarily carried for in hand and farm houses near the battle-field, and thus had an opportunity to view this historic scene. During the thirty-three years since it has been an open question whether to be glad or sorry that I visited this battle-field.

It could not be more vividly impressed upon me had I seen it yesterday. It lay dead as a nightmare and a horrid day dream all these years. Often have I prayed that visions of those upturned faces, blackened and distorted by the stinging, glazened eye balls, of the stiffened, out-stretched hands, seemingly still grasping for support, those ragged forms wrapped in blue and gray, that had fought their last battle and now lay side by side in that great charnel field, might be blotted from my mind. I have never seen them again. I have never seen them again. I have never seen them again.

Because she will stick to a man through good and evil report and always believe in him if she loves him.

Because when he is leaving like a fretful boy—and they all do, you know, at times—with no reason in the world for it, woman's soft word, touch of glance will make him ashamed of himself, as he ought to be.

Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy, there would be no good work done, there would be no noble books written, there would be no beautiful pictures painted and there would be no divine strain of melody.

Because—and this is the best reason of all—without her the world would be an unenviable state of wickedness, the blessed task of bringing it a Savior for all mankind was given to a woman, which was God's way of setting His wife, daughter and sweetheart, and therefore man's best friend.

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and then thought of that poor wife, or mother, or sister, who was waiting and waiting for the return of the dead and mangled soldier, and of the other ten thousand women from whom their dear ones had gone out, who were now among that host of dead around us, we began to comprehend something of the brutal, barbarous nature of war. And, personally, I would have had a keener comprehension still had I known then what I learned a few days later, that on that very battle-field, and not far from the spot where poor Jack lay, my own brother had been killed a few days before. He was on the skirmishing line early on the morning of May 4th, at the very beginning of the fight. He was struck in the thigh with a Minnie bullet, carried to the rear, his leg hastily amputated, and he died a few days later in a hospital.

We had ample time to inspect the field while our ambulances were waiting for the wounded to be carried, and to which they had been sent to wait for burial. Some few places an apparent effort had been made to bury the slain. But this only added to the horror of the scene, for portions of the bodies were exposed.

We could trace the movements of the Union line by the appearance of the field. In a space where evidently the line of battle had been before the forward movement, the dead lay as if they were still measured an accurate line and then placed them in order upon it. These, apparently, were the forward dead, and here and there they lay as they had plunged head foremost in the rush for the Confederate lines.

So far all was clear in blue, but where the clash had come and the opposing lines had met, then gray and blue lay side by side or one above the other. Some faces had a malle upon them, others were swarthy and started look, while others showed agony and despair, and still others had a look of hate and defiance as if they had fought to the very death. Looking over the portion of the field where we were, we saw broken limbs hanging from trees where shot and shell struck, trees cut down with solid shot, or split and shattered, the ground torn up and plowed as the death messenger sped along, broken pieces of artillery wagons and ambulances, and the mangled bodies of the dead.

We loaded every ambulance we had with the wounded and dying, and started on the long road toward Alexandria, Va., where the necessary help and hospital service could be procured. In fording the Rappahannock river at the United States ford, one ambulance was driven into deep water and two poor fellows were drowned. It was a sad ending to their brief dream of help and home, and one of the ten thousand bitter scenes of that cruel and bloody war—Lyons G. Shupard, Company F, Sixteenth New York Volunteer Cavalry.

No, Thank You.
St. Louis Republic.

Yesterday we received an invitation from the leading men of Pine Hill to come over and address the citizens on the subject of a railroad through that locality. The said leading men have our thanks, but we must decline their honor. The last time we were in Pine Hill it was on this very railroad question, and we were two weeks getting up something flowery. Two minutes after we began speaking the carcasses of jack-rabbits began showering down on us, and before we could retire somebody hit us with a brickbat. We were quite willing to call it even, but the other fellows were not. They insisted on running us six miles over the worst road in the Territory, and we were so played out in the time we reached home that we didn't leave our bed for two days. We like to make speeches on railroads, or meet anything else, but the sudden interruptions and after-effects characteristic of the Pine Hillers are calculated to make an orator tired of life. We'll send a speech over to be read to the crowd, and will hope they get a railroad, but our cheerful and obliging spirit comes to a stop right there.

She Was Married.
Boston Times.

An old lady from the country, who was in town on Saturday, confided to a friend that she thought she was a pretty awful way. Her husband had died her wives. When questioned as to her reason for such an opinion, she said that up by the canal there was a big brick house with "Women's Exchange" on the sign in front. Not knowing what it meant, she got a gentleman who was passing to tell her, and he said when Hales had met tired of their wives, they went up there and exchanged them.

Reduction in Two Cents.
San Francisco Examiner.

Willie and Johnny set up a lemonade stand the other day and a gentleman was their first patron. Willie's sign read: "Four cents a glass." Johnny's modest announcement was: "Two cents a glass." Being a man with an eye to the fact that "a penny saved is a penny earned," the customer bought a glass of Johnny's lemonade, paid the two cents due and casually inquired: "Why is yours cheaper than your brother's?" "Ose mine is the lemonade that the puppy fell into."

Thought They Were Washboards.
Morristown Herald.

The printing department of the D. and D. school recently received two pairs of new washboards. They were sent to the laundry under the assumption that they were washboards.

Disappearance of the Pupils.
New York Herald.

As we looked at the letter and then at the unsharpened face of poor Jack, turning black from exposure to the

"MY DEAR JACK—We hope that you can soon return and help us with the tobacco crop; but if not, we do hope and pray to God that our dear Jack will not be harassed by those terrible Yankees."

As we looked at the letter and then at the unsharpened face of poor Jack, turning black from exposure to the