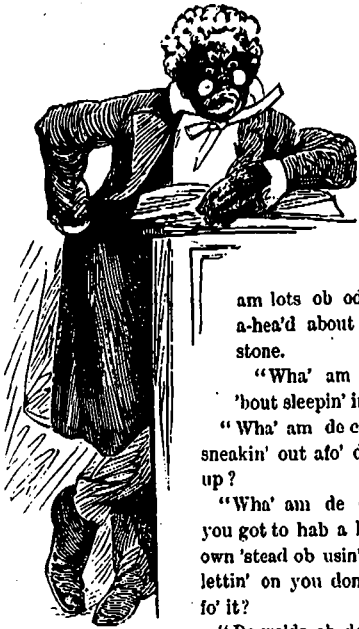




EXTRACT FROM A SERMON

OF THE
REV. SIM GOOSEBERRY, 'POSSUM BOTTOM, WEST VA.



"Jes' why dah am only ten comman'ments, an' some ob dem mighty sho't, in my 'pinion, is 'cause de stones dat ole Moses had 'long wid him on de mountain gib out. Dah

am lots ob oder t'ings dat you'd a-hea'd about if dah'd been mo' stone.

"Wha' am de comman'ment 'bout sleepin' in chu'ch?

"Wha' am de comman'ment 'bout sneakin' out afo' de collections took up?

"Wha' am de comman'ment dat you got to hab a hymn book ob yo' own 'stead ob usin' yo' neighbor's an' lettin' on you don't see him lookin' fo' it?

"De wo'ds ob de tex' am: 'Thou

shalt not steal.'

"Dat am cut mighty sho't. Dah am some kinds ob stealin' dat ole Moses would hab put down de specifications ob, ef he d had mo' room. Dah am some kinds ob stealin' dat de people ob dis world t'ink am honest stealin'—dey am de honest t'ieves.

"Dah am borrowin' ob books, an' nebber gibbin' 'em back.

"Dah am de borrowin' ob an umbrella, an' gettin' it mixed up wid yo' own.

"Dah am de axin' fo' a qua'tah fo' a day or so, when you don't arn a qua'tah in a mont'.

"Dah am de sayin' dat you'll pay when you come back, when you know you is gwine to walk 'round befo' you'd go back dat way.

"Dah am de borrowin' ob de apple-buttah stirrer, an' sendin' it back home wid de handle broke.

"Dah am de borrowin' ob your neighbor's hoss fo' to go to a funeral, an' goin' right off to a picnic.

"Dah am de tellin' a gal dat you gwine to trade hea'ts wid her, when you haint got nothin' but a sin-box fo' to fool her wid.

"Dah am de stealin' de Lo'd's day fo' to go a-fishin'.

"Dah am de stealin' de Lo'd's money—puttin' a penny in de collection box, an' payin' ten cents fo' a drink.

"Dah am de stealin' yo' neighbor's good name, 'cause yo' own is wore out.

"Dah am de takin' ob de debble's money fo' to gib it towa'd buildin' a chu'ch.

"Dah am de robbin' de dead—disputin' de will 'cause you didn't get gib enough.

"Dah am de keepin' ob yo' share ob de preachah's salary fo' to go to de circus wid.

"Dah am de keepin' de Lo'd's prayers back—puttin' peppah on de stove ob de sanctu'ary.

"I tell you, Moses hadn't enough stones by a whole grabe-ya'd full!

"Thou shalt not steal!" Dah am some ob you sinnahs dat t'ink you kin set down wid de debble an' break five ob de comman'ments, an' den go make it up wid de Lo'd, a-showin' Him how nice you kin keep de five dat you don't keer fo' to break.

"Dah is Bruddah Evan Collins; he is one ob dat kind. One day las' summah, I was comin' 'long de road ober yonder by Mister Ca'pentah's melon patch, an' dah was Bruddah Evan Collins lookin' ober de fence at de watahmelons. I knowed de sin dat was in Bruddah Collins's hea't. I knowed dat de sin in Bruddah Collins's hea't was puffin' it up to jes' de size ob de biggest watahmelon in dat patch. I stepped up to him, an' I ez: 'Bruddah Collins, Thou shalt not steal.'

"Bruddah Collins he jes' kep' on lookin', an' he say: 'Bruddah Gooseberry, I ain't stealin'; I is covetin'.'

"Dat's jes' ez bad, I tol' him. You is breakin' de comman'ment. You come 'long wid me.

"An' he come. But dat very night he was cotched in dat patch wid de biggest watahmelon undah his a'm.

"De 'nex' time I seed Bruddah Collins, I sez: 'Bruddah Collins, what fo' you steal dat watahmelon?'

"Sez he: 'Bruddah Gooseberry, didn't you tell me dat it was jes' ez bad fo' to covet dat watahmelon ez it was to steal him?'

"Yes, I sez, 'Shoo it is.'

"Arter you done tole me dat, sez he, 'I didn't want fo' to covet dat watahmelon, no mo'. I jes' took him fo' to stop covetin'.'

"De debble's makin' tracks mighty close ahin' Bruddah Collins."—Puck.

Married People Would be Happier

If home troubles were never told to neighbors.

If expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each remembered that the other was a human being and not an angel.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If masculine bills for Havanas and feminine ditto for rare lace were turned into the general fund until such time as they could be incurred without risk.

If men would remember that a woman cannot be always smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year-old, tie up the head of a five-year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of cleaning, sweeping, dusting, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who, during the honeymoon would not let her carry as much as a sunshade.—*Western Plowman*.

The Hindoo widow goes up pyre.

Sage advice—Directions for dressing a turkey.

Men who have horse sense know when to say neigh.

Common scents—Cabbage and onions from the kitchen.

Nature's serial story—the spinal column, continued in our necks.

A baby always helps to make home happy—particularly when the baby is asleep.

There is a considerable difference between a key on the seaboard and a C on the keyboard.

A glass eye has one compensation—everybody else can see through the device, if the wearer can't.

Sir Isaac Newton earned fame by seeing an apple fall. Some people make money by keeping an apple stand.

Because a man sleeps well it is no sign that he has an easy conscience. He may have got tired out committing sin.

There is a rock ahead in life for every young man, and if he is a married young man it is apt to be a rock-a-bye baby.

Youth is the time of hope. When a man gets a little older he stops hoping, and begins reaching out for whatever he can get.

"Not lost but gone beef-ower," as the butcher said when he learned that a customer had skipped without settling his meat bill.

Lovers should never go sailing together, because it would be so dangerous to have a love spat. A boat is a bad place to have a falling out.

"Many are the ties that call me home," sighed the barnstorming actor, as he resumed his locomotive efforts on the railroad track.

The proper time to give a child his dinner is when it is ready. The child will probably let you know if he is ready before the dinner is.

Education, says a contemporary, begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him. Where does the doctor come in.

Woman has been defined as "An essay on goodness and grace in one volume, elegantly bound." But she doesn't like to be put on the shelf, all the same.

A philosopher observes that a man's conduct is largely regulated by his environment. This is particularly true if his environment happens to be the walls of a prison.

A California clergyman recently threw books and chairs from the pulpit among the congregation. He woke everybody up except one deacon, who was superintendent of a boiler factory.

Fashion authorities say that large checks in men's suits will be the fashion in the spring. If the checks are in the pockets and properly signed and endorsed, the style will be gladly welcomed.

"How did you get along at school to-day, Tom?" asked the old man at the supper table. "Papa, our physiology says that conversation at meals should be of a pleasant character," replied Tommy. "Let's talk about the minstrels."

Teacher—Now, children, I will give you three words—boys, bees and bears; and I want you to compose a sentence which will include all three words.

Small boy—I have it.

Teacher—John McCarthy, you may give us your sentence. John McCarthy—Boys bees bare when they goes in swimmin'.—*Harper's Bazar*.

In Southern archipelagoes he'd fought the bloody cannibal; He'd skinned and tanned the orcodile and found him very tunable;

Not a word of fear he'd utter, not a word and not a syllable, When he killed the Bengal tiger, and he found him very killable.

He claimed his strength was very great, for bears and lions suitable;

He used to boot the grizzly bear, and found him very bootable;

He claimed in killing monstrous snakes that he was very capable,

No boa-constrictor could escape, for he was unescapable.

In fighting hippopotami, he said he was invincible, No jaguar could make him wince because he wasn't winceable; He made the ramping elephant no longer recognizable, And pulverized the roaring bull, and found him pulverizable.

Just then his wife came in and said: "I'd think it quite commendable,

If you'd come and 'tend the baby, and you'll find him very tendable."

The way she took him by the ear will make this poem readable;

She pulled him out and led him home, and found him very ledable.

A Quinine Tragedy.

Recently a man went forth to a rural drugstore, and purchased fifty two-grain quinine pills, and took them home for his malaria.

He thought he would try to crack one, just to see what it looked like inside.

So he tried to crush one between his teeth. Instead, he crushed his teeth, which proves that quinine is bad for the ivories. Then he put it on the hearth-stone and set his heel against it, and let all his weight down. It didn't stop till it reached the floor, because the pill shot out from under him like a spool, and he shot off it as from a cake of soap. In order to get over the effects of one two-grain quinine pill, he was obliged to send out to the drug-store for a couple of ounces of arnica. He had heard that quinine pills were sold cheap, as an advertisement, and he concluded they did bring a good trade to the apothecary, when he sent out for a bottle of —* a little while later.

He concluded he would utilize the quinine pills as duck-shot, so he filled both barrels of his gun, to be all ready when he went forth in the morning. That night he heard a noise in the yard, and, peering out, saw a man standing under a tree, surveying the premises. He was not a regularly ordained surveyor, but a burglar deciding which window he should try. The old man thought it would be a good thing to try the gun, to see how it would scatter. So he tried it, only to discover that it couldn't begin to scatter with the burglar. He attempted to scatter, but was scattered all around. A surgeon was summoned, who probed for the pills, but secured only a few. The burglar, who had never before been sick, died a few days later, of malaria, supposed to have been brought on by the quinine pills.

* Name of medicine left out because it doesn't advertise in Puck.

Conundrums.

Why is a man who makes pens very wicked? He makes people steal pens and says they do write.

Why is a city official like a church bell? One steals from the people and the other peals from the steeple.

Why is it dangerous to go out in spring? Because the trees shoot, the flowers have pistils and the bullrush is out.

What is the difference between a dog's tail and a rich man? One keeps a wagging and the other keeps a carriage.

What is the difference between a soldier and a pretty woman? One faces the powder and the other powders the face.

What is the difference between an engineer and a school teacher? One trains the mind and the other minds the train.

Polish helps a man in society, but not when it is on his coat.

Metaphorically and rudely speaking, a man is always the chilliest when he gets hot.

"Virtue (sings a wise old poet) though in rags will keep me warm." Not in this climate!

Working the growler—making your husband hang out the clothes on a freezing washing day.

When there is a commotion in school, the wise teacher pours oil on the troubled waters—whale oil.

The answer to a suppressed conundrum is that Germany is like Oliver Twist because it wants Samoa.

Delays are said to be dangerous, but a large percentage of debtors seem determined to incur danger.

When coal is worth \$8 a ton it is better to let your neighbor's cat warble all night than to pelt her with anthracite.

Speaking of tramps, why is one of the hirsute fraternity like a barrel of cider? Because he is sour after he has worked.

The man who discovers a granite quarry on his vacant building site has reason to rejoice that his lot is a hard one.

The English language is very inconsistent. A man who plunders is a plunderer; a man who makes armor is an armorer, but a man who makes saucers is not a sorcerer.