



An X-Ray at the Sea Shore.

"I don't care much for that Mr. Openwurk. There's not much in him."
"No, indeed; I could see through him the first time I met him."

A Rural Oracle.

Inter bisness ez a sage
I seem goin',
Ez my wiskers wite with age
Keeps a-growin'.
Wen folks pass the time o' day,
"Uncle Jed," they often say,
"How'll the weather be terday —
You'll be knowin'."

Yisterday ez Denham's bar
I wuz passin',
Seen a crowd uv fellers thar,
Jest a-gassin'.
"How's the 'lections," feller said,
"Wich side's comin' out ahead,
Now we'll hear from Uncle Jed—
Quit yer sassin'."

Ef a hoss the staggers gits,
'Taint uncommon,
Or a kid is took with fits,
Or a woman,

An' the doctor ain't to home,
It's ter me the neighbors come,
Thinkin' I kin help 'em some—
Mus' get some one.

Somehow jest by stayin' round
In one section,
Keepin' long enuff 'bove the ground
Fur inspection.
Feller seems to kind of rise,
Ez time goes, in folkses eyes,
Bimeby they think he's wise—
I've no 'bjection.

Inter bisness ez a sage
I seem goin',
Ez my wiskers wite with age
Keeps a-growin'.
Thar's one drawback I mus' say,
It's a bisness that don't pay.
Some o' these days p'r'aps it may—
Thars no knowin'.

—PHILLIPS THOMPSON.