

THE OMNIBUS.

THE COURTIN'.

Zokle kept to his unbeknown,
And peeked at her the while;
An' themest likely all alike,
With'th'ough to his fier.

The very way, Sir, she was in,
Looked wery front to collar;
An' she looked full as rosy agin,
Ea' the apple she was peelin.

She heard a foot, and knowed it too,
A rump on the scraper,
All ways too once her faslins flew,
Like sparks in burst of paper.

He kinder fostered on the mat,
Sum doubtful of the sockle;
His heart kept goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pily Zokle.

MANAGEMENT OF LOVE AFFAIRS.

I've heard folks say that the wimmin was contrar. Well, they is a little so;—but if you roun' 'em right, haul 'em here and let 'em out there—yes, you can drive 'em along without whips or saws, just which way you want 'em to go.

When I lived down in Ephe, there was a good many fust rate gals down there, but I did'n't take a liken to any of 'em till Squire Cummins cum down there to live. The Squire had a mighty purty darter. I said some of the gals was fust rate, and a loettle more. There wore many dressed finer and looked grander, but there was something grand about Nance, but they could n't hold a candle to. If a feller seed her once, he could not look at another gal for a week.—I tuk a liken to her right off, and we got as thick as thoves. We used to go to the same meetin, and set in the same pew. It took me to find same and him for her, and we'd swell 'em out in a manner shockin to hardened sinners;—and then we mosy hum together, while the gals and fellers kept a lookin on as tho they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper; and the way I could slick 'em with 'nseriatics' and put 'em away was nothin to hobbdy. She was a realful civiltew, always gettin something nice for me. I was up to the hub in love, and was goin in for it like a locomotive. Well, things went on in this way for a spell, till she had me tight enuff. Then she begun to show off kinder independent. When I'd go to the meetin, there was no room in the pew,—then she'd cum and streak off with another chap, and leave me suckin my nagers at the door.

Instead of stickin to me as she used to do, she got to outin around with all the other fellers, just as if she cared as much for me no more.—I was wery wery.

I got considerable mad,—and that I make as well consid'ing the end of it all once;—and down I went to have it out with her. Ephe was a hull grist of fellows there. They seemed mighty quiet till I went in, the sho got to belin all manner of nonsense,—and nothin' to me, and darned little of that. I tried to keep my dander down, but it won't any way.—I kept movin about as if I had a pin in my trousers! I went as if I had been thrashin. My collar hung down as if it had been hung over my stock to dry, I couldn't stand it; so I cleared out as quickly as I could, for I could 'twas no use to say nothin to her.

I went straight to bed and thought the matter over a spell. Thinks I what gals tryzes me, can't as like of her plain posarins, I'll take the sink out of her; if I do n't fetch her out of that high grass, I'm giv' her for saucy egg speck.

Heard tell of a boy wings that got to knowed just on Sunday mornin; the mades her—
You can't do it, a feller, when she has you as sole?

Why, sez the boy, it's as everlastin slippery out; I couldn't get along, no how; every step I took forward, I went two steps backward; and couldn't have got here at all, if I hadn't tun ed back to go further way.

Now that's jest my case. I have been puttin after the gal a considerable time. Now, thinks I, I'll go 'tother way—she's been slieten of me, and now I'll slieten her. What's says for the goose is says for the gander.

Well, I went no more to Nancy's.—

Next Sabbath day, I slicked myself up, and I dow say, when I got my fixins on, I took the shine clear off of any specimen of human natur in our parts. About meetin time, off I put to Elthum Dodge's, Patience Dodge was as nice a gal as you'd see twixt here and yonder, any more than she wasn't jest like Nancy Cummin. Ephraim Mussoy had used to go and see her; he was a clever feller, but he was dreadful jellus. Well, I went to meetin' with Patience, and set right wite Nancy; I didn't set my eyes on her till after meetin; she had a feller with her, who had a blazer red head and legs like a pair of compasses; she had a face as long as a thank-given disaster. I knowed who she was thimmin about, and I want the chap with the red head nutter. Well, I got to s'ess Patience about a spell. Kept my eye for Nance, seed how the cat was jumpin;—she didn't cut about like she did, and looko I rather s'lectly; she'd gin

her tow eyes to kips and make up. I kept it up till I like to have got in a mure about Patience. Tho critter that I was goin' after her for good, and got as proud as a turkey.

One day Ephe cum down to our place lookin as wrothy as a militia officer on a trainin' day.

Look here, says he, Seth Stokes, I would as a small clap of thunder, I'll be darned—

Hallo! says I, what's broke?

Why, says he, I tains down to have satisfaction about Patience Dodge, here I've toon courtin ever since last year, and she was just as good as mine till you cum a goin' after her, and now I can't touch her with a forty foot pole.

Why, says I, what on earth are you talkin about? I ain't got nothin to do with you gal; but epose I had, there's nothin for you to get wofly about. If the gal has taken a liken to me, 'tain't my fault; if I have taken a liken to her, 'tain't her fault; and if we've taken a liken to each other, 'tain't your fault. But I s'unt so damnly taken with her, and you can't get her for an any, you hadn't ought to get savage about nothin.

Well, says he, rather cooled down, I am the unluckiest thing in creation. I went aother day to a place where there was an ole woman died of the bots or some such disease, and they were s'ollin' out her things. Well, there was a thunderin' big chist of drawers, full of all sorts of truck; sez I bot it and thought I had made a spec; but when I cum to look at 'em, there warn't nothin in it worth a cent, except an old silver thimble, and that was all rusted up, so I sold it for less than I give for it. Well, when the chap that bot it took it hum, he heard somthin rattlin—broke the old chist and found lots of gold in it, in a false bottom I hadn't seen. Now, if I had tuk the chist hum, I'd never found that money; or, if I did, they'd all been counter-feit; and I'd have been tuk up for passin on them. Well, I jest told Patience about it, and she rite up and called me a darned fool.

Well, says I, Ephe, that is hard!—but never mind that—jest go on—you can get her; and when you do get her you can file the rough edges off jest as you please.

That tickled him, and away he went a little better please.

Now, thinks I, it's time to look after Nancy. Next day down I went to Nancy's, she was all alone. I axed her if the Spotts was in. She said he wasn't.