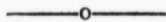


AN EPISTOL.

Dear Snyder.—Yu tell me that yu hav got the blues, and want to kno how to git shut of them. The following resipees will heal yu in 90 days if yu stik to them klussly. To wit, marry sum delikate only dauter of 22 summers (more or less) and take yure mother in law home with yu to board, this will oii the pores of the sistem, and the blues will eskape like steam out of the noze of a tea kittle. Once more, hire out to keep a distrikt skool for 9 dollars per month, and hash around the naborhoo^d, or take a 3 year old kiking heifer to brake to milk, this will open yure swareing valves, and so hurry the blood, that the blues will leave yu in disgust, and fasten their fangs on to sum other phellow. Againly, go down into sum marsh in the kingdum ov Nu Jersey fishing for frogs in the month ov August, and fish with one hand, and slap muskeeters with the other, and the blues will take the hint and vacate yure natur like a shooting-star. Try either of the abuv alteratives, dear Snyder, and if they dont work, go into the bak yard of sum Irish woman and kut her clothes line when it iz filled with the weeks washing, and if yu dont git the blues taken out ov yu, and a good deal else besides, yu are a morbid kuss and wont pay for experimenting on.

BUBBLES.

Hero's are skarse, but the man who kan make poverty respektable, is one ov them.



If yu would eskape envy, abuse, and taxes, yu must liv in a deep well, and only cum out in the nite time.