

CLEAR GRIT ELECTION HYMN.

John A. moves by mysterious fits
His antics to perform,
He hurls dire vengeance at the Grits
To keep his venom warm.

Deep in mysterious Tory mines
Of Jerry-mander skill,
He formulates his dark designs
To please French Tories' will.

Ye fearful Grits, ye need not quake,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with money and shall break
In bribery on your head.

Judge not John A. as wanting sense,
Nor trust him for his grace;
Behind a money recompense
Each Tory gets a place.

His purposes are ripening fast,
We hear it every hour;
To Grits 'twould have a bitter taste,
To Tories ill-got power.

Blind, silly Grits, are sure to err,
And look for truth in vain;
John A.'s his own interpreter,
And time will make it plain.

The *Blen* French Tories made demands,
And said what they would do clean;
John A. then rubbed his two clean hands
And said, *Merck, Missou!*

CLICK.

A FEW REMARKS.

Pleasant it was when woods were green,
And you and I were ditto,
To feel, while gazing on the scene,
We formed a part of it-oh.

But now, when leaves are sere and old,
And you and I are older,
Perhaps we're wiser and more bold,
But oh! we're so much colder!

"Now, do come and see me," said the young city lady to her friend the farmer's daughter. "You might drive into town any time." "Can't do it," replied the country maiden, "we have nothing but an old dead horse to drive." "My dear!" remonstrated her mother, "an old dead horse!" "Well, mother, sadly replied the girl, you know he's old, and I've often heard you say he had no life in him."

"Now, Bertie," said Lewy, "I'm going to be the teacher, and you're to be the school. I'll hear you recite in geography first. Are you ready? Very well. Describe the course of the Saskatchewan river, telling between what peaks of what mountain range it rises, through what passes it flows, its latitude and longitude, the exact number, length, width and direction of its undulations, the rivers which flow into it, and the lakes drained by them; the cities upon its banks, with the names and dates of their founders, description of the country through which it flows, with the number and kinds of metals to be found there; the depth and force of the current, and the names and religious persuasion of the various tribes that have settled upon its shores since B.C. 49." Bertie—"Say it over again, and then it will be time for recess."

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

HE KNOCKED OFF FOUR.

In riding over to Lost Mountain from Marietta, I came across a young man who was digging post-holes for a barbed wire fence, and when I told him what I wanted, he replied:

"I'll go with you. I was in that ront myself, and I kin point out every position."

When we reached the ground, he began telling me where this and that regiment was stationed, and finally he halted before a huge boulder, and said:

"Right here, stranger, was where I squatted for four long hours. I rested my gun right thar' on that ledge, and I reckon I killed exactly twenty-eight Yanks that day."

"No!"
"Solemn fact, and I know a dozen men who'll swear to it."

"Let's see. This battle was fought in 1864?"

"K'rect you are."
"That's about eighteen years ago?"
"Jist about."
"And you are about 25 years old!"
"I was 25 this spring."

Then I looked at him for a long time, but he never winced. When we were going home, and after a long period of silence, he suddenly remarked:

"Stranger, don't you believe I was thar'?"

"Perhaps you were, but you see you were not quite seven years old on the day of that fight."

"That's what I've been figuring on," continued he in a very serious voice, "and I'll tell you what I'm willing to do."

"Well?"
"I'll call it twenty four instead of twenty-eight dead Yanks in front of my position! That's fair, isn't it?"

I told him that nothing could be more liberal, and cordial relations were at once re-established.

THE LATER GEOGRAPHY.

Q.—Where are the Poles located?

A.—At the school house, town hall or some empty store.

Q.—What is a circle?

A gathering where the gossips sew for the heathen and tell all they know.

Q.—What places have noon at the same time?

A.—Factories and boarding houses.

Q.—Where do we find the hottest part of the earth?

A.—In the same house with our mother-in-law.

Q.—When are the nights the longest?

A.—When you cannot sleep.

Q.—Is there a plain in your neighborhood?

A.—We should think not by the way ours is borrowed.

Q.—What disadvantage in having a bar at the entrance of a harbor?

A.—It would take away trade from the saloons in port.

Q.—What is a strait?

A.—Five cards following in order of denomination. (Hoyle.)

Q.—Where do we find the largest and fiercest animals?

A.—At the menagerie.

Q.—Where do we find the greatest number of insects?

A.—Out of town on a hot night.

Q.—Into what races are we divided?

A.—The Horse race, the Boat race and the Human race.

Q.—How are the inhabitants of a civilized country generally employed?

A.—The men in working and the women in shopping.

Q.—What is mining?

A.—Finding out how much you have been cheated.

Q.—Name some substances now manufactured for food?

A.—Oleomargarine and boarding-house hash.

Q.—What is commerce.

A.—Selling your neighbor goods at three times their value.

Q.—What do merchants do with products of the surrounding country?

A.—Gather them together and form a "corner" in the market.

Q.—How are the commercial towns connected with the towns of the interior?

A.—By "drummers."

Q.—What is fishing?

A.—Sitting in a boat all day for nothing, and having to lie all the evening about what you caught, and what got away.

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One day toward nightfall, and in uncertain light, a man bought an overcoat of pretended plum color. The next morning it proved to be of a quite too unmistakable green. Returning it to the shopkeeper, that worthy regarded the buyer calmly and said: "You must have a little patience with it, my dear sir; it isn't ripe yet."—*Le Figaro*.

From singing school the lover comes,
His girl upon his arm,
And sitteth by her father's fire
And waiteth to get warm.
A foot at half-past one is heard,
The swain doth quickly scoot
For fear of getting too well warmed
By her fond parent's boot.

—*German town Indicator*.

An Austin business man was cleaning up his desk the other day, and tearing up old letters, when the colored porter, who was in the office, spoke up and said: "Boss, gimme one ob dem letters." "What do you want it for?" "I promised to write a letter to my old mammy in Norf Carolina, but as I hasn't larned to write yit, I can jess send her one ob dem letters you hain't got no use for. Hit will make her feel awful good, hit will." The gentleman gave the affectionate son a patent medicine, antifat circular, which was duly mailed and addressed.—*Siftings*.

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