

"It is a wonder to me, Sir," said the artist, "considerin what a wide-spread reputation you have, that some of our Eastern managers don't secure you."

"It's a wonder to me," said I to my wife, "that somebody don't secure him with a chain."

After breakfast I went over to town to see my old friends. The editor of the Bugle greeted me cordyully, and showed me the follerin' article he'd just written about the paper on the other side of the street:

"We have recently put up in our office an entirely new sink, of unique construction—with two holes through which the soiled water may pass to the new bucket underneath. What will the hell-hounds of The Advertiser say to this? We shall continue to make improvements as fast as our rapidly-increasing business may warrant. Wonder whether a certain editor's wife

thinks she can palm off a brass watch-chain on this community for a gold one?"

"That," says the Editor, "hits him whar he lives. That will close him up as bad as it did when I wrote an article ridicooling his sister, who's got a cock-eye."

A few days after my return I was shown a young man, who says ce'll be Dam if he goes to the war. He was settin' on a barrel, & was indeed a Loathsum objeck.

Last Sunday I heard Parson Batkins preach, and the good old man preached well too, tho' his prayer was ruther lengthy. The Editor of the Bugle, who was with me, said that prayer would make fifteen squares, solia nonparil.

I don't think of nothin' more to write about. So, "B'leeve me if all those endearin' young charms," &c., &c.

A. WARD.

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