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M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

The Dictionary Paralyzes a Stranger from Virginia—Shindig Watkins Disciplined.

The Kicker Foreman Backs the Editor's Kicking Mule and Rides to Win.

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BROTHER GARDNER ON LANGUAGES.

"If Brudder Shindig Watkins am in de hall dis evening, he will please step dis way," said Brother Gardner as the regular business of the meeting had been disposed of.

Brother Watkins had just got settled down, with his back within eleven inches of a red-hot stove, and it was with considerable hesitation that he vacated his place and limped up the aisle and stood before the president's desk.

"Brudder Watkins," said the president as he looked down upon him in a fatherly way, "war yo' present one evenin' 'bout a year ago when I had sunthin to say to de members on de subject of language?"

"—I dun forgot, sah."

"Yes, it seems so, Brudder Watkins. I was ober to de grocery de odder evening to git fo' dozen clothespins an a quart of kerosene ole. I saw yo' dar, but yo' was too busy to see me. Yo' had met up wid a strange nigger from Virginny, an yo' was spreadin yo' self to make him believe yo' was de greatest man in dis town. I had my pencil handy, an I writ down some of yo' r reckon, but dat doan' help me any. Did yo' say yo' name was Abraham?"

"—N-no, sah."

"Um! In dat conversashun yo' used de word 'oodjustment.' What did yo' mean by it, Brudder Watkins?"

"Dat's too bad! I heard yo' say to him dat 'de audacity of de distributary

"YO' HAD MET UP WID A STRANGE NIGGER FROM VIRGINNY."

doorin de past summer led yo' to concoct a festination dis winter. I'ze sorter cur us to know what yo' meant. Am we gwine to hev a hard winter, a mild winter, or July weather right frew de cold months?"

"I—was jess talkin, sah," stammered Brudder Watkins.

"Jess talkin, sah? Yo' knowed dat nigger was a stranger in a strange town an sorter skeert, an so yo' wanted to show off! While dat pore man sot dar tremblin an shakin yo' suddenly axed him if he eber 'fuminated a hostile impuency in his travels about de Kenty. Please explain what yo' war drivin at, Brudder Watkins."

"I can't tell, sah."

"Can't, eh? Doorin dat conversashun yo' made use of de words 'eventuate,' 'matriculate,' 'matriculate,' 'matriculate,' 'matriculation' an 'orthographical.' Kin yo' explain de meannin of any 'em?"

"No, sah."

"Um! Brudder Watkins, whar did yo' git all dese big words?"

"Outer de dictionunary, sah."

"Misser Webster's dictionunary?"

"Yes, sah."

"Has yo' got dat volume in yo' r'house?"

"I has, sah. I dun bought one fur six dollars cash."

"Ha! Yo' dun went an paid six dollars fur a dictionunary while yo' was owin members of dis club ober twenty dollars borrowed money! Yo' am also behind on yo' r dues moas' four dollars, an yo' r wis an borowin tea an sugar all ober town."

"I'ze sorry, sah!" murmured Brudder Watkins, who was getting badly frightened by this time.

"What was yo' objek in buyin dat dictionunary of Misser Webster?" sternly demanded the president.

"I dun forgot."

"Hu! I know yo' objek, Brudder Watkins! It was to pick out a lot of big words an save 'em up till a strange nigger struck dis town an den jump him outer his butes! Look me in de eye, sah! I'ze got a few words to say to yo', an frew yo' to all odder members of dis club! Tomorrow mawnin yo' take dat dictionunary on yo' r shoulder an go fo' th an sell it fur any price yo' kin git. Den yo' return home an soak yo' r head till all dem big words float out an drop down de sewer. Den yo' rinse out yo' mouf wid some kyan pepper an vinegar an begin life all ober agin!"

"Yes, sah."

"What our race wants at dis present time," continued Brother Gardner, "am taters an bacon 'stead of grammar; cash to pay house rent 'stead of big words; clothes an skulebooks fur de chill'en 'stead of spellin. We do our whitewash in plain English. We doan' need any big words to help us black a stove. We want a cap'et wid a stick 'stead of usin a grammat. I has bin livin on dis airth upward of sixty y'ars, but neither as a bondman nor free has I eber yit seed de kima when I couldn't make no white man understand what I was talkin 'bout. Had I so wished I could hev bought Misser Webster's big book an palliated a propensiti toward a querulous refutation, but I did not regard sich a sequental torridity of de least impertinency. On de contrary, I felt dat de unobtrusiveness of de ambiguity was altogether malignant to de revulsion. Now, Brudder Watkins, yo' sot down.

STAY DOWN. Doan' let me see yo' bob de surface fur de nex' two months. I doan' know whether yo' killed dat pore, strange nigger or not, but if he still lites an yo' run across him yo' want to ax his forgiveness an help him to find a job. De meetin will now break in two an go home."

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

THANKS.—Our thanks are hereby tendered the Widow Scott, of Tombstone avenue, for a choice selection of winter plants for our private graveyard, in which she has always taken a deep interest. These plants will live and flourish all winter in this climate, and the graveyard will thus be rendered almost as attractive as in summer. We drove Governor Peck, of Wisconsin, out to the inclosure the other day, and after counting up the eleven graves and noting the neat and tidy manner in which everything was kept he declared his belief that there was nothing to compare with it in the known world. While on this subject we may remark that we saw an article in a St. Louis paper the other day giving the number of graves at twenty-seven. We want to see that is justly due us. The difference between eleven and twenty-seven represents the number who crawled off in the chaparral to die and were never found. The postmaster of this town will probably make No. 12 before spring, but as the ground here does not freeze more than an inch deep we are in no particular hurry about it.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.—Major Short, the genial proprietor of the Gem saloon, has been a nearsighted man for the last fifteen years, but the fact has been concealed from all but his intimate friends. This misfortune almost led to a tragedy Monday afternoon. While on the street in front of the postoffice the major squinted a mouthful of tobacco juice at a hitching post, as he supposed. The post was named Jim Simcoe, and of course he out with his gun and began blazing away to avenge the deadly insult. Fortunately for the crowd he had been temporarily blinded, and the bullets all went wild. It was expected that he would die, but he eventually agreed to forget and forgive. The major wishes us to state the fact of his misfortune, that other mistakes of the kind may not occur, and we do so with pleasure. While he has a mean way of diluting his whisky and charging fifteen cents for a mighty poor cigar, we do not believe there is anything really low down in his composition.

INTERESTING EVENT.—Last Saturday afternoon the much talked of mule race between the Lone Tree and Sheet Light was held, and the humble animal owned by the editor and proprietor of THE KICKER took place at the track east of the town. Our esteemed contemporary is out in a double headed article criticizing and abusing us because we attended the race, but we expected that. The people here understand our position exactly. As editor and proprietor of a great family newspaper—price two dollars per year in advance—we were obliged to take an insignificant looking mule on an advertising contract of fourteen dollars. We offered him for ten dollars cash, but no one would buy. We were riding him out in the country one day to look for a spot to bury him when the Clinch Valley cowboys got after us. Then that mule astonished us by striking a gait which would have made a common flash of lightning

HONORS WERE EVEN.

The colored fireman of the train was down on the ground with his oil can when a portly and well dressed negro, with a flashy watch chain and a silver headed cane, came along and stopped to look at the iron horse.

"See how he goes—what yo' r manners to-day, eh?" demanded the fireman as he straightened up and assumed a very pompous attitude.

"Boy!" echoed the other.

"Yes, boy!"

"What yo' r manners? Does yo' mule realize dat yo' r hat am on de top of yo' r head, 'stead of in yo' r hand?"

"Hu! Does yo' spect I'ze gwine to take off my hat to yo'?"

"Fur why?"

"Fur why? Boy, was yo' bring up in de back swamps dat yo' doan' know de high an multipolurion posishun I occupies on dat engine?"

"An, sah," replied the other as he drew himself up and swelled out his chest, "has yo' bin libin up dar among de Crackers till yo' can't tell a member of de present legislahur from a common syndication nigger?"

"Shoo!"

They regarded each other with great dignity and unbending sternness for half a minute, and then the fireman turned away with the remark:

"I'll 'keas yo' do time on account of yo' r ignerence, but if yo' should furgit yo' self agin I should be dun prognosticated wid a feelin dat it was my dooty to percolate yo' r corporashun wid a powerful lickin!"

M. QUAD.

Tutter—"Ah, Miss Pinkery, yo can't imagine the temptations that a young man has in a large city. Take drinking, for instance. When your best friend comes up, slaps you on the back, and says: 'Old man what'll you have?' I tell you it's hard to resist. No less than seven fellows have asked me that question to-day. Miss Pinkery (admiringly)—'And I can vouch for it, Mr. Tutter, that your answer was always the same.' Tutter (emphatically)—'It was.'"

WELL HELPED.—A bashful young man had a tender regard for the daughter of a certain farmer (says the Indianapolis Journal). As time wore on the young man began to feel more at home on his visits to the farm-house, and from an occasional stopping for supper it grew to be the regular thing with him to eat supper with his prospective parents-in-law. Upon one of the occasions, when the young man was taking Sunday supper with the family, the prospective father-in-law passed the plate of biscuits to the bashful young man. "Have a biscuit?" he said. The bashful young man set one of the steaming biscuits beside his plate.

"Have another, they're small," the father-in-law said. The bashful young man timidly took another and placed it beside the first. "Have another, they're very small." Again the young man, looking up the courage to decline, took a biscuit. The father-in-law—to be then dumped the whole contents of the plate in front of the young man, with the remark: "Take them all, yo' hog!" The bashful young man stopped his visits.

ACTIONS LEADER THAN WORDS.

Fashionistas.—What did your sister say when you told her I was here in the parlor waiting for her?

"Bobby—Nothin'. But she took a ring off one finger and put it on another.—Life.

SPooner on relig'us matters, yo' dun come along?" continued the old man.

"De deacon had said dat Noah was a Baptist, an I had said de was a Methodist, an I had dat ole crank wound up so tight he couldn't holler when yo' dun stopped an axed me if I'd sell yo' my dawg for four bits."

"Yes, I wanted to buy a dawg."

"Young man, do yo' know what yo' did?"

"I jess axed yo' 'bout yo' dawg."

"LET ME TELL YO' SUNTHIN'."

"Sah, when yo' cum up dar an precariolously interrupted me de deacon took advantage of de occasion to giv' a grunt walk off, an by de next time I meet him he'll be already wid his fingers to squash me to squash!"

"Shoo! I'ze dun sorry, Uncle Jason."

"Yes, I reckon, but dat doan' help me any. Did yo' say yo' name was Abraham?"

"An yo' keeps a pie stand?"

"Yes."

"Waal, boy Abraham, let me tell yo' sunthin. De next time yo' sees me holdin' a hermatical argument along with a pillar of de opposishun church, an yo' stops an puts in yo' chin music, do yo' know what I'll do? I won't say nuffin jess den an dar, but in about twenty minuts I'll appear at dat pie stand, an kick in de doah, an upset all de shelves, an bust in all de windows, and I'll use yo' dead body to pound all dem pies into de airth so disconsolately fur dat not a single one of 'em kin be drawned out agin wid a span of mules!"

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