



The miserable man once played Hamlet, and expired to slow music (produced by himself, as there was no orchestra). See page 40.

life without any
first commenst
eries of experi-
work I aban-
similar. Your
p and bildin'
t if you com-
may be able to
egret to observe
rly emff. I
was ever kicked
simply say, in
I didn't con-
a ruther cold
sed the idee to
ed, and I found
atty suddent. I
he fire myself.

marrid you can
I if I know my
daughter, who
says they's dis-
my daughter
umber of young
red that I'm a
and they visit
Sunday evenings.
er by habit—
id. My wife's
ntelleek totters

apers containin'
ate Legislater.
read out loud,

He eats hash
ee clear; but as
he most of his
s slow. Wall,
his appearnee
n a-readin the
ept the young
o'clock, listenin
o a draw-bridge
t of the State,
ed at half-past 8.
and I understand
' the Public.

rganize my wife
ttempt it agin.

I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allow-
ed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' sev-
eral people's healths; and wishin' to make
'em as robust as possible, I continnerd
drinkin' several people's healths until my
own became affected. Consekens was, I
presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at
night, with consid'ble lickor concealed about
my person. I had somehow got perseshan
of a hosswhip on my way home, and re-
memberin' sum cranky observations of Mrs.
Ward's in the mornin', I snapt the whip
putty lively, and, in a very loud voice, I
said, "Betsy, you need reorganizin'! I
have cum, Betsy," I continued—crackin
the whip over the bed—"I have cum to re-
organize you! Ha-ave you per-ayed to-
night?"

* * * * *

I dream'd that night that sunbbody had
laid a hosswhip over me sev'ril conseckoo-
tiv times; and when I woke up I found she
had. I hain't drank much of any thin'
since, and if I ever have another reorganiz-
in' job on hand I shall let it out.

My wife is 52 years old and has allus sus-
tained a good character. She's a good
cook. Her mother lived to a vener'ble age,
and died while in the act of frying slap-jacks
for the County Commissioners. And may
no rood hand pluk a flour from her toom-
stun! We hain't got any pieter of the old
lady, because she'd never stand for her am-
brotype, and therefore I can't giv her like-
ness to the world through the meejum of
the illustrated papers; but as she wasn't a