

An "Infernal Brass Foundry."

The *Eye* is in receipt of an eastern paper containing a marked "personal" of a prominent society young man who dwells in Bloomington and was recently on a visit to the city wherein the said paper is published. We presume that the sending of a marked newspaper to this office means for us to reproduce the item thus designated. We were about to comply with the implied request when we noticed upon the margin of the paper the following tell-tale legend: "Mr. D. B. Wealthy, Bloomington, Ill., January 1, '75." For the edification of those who do not understand what this inscription means, we will say that Mr. Wealthy, or some of his family; formerly lived in the city, wherein the said paper is perhaps struggling for dear life, and that the said resident seven years ago last New Year's day, when every man should be square with the world and his newspaper, "dropped into" or wrote a note to the publishers of the sheet spoken of and requested that they send their paper to the address given and send in their bill. The subscriber moves west to Bloomington. The bill comes with the first copy of the paper sent out, which is regular and business. The subscriber thinks that the publisher is in somewhat of a hurry for his money, if he thinks anything at all. He pays no attention to the polite request to whack up, but goes on in the basso profundo of his highway robbery. Presently a year has rolled by and another bill is sent, and a general request is published in the paper admonishing delinquents to the front to liquidate. Evidently the subscriber was satisfied with his paper or he would have stopped it and paid arrearages. He enjoyed it greatly no doubt, and was sorely disappointed if it did not appear in his mail regularly. He presumes that the publisher is in no urgent need of the money due upon the paper, and he says to himself, "Since he has waited so long for his money, it will not hurt him to wait a little longer, I will pay him some time when I am flush," and that is all of it. The editor has been giving credit to this newspaper parasite for more than seven years on his subscription, and then the infernal brass foundry has the gall to send us a late copy of it with a marked personal about himself as a modest reminder that he would like to have it copied in the *Eye*. A man that would let his paper come to him seven years without paying the subscription, we

would not trust as far as we could sling a bull by the tail. He is unworthy of the confidence of his fellow man. When he dies, his pent up soul will descend to Texas sure, Robinjuresoul to the contrary notwithstanding. The publishers do not always stop sending the paper at the end of the first year, believing that so doing would give offense to the subscriber and thereby entail a loss of that which is already due, and a paltry nickel or so that might be squeezed from such dead beats. It is better to lose one dollar than ten. But it is adding insult to injury to attempt to dead-head free puffing taken from a paper that has seven years' subscription due on it from the would be dead beat.—*Bloomington Eye*.

The Murphys.

A freckled face girl stopped at the post office the other day and yelled out:

"Anything for the Murphys?"

"No there is not."

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Tom Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Bob Murphy?"

"No, not a thing."

"Anything for Terry Murphy?"

"No; nor for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy nor any Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No; there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly, severally, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and said:

"Please to look if there is anything for Clarence Murphy?"

This is about a fair sample of the questions asked at the post-office when school is out.

We have discovered a man who is "more lonesome than an umbrella stand on a rainy day." He is the economical merchant who sets in his store waiting for customers. He hires no help and never advertises. He is the most perfect personification of solitary loneliness to be conceived, vacant umbrella stands not excepted.