

But I hope this move will lead to other moves that air just as much needed, one of which is a general and therrer curtailment of expenses all round. The fact is we air gettin' ter'ibly extravagant, & onless we paws in our mad career, in less than two years the Goddess of Liberty will be seen dodgin' into a Pawu Broker's shop with the other gown done up in a bundle, even if she don't have to Spout the gold stars in her head-band. Let us all take hold jintly, and live and dress centsibly, like our forefathers, who know'd moren we do, if they warnt quite so honest! (Suttle goaketh.)

There air other cheerin' signs. We don't, for instuns, lack great Generals, and we certinly don't lack brave sojers—but there's one thing I wish we did lack, and that is our present Congress.

I venture to say that if you sarch the earth all over with a ten-hoss power mikroscope, you won't be able to find such another pack of poppycock gabblers as the present Congress of the United States of America.

Gentlemen of the Sunit & of the House, you've sot there and draw'd your pay and made summer-complaint speeches long enuff. The country at large, incloodin' the undersined, is disgusted with you. Why don't you show us a statesman—sumbody who can make a speech that will hit the pop'lar hart right under the Great Public weskit? Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the Emergency, and eave in the Emergency's head?

Congress, you won't do. Go home, you mizzerable devils—go home!

At a special Congressional 'lection in my district the other day I delib'ritly voted for Henry Clay. I admit that Henry is dead, but inasmuch as we don't seem to have a live statesman in our National Congress, let us by all means have a first-class corpse.

Them who think that a cane made from the timbers of the house I once boarded in is essenshal to their happiness, should not

delay about sendin' the money right on for one.

And now, with a genuine hurrar for the winin who air goin' to abandin furrin goods, and another for the patriotic everywheres, I'll leave public matters and indulge in a little pleasant family gossip.

My reported captur by the North American savijs of Utah, led my wide circle of frinds and ereditors to think that I had bid adoo to earthly things and was a angel playin' on a golden harp. Hents my rival home was onexpected.

It was 11, P. M., when I reached my homestid and knockt a healthy knock on the door thereof.

A nightcap thrustud itself out of the front chamber winder. (It was my Betsy's nightcap.) And a voice said:

"Who is it?"

"It is a Man!" I answered in a gruff vois.

"I don't b'lieve it!" she sed.

"Then come down and search me," I replied.

Then resum'in' my nat'ral voice, I said, 'It is your own A. W., Betsy! Sweet lady, wake! Ever of thou!"

"Oh," she said, "it's you, is it? I thought I smelt something."

But the old girl was glad to see me.

In the mornin' I found that my family were entertainin a artist from Philadelphia, who was there paintin' some startlin' water-falls and mountins, and I morin suspected he had a hankerin' for my oldest dauter.

"Mr. Skimmerhorn, fater," sed my dauter.

"Glad to see you, Sir!" I replied in a hospittle vois. "Glad to see you."

"He is an artist, fater," said my child.

"A whichist?"

"An artist. A painter."

"And glazier," I askt. "Air you a painter and glazier, sir?"

My dauter and wife was mad, but I couldn't help it, I felt in a comikil mood.