

## AT MORNING.

"Chrysophrys."

Behold! the dying star of morn  
How it fades and fades away  
In the sky so blue,  
While the vapory dew  
Falls off the watery spray.  
The sun o'er the hills is rising  
Like a prince in brilliance rare;  
While the dew so bright  
In the sweet sunlight,  
Steals heavenward in a prayer.  
The birds are gaily chattering  
Amid forest leaves so green;  
In melody's song  
They warble along  
Like sweet lovers in a dream.



"That is your charming daughter, is it not, sitting at the piano?"

"No; I never saw her before."

"Then I don't see why the silly goose is at her tiresome hammering!"—

A bailiff in one of the mountain counties of Tennessee recently posted up the following notice, which he had written on brown wrapping paper with a carpenter's pencil: Notis publik sail I wil sel akorden to law on Sattiday next Wun bnggy an wash pot dubble seeted with wun Laig bruk off. Also wun red mule fur spott cash with wun eye.



Notes From our  
**FIGHTING  
EDITOR.**

Sample copy friends will be unmercifully dealt with, the last one boiled and afterwards potted then shipped to one of the South Sea Islands 'o the cannibals' use.

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Advertising sharks falling into our hands get three seconds to say their prayers before being despatched. Taxidermy advertising sharks shot on sight.

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Reviewers who get too gay will have to smell the business end of a horse pistol and then quit breathing.

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Advertisers trying to chuck in enough matter for a column in a one inch space will be tracked to the ends of the earth and brought to Berlin in irons to serve the rest of their lives in the executioner's cellar of the ENERGY Building.

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Poets who think they are poets will be attacked with ferocity. Beware! we know you by your long hair and cracked voice. Nine of these species now lie dead in our cellar.