

SUM ABRUPT LETTERS.

Dear Bob—The most disgusting kriter to me, in the whole ov the United States of Amerika, iz an overgrown boy, ov about fifteen summers, who haz bekum the terror ov the whole family, and spends hiz spare time hammering the cow, and stirring up the pig, and chickens. If the father, or father-in-law, ov one ov these youths, will lend him to me, if i dont civilize him, or kill him in ninety days, i will agree to forfit 50 dollars, and the cloth for a new alpaka dress.

P.S.—Send on the boy at once, at mi expense, i am just now out ov a job—J.B.

—O—
Dear Steve.—It iz hard work to be in luv and not akt phoolish, but luv iz the only thing i kno ov that makes pholly excusable. Luv haz made sum kind ov a phool ov every man it haz attacked since the days ov Adam, and it made the biggest kind ov a phool ov him. Wisdom, and ambichun iz no protekshun aginst the disseaze, for Soloman evaporated before it like the dew before the morning sun, and even good old David wilted like the hewn grass.

—O—
Dear Hank.—When yu strike ile pull out yure auger at onst, and begin to barrell the ile, mennny a man haz kept on until he bored klean thru and sum other phellow kaught the grease at the bottom.

BULBS.

Ministers often point out to us, poor sinners, the strate, and narrow gauge, az the only way to git to heaven, while they hav got a private turnpike ov their own that 2.40 kan be made on.

—O—
Waiting to be whipt iz the most uninteresting period in boyhood life.