She Ain't Built that Way.

A girl may join in the laugh of a boy, She may roam by his side all day But she can't climb a tree with the same sang froid. Because she ain't built that way.

A girl can and have lots of fun, And play with the boys all day; But she can't carry marbles in the pockets of pants,

Because she ain't built that way.

A girl may run and a girl may jump, And play at lawn tennis all day. But she can't slide bases as a ball player can, Because she ain't built that way.

A girl may dance and like every chance Of playing it off rather gay. But she can't throw a flap without a mishap, Because she ain't built that way.

A girl may be foolish or she may be wise, Not caring what neighbors says; But she can't shove her pants in the top of her boots, Because she ain't built that way.

ALWAYS TAKE MOTHER'S ADVICE.

Always take mothers advice she knows what is best for your good, let her kind words then sufice and never speak hasty or rude, to you in this world she is dearer, to you in this world she is nearer, at your down-fall her grief is severer, so don't cause her sorrow or pain.

Chorus.

Always take mothers advice she knows what is best for your good let her kind words then sufice and always take mother's advice.

Honor your mother so dear, she knows what is best for your good, respect her gray hairs while she is here, you will be sad when she leaves you alone in this world. You will never have another in this weary world is no other and God only gives you one mother, so cherish and love her most dear.

Chorus.

Always take mother's advice, she knows what is best for your good, let her kind words then sufice and always take mother's advice.

EYE FLIRTATION.

Winking right eye, I love you. Winking the left eye, I hate you. Winking both eyes, Yes.

Winking both eyes at be, We an watched.

Winking right eye twice, I am engaged. Winking left eye twice, I am married. Dropping the eyelids, May I kiss you. Raising the eyebrows, Kiss me.

Closing left eye slowly, Try and loveme. Closing right eye slowly, You are beautiful.

Covering both eyes with both hands, Bye-bye.

Placing right forefinger to right eye, Do you love me?

Placing the left finger to left eye, May I. C. U. Home.

Placing right forefinger to left eye, You are handsome.

Placing left third finger to left eye, So are you.

Placing right little finger to the right eye, Ar'nt you ashamed?

THE LONG KANGEROO.

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I'am a stout Irish Paddy, I never deny it. In simple amusement I've lead my whole inte, I mean to live single and let my more gingle, I never intend to marry a wife, for I've traveled through England, and through all parts of Scotland, the green hills of Erin I've lately went through. Oh. my stout occupation without hesitation is pleasing young girls with my long Kangereo.

"There was a rich lady who lived in Manchester, whose husbahd "was 'nifirried for seven long years. She winked 'at me slyly and at me cast an eye, saying Paddy your the boy I love dear. For I know by your eye your the boy that can do it, and unto me arms she instantly flew, fifty bright guineas, she slipped into me pocket to tickle her tale with me long Kangeroo.

There was a nea lady who heard of his doings, and sent for O'Carroll to come in great haste. Saying the greatest of pleasure, I'll now do unto you if you will but show this comical beast. For I've seen all the birds and beasts of the tower, from the

the day I was born to this very hour I never saw the bird called the long Kangeroo.

I turned around to this fair lady and offered her every thing that was just, saying dearest madam this thing that I speak of is really neither a bird or a beast, but a wad of prod flesh something 'less itian me arm and out of me belly spontaniously grew. Its place of concealment one span from me nable, for talk sake they call it the long Kangeroo.

When this fair lady see what I was after she turned like one in amaze. She turned around and to he bed-chamber saying Paddy O'Carroll this way if you please and what we done there I will leave for you to guess at. The holy performance that night we went through. Fifty bright guineas she slipped in me pocket, wasn't that a pretty picking for me long Kangeroo.

When the job it was over faith she was in clover saying Paddy O'Carroll your the boy I love dear and if you'll consent to live with me I'll make you a lord of ten thous. and a year. I thanked her kindly and said I was married. My stout occupation I on persue. So that is the story which addeth much glory to Paddy O'Carroll and his long Kangeroo,

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

As Kattie was viewing herself in the glass she resolved to see both her cunt and, her ass. Says she dearest Madam I will have a fine view, for my cunt it resembles the mouth of a jew.

A. N. H. T.

So she called in Sophia her own servant maid to get her a painter a painter by trade a painter whose name it was Jack to color her cunt which was thundering black.

So in came Jack with his prick in his hand to see Kattie naked it made his prickstand. Says she dear Jack don't stand in a, fright, can you color a black cunt and make it look white.

So he laid her down on the broad of her buck and ran trelve inches right into her crack. Oh, she wabbled and scrawled and said she would faint; Oh, dear Jack just wait a minute I'm "just going to paint."

Oh, my cunt its as juicy as juicy can be it resembles an orange that grows on a tree you can suck it or fuck it do just as you please, and the hairs of my ass you can count at your case. "Star."

Break It Off And Let It Stay.

Put your arms around me darling, Kiss my cheeks untill they blush,

Tickle me untill I tremble, If I murmer make me blush.

Draw me close to you darling, Put your arms beneath my dress,

"Take me to your bed-room dear one." Give me what I love the best.

Give it to me neatly darling, Rip me open if you can,

Draw me close to you darling, What is life without a man. Push it into me my darling, You can please me if you try, Keep it up a little longer, Do it soon and let it die. Drive it up into my belly, Fuck me untill I faint away, Try and tear my cunt wide open, Break it off and let it stay.

Star Co., Fort Plain, N. Y.

A DROP OF INK.

A drop of ink—how much it holds, Upon my pen point newly wet;
A brilliant fancy it enfolds, Perhaps, if I could only get
It rightly spread upon the sheet Of paper, spotless, free from stain— Alas! I gaze out in the street And chew my pen holder in vain.

Maybe within that inky drop A poem lies, designed for fame; But I can't reach Parnassus' top Because, you see, my feet are lame. An epigram it may contain Replete with wisdom and with wit, I'm sure it would not make me vain If Fate would let me make a hit

But while I'm speculating here, The ink will dry upon my pen; I'll cast aside all doubt and fear, Maybe my Fate will help me then. All men of genius, I suppose, Dash down their burning thoughts red hot-I'll do the same myself—Here goes!-By Jove! I've only made a blot! —Somerville Journal.

ONIT & WRIGHT. MANUFACTURERS OF Ladies Underwear.

R. U. ONIT,

200 Cundum St., GRTENBUSH, N. Y. Ladies' Drawers made to order by measurement or can be taken (if agreeable) by the celebrated split pattern. pic nic drawers a specialty -- Made with turn-over flaps.







Dear Nellie: May I have the pleasure of your company to the dance this evening? If so, meet me at 8 o'clock. W: Y. O. D. Ever yours, (ON THE WAY.) SHE:-Say, Will', what made you sign "W. Y. O. D "? HE:-Willie Your Own Darling? SHE:-Mother and I thought it ment: Wear Your Open Drawers-and I did it.

(Over.:

She laid on the bed stark naked, so round and chilly and I beside her naked leg, while each hand clasp her bubble I kissed her lips with crazy glee, beneath her chin did chatter, and then our legs did entwine, I then began to fuck her. Pull it out she cried don't spit inside, for I will get in trouble. I laid on her snowy breast the stream did squirt and bubble. I gazed into her frightened eyes and full of laughter hurst I said my dear that is the youngest child you ever nursed. She scoeped it up with one fair hand and laughed a soft ha, ba, and she threw it in my face and said child go and! kiss your pa. Star.

A Girl's Toast.

BLOOD HUNT,

BY AN EAR WITNESS.

On going to bed last night As I laid off my clothes and turned out the light I heard a voice pleading in piteous stram Pleading for mercy but pleading in vain. 'Twas a womans voice and it touched my heart And aroused my courage to take her part I sought my revolves, determed to save A helpless woman though I killed the knave: I pansed at the door and the part I heard I paused at the door and the next I heard My passion rose then my courage strived; 'Twas the earnest plea of a virgen wife And not a victim pleading for life. She seemed distress and her pitiful plea Was not for her life "But let me be" But alas her plea was of no avail, For his heart was hard; hard as his tail. And notwithstanding her groans and her tears Her longing for rest and her terrible fears, He still persisted to know his wife Even at the cost of her precious life. And yet he seemed modest, pitted her sore And he told her respectfully o'er at o'er, And he said dearest Retta 'tis hard I well know But I will be careful I will go slow. But And now Retta dear, please say if you care Should I place my hand right up under there Under neath your long gown, I'll place it with care For you well know, sweet Retta my treasure is the O! please dont dear George, its awfull I am sure And something you well know I cannot endure If I had but known I must come to this I would sure be contented to live as a Miss. "O! pshaw," dearest Retta your sweet little elf, It'll give you great pleasure as well as myself, And you know dearest Retta that I have the right To de as I choose with your person to-night. But if you're determened I shant have a crack We'd better turn over and lay back to back. And until the morning our places to keep And see if my Retta can get to sleep. And see if my Retta can get to sizep. They both turned over but not to sleep, Nor not very long their places to keep; For there's no man living who could lay in bed And sleep all night with a maiden-head. And George but human you'very well know And never intended to give up his "show," But he kept up his "posish" as long as he could And a might sight longer, than most men would. He then turned over and resolved to claim He then turned over and resolved to claim The chromo gem of the beautiful dame For hours he had coaxed and plead Eor a willing surrender of her maiden-head. And now as the clock told the noon of night He resolved to take it or loose a fight He didn't seem angry he didn't swear But I knew from the rumpus his hand was there. Said he Retta love, though my heart is tender I've resolved to do it, and you must surrender But before I begin I would like to know When you had your turns last, how long ago. I want to begin this thing all right And not fix you out the very first night If you must know the truth I will tell September the twentieth I was unwell. All right said George and a certain sound Proclaimed the truth that, Retta was crowned Have 1 got too high or is it too low? And sweet Retta flattered, 'Oh; dear I don't know. And sweet fields flattered, 'On; dear 1 don't Then followed instant sharp cries of distress That made me feel awful 1 must confess 1 thought of her misery, how it must hurt Of her helpless condition and bloody shirt. Of her helpless condition and bloody surf. Then her cries became bolder, "Oh, don't Oh, dear!" It was dreadful to hear, even painful to hear ! But he said my dear Retta tis a bad job I know But I will be careful, I will go slow. Yet still dearest darling if you think it best I fill stop for a while and give you a rest I heard him roll over, she cared to weep I listened a moment and then fell asleep. Part scop I may atomat by cries of pain But soon 1 was aroused by cries of pain Then 1 knew that the villan was at her again Now deaf to her moaning, her groans and her sighs Dear George like a Pirate bore down on his prize. The struggle waxed hotter as the end drew nigh The bed ceased to squeak and I heard him sigh The conflict now over the great victory gained Though blood had been shed and garments stained, Said George get up Retta, get up! and she got And in less than a moment was riding the po But the thing acted badly cut up many tricks And Retta was certain she had got into a hx. tricks They both got excited and strack up a fight. And looked in the ve s, l and h u d it all fig. Then into their bed both builtely cript, And the thing being over l soon fell asleep. 11 ht STAR print,

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Long Kangeroo.

I'am a stout Irish Paddy, Incver deny it, In simple amusement I've lead my whole life, I mean to live single and let my money gingle, I never intend to marry a wife, for I've traveled through England, and through all parts of Scotland, the green hills of Erin I've lately went through. Oh, my stout occupation without hesitation is pleasing young girls with my long Kangerco.

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There was a rich lady who heard of his doings, and sent for O'Carroll to come in great haste. Saying the greatest of pleasure, I'll now do unto you if you will but show this comical beast. For I've seen all the birds and beasts of the tower, from the Arabian bear to the wild cocadoo. From the day I was born to this very hour I never saw the bird called the long Kangeroo.

I turned around to this fair lady and offered her every thing that was just, saying dearest madam this thing that I speak of is really neither a bird or a beast, but a wad of prod flesh something less than me arm and out of me belly spontaniously grew. Its place of concealment one span from me nable, for talk sake they call it the long Kangeroo.

When this fair lady see what I was after she turned like one in amaze. She turned around and to her bed chamber saying Paddy O Carroll this way if you please and what we done there I will leave for you to guess at. The holy performance that night we went through. Fifty bright gaineas she pper in me pocket, wasn't that a pretty for me long Kangeroo.

Then the job it was over faith she was in cover saying Paddy O'Carroll your the boy I love dear and if you'll consent to live with me I'll make you a lord of ten thous and a year. I thanked her kindly and said-I was married. My stout occupation I ment to persue. So that is the story which addeth much glory to Paddy O'Carroll and his long Kangeroo.

WE NEVER SPEAK AS WE PASS BY.

We Started off on our Summer trips, With a clean boild shirt and a well wineit The first town reach I to late todeum, When we canot work we have some fun, We start out on the busy spreet, To see if we cant find fresh meet, Were almost sure we cannot fail, For every town is full obtail. We slyly wink as we pass by. She's all broke up, Oh my, ' Oh my, '. All things are filled in very short time, The sole is made; its in our line. We start out on our second week, Has trale been good', well I should snicker But what is this in nine days time, My god: it hurts to link our brime. We loudly call let us be gin, Our grips are packed with medicine, And as we finly bite a nail Now we never again will take for tail. We gently moove and sadly sigh. As "Doctor" says ten and with his eye, We go off wise but sadder men, But the very next trip we catch it again.

C.~C.~M. O'Jimmy come fuck me, 1'm dying for skin, To do without it any longer would be a great sin, I have suffered for years, I've been fucked only twice, And for the third shot I would pay a big price. 1 know you would like it, the feeling is rich, For the fellow that fucked me said, O! you sweet bitch, You will kill me with pleasure, but O! let me die, For I felt as though both soul and body would fly. Perhaps I might tell of a streak of good luck That happened to me at my maiden-head fuck, Were I at your ears I would lisp it in tones, That would cause the congestion to take place in your stones. I was out with Dick Jones, in the straw berry patch, When he offered me a quarter to look at my snatch, Said I O! your quarter I don't wish to steel it, But as for my snatch you can step up and feel it. So he steped up to me put his **a**rms around my waste, We both drew our breath in a mighty great haste. I sank on my knees in the pretty green grass, And soon felt his fingers a tickling my ass. I jumped an inch back and bless his dear soul, His fingers were in a more tickling hole, I pitted his fingers, for I knew they would smell, And then he would wish he had stuck them in hell. When his fingers got slippery he took them away, And began with his old toodle-wacker to play, He then laid me down on the flat of my back, And swore that he wanted to open my crack. His tool was as large as a big ear of corn, The largest I had seen since the day I was born. But my snatch felt as though it would swallow a dog, Or chew a mans roller as big as a log. My clothes flew up and my heels flew up too, And the head of his dodger looked awfully blue, When it came in contact with the lips of my snatch, He wiggled his ass and began for to scratch. But he presently found he was in the wrong box. For his prick had a head like the heart of an ox, To shove it any further he feared it would tear, And I didn't tell him I didn't care. But when he had shuffled and bowed up his back, The head of his dodger slip'd out of the crack, When he attemped to make the next pass, The cyster soup ran all over my ass. Then his courage revived, and he at me again, And though he did hurt me I did not complain, For I was determined though blood should be spilt, That in it should go, and that up to the blit. And in it did go to the hair and its roots, And I wished that his bollox had went into boot, for never did I since the day of my birth, Expect such good feelings existed on earth. My legs flew up with my heels in his ass, And I at the same time tore up hundsfull of grass, While his tool was playing a nine inch sweep, Backwards and forward as fast as a sheep. But I presently thought he had poured out his soul, For I felt that a tide in my betty did roll, But soon out came his dodger all lumber and greecy, And had the appearance of being more casy. Then his bollox swung round like the weights of a clock, Much lower I think than the head of his cock, And then he proposed he would take a short rest, He thought the next fuck would be the best. But I thought that his prick would never rise from the dead, So I took my fingers and tickled the head, Signs of life did appear and a growing began, And then I looked forward for a little more fun. It presently got to its former large size, And I wish he had made it reach clear to my The next time it went in with the greatest of ease, For the lirst shot did all the machinery greese. Then heven what feeling all through me did flit, So glorious good I thought I should shit, But how could I shit while here on the ground, For my snatch it was stretched till no ass could be found, .

ER.

G

SOME THIRTY YEARS AGO

Come, mother, put your knittin' don m you've done crough to-night: It in't good for them old eyes to work by candle ight. They ain't as flashy as they was some therty years ago.

 uncy nim't as flashy as they was some therity When at the old red meetin' house their be-came your beam.
 The big -pertracted meetin' was a running at the time.
 An "pertracted meetin' was a running at The the mathematical sinners the mouraet crowds e, e Glies' sermons jist a 'onakin' climbi 's' benches wouldn't hoat the

mb; benefies wouldn't hord the at foward went in from the Lord and over their it. To seek alvatic sins lamen

To serve a function for the function of the server state of the server set.
An 'fine in with the singin' in a volce so master sweet
That of entimes I've shet my eyes, and fail magned you
War' actually an angel sent to help the meetin' through.
I vum, at how "Amazin' Grace" a rollin' from your lips
Would make me feel like I war' 'witched, cl'ar to the finger tips.
An "Siner Turn, Why Will Ye Die," you sung so feelin'ly. inner Turn, Why Will Te thing so feelin'ly, it made me think you sung especially it made me think you sung especially sung so swow it ma at me,

I reakon for a dozen nights I sot back near the door, An' when the benediction come I'd sweat from every pore, Because I have detarmined fur to offer you from ... Because I have detarmining my arm, An' ax if I might see you home, acrost your father's furm; But when I'd take my phase in time outside the little church An' see you comin' through the door, my heart'd, give a lurch. An' thar I'd stand dumb as a fool, an' swal-ler at the chokes Till you war' half way down the lane along with all your folks. An 'tagreat big

with all your folks
I swan to goodness, no ther, if it doesn't make me laugh
J to think of me a standin' mar', a great big bashful call,
without a spark of courage far to make a move, although
I didn't think you'd sack me, fur you had no other beau.
But one night T remember, I war' sittin' in the rear.
When Cyrus Hawkins nudged my arm, an' whispered in my car:
"Jist watch me w'en the meetin's out au' you will see a sight—
Tim goin' to ax Jane Hall if T kin beau her home to night.

Jemima crickets ! but the words jist cut me like a dart, An' it war' all that I could do to swaller down If the art all that I could do to smaller my heart; An' then an' there I silent vowed that I would be a lout To let that slouchy, freekled fool step in an' to let that showing, the cut me out. So when the old doxology were bein' sung, I (ccep) Outside ahead of all the rest an' stood upon the step, An' when I staggered up to you, a wobblin in the knees, You tuk my arm an' off we went as cosy as you please,

Do you remember, mother, how I never spoke a word Til we war' nearly half-way home? I swow, it was absurd— Ent then I'd never had a gal hitched to me that-a-way. And I'll be blest if I could think of anything to say. Twar' you as broke the solitade, an' tried to And fit de diest if i could think of adjytning to say.
"Twar' you as broke the solitude, an' tried to start the talk.
Observin' twar' a lovely night, an' splendid for a walk.
An' if my memory sarves me right my 'farma' bashfulness. Condensed my answer to a sort o' half-skeered "yes." whispered

half-skeered "yes." Well, mother, 'twar' a funny start, but bless the lord above. It ended in a double case of unresistful 'love... When we got more acquainted I expect I talked as good As any love-sick country boy in our whole neighborhood. An 'atter the revival broke I didn't stand no more An' wait fur you, proud as a king outside the church's door. But then that didn't break us off, not by a plag-acy sight. Because I went a courtin' you most every 'sunday night. tful

An', mother, do you mind that blessed day in carly Spring, When the bees begun to hum around an' birds begun to sing? I found you in the pastar' lot a milkin' an' f told told The story of the burnin' love that in my bosom rolled. Je-whiz 1 but how the milk did fly; you squeezed so 'tarnal hard The heifer kickad the bucket nearly halr acrost the yard An' when I fetch iff back agin an' tuk you by the hand, Your look made me the happiest man in all this yankee land. I four

Fur thirty years we've jogged along the rugged road of life.
An mother you have bin to me a true and noble wife—
Our old revival meetin' love haint flickered out a bif.
An' though we're gettin' old an' gray, we're them same lovers yit.
Your kisses now are just as sweet, an' full o' heavenly dew.
As them you give me at the gate when t war' courtin' you. heavenity us., As them you give me at the gate when coutin' you. An' we will still be lovers when I clusp you to my brest, "What the wicked cease from troublin', an' the weary are at rest."

She Ain't Built that Way.

A girl may join in the laugh of a boy, She may roam by his side all day But she can't climb a tree with the same sang froid,

Because she ain't built that way.

A girl can and have lots of fun, And play with the boys all day; But she can't carry marbles in the pockets of pants,

Because she ain't built that way.

A girl may run and a girl may jump, And play at lawn tennis all day. But she can't slide bases as a ball player can, Because she ain't built that way.

A girl may dance and like every chance Of playing it off rather gay. But she can't throw a flap without a mishap, Because she ain't built that way.

A girl may be foolish or she may be wise, Not caring what neighbors says; But she can't shove her pants in the top of her boots,

Because she ain't built that way.

Fucking on the Delaware.

When on the beach together we sat, To have a little social chat, Soon to hug me he began, And in my bosom his hand he ran, I could not resist, I do declare, So he felt my bubs, "on the Delaware."

My petticoats, he began to lift, And soon, his hand was beneath my shirt, With kisses sweet, and nature warm, He promised fair he'd do no harm. The temptation was great, and to my surprise, He put his hand beneath my thighs; To keep my secret, he did swear, And he felt my cunt, "on the Delaware."

He took my hand and what a shock ! He placed it on his long stiff cock, I felt its stiffness, and its strength, Twelve inches, seemed to be its length, And just below there, hung the bags, As large, as seen anywhere, Hung between these legs, "on the Delaware."

He pulled it out, and at me did shake it I feared it. Yet I thought it best, As I had the chance, to stand the test; He laid me down, and then he tried. To put his prick, between my thighs, And rested his head, between the hairs. That curled my cunt, "on the Delaware "

I opened my thighs, for Oh ! Oh ! I loved it. And gave him a chance, further up to shove it, As every stroke, in me was driven, I prayed more power to him be given, My cunt felt good, and just above it, He soon had not an inch to spare, For I took it all in "on the Delaware."

He shoved it up so firm and strong You could not tell to whom the bags belonged; He pushed it quickly out and in, I pretty soon began to spin. I could not resist, I did my share Of fucking "on the Delaware."

He then began to blow and grunt, And firmly pressed it further up my cunt. He kissed me sweet, and how he sent it, Oh ! how delicions, we both spent it. It felt so good we did not stop Till he had spent his last sweet drop. We both had all that we could bear, Of fucking "on the Delaware."

When I got up, I began to think, How close I was to Mais brink; I resolved and swore in vain, From ever doing this again. I knew it was wrong, I felt ashamed and swore, Hereafter to beware, Of fucking "on the Delaware."

In an hour or two I began to feel that an inch or more I would like to steel, I buried And looked and low with head bowed down If not entirely dead, the prick that was so soft and strong, Was dead and not two inches long

I then set down in deep dispair, Of useing it again "on the Delaware."

"Sunday School Union."

Break it off and let it Stay.

Put your arms around me darling, Kiss my cheeks until they blush, Tickle me until I tremble, If I murmer make me blush.

Draw me close to you darling, Put your arms beneath my dress, Take me to your bed-room dear one, Give me what I love the best.

Give it to me neatly darling, Rip me open if you can, Draw me close to you darling, What is life without a man.

Push it into me darling, You can please me if you try, Keep it up a little longer, Do it soon and let it die.

Drive it up into my belly, Fuck me until I faint away,

Try and tear my cunt wide open, Break it off and let it stay. "Sunday School Union."

NOW DON'T-OH, DO.

Oh, quit-get out ? now don't; I really wish you wouldn't!
Oh, quit-you hurt me; stop ! You know I said you couldn't.
O! you've got it in-do stop ! You shan't have any more;
You've got (oh, stop, it hurts) What no man got before.
Oh? take it out, now do, oh, don't; You've got my legs all bare-Oh, take it out : no, keep it in.
Now, push it-Oh, there, THERE, T-H-E-R-E!!!!

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Reading

Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in society pasture without any yoke on them. They marry and have children before they have moustaches. They are fathers of twins before they are proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck, if there was a law against young galoots sparking and marrying before they had cut all their teeth we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way. But there ought to be a sentiment against it. Tt. is time enough to for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of lath to build a hen house. But they see a girl that looks cunning, and they are afraid there are not going to be enough to go round, and then they begin to spark real spry, and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relations they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook stove or a bedstead they have to get up in the night and go after the doctor so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he does not run too. And when the doctor gets there, there is not linen enough in the house to wrap up the "kid."

A POEM.

A precocious youth being asked how many animals were in bed with a newly married couple, replied in the following poetic strains.

One night after having paraded the streets, These animals met between one pair of sheets, Two deers, four calves, two asses, two bears, One game-cock, one monkey, and two nests of hairs. The deers and the hairs stretched down from the head, While the calves ranged themselves nearthe foot of the bed. The rest of the animals all lay in pairs, But the game-cock and monkey who slept with the hairs.

Whilst most of the animals slept without fear, The bears and the asses so frightened the deer, That in rubbing togather sometime in the night, The game-cock and monkey got into a fight. The game-cock soon found himself highly enraged, And the monkey lay quiet though somewhat engaged, For she knew that the game-cock whose gills were so red, After spending his fury would then hang his head.

The monkey was sly and concluded to lay, 'Till the game-cock beat his brains, out and then have her

own way,

she winked her one eye and eunningly said, it no fuss would she make with the beasts in the bed. the rest of the animals took sides in pairs, Fo fear of some damage being done to the hairs, And though all were engaged of all sizes and classes, All the blood that was spilt was between the two asses.

With the squabbling and picking and all the rest of it, It is very uncertain who got the best of it, But the menhage whose strength had not

But the monkey, whose strength had not suffered much shock,

Commenced again picking a fuss with the cock. There was blood spilt this time and with so little pain, That both were quite willing to try it again, And the last battle closed though the monkoy was too

And the last battle closed though the monkey was tame, Very much like the first with a simple drawn game. 101st Annual Afternoon Moonlight Excursion

-OF THE-

SUNDAY, JANUARY 42nd, 1967 TO DELIRUM GROVE,

ONE THOUSAND MILES FROM FOG ISLAND.

TICKETS FREE.

CHILDREN HALF-PRICE.

Orphans Accompanied by their Parents Not Admitted.

At an enormous outlay of persuasion promises, wind, &c., the Steamer Tomato Can and the two large and commodious slide bottom barges STUMPS & BUTTS have been chartered for the occasion and will leave foot of Distillery Alley at 13:95 P. H., punctually precisely; all not on board will please run after the barge. Life Preservers can be had at LUTE CARLE'S SAMPLE ROOM. MUSIC BY THE WHITE BEANS FULL BAND. DANCING COMMENCES AT 17 P. G

COMMITTEE:

The following gentlemen have volunteered to make things as disagreeable as possible: BRANDY SMASH. GIN FIZE. TOM GIN. RYE WHISKEY. N.Q. If the Excursion proves favorable the weather will be postponed till the next fair day before and due notice will be given in last week's papers. Q Z. The police boat Shivery Shake will accompany the excursion to prevent the return

and landing of any of the ursionists.

General Order of Heg Drainers

A NEW DEPARTURE. Improved Cultivator and Plow COMBINED.

1st. It goes in full depth.

2d. You can ride it if you wish.

3d. When properly used the point does not wear off, but becomes harder when entering the soil.

4th. It should not be used too long at one time, if so the timber will draw and then it will become too soft for use.

5th. It plants its seed deep when the soil is suitable.

6th. The planter never becomes clogged when in motion.

7th. It is adjustable in size, and works so easily that a girl of 18 can use it without any trouble.

8th. Warranted to work if properly tested.

9th. It can be used as a churn and furnishes its own cream.

10th. The sack in which the seed is carried is so neatly fitted that when emptied it refills itself in a short time.

11th. All grangers in good standing have adopted them, and their wives will not keep house without one on the premises. It is impossible to live happily and contented without it.

12th. They will last a lifetime without being repaired if used on the owner's farm. Rented grounds is liable to be foul and corrode the plow and render it unfit for use.

13th. The rules of the grangers prohibit any member from running his planter in his neighbor's soil without consent of his wife.

14th. The Grand Master will furnish widows and old maids with the planter, and try it for them. If they do not like it they need not take it.

15th. Each granger and his wife are allowed to manufacture as many as they choose.

NO ROYALTY CHARGED. PRICE \$2.50. AGENTS WANTED.

Come Girls, 10 O'Clock,



and go. to bed.



A VERY BASHFUL MAN.

Senator Sebastian, of Arkansas, was a native of Hickman county, Tennessee. On one occasion a member of Congress was lamenting his bashfulness and awkwardness. "Why," said the senator from Rackensack, "you don't know what bashfulness is," Let me tell you a story, and when I get though I will stand the bob if you don't agree that you never knew anything about bashfulness and its baneful effects. I was the most bashful boy east of the Alleghanies. I wouldn't look at a girl, much less speak to a maiden; but for all that I fell desperately in love with a sweet, beautiful neighbor girl. It was a desirable match on both sides and the old folks saw the drift and fixed it up. 1 thought I should die just thinking of it. I was a gawky, awkward country lout, about ninteen years old. She was an intelligent, refined and fairly well educated girl in a country and at that time when the girls had superior advantages, and were therefore superior in culture to the boys. 1 fixed the day as far as 1 could have it put off. I lay awake in a cold perspiration as the time drew near, and shivered with agony as I thought of the terrible ordeal.

"The dreadful day came. I went through with the programme somehow in a dazed, confused, mechanical sort of way, like an automaton booby, through a supper where I could eat nothing, and through such games as 'possum pie,' 'Sister Phœbe,' and all that sort of thing. The guests, one by one departed, and my hair began to stand on end. Beyond the awful curtain of Isis lay the terrible unknown. My blood grew cold and boiled by turns. I was in a fever and then an ague, pale and flushed by turns. I felt like fleeing to the woods, spending the night in the barn, leaving for the West never to return. I was deeply devoted to Sallie. I loved her harder than a mule could kick; but that dreadful ordeal I fire, with candles brightly burning on mancould not stand it. Finally the last guest tel and bureau, was the blushing bride.surwas gone the bride retired, the family went rounded by her six lovely bridesmands. to bed, and I was left alone with the Keno!"

old man. 'John,' said he, 'you can take the candle; you will find your room just over this. Good night, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul,' and with a mischievous twinkle in his grav eve the old man left the room. I mentally said 'Amen' to his 'Heaven help you,' and when I heard * him close a distant door, staggered to my feet and seized the farthing dip with a nervous grasp. I stood for some minutes contemplating my fate, and the inevitable and speedy doom about to overwhelm me. I knew it could not be avoided, and yet I hesitated to meet my fate like a man. I stood so long that three love letters had grown on the wick of the tallow dip and a winding sheet was decorating the side of the brass candlestick.

"A happy thought struck me. I hastily climbed the stairs, marked the position of the landing and the door of the bridal chamber. I would have died before I would have disrobed in that holy chamber, where awaited me a trembling and beautiful girl, a blushing maiden 'clothed upon' with her own beauty and modesty, and her snowy robe de nuit. I would make the usual preparation without, blow out the light, open the door and friendly night would shield my shrinking modesty and horror of the situation. It was soon done. Preparations for retiring were few and simple in their character in Hickman, altogether consisting of disrobing, and owing to scarcity of cloth in those days man was somewhere near the Adamic state when he was prepared to woo sweet sleep. The dreadful hour had come. I was ready. I blew out the light, grasped the door knob with a deadly grip and a nervous clutch; one moment and it would be over. One moment and it was over sure enough. I leaped within, and there around a glowing hickory

BORING FOR OIL.

You may talk of excitement so scarce and so rare, Of and of water-falls done up in hair, But i y u w ll just listen to me for awhile I'll relate my adventure while boring for oil.

I went to orlicity, that place of renown, Viewed he fine country, prospecting the town, Prospecting the ground, and prospecting the soil, earch of a spot to go boring for oil.

One evening while rambling I met a fair maid, And unto this damsel I gently did say "I's all for a fortune I'm willing to toil, If I knew of a spot to go boring for oil.

She smiled as she said, well now I declare; I know of a spot and have watched it with care, And no one has seen it since I was a child, And if you will bore there you will surely strike oil.

Says 1 to myself, my fortune is made; If you say me the spot I'll see you well paid, Then showed her garments for fear they would soil, Arrashowed me the spot to go boring for oil.

ssed this fall one hundred times ore, d on natures green floor; tas with the test to go boring for oil.

And the oil free six inches or so, ell it freely did flow, She bailed at the mmered, my character spoiled, And you have it in y kidneys, while boring for oil.



THE REHEARSAL.

I am thinking dear Will of you and of merry days gone bye: The old church, where oft we sang together, you and I. But thoughts of one rehearsal night, will constantly arise, Till "I can read my title clear, to mansion in the sky."

I am thinking of that rainy night, the rest had hurried home, And we in Deacon Foster's pew, were sitting all alone; You were seeking then dear Will, "but not of things above," The length the depth, the breadth, the highth, of everlasting love.

And I was on the anxious seat, uncertain how to move, With in thy arms of love's embrace, thy constancy to prove, And, oh! the promises you made, you were my own dear Will, What peaceful hours I once enjoyed—how sweet their memory still.

Oh! what sweet words of love you spake, and kissed away the tears, And how I trembled at the thought, lest some one should appear; But when you turned the lights all out, to guard against surprise. "I bid farewell to every fear, and wiped my weeping eyes."

When you fixed the cushion's up, and I reclined at ease, The pulpit pillows neath my head, and you on bended knees, With your warm kisses on my lips, how could I stay your hand, The veil was lifted, and by faith, you saw the promised land.

And, oh! what rapturous feeling thrilled every nerve, and when, I cried 'oh Lord, my heart is touched," you shouted out, "Amen;" My very soul was all ablaze, I thought that I could see, The land of saints delight, the heaven prepared for me.

I thought a charge to keep, I had with mingled fear and shame, How anxiously thed, dear Will, till I came round again; In my distress I by stove to check the willing tears, The gracious blood dowed freely forth, and conquered all my fears.

But that was many years ago, and I've no doubt that you, Remember still that very night in Deacon Foster's pew; And, oh! my first experience will ne'er forgotten be, While down the stream of life we glide into eternity.

I'm married now, my husband thinks in me he has a prize, Oh, me, where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," Of you dear Will he nothing knows, and as my heart's at rest, And not a wave of trouble, waves across my peaceful breast.

Races at Palatine Bridge

H. Batsinger, Fort Plain b m Alace, F. Trask, Fort Plain, b m. Mary Druse, C. McCartly, Fort Plain, ch m. Flora Temple,

L. Bielbauer, Camajoharie, b g Bowery Boy,

M. L. Smith, Canajoharie, b m Daisy,

The race was considered very even but Alace a big green 4 year-old outlassed outlassed them all and surprised every one by doing the first male ever drivemon a track in 3.01 and plenty of outside watches made it much faster but we take time annoanced from the judges! stand. In this heat Daysy had a mishan hich caused her retirement for the rac Mary Druse's driver lost the heat by mapping. Bow-ery Boy third. Flora fourth; second heat it was a fight between Alacs winning by a length Mary second, Flora third, B B fourth; third heat again it Alace and Mary with BB coming strong at the half; Mary takes the lead on the turn lapped by EB. Alace tangles ap and is let go up alongside Mary who is also sent off her feet, both land good and Alace beats them home bat is set back for running, Mary, H B. Alace and Flores in orders. time 3.02. Fourth next Bartlett sets out with B R to give them all a surprise and speceeded in going to the front and staying there for over a half mile maally giving away to Alaco who beats B. B. home about one-half length, Mary Druse and Flora just making the literal turn; judges time 3.02.

Please allow me to say it was a right hosheat and it belonged to neither until the last moment when the wire was reached. B. B. was driven this heat faster by seconds than ever before eacher in a race or in work and gives a good showing for Old Bart. Alace wins first prize. Mary Druse second, B. B. third. All seemed pleased and if the weather should remain good you can look for some more of this fun.

I understand Mr. Bartlett would like in the spring to arrange these races every two weeks and boys all get together and encourage the thing, it is good schooling for your colts and it brings benefit to you sconer or later, as it will be advertised and help to sell your colts and bring them before the public so they can be bought. Frank seems to please everybody and why not give him some little benefits, as he is worthy, and I think you would have a hard matter to find a man better, adapted, for the position.

FRIEND INDE D.

Two boarding school maidens so charming and bright

- Had gone to their rooms to retire for the night, When as young ladies do when they slowly undress.
- Each others secret feeling did freely express. Said Nelly the youngest a most luscicus young dear
- "I wish at this moment my Johnny was here, For he is a darling a dear little duck And I am most dead for want of a fuck.

She pulled off her drawers her chemise let fall, And naked like Venus stood fairest of all.

With her sweet pretty bubbles so soft round and white.

Covered with their nipples so delicious to sight, On her plump little belly like soft drifting. snow;

The hair curling round in the valley below, The soft mound of Venus rose plump right and left,

And showed partly open its venerable cleft.

Her friend now stood naked just in the same

state As Nelly. Her friends name was Kate.

Says Kate; "I'll play that I am a man And give you a fucking the best that I can"

Says Nelly: "I'm with you but where is your prick?

Says Katie: "A candle will do for the trick, I will put it in gently just the big end

And you wont know the difference till you spend. "So lie down in bed and close both your eyes And open the widest your beautiful thighs

But first I must blindfold you" sweet Katie said Then oh! Nelly's lover sprang from under the bed

He had been hidden by Katie and was in luck-And just like Nelly half dead for a fuck.

His prick stood erect like a drum-majors stick And seemed to burst right into her quick.

Extending his hand with his light finger tips, He tickled her cunt just within its red lips.

Her bosom swelled up like the waves of the ocean,

And her ass moved rapidly in upward motion He could stand it no longer not a minute could wait

But entered at once in loves blessed state

And shoved it up quickly clean up to the blit Loves extract supreme in her belly was split

"Oh Katie" she says "Is it a canle I felt That you stuck in my cunt to tickle and melt

I realy believe you have played me a trick She pulled off the bandage and caught hold of his prick

She did not get angry or show any pain

But made it all right saying. "Fuck me again? "No you don't" says Katie "you just had your turn

And I'll take him myself for my cunt it does burn.

She pulled poor Johnny on top of her belly And he gave her a dose like the one he gave Nelly,

Poor Johnny had got himself into a bother For they kept all night fucking one and the

other And when at daylight he took his last route

"Ladies good morning my prick is Saying played out.

And sprang out as he spoke from between them in bed.

Leaving their cunts all shining and red.

"Sunday School Union."

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

Two boarding school maidens so charming and bright, had gone to their rooms to retire for the night, when as young ladies do when they slowly undress, each others secret feeling did freely express. Said Nelly the youngest a most luscious young dear "I wish at this moment my Johnny was here, for he is a darling a dear little duck and I am most dead for want of a fuck."

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"So lie down in bed and close both your eyes and open the widest your beautiful thighs, but first I must blindfold you" sweet Katie said then Oh! "Nelly's lover sprang from under the bed, he had been hidden by Katie and was in luck and just like Nelly half dead for a fuck. His prick stood erect like a drum-majors stick and seemed to burst right into her quick.

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She pulled poor Johnny on top of her belly and he gave her a dose like the one he gave Nelly. Poor Johnny had got himself into a bother for they kept all night fucking one and the other and when at daylight he took his last route saying "Ladies good morning my prick is played out." and sprang out as he spoke from between them in bed. Leaving their cunts all shining and red.

"Sunday School Union."

The "frail sisters" of this village, havril got wind of the expected arrival of seveit, beautiful young whores from New Yont whose intentions were to destry the legre mate business of fucking by introducing ion the Watertown market a smaller and mee fascinating cunt than has formerly bees seen, held a special meeting at which severx speeches were made and various cunts eg hibited, after which the adoption of the red olution "not to be out-fucked by anythino that wears hair" was made unanimous ang they decided upon the following:

TARIFF.

Common old-fashion fuck, \$ 4.00 Wheelbarrow 3.00 Tip of the McGullion, 5.00 French fucking, 3.00Mouth " 6.00 not swallowing juice, 5.00Rubbing on, 50 without change of hand, 1.00 Dog fashion with use of patent balls, 5.00



A gentle nun, who ne'er had strayed From convent walls, a tottling maid Of three summers, they brought there Had grown to womanhood, pious and fair. She could use her needle with dainty skill. And to charm those hours so long and still, She learnt with patient care to paint ; And the pictured face of some grand old Saint Glanced from the canvas 'neath her hand Glanced from the canvas 'neath her hand But weary of these one day she planned, A picture faiter than all beside. That she u d be her master piece and pride. She woult paid the Virgin Mother mild And in her arms the Holy child. So for many days she toiled and wrought Iuspired by sweet and loving thought, Un il, when the picture was all complete, From the hallowed head to the sandaled feet : Said she, "to the Abbess now I'll go. That she some word of praise may bestow. But she did not know that the sweet wee face, Held close to the mother's fond embrace, No charm of baby boy-hood bore ; It was a little woman—nothing more. It was a little woman—nothing more. The Hely Abbess, seeing, smiled, And said, in gentle voice, "My child, The Holy Babe was a man-child born, Ruby and fresh as the waking morn" "Eut could they guess when so young and fair A : one-time man was nestled there!" "Ah! daughter! the first faint breath before, And the mark stile Ingers when life is o'er. Then tell me, mother, that I may know, What spot or dimple or rosy glow, What curve of muscle, or sweep of limb, When seen on the man-child marketh him? Pray Heaven, my daughter, you may never It was a little woman--nothing more.

Pray Heaven, my daughter, you may never know What spot or dimple or rosy glow, What wondrous shape in which he drew breath Marked the man-child for life or death." The Abbess went on her holy way, And the novice knelt in her niche to pray. But ever the thought disturbed her prayer, Truly her picture was wondrous fair, but the mark of the man-child was min but was minus there

but ite mark of the man-child was minus there.
As she wa ked along the cloistered ground. Her heart, all at once, gave a sudden bound; For there was the garde ier, strong and young. Light of heart and brisk of tongue.
She would ask if on brow, or breast, or limb The mark of the man-child showed on him.
"Come to my room, come quiek," she said, And tossing his spade on the garden bed, Toward her virgin shrine his feet he set, Where the picture leaned on the easel yet.
"Is it fair?" she asked, and he answered low:
"Tis a pretty picture, as you well know, But it isn't the Virgin Mother of Joy,
Bless your sweet heart, her babe was a boy."
"How know you!" "Why, every spalpeen knows that,"
With a puzzled look, says the laughing Pat.
"Then tell me, and show me, or I will say, That to my room you forced your way, And I'll make you lose your place this day."
Twixt fun and frolic, fear and pain, With an Irishman's blood on fire in each vein, And a pretty girl asking a thing like that,
"Now, what's fellow to do." says Pat. One moment he paused, then aside he drew His leathern belt and his blouse of blue.
And the mark of the man-child was brought to view;

to view; She opened wide her dark, brown eyes, And gazed with wonder and sweet surprise, On the mystical, magical, long-sought prize. Then she closed her eyes and knew no more, >he had seen the mark the man-child bore. Long years went by and the novice strayed From the cloistered walls in the convent shade; And faired-haired daughters and brave-browed sons sons

Told her her work in this world was done-But the Abbess found in the dim old room A picture covered in dusk and gloom. She drew it forth to the light of day, How well she remembered the colors gay The sweet-faced mother, the baby fair, But the mark of the man-child was there— One look of horror the Abbess gave, Then a smile slipped o'er her face like a wave, And raising both hands above her head, "My God! its Pat's !" was all she said.

CIGAR LABELS.

AND HOW THEY GOT A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER INTO TROUBLE.

"The fact is, boys," remarked a well-known traveling man, "it will never do to carry a letter when you are fooling around dimity.'

"Did you ever get caught ?" spoke up a man with a rent in his breeches.

"Yes. I used to call on a young lady in Hopkinsville, and-now this must not go any further."

"By no means!" and all spoke in chorus, "Go on." "Well, I thought considerable of the girl, and I afterwards became satisfied she was considerably 'gone' on me. Trip before last I made it a point to remain in town over night, and at about 9:30 o'clock I called at the residence, having previously sent a boy around to inform her. I was met at the door by as pretty a girl as Kentucky ever produced, and was greeted with such a pair of bright and dancing eyes as no houri ever possessed. We had hardly been seated before she began going through my pockets in a mischievous manner. I had several letters which I did not want her to see, that I had left in my sample case, knowing her curiosity and pickpocket proclivities from former occasions. I had received a letter from the house regarding my line of goods by the late mail, and fearing nothing I put it in my pocket. She found it. I told her it was a business letter and would not interest her."

"Did it?" inquired one of the hearers.

"Didn't it? Here's the letter."

DEAR JIM: You don't seem to think enough of "Jessie." Keep her "away up," for I tell you she is straight goods. I don't go much on your "Little Pride," for even the "Lovely Lass" is far superior and you know I always thought the aforesaid "Lass" a fraud. You may also *push* "My Beauty" and "My Sweet Lips." You are not doing enough with either though your continually freezing to your "Little Pride." The "Southern Belle" is taking among traveling men, but she is hardly light enough "My Sweet Lips." For are not using chough your either though your continually freezing to your "Little Pride." The "Southern Belle" is taking among traveling men, but she is hardly light enough for the old-timers. Business is good at home. Chew "Bright Eyes," and then tell me what you think. Yours in haste. HARRY.

"She glanced over the letter, screamed-they all scream-and then she cried-they all cry. As soon as she could catch her breath, with suppressed angerand disappointment, mixed in equal quantities, she addressed me, who was in entire ignorance of the cause :

"'You base wretch! You deceiver! You professed affection for me and at the same time have a troop of female admirers. and whose affections, no doubt, you return! Your 'Jessies,' 'Little Prides' and 'Lovely Lasses!' I do not know who Harry is, nor I don't want to know, but ke must be a nice gentleman, truly, when he wants you to *push* his 'Beauty' and his 'Sweet Lips.' Oh! you horrid dissembler. But I could stand all but the last line: 'Chew Bright Eyes and tell me what you think.' 'Oh!'

"She flopped in the center of the parlor," continued the cigar man, "and the fall aroused the family. The old lady came running in in her night clothes, and the old man had nothing on to speak of except a shotgun and a load of astonishment which changed to vengence when he saw his daughter in hysterics on the carpet. There were no two horns to the dilemma, and I grabbed the only one and my hat at the same time, and I left the town on a midnight freight, and have not visited the place since."

A Big Brick House in Georgetown.

Johnnie came to our house, And I thought he came to see me; But instead of that the son of-a-bitch, He eame there to deceive me.

CHORUS:-

Gone again! tu-ri-al-ling, gone again, A big brick house in Georgetown.

He caught me round the slender waist, And on the bed he threw me; And the darndest thing you ever did see He pulled it out and showed me.

'Twas then he entered my old gaff, Threw snot all over my liver, He turned my shit bag upside down, And he made my small guts quiver.

It was between the hours of 12 and 1, When he began to linger, 3d Said I young man do better than this, Or I'll finish it with my finger.

He got up and pissed and shit, And I got up and farted, He went away pretty well fucked, And thats the way we parted.

THE RULES OF THIS HOTEL.

Whetting on the premises is strictly forbidden as we have just secured a lot of suction-cunted chambermaids who will be furnished guests for \$2.50 per night.

When poodle-dogs are furnished to lap your balls during the operation an extra charge of fifty cents will be made.

No screwing in the house except by the Boss or by his permission.

Any person having crabs or other vermin will please vacate the house as it has all the bugs it can contend with.

No Fucking after 12 P. M.

Shitting in bed or on the floor is strictly forbidden.

Guests taken short in the night will do us a great favor by shitting in their boots.

Ladies' and Gents' afflicted with the clap will announce it on the Hotel register and leave their Photograph in the office.

As this is a temperate house guests are requested to piss in the water pitcher as it saves calling for cocktails in the morning.

Farting in sleep above a whisper is forbidden.

Ladies' are requested not to leave bouquets on the sheets as the chaimbermaids are well supplied with flowers.

"Sunday School Union."

AN EXPERIENCED LETTER.

Klondike City, K., March 30, 1899. My Dear Teacher:-

When we parted on graduation day the promise we made at that time has never had an opportunity of fulfilling until lately. Mary Louis has been visiting here for some time. O' my dear tracher I shall never forget the glorions times we used to have when we strapped that old dildoe around you and you made us feel that life still contained a little pleasure. How I used to scream with delight as I felt the hot milk penetrate into my mermost sonl and imagine that nothing could be better. But now I know better. The days of probation have passed and I have been felt and fumbled all over. Last week I had a garden party, and my esteemed cousin Harry attended, stopping at my father's house all hight. Mary and I retired to the privacy of our bordoir.

1 retired to the privacy of our bordoir. I was undressing and Mary was lying on the bed nearly stark naked when there came a knock at the door, and thinking it was my maid, I said, come in. Imagine my surprise when my cousin Harry wa ked in. My bosom was bare, and my shaves wire ex-posed to his view. Mary was lying on the bed tickling her tullp. The blood rushed to Harry's face and I saw a sudden expression in the vicinity of his pocket book. With an Ob! Oh! darling he grasped me around the waist and commenced to fondle me in a very ungentlemanly manner, and rained hot kisses upon my lips and bosom. I could feel his hands fondling my mos -covered re-treat, and I remarked ob! oh! Harry darling. The friction caused by his fingers coming in contact with my ruty retreat was more than flesh and blood could stand and as I felt the glorious sensa-tion crawling down my spinal coulum and ending in a glorious gush I flung my arms around h.s neck and rained hot kisses of love upon his handsome face. his handsome face.

Gaining Marys consent I invited Harry to spend the night with us. There was a door leading from his room into mine which was locked, but love has langhed at lock-smiths and we soon had it open. Harry retired to his room to prepare for the tray. He soon returned with his Alexander stiff and rampant as a war horse that smelt battle from afar. Rushing into the room he caught me around the waist and pressed his form closely to mine. I then my around smelt battle from afar. Rushing into the room he caught mean the waist and pressed his form closely to mine. I flung my around his neck and twined my legs around his, and placing hands under my ass he probed my moss-covered bud. arms and placing his

Helding me in this manner he ran all around the room. Oh! my dear teacher experience can only tell the loving pleasure and the soul stirring delights of that moment. Harry began to grow dizzy and we sat down on the bed locked into each others arms while he drove his war horse into my conservatory. Oh! Hurry dearest I exclaimed as I felt his copious discharge penetrate in my wombs nest in a perfect deluge drawn from his efforts in the blass of the moment. and

I fainted, on recovering senses I took Harry's darling in my hand and carressed it, and I could feel the jewel expand and stiffen under my soft carresses until it was ready again to storm the fort. It was now Mary's turn to partake of the bissful delights of the unsophisticated love. Many sation the edge of the bed and Harry caught her by the feet and swinging both her legs on his shoulder while I took hold of the rudder and steered it in a place of safety. I sat on the floor and held the mirrow so that Mary could see the lovely serpent gliding in and out of her. lovely serpent gliding in and out of her.

At the same time I was having a social rub with the stopper cologne bottle. As Harry increased his speed I increased my At the same time I was having a social rub with the scorper of my cologne bottle. As Harry increased his speed I increased my motion; and the excitement caused me to spend unexpectedly, and, I dropped the mirror and caught Harry by the balls. Harry jumped, drew out his ebenzer in time to deposite a pint of luxery on Mary's snow white telly. She was in a dead faint, actually in-toxicated with pleasure. On recovering she soundly scolded him for throwing his charge away, as it is as good as spending twice as to have him spend in her once. Harry protosed to go it dot be so he haid on the bed and he mounted her while I haid along side with my feet to her head. Harry took my ass in one hand and opining my thigh ran his tongue into my slit and sucked like an infant, while I tockled his balls with a hair pin. Oh, oh, oh, exclaimed Mary as she felt the hot fiery fluid or fiquid of love as it ran in spasmodic (quirts into her tulip while I ejected a lovers sperm over Harry's mustache. We then fired out and turned in with Harry's fidger in our slits and went so sleep. of my cologne bottle. fidger in our slits and went so sleep.

But the next time I write I will tell you more as Mary and Harry have promised me a rack scuddle tomorrow night. I little thought that when you and I did it by artificial means that nature had the best remedy for the disease. Hoping that you have en-joyed like privileges, I remain, Your loving MABLE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1893. My Dear Emma:-

I a'most regret I promised you I would write you the moraing af-ter my marriage, my first night's exper-ience of married life, but I know if you had been married first you would have fulfilled your promise to the letter; but it is the most difficult task I ever un-dertook, and especially at this time, when my whole being is still tremb iog and throbbing from the effects of last and throbbing from the effects of last night's ordeal.

and through from the choice of a night's ordeal. A few minutes after you bade us good-night we repaired to the depot in New York, and soon sped along at a rapid rate to Albany, where soon after our arrival Anna Blakely became Anna Armstrong. It was our intention to stay at Albany over night, but the hotels were crowded and we come on to Rochester and secured rooms at the Osborne bouse, where I an at present. Dut ag our meet to seemed the glances of every one spoke plainly you are a bride. And when I saw a smile on anyone's face I faucied it said you are yet and untouched bride; of course this was a radientous faucy that possessed

and untouched bride; of course was a redictions fancy that poss me-mere imagination. The eve was a redictions fancy that possessed me-mere imagination. The evening passed very slowly away and about 9 o'clock, after a bear al repast, Harry suggested, as I was somewhat weary after the long ride. Al better retire after the long ride, a better retire. Harry accompanies, a to our room and with may fone cisses and cares-ses said he would go lown for an hours smake

Oh, Emma! what feelings swept over Oh, Emma! what feelings swept over me when alone, to think that in one short hour I should be in bed with a man, and submit myself to his caresses and have all the fancies of youth a reality, of my wandering put to an end regarding the marriage bed, and I be-came more anxious as I thought I should soon taste the sweets we so often talked about at the old seminary. I must have been unusually long undress-ing or Harry had cut his hour short, Harry had cut his hour short, ad just slipped on my nightdress ing or and removed m. drawers when I heard his familiar footsteps in the hall. I hastily jumped into bed, and when he entered I endeavored to appear as un-concerned and composed as though it were you coming to bed. Harry locked the door and removing his coat, vest and shoes sat on the bedside a few moments and caressed me and called me h⁻ own, his darling, and many other fattering names. Finally he rose and the odf the gas he removed his flord es and placed himself beside me in the bed. The sensation of that moment Epama no woman feels but once in her tife. drawers when 1 heard renioved m and once in her life.

As he warmly clasped me in his arms and scaled my hips with kiss after kiss, and pressed my body, against his own, my heart seemed to leap into my throat at each pu sation. I was burning throat at each pu sation. I was burning with passion and throwing my arms around the dear one, I rapturous y pressed him to my bosom. Soon he reached down and drew up my night-dress at the same time putting one of Lis egs between mine; this brought our naked bodies in contact, causing a middening, incoxicating feeling, that over whelmed me completely. And as he pressed me closer wad closer I could feel his "great thing" paipitating against my thigh. He moved his hand higher and higher

He moved his hand higher and higher, until he toyed with the hair about my "monkey." Just then he inserted his

until he toyed and "monkey." Just then he inserted and finger into my "ornitee." Emma I thought I should expire, my blood seemed to boil as it coursed through my vein-, and my very being seemed ablaze with passion. My arms and legs I threw wildly around him and I pressed his dear form with a vice-lke embrace and kissed him with a eloseness that must have plainly told him of my longing to have my told him of my longing to have my passionate desire fulfilled, which had never been aroused to such an extent before. Accidently my hand came in

contact with his "great thing" and there must have been something magnetic about it, for my hand not only remained on it but I pressed it warmly, and longed for it within me. You remember dear Emma

You remember dear Emma we used to talk about such things and how excited we became, and how we would hog and kiss each other and wish, and hug and kiss each other and wish, and play it was a man we were hugging, well Emma the excitement of those moments were tame and cold compared with mine last night, as Harry a man in deed and truth pressed his naked form, glowing with warmth against my wn; it was a delering of excitement, both of us were excited antice and I did not think of making any resistance when he placed bimself on ton of me, but my legs and making any resistance when he placed himself on top of me, but my legs and arms were op ned instantly and joy-fully to receive him, it was beyond my power to control them. On, Emma! how I trembled with passion and desire as I felt the farling of my life in my prime, at last prepared to satisfy my home.

arms that that part provides the provides the second secon such guests

Consequently his entrance was a forced one, but I did not complain for I wanted it and was determined to suf-fer all pains that I might get all the bluss.

As he bore harder and harder he saw As he core harder and harder who sho it pained me, and he ceased awhile for me to rest, only to renew his efforts. At length after several futile attempts

At length after several utileattempts he succeeded in planting the whole of it in me. Oh, Emma! how I wished that his whole body was in me. After he had it firmly planted within me he stopped for a lew moments for me to recover. Then he began to move it o it recover. Then he began to move it slowly backward and forward-if I had suffered at first a little, the intense rapture, the thrilling joy, the intox tion of my feelings than, made me get it all. intoxicafor-

Oh, Emma! never did I dream blissful sensations, s ch soul ent Oh, Emma! never did I dream such blistul sensations, s ch soul entranc-ing delight, was in store for me. A flood of joy filled my whole being when I felt my darling in me, fully and completely. Every moment seemed to deepen my delight, it was the joy of a thousand lives, and it makes my pulses quicken as I write it. Soon my darling's movement be-came quicker and mine kept pace with his. Deeper and more intense became such

came quicker and mine kept pace with his. Deeper and more intense became the sensations of pleasure, and ic rapidly did he sneath his "monstrous organ" in my body. Quicker and shorter became this breathing and wild-ly, madly did I press him to my heart; mid y I clung to him till a warm "emission" from him meeting one from me brought a moment of rapture so overpowering that I became insensi-ble. I awoke with a keen sense of the delight I had enjoyed and as I found Harry's arms around me, I knew it was no dream, but a bissful reality. Over and over we repeated our en-joyment unbugh the night, and it fills me with delight toknow such joys are in store for me through life.

me with delight to know suc in store for me through life.

I have tried to give you an idea of last nights's enjoyment, but it is im-possible for me to portray a single idea of as a nights a enjoyment, but it is im-possible for me to portray a single idea that is near the reality, especially while laboring under the longing for it, that I am at this moment. God grant you a speedy introduction to the state of matrimony, and may it prove as skillful as mine. as mine.

Don't marry a man too old, nor yet an unfledged striping, but a man in the full vigor of manhood, that he may be able to minister to you as Harry does to me.

Hoping this incite to my first perience will satisfy your an night's experience will satisfy your ambi ideas, I will close, with much love. ambitious

> Your chum, ANNA.

LOVELY SADIE.

(Tune-Ta-ra-ra Boom-ta-ree.)

Sadie is a lovely girl. Sadie is a charming girl. The hair on her cunt has a graceful curl, The finest pussy in all the world. To answer this question do not frown, Remember Sadie is on the town; 'Tis said by some she will go down. But what makes Sadie's asshole brown? Shit. Ta-ra-ra Boom-ta-ree.

Sadie is known the whole world over, She's crammed our great and only Grover, He hit her so much, to tell the truth, It's a wonder she ain't the father of Ruth. She crammed Jim Blaine, I don't know when, She took a fall with Grandpa Ben. On cramming Sadie has the call, She's fucked every man in Tammany Hall.

Ta-ra-ra Boom-ta-ree.

For breach of promise she was sued, For biting the prick off the Skeleton Dude. To cram Dr. Talmage once she tried, She crammed Ben Butler till he got cross-eyed. She'd cram a nigger, she'd cram a Guinea, She raised her price on Bill McKinley. With the Siamese Twins she had no bother, While fucking one she sucked the other. Ta-ra-ra Boom-ta-ree.

She once fucked a man till he dropped dead, She fucked all tho hair off Dave Hill's head. She gave Inspector Byrnes such a rub, His prick got limber so he used his club. She crammed all the actor's on Union Square, She fucked Hugh Grant in the mayor's chair. She fucked Boss Platt till he lost his power, And she's laying for a whack at R. P. Flower. Ta-ra-ra Boom-ta-ree.

The doctor's wondered at Sadie's pluck, They paid high prices to get a fuck. She charged them \$20 at that, To let them see the size of her "pratt." They all were very much surprised, At the hole in her belly's enormous size. Her slit was as long (this is no fable), As the crack in the middle of the Broadw'y cable Ta-ra-ra Boom-ta-ree.

A Blooming Bloomer Girl.

She was a new woman None more so you'd see, No matter wherever you'd go; She was manish and bold As ever could be, Needing neither protection nor beaux. But her bloomers were flounced And beribboned so gay, That they mixed up the opposite genders; And how she retained them We never could say, Though it may have been with suspenders. Her shirt waist was polished And stiff as a board While her collar loomed up ear-high; And though very poor we Could yet well afford, To bet she wore her brother's tie. She rode on her wheel With a calm stately grace, And an air of strong self-reliance: Then a frost would o'erspread Her classical face As at chappies she hurled grim defiance. In the home of this maid Her muscular hands, Ne'er stooped to the drudge of housework; Yet she'd pedal her wheel O'er gravel and sands, And a century run never shirk. She could pull a good car And quite lustily swim, Or closing her eyes, shoot first rate; She could throw a stone With considerable vim, But to save her it would'nt go straight. She was a high roller And smoked cigarettes. Always aping stern man, in his humors. She once scratched a match Just to win a few bets, On the slack of her full blooming bloomers. Her mother was bent 'Neath years of hard toil. While she was queen of the house; Her nature was brave Wicked man she would foil, Still she'd faint at the sight of a mouse. JOHN J. JOYCE.

22A, 30a. 8 Point De Vinne. WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES. When daylight dies and all the stars Are rising in the sky, I put all cares aside, my love, And off to thee I fly; For oh, unto the drooping flowers No sweeter is the dew, Than unto me thy winning smile, And thy dear eyes of blue.



EXQUISITE SCOTCH BALLAD. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face it is the fairest That e'er the sun shone on; And dark blue is her eye, And for Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die.



CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The following are some of the reasons why females are not desirable applicants for the position of Mail Carriers.

- 1-Because ladies carry no baggs.
- 2-They are liable to miss-carriage.
- 3-They do not lock their boxes.

4-They take from seven to nine months to deliver their mail.

5-They are liable to create hard feeling by handling mail bags.

6-They are liable to get mail matter in female drawers

7-No more splits are required in this town as the girls don't wear pants.



How to parse the word Kiss.

Kiss in a noun both common and proper. It is a pronoun because she stands for it. It is a conjunction because it connects. It is a preposition because shows that the persons kissed are no relation. It is an interjection at least it sounds like one. It can be limited or unlimited, it is usually unlimited. It should be plural every time. It is an active verb and every kiss is complete. It is in posessive case for it can be given an right ived It is also in the aliptickle case. It is in the neuter gender, It is the second or middle person, usually, with a person at each end. It is positively superlative and not to be compared. It can take an object, but the object is sometimes taken by it. It is in the indicative mode, it indicates that the persons kissing like to kiss, and are expressing their affection for each other. It should and ought to be emphasized. Rule-It should be continued as long as possible and ended with a sigh.