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 suffice 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 suffice 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 suffice 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 once, We are 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 love me.
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.

I am a stout Irish Paddy, I never 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 Kangaroo.

"There was a rich lady who lived in Manchester, whose husband was 'married 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 untie me arms she instantly flew, fifty bright guineas, she slipped into me pocket to tickle her tale with me long Kangaroo.

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 wasp bee... to the wild occasion. From the day I was born to this very hour I never saw the bird called the long Kangaroo.

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 proof flesh something less than me arm and out of me belly spontaneously grew. Its place of concealment one spin from me nable, for talk sake they call it the long Kangaroo.

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 Kangaroo.

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 pursued. So that is the story which anathemize much glory to Paddy O'Carroll and his long Kangaroo.
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.

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 prick stand. 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 back and ran trente 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 ease.

“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.

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

R.U.A. Cramer, Agent.
Dear Nellie: May I have the pleasure of your company to the dance this evening? If so, meet me at 8 o’clock.

Ever yours, W. Y. O. D.

(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:—)
A Girl's Toast.

She laid on the bed stark naked, so round and chilly and I beside her naked leg, while each hand clasp her bubbie 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 burst I said my dear that is the youngest child you ever nursed. She scooped it up with one fair hand and laughed a soft ha, ha, and she threw it in my face and said child go and kiss your pa. Star.
BLOOD HUNT.

BY AN EAR WITNESS.

On going to bed last night
As I tumbled off my clothes and turned out the light
I heard a voice pleading in pitious strain
Pleading for mercy but pleading in vain.

"Twa a woman's voice and it touched my heart!
And aroused my courage to take her part
I sought her and sought my revenged, avenged heart.
A helpless woman though I killed the knave.

I paced at the door and the next I heard
My passion true then my courage stirred;
Twa the earnest plea of a virgin wife
And not a victor pleading for life.

She seemed distressed and her petitions were
Not for her life "But let me be!
But alas her plea was of no avail,
For his heart was hard; hard as his fall.
And notwithstanding her groans and her tears
Her hoping for rest and her terrible fears,
He still persisted to know her wife.
Even at the cost of her precious life.

And yet he seemed modest, pitiful, sore
And held her respectfully over and over
And said dearest Retta 'tis hard I know
But I will be careful I will not go.

And now Retta dear, please say if you care
Should I place my hand upon you there.
Underneath your long gown I'll put it there
And with care
For you well know, sweet Retta my desire is there.

O please don't dear George, such ruggedness I am sure
And something you well know I cannot bear
If I had but known I must come to this
I would sure be confined to live as a Wise.

"O phew," said dearest Retta your sweet little elf,
It will give you great pleasure as well as myself.
And you know dearest Retta I have the right.
To do as I wish with your person-to-night.

But if you're determined I shan't have a crack
We'll better turn over and lay very back to back
And until the morning our places keep
And see if my Retta can get to sleep.

They both turned over but nothing slept.
Nor very long their places to keep;
For there's no man living who could lay in bed
And keep all night with a passion-head.

And George but human you've very well known
And never intended to give up his "how.
But he kept up his "spush" as long as he could
And a might sight longer than most men would.
He then turned over and resolved to claim
The chromo gem of the beautiful dam.
For hours he laid coax and pleas
For a willing surrender of her maiden-head.

And now as the clock told the hour of night
He resolved to take it or loose a fight
He didn't seem angry he didn't swear;
But I know 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 tums 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 tell
September the twelfth I was unwell.

All right said George and a certain sound
Proclaimed the truth that, Retta was crowned.
Have I got too high or is it to soon?

And sweet Retta flattered, "Oh, dear I don't know.
Then followed instant sharp pitted distress
That made me feel awful I must confess
I thought of her money how it must hurt
Of her happiness how I got weary.
Then her cries became bitter, "Oh, don't, oh, dear!
It was dreadful to hear, Iowa painful to hear!"
But he said my dear Retta to a bad job I know
But I will be careful, I will go slow.

Yet still dear darlin' if you think it best
I'll stop for a while and give you a rest.
I bade him roll over, she cared to weep
I listened a moment and then fell asleep.
But soon I was aroused by cries of pain
Then I knew that the villain was at her again.
Now dead to her mourning, her groans and her sighs
Dear George like a Pirate born down on his pride.
The struggle waxed hotter as the end drew nigh
And hecestor to squawk and I heard them 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 rid of right.
But the thing acted badly cut up many things
And Retta was certain she got into a fit.
They both got excited and stood up a fight
And looked in the bed and said it right.
Then into their bed both dainty cript.
And the thing being over I soon fell asleep.
Long Kangaroo.

I'm a stout Irish Paddy, I never deny it, In simple amusement I've lead my whole life, I mean to live single and let my money single, 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 Kangaroo.

There was a rich lady who lived in Manchester, whose husband was married 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 Kangaroo.

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 Kangaroo.

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 my arm and out of me belly spontaneously grew. Its place of concealment one span from me nable, for talk sake they call it the long Kangaroo.

When this fair lady see what I was after she turned like one in amaze. She turned around and to her bed chambers 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 reward for me long Kangaroo.

When 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 thou and a year. I thanked her kindly and said I was married. My stout occupation I meant to pursue. So that is the story which addeth much glory to Paddy O'Carroll and his long Kangaroo.
WE NEVER SPEAK AS WE PASS BY.

We started off on our summer trips,
With a clean bold shirt and a well wine'd
The first town reach I to late to decum,
When we canot work we have some fun,
We start out on the busy street,
To see if we cant find fresh meate,
Were almost sure we cannot fail,
For every town is full of tail.
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 trade 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.
O Jimmy come fack me, I'm dying for skin,
To do without it any longer would be a great sin,
I have suffered for years, I've been f**ked only twice,
And for the third time I would pay a bug price.
I know you would like it, the feelings is rich,
For the fellow that f**ked 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 dye.
Perhaps I might tell of a streak of good luck,
That happened to me at my maiden-head f**ck,
Were I at your ears I would f**k it in tones,
That would cause the congestion to take place in your stones.

I was out with Dick Jones, in the strawberry patch,
When he offered me a quarter to look at my snatch,
'Said I O! you quarter I don't wish to steal it,
But as for my snatch you can step up and feel it.
So he stepped up to me put his arms around my waste,
We both drew our breaths in a mighty great haste,
I sank on my knees in the pretty green grass,
And soon felt his fingers ticking my ass.
I jumped an inch back and bless his dear soul,
His fingers were in a more ticking hole,
I pitted his fingers, for I knew they would smell,
And then he would wash him he had stuck them in hell,
When his fingers got slippery he took them away,
And began with his old toodie-wacker to play,
He then lied me down on his 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 so though it would swallow a dog,
Or chew a guns roller as big as a log.
My clothes flew up and my heeds flew up too,
And the head of his dogger looked awfully blue,
When it came in contact with the lips of my snatch,
He wiganted 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 show how 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 dogger slip'd out of the crack,
When he attempted to make my pass,
The oyster song 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 bit.
And in it did go to the hair and its roots,
And I wished that his bollock 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 handful of grass,
While his tool was playing a nine inch swoop,
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 body did roll,
But soon out came his d**ker as l**mer and greeny,
And had the appearance of being more easy.
Then his bollock 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 f**ck would be the best.
But I thought that his prick would never rise from the dead,
So I took my fingers and ticked 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 eyes,
The next time it went in with the greatest of ease,
For the first shot did all the machinery loose.
Then hven what feeling all through me did flit,
So glorious good I thought I should sit,
But how could I suit while I was on the ground,
For my snatch it was squished till no ass could be found.
SOME THIRTY YEARS AGO

Once, mother, you told your children how you
had gone, in your youth, to take the tone once.
You were so old, they said, that you went to take
the tone when once the blood of the young.
They told me, too, that they were very, very

old, and that you were ever so long, and that
you had, when once the blood of the young.

I remember how the world was, and how
you had, when once the blood of the young.

I remember how the world was, and how
you had, when once the blood of the young.

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you had, when once the blood of the young.

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I remember how the world was, and how
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I remember how the world was, and how
you had, when once the blood of the young.
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.  

***
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 hand, 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 grant,
And firmly pressed it further up my cunt.
He kissed me sweet, and how he sent it,
Oh! how delicious, we both swept 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 steal, 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 despair,
Of using 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.

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 sparkling 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. It 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 poetical 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 near the 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 together 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 sore,  
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 cunningly said,  
It no fuss would she make with the beasts in the bed.  
So the rest of the animals took sides in pairs,  
For 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 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 monkey was tame,  
Very much like the first with a simple drawn game.
101st Annual Afternoon Moonlight Excursion

General Order of Keg Drainers

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 13:35 P.M. 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:

GIN FIZE. BRANDY SMASH. 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 excursionists.
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 through 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. I thought I should die just thinking of it. I was a gawky, awkward country lout, about nineteen 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.

I fixed the day as far as I 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. I went through the supper, where I could eat nothing; and through such games as "possum pie," "Sister Phoebe," 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 could not stand. Finally the last guest was gone the bride retired, the family went to bed, and I was left alone with the 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 gray eye 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 disobeyed 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 fire, with candles brightly burning on mantel and bureau, was the blushing bride, surrounded by her six lovely bridesmaids. Keo!"
Boring for Oil.

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

I went to Oil city, that place of renown,
I viewed the oil country, prospecting the town,
Prospecting the ground, and prospecting the soil,
In search 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
"Tis 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 I to myself, my fortune is made;
If you show me the spot I'll see you well paid,
Then she lifted her garments for fear they would soil,
And showed me the spot to go boring for oil.

Dressed this fair girl one hundred times o'er,
I made her stand on nature's green floor;
Was with a shovel that, my blood it did boil,
When I pulled out my auger, to go boring for oil.

had not bored six inches or so,
And the oil near the well it freely did flow,
She boiled-and I hammered, my character spoiled,
And you have lit my kidneys, while boring for oil.
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 hight, 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 kisscs 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 chance to keep, I had with mingled fear and shame,
How anxiously searched, dear Will, till I came round again;
In my distress I quickly stove to check the willing tears,
The gracious blood flowed 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 never 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.

PALATINE BRIDGE, N. Y., Oct. 25.

To the Editor of the Turf Farm and Home:—

Saturday Oct. 24th occurred another colt race at the Palatine driving park which was good although it did not cause so much excitement as the last one. Ever genial Frank Bartlett hung up two blankets and a whip valued at $20. Divided. No entrance.

H. Batsinger, Fort Plain, in Alice.
E. Trask, Fort Plain, in Mary Druse.
C. McCarthy, Fort Plain, in Flora Temple.
L. Riebauer, Camoharie, in Bowery Boy.
M. L. Smith, Camoharie, in Daisy.

The race was considered very even but Alice a big green 4 year-old outclassed them all and surprised everyone by doing the first mile ever driven on a track in 3.01 and plenty of outside watches made it much faster but we take time annouced from the judges' stand. In this heat Daisy had a mishap which caused her retirement for the race. Mary Druse's driver lost the heat by flapping Bowery Boy third. Flora fourth; second heat it was a fight between Alice winning by a length. Mary second, Flora third, B. B. fourth; third heat again it was Alice and Mary with B. B. coming strong at the half. Mary takes the lead on the turn lapped by B. B. Alice tangles up and is let go up alongside Mary who is also sent off her feet, both hind good and Alice beats them home but is set back for running. Mary, B. B., Alice and Flora in order time 3.02. Fourth heat Bartlett sets out with B. B. to give them all a surprise and succeeded in going to the front and staying there for over a half mile really giving away to Alice who beats B. B. home about one-half length in Mary Druse and Flora just making the last turn; judges time 3.02.

Please allow me to say it was a right hot heat 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 either in a race or in work and gives a good showing for Old Bart. Alice wins first price. 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 wouldn't 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 sooner 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.
A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

Two boarding school maidsens 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 youngestmost a few lines of young ear
"I wish at this moment my Johnny were here,
For he is a darling a dear little duck.
And I am most dead for want of a suck.
She pulled off her drawers her chemises let fall,
And nacked like Venus stood faeriest of all.
With her sweet pretty bobbies so soft round and white.
Covered with their nipples so delicious to sight.
On her plump little belly like soft drizzling snow.
The hair-cutting round in the valley below,
The right mound of Venus rose plump right and left.
And showed partly open its venerable chest.
Her friend now stood nacked 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: "Yes with you but where is your prick?
Says Kate: "A candle will do for the trick.
I will put it just gently just the big red.
And you wont know the difference till you spend.
"So lie down in bed and close both your eyes.
And open the widdest your beautiful thighs.
But dont I must blindfold you" sweet Kate said.
Then oh! Nelly's lover sprang from under these bed.
He had been hidden by Katie and was in luck.
And just like Nelly half dead for a suck.
His prick stood erect like a drunk-masters 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 a minute could wait:
But entered at ease in loves blessed state.
And shoved it up quickly clean up to the brink.
Love's extase supreme in her belly was split.
"Oh Katie" she says: "Is it a cuule I felt.
That you stuck in my cunt to tickle and melt.
I really believe you have played me a trick.
She pulled off the bandage and calmly 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.
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 Valentine."
A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

Two boarding school maids, 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 lascivious 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 fell fall, and naked like Venus stood fairest of all. With her sweet round pretty buttocks 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 bright and fat, and showed partly open its venerable cleft.

Her friend now stood nakedly 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 just the big end and you won't 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" said Katie; said then Oh! Nelly's lover sprang from under the bed as he had been hidden by Katie and was in hack and just like Nelly half dead for a fuck. His prick stood erect like a drum major's 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 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 candle I felt that you stuck in my cunt to tickle and melt I verily 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 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 destroy the lege
mate business of fucking by introducing ion the Watertown market a smaller and more
fascinating cunt than has formerly been seen, held a special meeting at which severx
speeches were made and various cunts exhibited, after which the adoption of the res
olution "not to be out-fucked by anything that wears hair" was made unanimous an
they decided upon the following:

**TARIFF.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Common old-fashion fuck</td>
<td>$4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wheelbarrow</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tip of the McGullion</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>French fucking</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mouth</td>
<td>$6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; not swallowing juice</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rubbing on</td>
<td>$0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; without change of hand</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dog fashion with use of patent balls</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A gentle man, who never had strayed
From convent walls, a tottering old
Of thirty summers, they brought there,
Held grown to womanhood, pious and fair.
She could use her needle with dainty skill,
And to choose these hours so long and still,
She learnt with patient care to paint
And the pictured face of some grand old Saint
Glanced from the canvases near her bower.
But weary of these one day she planned
A picture fairy than all beside,
That she, too, should be her masterpiece and pride.
She would paint the Virgin Mother mild
And in her arms the Holy Child.
So for many days she toiled and wrought
Inspired by sweet and loving thought.
Until, when the picture was all complete,
From the hallowed head to the smiling feet:
She said she, "to the Abbess now I'll go!
That same word of praise may bestow,
But she did not know that the sweet breeze, field
Held close to the mother's food embraces,
No charm of baby's breath here;
It was a little woman—nothing more
The Holy Abbess, seeing,
And said, in gentle voice, "My child,
The Holy Babe was a man-child born,
Holy and fresh as the white waking morn,
But could they gaze when so young and fair
A man-child was nestled there?"
"Ah, little daughter! the first faint breath before,
And the mark still lingers when life is o'er.
Then bid me, mother, that I may know,
What spot or dimple or ray glow
What curve of muscle, or sweep of limb.
When seen on the man child marketh him?
Pray Heaven, my daughter, you may never know
What spot or dimple or ray 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 minus there.
As she walked along the cloistered ground,
Her heart, all at once, gave a sudden bound.
For there was the gardeur, 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 quick," she said,
And tossing his spade on the garden bed,
Took from her virgin shrines his feet he set,
Where the picture leaned on the easel yet.
"Is it fair?" she asked, and he answered low:
The pretty picture, as you well know,
But it isn't the Virgin Mother of Joy.
Bless your sweet heart, her baby 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.
Twist 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 side he drew
His heathen belt and his blouse of blue,
And the mark of the man-child was brought to view:
She opened wide her dark, brown eyes,
And gazed with wonder and sweet surprise,
On the mystical, magical, long-sought site.
Then she closed her eyes and knew no more,
She 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 fair-haired daughters and brave-browed sons
Told her her work in this world was done—
But the Abbess found in the dull old room
A picture covered in dust 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 over 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 o'clock I called at the residence, having previously sent a boy around to inform her. I was met at the door by a pretty 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 pick-pocket 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 I! 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 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 screamed—and then she cried—they all cried. As soon as she could catch her breath, with suppressed anger and disappointment, mixed in equal quantities, she addressed me, who was in entire ignorance of the cause:

"'You base wretch! You desecrate! You pro-
fessed 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 he must be a nice
gentleman, truly, when he wants you to push his
'Beauty' and his 'Sweet Lips.' Oh! you horrid dis-
ssembler. But I could stand all but the last line:
'Cheat Bright Eyes and tell me what you think.' Oh!"

"She flopped in the center of the parlor," continued the cigar man, "and the full 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 vengeance 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 came 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,
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 that's 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 chambermaids 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 and I have been living here for some time. Oh! my dear teacher I shall never forget the glorious times we used to have when we stepped that old dilapidated yard and you made us feel that life still contained a little pleasure. I used to see, cream with delight as I felt the hot milk penetrate my most inmost soul and imagine that nothing could be better. But now I know better. The days of probation have passed and I have been felt and fumigated all over. Last week I had a garden party, and my esteemed cousin Harry attended, stopping at my father's house all night. Mary and I went to bed on the lawn this month. 

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 cousin Harry we hid in. My bosom was bare, and my sleeves were exposed to his view. Mary was lying on the bed tickling her tummy. The blood rushed to Harry's face and I saw a sudden expression in the vicinity of his pocket book. With an Oh! Oh! darling! he grasped me around the waist and commenced to fondle me in a very ungentlemanly manner, and raised hot kisses upon my lips and bosom. I could feel his hands fondling my most covered part, and I remarked oh! oh! Harry during the friction caused by his fingernails against the pocket book, his breath was more than flesh and blood could stand, and as I felt the glorious sensation crawling down my spine commenced ending in a glorious gust. I flung my arms around his neck and raised hot kisses of love upon his handsome face.

Gaining Mary's 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 laughed at doors and woven its way around it. Harry retired to his room to prepare for the fray. He soon returned with his Alexander stiff and many legs. He walked into the room, and instantly the sight we beheld caused the blood to drain from my lines and press his form closely to mine. I flung my arms around his neck and placed his hands under my ass he pressed my most covered part. 

Holding me in this manner he ran all around the room. Oh! my dear teacher I can only tell the loving pleasure and the soft stirring delights of that moment. Harry began to grow dizzy and we sat down on the bed looked into each other's eyes while he drove his war horse into my conservatory. Oh! Harry, I congratulate you, I felt his coevals desires penetrate in my womb next in a perfect dolge drawn from his efforts in the bliss of the moment.

I fainted, on recovering senses I took Harry's darling in my hand and curried it, and I could feel the jewel expand and stilet under my soft palm. But I was not content again to storm the heart. It was now Mary's turn to partake of the delight of the unexpected love. Mary sat on the edge of the bed and Harry covered her with his arms. I began to coil up many legs on his shoulder while I took hold of the rudder and steered it through the mass of limbs. I sat on the floor and held the mirror so that Mary could see the love serpent coiling itself out of her.

At the same time I was having a social rub with the stopper of my college bottle. As Harry increased his speed I increased my motion and the efflorescent caressage to spend unexpectedly, and I dropped the putrescent sauce, until Harry by the tails. Harry jumped, drew out his sherbert in time to deposit a pint of luxury on Mary's snow white leg. She was in a dead faint, actually intoxicated 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 case. Harry propped to go but don't he laid on the bed and he mounted her while I laid alongside with my feet to her head. Harry took my pace in one hand and cupping my thigh ran his tongue into my slit and sucked like an infant while I tickled his balls with a hair pin. Oh oh, oh, exclaimed Mary as she felt the hot fiery fluid of love at last run to spasmically coursers into her inlet while I clutched a lovers sperm over Harry's muscious. We then tided out and turned in with Harry's father in our slats and went so deep.

But the next time I will tell you more. As Mary and Harry have promised me a lucky smudged tomorrow night. I little thought that when you and I did it by artificial means that nature had the best repeat for the disease. Hoping that you have enjoyed like privileges, I remain.

Your loving,

MAHLE.
Dear Emma,

I am at regret I promised you I would write you the morning after returning from our first night of the existence of married life, but I know if you had been married first you would have followed the example of the lady to the letter. It is the most difficult task I ever undertook, and especially at this time, when I am so occupied with thoughts of making and losing money.

I thought of your kind notice of being good-natured toward the depot in New York, and soon sped along a rapid train, which arrived after the expected time. Anne Blakely became Anna Armstrong. It was our intention to stay at a hotel, but as it was crowded, we went to a restaurant and there met your aunt.

If you had seen her you would not have your feelings hurt. She is in a brand new dress and looks like a fairy. I am not sure she is not a brute.

Oh, Emma! what feelings sweep over me when I think of that in one short month I have been his wife! In my heart I feel it.

I am a bit of a fairy too. I have a secret that I cannot tell you that matters very much to me.

Yes, I have a secret. It is what my mind is thinking about. The secret of my happiness.

Reaching down his hand he inserted the end of the "monstrous thing" in his mouth. It could not have penetrated more than an inch at first, but slowly and surely it worked its way down, and finally reached the part not being used by such guests.

Consequently his eyes were a little moist, and I did not complain for I wanted it and was determined to suffer all pains that I might get all the benefit.

As he bore harder and harder he saw was beginning to make me feel sick, and with much patience and perseverance he was willing to give me a few moments to recover. Then he began to move it around, and I was beginning to feel like I was in a little of a rapture, the thrilling joy, the intoxication, the feelings that I have described.

Oh, Emma! never did I dream in such pleasant sensations, so oh so delicious, such delightful, so delightful, so delightful, so delightful, so delightful.

The joy filled my whole being and I was no longer conscious of myself. Every moment seemed to deepen my delight, which was the joy of the senses, the joy of the soul, the joy of the body.

So my darling's movement became quicker and quicker until I was making love with him. Deeper and more intense became the sensations of pleasure, and he seemed to have no end to his passion.

I enjoyed it immensely, and finally my love seized me. I swung rapidly, and my lover gave me a smile of delight.

But I clung to him till a warm connection from his mouth entered into me, and I was overcome by an overpowering sensation that I became insensate.

I awoke with a shriek, and as I sat up, I found my lover's arms around me. I knew it was not a dream, but a real existence.

Your truly, 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 o'er,
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 the 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 Broadway 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 ear
And quite lustily swim,
Or closing her eyes, shoot first rate;
She could throw a stone
With considerable vim,
But to save her it wouldn't 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.
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 possessive case for it can be given an -ed. It is also in the clip-tickle 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.