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ONE WEEK FROM MY DIABEE.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Monday—Had suet for breakfast.
Suet and suet are the 21st century
of life; the other luxury is easy
boots.

Tuesday—Awoke with a splendid
bedcase, caused by drinking too much
water the day before. I was
going to bed at nine o'clock precisely.
Breakfasted on the butt end of a
sage and felt like a dog.

Wednesday—Reckoned of asking
a man in Missouri if he was a
"krap in his pants." He said they was
"as certain as a revolver." Reflected
on the danger of carrying concealed
weapons. Reckoned again on being
in N. Hampshire during a severe
storm, and innocently enough remark
that I never see anything like it, and
was told by one of the barroom boys
that it was nothing; he had seen it
fall over a thousand feet. "What?"
said I, "thousand feet on the level?"
"No," said he, "but a thousand feet
from on high." I reflected how
easy it was for some folks to lie and
tell the truth.

Thursday—Reckoned once more
on being on Red river, in Arkansas,
and seen a large pile of frame by the
side of the road; inquired of a private
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He said it was "a big fiddle, and
took 3 yoke of oxen to draw the bow,
and they had to haw and gee to
change the position of the fiddle."
I passed in the post which sez "man
is fearfully and wonderfully made,"
and thought the remark might apply
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Friday—Visited my washerwoman,
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Saturday—Writ this diaree for the
week from memory, and I am satisfied
that I've not made a mistake. Reflected
upon the vanity of human wishes;
reflected how often I'd wished to be
rich, and how seldom my wishes had
been gratified. Resolved in the future
to wish for nothing but to be rich
in three weeks, and see how I liked it.

Wit and Humor.

A New York Bohemian, speaking
of the high price of meat, says that
"beef was never so high since the
jumps over the moon." Now this is
pure humor, and the author of it
laughs with everybody and he laughs
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These jokes have made us laugh a
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to her exhibitions of cheerfulness?
"From 'The Comic Side of Life,' by
Geo. W. Burgess, in Harper's Maga-
zine for January.

I AM DYING.

The following beautiful poem is taken from
the Memphis Bulletin. It is rarely we find
such a contribution to the columns of a
newspaper. It is sweetly, beautifully said;
Raise my pillow husband, dearest,
Paint and fanter comes my breath,
And these shadows stealing softly
Must, I know, be those of death.
Sit down close beside me darling,
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand,
Youths that ever has sustained me
To the borders of this land.

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We go into a village; we find

a number of enterprising men anxious
about the education of their children.
They fix up a room; hire a teacher,
and send their children to the "Select
School" at a cost of \$50 per annum,
for two or three pupils to each family.
Their interest in the common school
is at an end; no matter to them how
it is conducted; and thus, it frequently
happens, that two little, sickly,
half-taught schools are conducted by
instructors whose interests are directly
antagonistic; where one well-organ-
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have flourished finely.

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