

uncle Lem on the Brooks-Ditzler Debate.

Uncle Lem was met by a reporter late Saturday evening, riding into town on his mule Sephus. He had on his best clothes and Sephus' bridle was bits of red flannel and chicken feathers.

"I say boss," he called to the reporter.

"What is it uncle Lem?"

"Yer bin down yonder?"

"Where?"

"To de Dooks Britzler—down to Sante Fe?"

"No."

"Wall, ehle, you jist git on yer hoss an go—hit beats de sirkus."

"Many people there?"

"De hills is kivered wif 'em—Metterdis' Reformers, Old Line Whigs and—"

"Old Line Baptists, you mean?"

"It's all de same—hits de wast mixed crowd yer eber seed."

"What are they doing?"

"Dey's fighten Scriptor red hot. Dem two boss preachers—what yer all 'em?"

"Brooks and Ditzler."

"Dat's hit—Dooks Britchler. Dey's got 'em penned up in de church, and der's de biggest row going on in dar yer eber herd."

"What are they rowing about?"

"Dar, yer got me—I sot an sot on a back seat in dar four or five mortal hours, and nebar hern a word 'ceptin 'bout sprinklin' an' pourin' an' dispershin' folks in de water."

"Don't you believe in baptism, Uncle Lem?"

"In course I does, boss, but it hain't dat kind. When dis nigga baptizes hisself he takes 'bout a quart o' soft soap an' goes down to de creek an' scours hisself from on' to en', dat's de kind of 'ligion de biggest part ob dem folks need. Dey need less Scriptor and more soap."

"How do the people take it down there?"

"Dey takes it kinder so so. Fust one side hollers den de oder. You ought to hear de sistinging."

"What about them?"

"When brudder Britchler gits up de Metterdis ladies twist deselfs round an' smiles jes like a cherrybum an' say, 'Oh, sister Johnson, an't he nice' can't he talk kerfluidly?' and dey looks der wustes at de older wimamen, jes as cross a sittin' hen."

"How is it when the other preacher is up?"

"Dey dun quit smilin' den, you bet dey jes tumbles demselfs roun' an' declar dey wouldn't listen to a word dat man's sayin' to save him from salvation, dey wouldn't."

"How about the men?"

"Party nigh the same. Mr. Jerry West and Frank Canterbury is jes a boom'n'. I heard Mr. West sayin' to Mars Frank dat if he didn't quit sputin' his word 'bout dat bein' de genwine Hebru, he's gwine to put a tin ruff on him 'fore de meetin' d'jined, shuah."

"What did Uncle Frank say then?"

"He said he could lick ary shoutin' Metterdist in seventeen miles of dat meetin' house, and tie bofe legs behind him at dat."

"Is there plenty to eat, Uncle Lem?"

"Plenty, but its's hard to git at fur dem preachers. A culled Baptist lady give me a biled chicken for dinner, an' I swar befo' Heaving, boss, fore I could git out my knife one dem preachers cum long an' picked up dat chicken in his fingers."

"Did he eat it?"

"Eat ain't no name for it. He jes held it up to his mouf, shet his eyes and pulled fur all he was wuth."

"Are you glad you went down, Uncle Lem?"

"Well, hit's jes dis way, boos, I's kinder sorry. As fur the debate dis poor nigger don't know nothin' 'bout de Skebrew and Hoptie dey was a talkin'; hut when it comes to a plain pint o' salvation he's on it bigger'n a bline mule. Uncle Lem don't believe de Lord's on eber side ob de fence, he's a settin' in glory right on the top rail. Hit's like I told my young maso what went off to de wah, and was talkin' 'bout de Lord bein' on de side ob de souf. 'Mars Jawn,' sez I, 'I don't believe de Lord's wid de Nort nor de Souf, kase de Almighty ain't no fightin' man.'

And saying this Uncle Lem took a fresh chew of tobacco from the reporter and started Sephus on a dog trot for home.—[Mexico (Mo.) Intelligencer.

(For the Louisville Courier.)

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

BY J. R. HARRISON.

Flag of the South! Flag of the free!
Thy stars shall cheer each eye,
Thy folds a sacred banner be,
To all beneath our sky;
From where the blue Ohio flows,
Far to the sea-gulf's stream,
Borne by each gentle breath that blows,
Thy hues shall flash and gleam.

Flag of the South! Flag of the free!
Type of a new estate,
Thy folds shall wave o'er land and sea,
And heart and home elate;
At thy approach shall tyrant's quail,
And despots, trembling, flee,
Nor wrong thy sway of right assail—
Nought mar thy liberty.

Flag of the South! Flag of the free!
Bright symbol of a land
Wrung from the grasp of tyranny,
Ere fettered heart and hand;
Freedom fixed in thy firm embrace,
A home for age shall find,
Linking the high hopes of our race
With the grand march of mind.

Flag of the South! Flag of the free!
The one to which we cling
In years agoe hath ceased to be
The pride on which we hung;
Long trampled in the dust, that flag
Hath lost the charm it bore;
No longer vale, and glen, and crag,
Swell with its praise of yore.

Flag of the South! Flag of the free!
Type of the Land of Flowers;
Thy stars shall light our victory
O'er all contending powers;
Where law and order still shall reign,
Thou shalt a signal be
To man, that he may still attain
The boon of Liberty!
GLASGOW, KY.

"What Shall We Do With Our Daughters?"

Mrs. Livermore has made this query the text to one of her fine lectures. It is certainly an important problem, but the Davenport Democrat thus sums up some sensible lessons which should early be impressed upon them:

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them to make bread.

Teach them to make shirts.

Teach them to foot up store bills.

Teach them not to wear false hair.

Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.

Bring them up in the way they should go.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents.

Teach them to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them everyday, dry, hard, practical common sense.

Teach them to say No, and mean it; or Yes, and stick to it.

Teach them to wear calico dresses and do it like queens.

Give them a good, substantial common school education.

Teach them that a good rosy romp is worth fifty consumptives.

Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of their beaux.

Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlor.

Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save.

Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

Teach them the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poorhouse.

Rely upon it that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

Teach them that a good, steady mechanic without a cent is worth a dozen loafers in broadcloth.

Teach them the accomplishments, music, painting, drawing, if you have time and money to do it with.

Teach them that God made them in his own image, and no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

Twenty Impolite Things.

1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
6. Cutting finger-nails in company.
7. Leaving church before worship is closed.

Down among the mountains of Maine lives a rough specimen of a farmer, well-to-do as it goes with his neighbors, but seldom seen at church. A new minister came into the place, and in calling among the people, happened one day to reach Uncle Luther's just at dinner time. He was invited to come in, and when dinner was on the table, to "hitch up his chair." When they were all seated, Uncle Luther nudged him under the table and says, "Now touch her off, parson." Had he been about the world less, he would hardly have taken that for an invitation to say grace.