

### How a Dry Joke was Joked.

At the name of Cale Meeks, what reminiscences pass before our mental vision! Old recollections come crowding upon us, and we see an array of the "old" before our mind's eye, in the shape of seekers of the mythical Frank McLaughlin, the victims of croton oil and jalap, and for the administration of which no medical reason existed, and a long line of those who have been humbugged generally, without any specific species of "sell." Cale was the prince of dry jokers; he lived, moved and had his being, through a diurnal succession of "sells"; indeed his life was one great sell, composed of a conglomeration of the infinitesimal sells of fifty years duration. Now, Nixby—Nathan Nixby—was one of Cale's truest and staunchest business acquaintances, though he had never been introduced into the domestic circle made glad by the presence of Mrs. Cale, who was somewhat addicted to jealousy. The reason for this lack of acquaintance was that she lived a secluded life in one of the little villages of Long Island, and Nat Nixby lived in our bachelors of New York. Well, one day Cale was hard pushed for an object upon which to inflict a practical joke, and in his dilemma selected his friend Nat as his victim.

The manner in which Nat was sold I do not choose to particularly describe; suffice it to say, that under the play of Cale's exuberant fancy, Nat made a journey to Albany, and insisted that a lady there sent him an amatory epistle, which he produced. The lady became indignant, called in the aid of her husband, who literally skinned Mr. Nat Nixby, who thereafter returned to Gotham with a very adult flea in his anatomic apparatus. This event happened in the early spring time, and on a beautiful day, about a week after Nat's return from Albany, he met Cale at Sherwood's. This sell was disclosed by Cale, and a hearty laugh was had over Nat's mishap, and at his still bruised features, in which he joined; but those present noticed the fact that he did not laugh an inch below his chin; in truth, it was generally believed that Nat's mirth was entirely stimulated.

"Now, old fellow," said Cale, "you don't hold any malice, do you?" "Not a bit," answered Nat, "and in token of amity, let us take a smile all around," which they did in the usual manner.

"How did you come to town?" asked Nat.

"I drove up in a light wagon," replied Cale.

"And when will you return home?" "About six o'clock this evening," responded.

Nat thereupon pleaded an engagement, and left; but as soon as he was out of eye-sight of his joking friend, repaired to Gray's stable, in Warren-st., where he hired a fast horse and light vehicle, and started, through a by-street, for the residence of his friend Cale, on Long Island.

On arriving, he left his horse and wagon at a public house, and proceeded to the aforesaid residence, where he inquired of the servant if Meeks was at home. On being answered, as he knew he would be, in the negative, he said:

"This is unfortunate. I wanted to pay him some money. If I could see Mrs. Meeks it would do as well, as she could give me a receipt in the name of her husband.

Mrs. Meeks was frugal and industrious, and always attentive to her husband's interests. As the last remark fell from the lips of Nat, a fine-looking matron called, from up the stairs, to "show the gentlemen into the parlor," where she followed in a few moments. Nat bowed and said:

"I desired to see Mr. Meeks, madam."

"Very well," replied she, "I am Mrs. Meeks."

"Pardon me, madam," said Nat, with a doubtful shake of the head; "but this is a matter of some importance—the payment of money; and you are not the lady Mr. Meeks introduced to me as his wife, last winter!"

"Not the lady? what?" shrieked she.

"Do you mean to tell me that—?"

"I simply tell you, madam," replied Nat, with icy imperturbability, "that Mr. Meeks, last winter, in Broadway near Leonard street, introduced me to a lady whom he called Mrs. Meeks, and you are not the lady."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Meeks, her eyes flashing fire: "How old was she?"

"Well, about twenty-five."

"Twenty-five! And how was she dressed?"

"She wore her hair in ringlets, had diamond ear rings—"

"Diamond ear rings!"

"A heavy silk velvet dress, very large gold bracelets, and a magnificent watch and chain."

"Well, go on," she said spitefully.

"Silk velvet hat trimmed with magnificient lace and boa."

"Boa!" wrenched out the now thoroughly infuriated dame. "You'd better bore your way out of this house, sir; I am not Mrs. Meeks, and I want you to leave!"

"Oh, certainly," said Nat, who saw the tallest kind of a squall brewing, and who had good reason to fear that the sturdy dame might launch at his head a conkshell or some other of the heavy ornaments which adorned the mantel. Nat therefore beat a retreat from off the premises, and placed himself behind a stone fence from which he could command a view of the Brooklyn turnpike.

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JONES, BASS & CO.

Feb. 11, 1858.

**Dissolution.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned dissolved their co-partnership by mutual consent on the 23d day of Jan., 1858. All notes and book accounts will be settled by N. W. FIELD. N. W. FIELD.  
Ligonier, Feb. 10, 1858. C. H. WARNER

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the greatest amiability, and exemplified that he was at peace with "all the world and the rest of mankind."

In a brief space of time Cale's steed was given into the charge of a stable-boy, and unconscious and happy, he entered his domicil and shut the door. The moment he entered and attentive ear might have detected the sounds of a voice in no way mellow or expressive of endearment; and an instant after Cale hurriedly came through the door, with amazement on his front and a mop in his rear, the wrong end of which was under the direct and personal superintendence of a lady who was very red in the face and sturdy in the arms, and who strongly resembled Mrs. Meeks. The battle had commenced in the passage way. Cale's castor, which shone in the rays of the setting sun as he drove down the road, was now very much bruisered and out of shape; indeed it was driven far down over Cale's azinable physiognomy. The reason for this lack of acquaintance was that she lived a secluded life in one of the little villages of Long Island, and Nat Nixby lived in our bachelors of New York. Well, one day Cale was hard pushed for an object upon which to inflict a practical joke, and in his dilemma selected his friend Nat as his victim.

"What in thunder's out," yelled Cale.

"Twenty-five years old!" shrieked the infuriated dame, and bang, Cale caught the mop over the shoulders.—"Corkscrew ringlets!" and punk he got it on the back, with all the strength which nature and anger had given to the enraged lady.

"Murder," roared Cale.

"Watch and I!" she shrieked, and biff! he took it over the head.

"Muff!" bang! bang! "Boa!" bang! bang! and down went Cale with a yell of "Murder!"

Now fell the blows thick and fast upon the bruised head, back and face of the prostrate joker; while the lady again rehearsed the catalogue of the wearing apparel and jewels of the other Mrs. Meeks, timing the utterance of the name of each article with a blow upon her prostrate, writhing and bleeding lord.

But all things must have an end.—The violent exercise of the arms and lungs, in which Mrs. Meeks had indulged, had somewhat exhausted her. She had thriee ran through Nat's imaginary catalogue, and feeling her strength departing, gathered herself up for one grand and final effort. Cale looked with horror upon the upraised mop; he heard the words:

"O, the huzzu!" shouted in a vigorous tone. He heard a hurling, whizzing sound in the air, and the next instant Cale's nose was as flat as the other parts of Cale's face. His two tormentors retreated into the mansion, and left him alone with his gore. Slowly and with the most keen sensations of pain, he raised himself into a sitting posture, and with many a groan of agony, proceeded to the inspection of his personal condition.

"I'm d—d if this arm ain't broken! Oh! and this left shoulder must be dislocated! Oh! oh! And good God! what a nose! That woman must be crazy! I shan't be able to go about in a month! Oh, Lord, how sore I am!"

Now Nat, with the most pleasurable emotions had, through the crevice of the fence, observed the whole of this little family jar which I have so freely described; and he now stood looking over the fence, at the back of his friend Cale.

"I say, Uncle Cale!" shouted Nat.

"Hey!" said Cale, as he turned in some little astonishment a look upon his former victim.

"I say, Cale," continued Nat, "how do you feel about now?"

"Oh, you——! I shall leave it blank," yelled out the enraged Cale, as he sprang to his feet and made for the house; "I'll fix your flint!"

But Nat didn't want the flint fixed, and therefore made his way with great celerity up the road.

Soon after there appeared upon the ground, rendered sanguinary and sacred by these conjugal endearments, a lame man, who wore a shocking bad hat, and who had taken possession of a howling-piece loaded with buck shot.—If the lame man meant to shoot Nat, he reckoned without his host. That worty, thanks to a long and thin pair of legs, was out of gun-shot range.

Cale, from that time forth, and until he filled the grave which he now occupies so well, eschewed dry joking, and was always sensitive of the subject of mops.

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### Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of an order, to me issued, from the Court of Common Pleas of Noble county, I will expose to public sale at the Court House door in Albion, on Saturday the 27th day of February, A. D. 1858, between the hours of ten o'clock A. M. and four o'clock P. M., the rents and profits of the following real estate, for a term of years not to exceed seven; but if it fails to bring the debt, interest, costs and accruing costs, then it will be offered in fee simple, to wit:—Lot number [5] five, and Lot number [6] six, in Block number [1] one, in Miller's Addition to the town of Ligonier, in Noble county, Indiana. Taken as the property of Fredric Ellis and Amelia Ellis, to satisfy a mortgage in favor of Adrian B. Miller.

Jan. 27, 1857. D. S. SIMONS Sheriff, per A. D. HOSTETTER, Deputy. 1-3w.

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[Size of Pages 15 by 20 inches]

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1st to give the Name and Post-Office Address of every male person [of the age of fifteen years and upwards] in the United States

2d to give the name of every Post Office and Post Master in the United States.

3d to give the name and place of publication of every Daily, Weekly, Monthly, and Quarterly Paper and Magazine, published in the United States.

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