

ANNOYING AND LAUGHABLE ACCIDENT.

A Young Lady Falls Through a Buggy.

From the Louisville Courier, July 28.
One of those annoying, yet ludicrous accidents, which will happen in the best of families, occurred on Sunday, not over a thousand miles from this city. A dry goods clerk had an engagement to take his love out buggy riding. Early in the morning he appeared before her father's door with one of those spider-like vehicles which are probably constructed with a view of ascertaining how light a buggy can be made, and at the same time be serviceable.

The lady is sweet sixteen, beautiful, and just a little bit of what is termed "fat." She is full of life, fun and frolic, and is decidedly *enchanting*, weighing about 140 pounds. As the young gentleman drove up, his lady love was standing on the top step at the front door with her venerable father, who had his gold specs elevated on his forehead, in order to get a distant view of his future son-in-law.

Adonis jumped out of the buggy, preparatory to assisting the young lady in, but she suddenly took one of those strange freaks to which the dear sex are all subject. The buggy was stationed about four feet from the steps, and considerably below the step upon which stood the young lady. She probably wanted to convince her lover that she was not clumsy. If she was fat, and thought that this would be a good time to show her agility. So that as it may, she gave a jump and landed in the center of the buggy. If she had stopped there, all would have been well, but alas! the thin boards of the bottom of the buggy, unable to stand the pressure gave way, and the young lady continued her descent.

There was a piercing scream; a plunging horse with a young man holding to him; a bundle of muslin in the buggy and two little gaiter boots pointing to within six inches of the ground under it. Pater familias rushed to the rescue and detached the horse from the buggy. He then got up on one side, young man on the other, and they attempted to raise the young lady up.

"O, stop, stop! you are killing me," she cried. The boards had broken in the center, and the long, sharp splinters extended downwards, and when they attempted to raise the young lady splinters would catch her leg—psaw! You ever see a wire mouse trap? If not, go and get one, stick your finger through the entrance tunnel and try to pull it out. You will then understand the sad fix that our young lady was in on Sunday morning.

The old man comprehended the situation in a moment. He told the young man to get down and break the splinters off. Young lady screamed "O, don't," and young man wouldn't. At this stage of the proceeding a practical neighbor came up with a hatchet, and the young lady was soon extricated from her unpleasant situation, and disappeared behind the front door.

We don't know whether the young lady sustained any serious injury or not, and we are not going to ask any questions of the young man.

I Don't Care.

Indeed, Mr. Upstart "don't care!" So says the strutting fool, the idler, the lounge, the loafer. So says the vain, gliding, flirting novel reader—the impudent Miss to her mother—"I don't care." I'll do as I please, read what I please, and dress as I please. So says the unruly, disobedient urchin. So says the cruel oppressor. "I don't care," says the tippler and smoker. "I don't care," says the profane swearer and Sabbath-breaker. "Who's a better right!" How does this sound, young friends?

Little readers, do you ever say to your parents, teachers, or any one, "I don't care?" Oh, shame! shame! Care? Yes, you should always care; care to do good, to do what is right, honest, pure, and lovely and of good report.

Care to be affable, courteous, industrious, neat, obedient—temperate in all things. You should care to keep good company, read good books, and shun the evil. You should care to fear God and keep his commandments, to acknowledge him in all your ways—to do justice, love mercy,—"I" humbly, glorifying God in all that these are the things you should care for daily and hourly.

There is no surer mark of a lazy, trifling, impudent fool-for-nothing chap, than this same *don't care*; to hear him drawl out when he has done something wrong "I don't care." Is it not a forerunner of every evil? of everything base, mean, low-lived, corrupt, shameful?

Whenever we hear a boy or a girl, or any one, making use of the expression "I don't care," it forcibly reminds us of the proverb of Solomon: "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back."

Charlotte's Humanity.

The insanity of the Empress Charlotte has become so confirmed, and so violent that she cannot be left alone for a moment. She is constantly endeavoring to destroy herself. At rare intervals she has some moments, in which she declares, "I do not want to live I prefer death to such a life as this. Where is my husband? Shall I never see him again? No, no; he is dead, and yet I still live." Not a quarter of an hour passes but what the unfortunate Princess demands news of her husband. Her bodily health has suffered sorely, and it is very doubtful if she will survive her husband long.—*Vienna Morgenpost.*

EDITORIAL COURTESY.—The editor of the Foxtown *Flask* is a generous fellow. In his last number he says: "Postscript—We stop the press with pleasure to announce the decease of our contemporary, Mr. Snaggs, editor of the Foxtown *Flask*. He is now gone to another and better world. Persons who have taken the *Flask* will find the *Flask* a good paper."

Southey says, in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he eats cherries that they might look the larger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I cannot eat my cares away, yet I pack them in as little compass as possible, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

Often do we think when we ought to act, and act when we ought to pause and reflect; hence caution is frequently as fatal as rashness.

Noses.

There is probably no feature of the human countenance that has been discovered yet, that so much advertises the inside of a man's character as the nose.

Located as it is, in the geographical center of the face, it is a sign always at its post.

It smells out trouble from afar, especially old and secret things.

But altho it can outsmell anything that has appeared yet, it is also a guideboard of character.

The following classification of noses will be a good thing for the young student who is struggling for knowledge.

First—The long and lean nose, with a hook to the end of it, denotes a thief, and when one of these kind is in town, you had better lock up your saw logs and take your haystacks in the house up nights.

Second—The short square nose indicates perseverance and grit; if a man of one of these noses should offer to bet 25 cents that he could eat half a bushel of bread and milk in 20 minutes he would back me off, for I know he would do it, if he started every hoop.

Third—The humped backed nose is an evidence of great commercial genius; I have known men from foreign parts, with one of these noses for capital to start business with, and get rich in 2 years, to retire to Sing Sing, just by dealing in third class wearing clothes and short pieces of lead pipe, that folks have found and bro't to them.

Fourth—The jointed nose has nothing particular in it but the joint; this is a hinge artfully constructed, which helps the nose to stick up at pleasure. I have seen them away up so tall that the proprietor of them had to stand on the tips of his toes to keep from smelling something.

Fifth—The short, sharp and decisive nose, with a tinge of blue on it, will smell things over into the State of New Jersey, and if your wife has got one of this kind, you don't want to get bald before your time comes, you must be cross as thunder to every good looking woman in the neighborhood.

Sixth—The ventilator, (so called because it flares out like the bottom of a key bugle and has a big draft tw.) is owned by the fun lovers and frisky cusses, men easy to snort, and who can almost see something twelf half at even at a plunger, but wouldn't do it for the world. Sometimes these men are merely wags. Sometimes bits of humorists, a hazy generous crew, born like the butterflies, few suit others, and generally left by others to starve to suit themselves.

Seventh—The red nose is not so much a science as it is a theory; it has no particular bill enemy more than a bile haz, and is admitted into the Congress of noses only on account of its fast color, as it grows old it becomes morbid and has a good deal of blows. I have seen them that looked at the they had just got over the red small-pox, and were objects to be pitied. This nose is not particular of the company it keeps and often lives for years with a rum hole right under it.

JOSH BILLINGS.

THE GOAT AND THE MIRROR.—A few days since, a family had occasion to move to South Mississippi street. The direct line of travel from the old to the new house was through Louisiana street, past the stables of the Street Railway Company. The lady had a large mirror which she concluded to carry in her hands, to insure against accidents. Just opposite the stables before mentioned, something in the street attracted her attention, and she stopped to look at it, resting one end of the mirror on the curb stone. A small goat of the male persuasion, loafs around the stables, wasting his sweetness on the surrounding neighborhood, and having ferocious combats with hogs, dogs and small boys. William was daintily nibbling at a bundle of hay in the doorway of the stable, when to his amazement he saw what he took to be another goat, saucily shaking his horns at him. No one ever doubted Billy's courage, though his discretion has been repeatedly called in question. Considering it a challenge, he gathered himself on his hind feet, and emitting a sharp, savage ma-a-a, he sprang into the air as if shot from a catapult, and dashed, head, horns, body and tail, through the mirror. There was a frightened scream, mingled with the sound of shattered glass, and the woman stood amid the wreck of her pet looking glass. But Billy's blood was up. As she stooped to save the pieces, he "bucked" her over, and repeated the operation as often as she tried to get up, until some of the stable men took him off.

The next day the outraged and insulted woman called on Harry Catherwood, represented what his "nasty goat" had done, and demanded \$5 in payment of the damages to self and property. Harry promised to inquire into it, and if he found the goat was to blame, he would settle up. Finally the matter was compromised by his taking the mirror frame and agreeing to get a new glass put in it. In the mean time, Capricorn is under a cloud, and goes sheepishly around, with a pine board across his horns.—*Ind. Herald.*

A lover who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady if she would let him spend the evening with her.

"No," she angrily replied, "that's what I won't."

"Why," replied he, "you needn't be so fussy; I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go anywhere else."

HEAVY ON HORACE.—Horace Maynard undertook to repeat at Jackson, Tenn. one day last week, the worn-out lie about Ex-President Davis' being captured in petticoats. Colonel Cameron, a brave Federal soldier, stopped him by declaring that the story was a lie, and that he was a liar for retelling it.

An afflicted editor, who is troubled with hand organs under his window, long for the "evil days" mentioned in Ecclesiastes, when the "grinders shall cease because they are few," and the "sound of the grinding" shall be "low."

There were less than five hundred American exhibitors at the Exposition, and two hundred and eighty-two carried off awards of some kind.

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May 2, 1867.

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