

COONTOWN'S 400

BY

E. W. KEMBLE



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DEDICATED,
With the affectionate regard of the author,
to
"THE LAMBS" of New York,
"THE BOHEMIANS" of San Francisco,
and
"THE SAVAGES" of London.

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MISS SNOWBALL (*admiringly*): Yo' ain't much on size, Mistah Johnsing, but youah inventive genius hab obercome ouah greatest' co'tship differculty.



MISS DIDIMUS: De festivities was las' ebenin' 'stead ob dis ebenin', Mistah Jasper. Pow'ful sorry dat I cyarnt 'vite yer inside, but we is just about to retiah.



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“Ain’t it jes’ wonderful to fink all dem bricks in dat wall was laid by men.”

“Mo’ wonderful ef dey had been laid by hens.”

“Did you evah lay anything, Mistah Rasmus?”

“I laid my heart at your feet more’n once, Miss Jonsing.”



THE FAT LADY ON THE HILL: Mister Wimple declines to finish de game wif you. Dat last drive ob yours hab knocked out all his front teef, and he fears he hab swallowed de ball.



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“ Accordin’ to de inundations of your index hand, your life has been one long splendid romance.”

PARMISTRY done
best by
Prof. Whiffelz



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MARFA: Dar's a parson moved ober ter Pine Holler, Rastus. Dey say he's pow'ful reasonable 'bout charges. He's jist j'ined a couple fo' a basket ob 'taters. Cyarn't yer devise sompfin?

RASTUS: Ah would, Marfa, on'y ah ain't got no 'taters.



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THE ELDER: Will you please to remove dat hen-coop what you done got on you head so dat I can obsarve de preacher?

“Hen-coop, Mister Spooner! Hen-coop! If dat strikes you as being a hen-coop den I sartinly will remove it, for wid you in de vicinity dey isn’t a bird safe what’s on it.”



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“Look heah, Rufus Jackson, doan’ you come around heah whistlin’ dem hymn tunes wid dat sanctified ’spression on you face; ebery time you does dat dere’s a melon dissapears from my patch de nex’ night. Ef you wants ter avoid ’spicion, change yer tune and yer face.”



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“ 'Clar ter goodness, ef I didn't know dey was a chicken coop ober yonder, 'en dat bag empty, I couldn't tell ef dat Paterson man was gwine er comin' ! ”



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“ Breddern, dis am de location what your pastor hab selected fo’ de new chu’ch. Does you agree wif me dat de plantin’ ob our foundation heah will be an everlastin’ cause ob rejoicin’?”

“ ’Deed we does, Br’er Pringle.”



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“I’se ’fraid I’se been standin’ on your feet, Mister Pringle.”

“I know you has, honey, and I’se been a-hopin’ dat you haven’t found dem too corrugated fo’ you comfort.”



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“ Will half a fried chicken be sufficient, Miss Henderson ? ”

“ It will, Mr. Close, 'less you want some.”



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“Doan try ter insult me, Mister Pugsley, by offerin’ me a life preserver like dat. I ain’t used ter homœopathic treatment.”



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“Not gwine ter meetin’ dis mornin’, Brer Henderson?”

“Cyarn’t do it, Parson. Got ter hoe over some corn, jist planted.”

“But cyarn’t de corn wait?”

“Not so well as de Lord can.”



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“I notis you seem s’prized, Mister Henderson, but dey is making female skates so pow’ful small dis yeah, dat I had ter double ma supply or forego de pleasure.”



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“ Pardon me, Miss Saffron, but when you oberload you’s’e’f wif jewels you is disguising you’ nationality.”

“ How so, Mister Jackson?”

“ You’ll be took fo’ a Jewess.”



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THE TALL ONE: Speakin' ob your husban', Mrs. Wimple, did he evah convey to you dat he done propose to me befo' he married you?

"'Deed he didn't! He was so ashamed ob some ob de fings he did dat I nevah insisted upon a confession."



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“ Why wasn’t you at chu’ch dis mornin’, Sistah Lucas ?”

“ Didn’t hab no new clothes.”

“ De Lord doan’ see you’ clothes, he looks at de heart.”

“ G’way man, de Lord doan’ hab nuffin’ to do wid dem X-ray machines.”



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“Look a yeah, Mistah Lucas, when you distended de invite fo’ me ter go coastin’ wid yo’, did yo’ reckon on de fac’ dat yo’ sled an’ my ’cumberance ain’t contemporaneous?”



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“Look heah, yo’ brack nigger, was dat yo’ huggin’ an’ kissin’ my wife behin’ de elderberry bush las’ night?”

“Dony yo’ worry, sah. I dun had de lady’s permishun.”



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THE BOY EATING: Why doan' you fader raise melons?

THE OTHER BOY: He's got chillun ter raise.

"So's my fader. What yer specs he done raise?"

"Hawgs."



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“Miss Pondus, when you purchased dis hammock did you ask fo’ a hammock fo’ two?”

“No, honey, jes’ fo’ one and a half.”



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THE COMMODORE: Indeed, Ladies, I believe dat airial nabagation is a possibility of de near future, an' dat we will be movin' fro de air.

Just then the boiler “coughed.”



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“Fo’ de Lawd, chile! What is yer up ter now? You ought ter be in bed!”

“I was, Aunt Cindy, but dat new doctor lef’ some medicine what he tole me ter take and den skip an hour. I doan fink I can stan’ it.”



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“You understand dat in dis ceremony, Peter Pewter, I promises to obey you, and you wif all your worldly goods do me endow—no doubt you recognize de fact dat in dis case dey is bofe horrible bluffs.”



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“I’se gwine ter give you gals what straddle dem wheels a good talkin’ to at nex’ Sunday’s meetin’.”

“Indeed! What you call it, de sermon on de mount?”



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THE DOCTOR: Yo' is so pow'ful thin, Mister Cotton, dat I find it difficult to diagnosis wefer de malady am a stummikache or a backache.



“ Well, chile, what lesson has been most impressed on yer ter-day by de teacher? ”

“ Dat I need a thicker seat ter my pants.”



“ Why yo’ use dat ol’ cannon foh er stove ? ”

“ Kase I wants ter burn all kinds ob fire-wood, whethah hits loaded wid gunpowdah or not. Dar’s some pow’ful mean wite folks in dis vicinerty, deacon, an’ hits bes’ to be on de safe side.”



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“ Now we’ll see ef dat sawed-off Peterson man kin escape de issue dis time.”

