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REFERENCES: Bradstreet's and Dunn's Northwestern National Bank, Minneapolis, Merchants National Bank, St. Paul.

Hobbs Again.

Genius—that power which constitutes an editor; that quality without which judgement is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies and animates—cannot be found in the cranium of the editor of the Banner.

The Banner's performances are always hasty, either excited by some external occasion or extorted by domestic necessity. The Col. composes without consideration and publishes without correction.

The time has come, Colonel, when we cannot plead ignorance. We cannot make intelligent people believe we are qualified for our vocation unless our work will hold water. We cannot establish our mental capacity by showing a certificate that was issued just after the civil war. Because we could teach school twenty years ago in the state of Indiana is no omen that we can now. You may hold a third grade certificate from the state of Indiana and be qualified to teach, but in Missouri you would not be because we issue no third grades.

No, Col. Green, that certificate you hold which was issued in the state of Indiana is no good. But if holding a certificate in Missouri will establish your mental capacity, I advise you to attend the Teachers' Institute in Bollinger County, which will convene on the 18th of July. On that occasion you can explain how you got the mammoth sheet into your "little 10x16 FEET office."

When the exordium and peroration of an article are failures, the article is a failure. I will copy the exordium of the "Traveling Wonder," and everybody can readily see how weak the editor of the Banner is mentally:

"Last Thursday when the mammoth sheet we pulled from our post office box and carrying in our arms into our little 10x16 FEET office and then carefully unfolding its 11x17 1-2 inch pages of reading matter our eyes fell upon the heading:

Now, Col., get your certificate and see if you can tell what kind of a sentence the above is: Explain to the readers through the columns of the Banner how you got the mammoth sheet into your "little 10x16 FEET office."

Grammarians, look at the above and see if you can discover the "wonder."

The wonder is just this: The editor of the Banner is out of the insane asylum when he ought to be in it. I say emphatically that the Col.'s reply to Hobbs is a failure, and will leave it to J. M. A.

The Banner is correct in saying, "There are but few instances of mules reproducing."

Hobbs knows of but one on record, the editor of the Banner.

Hobbs is a porcupine. Do you see the point, Col.? I have seen Col. Green only a few times, and the first time I saw him I exclaimed loudly before I knew it, "there goes an Ichabod Crane."

The editor of the Banner would have the people believe that Hobbs used the pronoun "I" twenty-eight times incorrectly. Of course the Col. thinks so, because he don't know. The Col.'s present certificate is rather old, but he

right after he attends our institute.

Wonder if that hen has ever hatched.

Once I knew a man
He was stuck up it seemed,
He came from Indiana,
His name was Thomas Green.
His notions fitted things so well
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes mistook the one
For the other, as great clerks have done.

The irascible and sciniph-like editor of the Banner says, "We have condescended to take notice of this Hobby and ask our readers to excuse; as no gentleman will publicly try to barlesque or criticise a person's language or acts and hide under a nom de plume."

I cry Peccavi loudly and heartily. But, Col., did you ever hear of George Eliot, Bill Arp, Bill Nye or Mark Twain? Do you know whether George Eliot is a woman or a man? Are Bill Arp, Mark Twain and Bill Nye gentlemen?

The Col. can't answer the questions because his certificate is only a third grade, and the above questions come in first grade certificates.

The Republican party is certainly unfortunate in some respects. It has an editor in Bollinger county whose perceptive powers are so obtuse that he can not yet distinguish between sound sense and senseless sound.

Modesty he sneers at, mistaking it for timidity, and then with more than Mephistophelian effrontery—and he hesitates not to jest in the presence of the Deity—he pours forth an avalanche of words, on any subject, at any time, or concerning anybody. Of course, it means nothing, or, if it does, no one can discover it.

By a strange chance he used a singular phrase in his last issue, applying it to Hobbs: "A nomad or nomidian."

This is a veritable boomerang, for by reference to the local columns of the Banner you can find a full score of obscene allusions which his "Traveling Wonder" most pertinently names. Aeolus, the old windy god, happily abdicated, else he would now be dethroned by this scion of the royal race of Windiness. Blow freely, else when the heat of summer comes the gas well within you will explode with a direfulness that will be truly mephitic.

Say, Col., did that hen ever hatch?

The editor of the Banner has a very peculiar way of boasting, thus: "When the little man of the Press we mean the 'Mammoth Quarto,' saw that the Banner had succeeded in getting an interest manifested among the people in the county; he gets a thing that will not or has not written over his own signature or cognomen to assist him in attacking the Banner on its analysis and punctuation of the language it used."

Now, the Col. would have the people believe that the editor of the Press is not able to compete with the Col., and has called upon Hobbs to assist him in an attack upon the little 3x4 editor of the Banner.

No, Col., you are mentally mistaken. The editor of the Press does all his work and needs no assistance to surpass your paper, because your paper is like your certificate—third grade. The Press has never called on me for anything. I am a correspondent, and my name is Hobbs. I am a

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brother to Thomas Hobbes. However, he spells his name differently.

No! No! No!!! Col., the PRESS needs no succor from Hobbs or any one else to surpass your sheet of false syntax.

Mr. Editor, before I close I must speak a word in commendation of the PRESS. No doubt the Banner is proud of its success, and will boast of its circulation; tell the people to put the papers side by side and see the difference in reading matter and also the ads. I have noted the difference, and if I ever hear another word out of the Banner I will expose it badly to the public on its own proposition.

I have been accused of aiding the PRESS, which is untrue, but if the Banner wants to try Hobbs on any subject, let him blow his whistle.

The PRESS is the paper of the county. If the flights of the Banner are higher, the PRESS continues longer on the wing. If of the Banner's fire the blaze is brighter, of the PRESS' the heat is more regular and constant. The Banner often surpasses expectation, and the PRESS never falls below it. The Banner is read with frequent astonishment, and the PRESS with perpetual delight. I am Truly Yours,
HOBBS.

Jintown, Mo.

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