

***CAL
STEWART***



***UNCLE
JOSH'S
PUNKIN
CENTRE
STORIES***

Cal Stewart

Uncle Josh's Punkin Centre Stories

EAN 8596547236153

DigiCat, 2022

Contact: DigiCat@okpublishing.info



TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Preface](#)

[To the Reader.](#)

[Life Sketch of Author](#)

[My Old Yaller Almanac](#)

[Uncle Josh Weathersby's Arrival in New York](#)

[Uncle Josh in Society.](#)

[Uncle Josh in a Chinese Laundry.](#)

[Uncle Josh in a Museum](#)

[Uncle Josh in Wall Street](#)

[Uncle Josh and the Fire Department](#)

[Uncle Josh in an Auction Room](#)

[Uncle Josh on a Fifth Ave. 'Bus](#)

[Uncle Josh in a Department Store](#)

[Uncle Josh's Comments on the Signs Seen in New York](#)

[Uncle Josh on a Street Car](#)

[My Fust Pair of Copper Toed Boots](#)

[Uncle Josh in Police Court](#)

[Uncle Josh at Coney Island](#)

[Uncle Josh at the Opera](#)

[Uncle Josh at Delmonico's](#)

[It is Fall](#)

[Si Pettingill's Brooms](#)

[Uncle Josh Plays Golf](#)

[Jim Lawson's Hogs](#)

[Uncle Josh and the Lightning Rod Agent](#)

[A Meeting of the Annanias Club](#)

[Jim Lawson's Hoss Trade](#)

[A Meeting of the School Directors](#)

[The Weekly Paper at Punkin Centre](#)

[Uncle Josh at a Camp Meeting](#)

[The Unveiling of the Organ](#)

[Uncle Josh Plays a Game of Base Ball](#)

[The Punkin Centre and Paw Paw Valley Railroad](#)

[Uncle Josh on a Bicycle](#)

[A Baptizin' at the Hickory Corners Church](#)

[Reminiscence of My Railroad Days](#)

[Uncle Josh at a Circus](#)

[Uncle Josh Invites the City Folks to Visit Him](#)

[Yosemite Jim, or a Tale of the Great White Death](#)

[Uncle Josh Weathersby's Trip to Boston](#)

[Who Marched in Sixty-One](#)

[CAL STEWART, New York, Memorial Day, 1903.](#)

Preface

[Table of Contents](#)

To the Reader.

[Table of Contents](#)

The one particular object in writing this book is to furnish you with an occasional laugh, and the writer with an occasional dollar. If you get the laugh you have your equivalent, and the writer has his.

In Uncle Josh Weathersby you have a purely imaginary character, yet one true to life. A character chuck full of sunshine and rural simplicity. Take him as you find him, and in his experiences you will observe there is a bright side to everything.

Sincerely Yours

Cal Stewart



Life Sketch of Author

[Table of Contents](#)

THE author was born in Virginia, on a little patch of land, so poor we had to fertilize it to make brick. Our family, while having cast their fortunes with the South, was not a family ruined by the war; we did not have anything when the war

commenced, and so we held our own. I secured a common school education, and at the age of twelve I left home, or rather home left me—things just petered out. I was slush cook on an Ohio River Packet; check clerk in a stave and heading camp in the knobs of Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia; I helped lay the track of the M. K. & T. R. R., and was chambermaid in a livery stable. Made my first appearance on the stage at the National Theatre in Cincinnati, Ohio, and have since then chopped cord wood, worked in a coal mine, made cross ties (and walked them), worked on a farm, taught a district school (made love to the big girls), run a threshing machine, cut bands, fed the machine and ran the engine. Have been a freight and passenger brakeman, fired and ran a locomotive; also a freight train conductor and check clerk in a freight house; worked on the section; have been a shot gun messenger for the Wells, Fargo Company. Have been with a circus, minstrels, farce comedy, burlesque and dramatic productions; have been with good shows, bad shows, medicine shows, and worse, and some shows where we had landlords singing in the chorus. Have played variety houses and vaudeville houses; have slept in a box car one night, and a swell hotel the next; have been a traveling salesman (could spin as many yarns as any of them). For the past four years have made the Uncle Josh stories for the talking machine. The Lord only knows what next!

My Old Yaller Almanac

Table of Contents

Hangin' on the
Kitchen Wall

I'M sort of fond of readin' one
thing and another,

So I've read promiscus like
whatever cum my way,

And many a friendly argument's cum up 'tween
me and mother,

'Bout things that I'd be readin' settin' round
a rainy day.

Sometimes it jist seemed to me thar wa'nt
no end of books,

Some made fer useful readin' and some jist
made fer looks;

But of all the different books I've read,
thar's none comes up at all

To My Old Yaller Almanac, Hangin' on
the Kitchen Wall.

I've always liked amusement, of the good
and wholesome kind,

It's better than a doctor, and it elevates the
mind;

So, often of an evening, when the farm
chores all were done,

I'd join the games the boys would play, gosh
how I liked the fun;

And once thar wuz a minstrel troop, they
showed at our Town Hall,

A jolly lot of fellers, 'bout twenty of 'em all.

Wall I went down to see 'em, but their
jokes, I knowed 'em all,

Read 'em in My Old Yaller Almanac,
Hangin' on the Kitchen Wall.
Thar wuz Ezra Hoskins, Deacon Brown and
a lot of us old codgers,

Used to meet down at the grocery store,
what wuz kept by Jason Rogers.

There we'd set and argufy most every market
day,

Chawin' tobacker and whittlin' sticks to pass
the time away;

And many a knotty problem has put us on
our mettle,

Which we felt it wuz our duty to duly solve
and settle;

Then after they had said their say, who
thought they knowed it all,

I'd floor 'em with some facts I'd got

From My Old Yaller Almanac, Hangin' on
the Kitchen Wall.

It beats a regular cyclopedium, that old
fashioned yeller book,

And many a pleasant hour in readin' it I've
took;

Somehow I've never tired of lookin' through
its pages,

Seein' of the different things that's happened
in all ages.

One time I wuz elected a Justice of the
Peace,

To make out legal documents, a mortgage
or a lease,

Them tricks that lawyers have, you bet I
knowed them all,

Learned them in My Old Yaller Almanac,
Hangin' on the Kitchen Wall.

So now I've bin to New York, and all your
sights I've seen,

I s'pose that to you city folks I must look
most awful green,

Gee whiz, what lots of fun I've had as I
walked round the town,