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MARK TWAIN'S
CELEBRATED
JUMPING FROG
OF
CALAVERAS COUNTY

And other Sketches

WITH
THE BURLESQUE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND
FIRST ROMANCE

"Messrs. George Routledge & Sons are my only authorized London
publishers."—MARK TWAIN



LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE

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TO

JOHN SMITH,

WHOM I HAVE KNOWN IN DIVERS AND SUNDRY PLACES
ABOUT THE WORLD, AND WHOSE MANY AND MANIFOLD VIRTUES
DID ALWAYS COMMAND MY ESTEEM, I

Dedicate this Book.

It is said that the man to whom a volume is dedicated always buys a copy. If this prove true in the present instance, a princely affluence is about to burst upon

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"MARK TWAIN" is too well known to the public to require a formal introduction at my hands. By his story of the Frog, he scaled the heights of popularity at a single jump, and won for himself the *sobriquet* of the Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope. He is also known to fame as the Moralist of the Main; and it is not unlikely that as such he will go down to posterity. It is in his secondary character as humorist, however, rather than in the primal one of moralist, that I aim to present him in the present volume. And here a ready explanation will be found for the somewhat fragmentary character of many of these sketches; for it was necessary to snatch threads of humour wherever they could be found—very often detaching them from serious articles and moral essays with which they were woven and entangled. Originally written for newspaper publication, many of the articles referred to events of the day the interest of which has now passed away, and contained local allusions which the general reader would fail to understand; in such cases excision became imperative. Further than this, remark or comment is unnecessary. Mark Twain never resorts to tricks of spelling nor rhetorical buffoonery for the purpose of provoking a laugh; the vein of his humour runs too rich and deep to make surface-gilding necessary. But there are few who can resist the quaint similes, keen satire, and hard good sense which form the staple of his writings.

J. P.

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THE
CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG
OF
CALAVERAS COUNTY.

IN compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W. Smiley*, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed