

What are you Laughing at?



Employer: "You put that note where it will be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention when he comes in, didn't you?"

Boy: "Yes, sir; I stuck a pin through it and put it on his chair."

"Gracious, Smith, old boy, how are you. I haven't see you for ages. You are altered. I should scarcely know you again."

"Excuse me, sir, my name is not Smith?"

"Great Scot! Your name altered as well?"

"Is your father a large man?" asked a stranger of little five-year-old Ted. After a moment's thought he replied: "Well, he's just twice as big as I am, because one pair of his pants will make two for me."

Jack was a little city boy, and it was his first day in the country. He ran into the house to his mother, his chubby hands full of mullein-leaves. "O mamma," he cried, "see the flannel I found growing in the yard!"

The eldest of three little chaps was sternly reproved by his mother for his bad behaviour.

"You are the oldest, Cyrus," she said, "and you ought to be an example to Homer and Jack."

"Well, I'll be an example to Homer," said Cyrus, "but I won't be an example to both of 'em. Homer's got to be it for Jack."

Little Edith was playing in the yard. Suddenly she ran into the house. "O mamma!" said she, "I saw a great long snake in the yard." "How long?" exclaimed mamma. "A foot long?" "Oh, longer than that. It was a leg long!"

"Laughter," says Horace Smith, "is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, and one which there is therefore, a sort of impiety in not exercising as frequently as we can. We may say with Titus, that we have lost a day if it has passed without laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. 'Ah!' cried Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed, 'if I were to die ten times over I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh.'"

Many years ago a certain magnate in the West of England—doctor of divinity and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions—was also an enthusiastic geologist. One day a farmer, who had seen him presiding on the bench, was riding along a quiet road, when he discovered the Magistrate seated on the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was engaged in breaking with a small hammer in the course of a hunt for fossils. The farmer reined in his horse, and for a moment gazed open-mouthed; then, shaking his head over the changeableness of all things human, exclaimed in tones of the deepest commiseration: "What, doctor! Be you come to this a'ready?"

The little word "again" has nothing humorous about it, but it once threw a large assembly into fits of laughter. It was at a public meeting in New York. One of the speakers, the Rev. Mr. R., had the misfortune, when he tried to take a seat, to miss his chair and come down full length on the platform. The accident occasioned a little subdued mirth, especially as the unfortunate divine was very tall, and seemed to cover the whole platform in his frantic efforts to rise. When at last it came his turn to speak, the presiding officer introduced him in these words: "The Rev. Mr. R. will again take the floor."

Clapping, stamping and laughter reigned for several minutes. The reverend gentleman had never before met with so enthusiastic a reception.