

WIT AND HUMOR.

A HAT manufacturer claims for himself the title of "Universal Sympathiser," because, he says, he has *felt* for everyone.

THE Governor of Wisconsin has lately vetoed a bill because he found it had been passed by bribery and corruption. What encouragement is there for politicians, if governors get a notion of vetoing bills for a little thing like that?

A MAN called another an extortioner, for suing him. "Why, my friend," replied the man who brought the suit, "I did it to oblige you." "To oblige me, indeed—how so?" "Why, to oblige you to pay me."

MRS. GRUMMY, in looking over the advertisements the other day, saw one headed "Radical Cures." "Well," said she, "I'm glad they have got a way to cure them radicals, for they have been turning the world upside down ever since I was a gal."

SCARCELY a week passes without the record of some wonderful surgical operation. Sally Brown was lately taken in hand, had a broken knee and dislocated rib taken out and new ones put in, and she is now as good as ever. It may not injure the story much to say that Sally Brown is a canal-boat.

"DOCTOR, what do you think is the matter with my little boy?"

"Why, it's only a corrustedified exegesis anti-spasmodically emanating from the germ of the animal refrigerator, producing a prolific source of irritability in the pericranial epidermis of the montal profundity."

"Ah! that's what I told Betsy, but she 'lowed it was wurrums."

A GOOD ACCOUNT.—"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit." "JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."

TALL.—A personal sketch of a New England senator closes as follows: "He cannot propel himself through the muddy pool of politics at a higher rate of speed than that of a rudderless pollywog through a kettle of cold mush."

"PLEASE accept a lock of my hair," said an old bachelor to a widow, handing her a large curl.

"Sir, you had better give me the whole wig."

"Madame, you are very biting, indeed, considering that your teeth are porcelain."

THE INVALID AUTHOR.—Wife: "Why, nurse is reading a book, darling! Who gave it her?"—Husband: "I did, my dear."—Wife: "What book is it?"—Husband: "It's my last."—"Darling! When you *knew* how important it is that *she shouldn't go to sleep!*"

THE most appalling case of deafness that we ever came across outside of an asylum was that of an old lady who lives across the street from the arsenal yard. On Queen Victoria's birthday they fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, and then she exclaimed, "Come in!"

PEACE.—The only pun that President Grant ever made was the following:—A talkative waiter recently said to him, "We have potatoes, parsley, onions, tomatoes, asparagus, beets, spring chickens, strawberries—,"—"Stop, stop, stop!" exclaimed the president, "let us have *peas!*"—He is so pleased with this that he will never make another.

THE GREATEST BLESSING—A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See thero column.