

WIT AND HUMOR.

If you want to get into a fat office, hire yourself to a soap-boiler.

THE great race between a night-mare and a clothes-horse came off recently. The man who entered the mare wasn't wide-awake; so the horse took the prize.

"MISS BROWN, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young man to a brisk brunette. "Just give me your hand."—"La, Mr. White, how sudden you are!"

JOE being rather remiss in his Sunday school lesson, the teacher remarked that he hadn't a very good memory. "No, ma'am," said he, hesitating; "but I have got a first-rate forgettery!"

"You have played the deuce with my heart," said a gentleman to a young lady who was his partner in a game of whist. "Well," replied the lady, with an arch smile, "it was because you played the knave."

A Danish writer speaks of a hovel so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know what to die of, and so lived on.

A man in Hampshire had the misfortune recently to lose his wife. Over the grave he caused a stone to be placed, on which, in the depth of his grief, he had ordered to be inscribed—"Tears cannot restore her, therefore I weep."

HAPPINESS.—Man, wishest thou to live happy and wise? Attach thy heart only to that beauty which perishes not; let thy condition border thy desires; let thy duty precede thy wishes. Learn to love that which can never be taken away from thee; learn to leave all when virtue orders it.

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."

"My heart is thine," as the cabbage said to the cook.

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo, the rugged atoms will fit like smooth mosaic.

"You have a considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger at a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes, rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."

"Will you take the life of Macauley or Scott this morning, ma'am?" said a young man at the circulating library to Mrs. Partington. "No, my lad," she replied, "they may live to the end of their days for all I care—I've nothing agin 'em."

THE Baillie de Ferrette was always dressed in tight smalls, with a cocked hat and a court sword, the slender proportions of which greatly resembled those of his legs. "Do tell me, my dear Baillie," said Montrond, one day, "have you got three legs or three swords?"

"What do you mean, you little rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth that had seized him by the nose in the street. "Oh, nothing: only I am going out to seek my fortune, and father told me to be sure seize hold of the first thing that turned up."

A lady who prided herself upon her extreme sensibility, said one day to her butcher, "How can you follow such a cruel profession? Ah! how can you kill the poor little innocent lambs!"—"Madam!" cried the astonished butcher, "would you prefer cooking them alive?"

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 other column.