

AN IMPORTANT BRANCH.

Bunker—I thought your son, after graduating from college, was going right into business, but I hear now that he is to take a post graduate course.

Hill—Yes ; we thought it necessary.

Bunker—What is he going to study?

Hill—He's going to learn to spell.—Life.

Editor—See here ! In this story you make one of the characters ask another how the thermometer stands.

Contributor—Yes.

Editor—And then you write, "At ninety-six degrees, she replied in frigid tones."—New York Herald.

A Good Title.—Author (to friend, who has just finished reading his MS.): Can you suggest a title for my story? Something appropriate.

His Friend—Well, judging by the way the characters are killed off in the last chapter, I think "The Undertakers' Paradise" would be as appropriate as any.—Life.

WORKING THE INNOCENT.

Weary Watkins—"Sa-a-y! Where'd you git them clothes?"

Hungry Higgins—"Been taking subscriptions in Chicago for an expedition to find the north pole.

"That sounds to me like a lie. Wat do Chicago care for th' north pole?"

"Oh, I promised to put it on exhibition at the Fair nex' year."—Indianapolis Tribune.

The enclosed facetious advertisement of "Books Wanted," deserves, says a correspondent, to be placed on record in your columns: H. H. Hartley, second-hand book-seller, will give good prices for copies of the following books: "The Art of Turning by Handel," "John Knox on Death's Door," "Malthus's Attack on Infantry," "Macadam's Views in Rhodes," "Pygmalion, by Lord Bacon," "Boyle on Steam," and "Lamb's Recollections of Suet."—Book-Shop.

Waiter.—Will you have salt on your eggs?

Guest.—No, thank you. They're not at all fresh.—Ex.

THE BABE OBJECTED.

"Rock-a-by baby!" began the new nurse in a Boston family.

"Desist!" exclaimed the infant, imperiously. "I am aware that the vibration of the atmosphere will cause a cradle suspended in the tree-top to oscillate."—Dodgerville Herald.

AT THE CAMP FIRE.

The Veteran—"Speaking of bravery; why, durin' the Wilderness campaign, single-handed, I made forty Confederates run."

His Hearers—"How was that?"

The Veteran—"Well, they chased me."—Harper's Weekly.

WHAT CAN A SPELLER DO?

If an S and an I and an O and a U
With an X at the end spell Su,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray, what is a speller to do?

Then, if also an S and an I and a G
And a H E D spell cide,
There is nothing much left for a speller to do
But to go and commit siouxeeyesighed.—Ex.

A CLOSE CALL.

"I had a narrow escape yesterday," said Riggins.

"Is that so?" rejoined Ruggins, with interest.

"Yes. I was nearly choked to death."

"Highwayman?"

"No. Flannel shirt. I wore it out in the rain."—Washington Star.

"Well, if that ain't mean!" exclaimed the prisoner. "Every one o' the stories in this paper they've gimme to read is to be continued. An' me to be hung next week!"

HE HAD A NICE TIME.

City Mamma.—"Did you have a nice time in the park?" City Boy.—"Yes'm." "What did you do?" "Oh, lots of things—run on th' walks, an' made faces at th' pleeceman, an' dodged the horses, an' fired stones at the 'Keep-off-th'-grass' signs, an' everything."—Ex.