

HUMORISMS.

Croquet is a for lawn game.

In everybody's mouth—Gums.

A soft spring—The jump of a cat.

A missed ache—An extracted tooth.

Gunners should wear neckties of shot silk.

How to acquire short-hand—Tickle a shark's palate.

A bachelor's bawl—"Where, oh, where, is my shirt-button gone?"

What is laughter? asks a scientist. It is the sound that you hear when your hat blows off.

In groping around a room after dark it is always the longest nose that catches the open door.

We heard of a man the other day who was said to be mean enough to steal a coat of paint. But he can't equal the party who tried to steal a dog's pants.

There are numerous new styles of parasols displayed this spring, but all will be worn just high enough to take out the eyes of reckless pedestrians.

Little Flaxen Hair:—"Papa, it's raining." Papa, somewhat annoyed by work on hand:—"Well, let it rain." Little Flaxen Hair:—"I was going to."

"I don't object to house cleaning," said a married man, "but I must draw the line at sitting on a wash-tub in the kitchen and eating my meals from the top of a soap-box."

Professor (looking at his watch):—"As we have a few minutes, I shall be glad to answer any question that any one may wish to ask." Student: "What time is it, please?"

A Texas farmer weaned a calf too young, and the poor, innocent brute, in attempting to suck its tail, turned itself wrong side out, and made the butcher swear when he attempted to skin it.

We wrote that "all the windows in a certain dusty village looked as if they needed washing." The printer set it up "all the widows." A score of letters came "in haste," "stop my paper."

The barber's children are little shavers; the upholsterer's are little tackers; the butcher's are young lambs; the carpenter's are chips from the old block; and the angry man's are little pets.

Professor, to class in surgery:—"The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright student:—"Limp, too."

This is the season of the year when the average girl comes down town wearing a veil so thick that you couldn't shoot a bullet through it, and then gets mad because every gentleman friend she meets does not recognize her.

A lady and gentleman were at the glass-blowing counter. They were apparently newly married. "Oh, look here!" cried the lady. "Here is a ship with sails and spars all of glass. It is labelled a brig. Did you ever see a glass brig before?" "No, my dear," said the gentleman, "but I have used a good many glass schooners."

A Sabbath-school teacher, says an exchange, had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of heaven, and he finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" A lively little four-year-old boy, with kicking boots, flourished his fist. "Well, you may answer," said his teacher. "Dead ones!" shouted the little fellow at the extent of his lungs.

At a fashionable reception at Washington, the hostess, noticing a suspicious-looking stranger among her guests, directed her son's attention to him, saying, "I thought I had taken care to invite no Western Congressmen." "He isn't a Western Congressman, mother," explained the young man: "I saw him have his boots blacked just before he came in."

Mabel:—"That Mrs. Blank is a fool!" Mamma:—"Mercy, child, you should not speak in that way." Mabel:—"She has no more brains than a post!" Mamma:—"That expression is not much better." Mabel:—"Well, what shall I say when a woman acts as Mrs. Blank does?" Mamma:—"How does she act?" Mabel:—"She acts like a born idiot!" Mamma:—"Say she 'lacks tact.'"

TOMMY TRIPP'S COMPOSITION:—"Wun time a frog and a hop tode they met, and the frog sassed the hop-tode 'cos it was clumsy, but the tode it said:—"If you will come here on this flat stone, where we can start even, I'll beat you jumpin' hi' best two out of three." So they done it, and the first time the tode it only jest cleared the stone, but the frog it went up so high that it hurt itself comin' down, and cudn't jump no more at all, and the hop-tode it beat the other two times."

"I am astonished, my little boy, that you should ask to be helped twice to pie," remarked a father at the dinner-table. "You never knew me to ask for a second piece of pie." "I know I didn't," answered the little boy, "but I have seen you eat two dishes of oatmeal mush." "Certainly; but pie is a very different thing from oatmeal mush." "I should hope it was," responded the young hopeful; "if pie was anything like oatmeal mush, I wouldn't ask for one piece, let alone two."