

WHAT STRANGE LEGS!



Two worthy Aldermen from the Ward of ——— differing in opinion on the subject of *the drain*, now in progress through this city, the one who opposed it, threatened to take the *sense* of the Ward on the question; the other, with great *sang froid*, said, "he would take the *nonsense* of the Ward in favor of the improvement, and beat him!" [Publisher.]

—◆—

An old sea Captain being one day in a tavern, saw a young beau enter, quite languid with the heat of the day. "Waiter," said the coxcomb, in an affected, faint voice, "Waiter, bring me a dish of coffee, weak as water and as cool as a zephyr." The Captain in a voice of thunder, immediately vociferated, "Waiter, bring me a dish of coffee, hot as hell, and strong as damnation." The beau starting, exclaimed, "Pray waiter, what is that gentleman's name." The Captain in the same tremendous voice exclaimed, "Waiter, pray what is that lady's name?"

—◆—

"I am troubled with a strange kind of rheumatic affection in my arm," said an old lady. "It allows me to do some things, but it prevents me from doing others; for instance, I can put my hand into my pocket with all the ease in the world, but I never can take any thing out."

A hard-hearted man being taken ill with the stone, his physician said his *heart* had fallen into his *bladder*.

—◆—

As an old woman was lately walking through the streets of Paris at midnight, a patrol called out "Who's there?" "It is I, don't be afraid."

—◆—

"You don't love me. I know you dont," said a young married lady to her husband. "I give you credit my dear, for a keen penetration," was his consoling reply.