

TIT-BITS.

The Chief of the Delawares of Indian Territory, is Mr. Charles Johnnycake, who is seventy-two years old. The oldest Johnnycake in the world.

"Come along with me and have a fine time," remarked a policeman to a man he had arrested. "I'm afraid you are trying to cell me," replied the prisoner.

When all the landlords are gone, and all the tenants are become landlords, who'll be the only remaining tenant in Ireland? Sure the Lord Lieutenant!

Friend (taking leave, after spending the evening): "Admirable talker your wife is, Brown. I could listen to her a whole night." Brown (with a sigh): "Ah, I often do!"—*Punch*.

The origin of hamaneggs is lost in the mists of cloudy antiquity.—*New York Journal*. It can be traced, however, from the time of Henry the First down to Lord Bacon.—*Boston Commercial*.

Among the advertisements in a German paper appeared the following: "The gentleman who found a purse with money in the Blumenstrasse is requested to send it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized." A few days afterward the reply was inserted: "The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house."

AN ENFANT TERRIBLE.—The Boston *enfant terrible* is the worst of his kind. The local papers are full of him, the following from the *Herald* being the latest: An *enfant terrible* was traveling to Boston the other day via the Cambridge horse car, and in company with his fond mamma and a number of other people bound in the same direction. After scanning the scene for some time his eagle eye lighted on an engaging pictorial advertisement just above his head. It represented, let us say, the luscious female form encompassed by a marvelous pair of corsets, and the legend written beneath that purchasers of the same could return the article after fifteen days' trial, if not perfectly satisfactory. Finally, in the silence of the car, rose the piping voice of this terrible child: "Say, mamma! do you wear double X. Y. Z. corsets?" "No, no! Hush!" "No, I shan't 'hush.' Why don't you wear those corsets?" "Hush!" in distracted tones from the blushing parent. "Well, I should think you'd like to wear 'em. You could have a new pair every fifteen days if they didn't fit!" Passengers in convulsions, and *enfant terrible* threatened with dire punishment on arrival at home.

A stone-cutter, whose office adjoined his stone-yard, was seated in his office when a friend called upon him, and they discussed several topics together, among them the question as to what extent lager-beer was an intoxicant. The stone-cutter maintained that beer was not intoxicating, while his friend maintained the opposite. The stone cutter said, there is a man at work in the yard (pointing to a brawny-chested German) who could drink a bucket (three gallons) of beer at one sitting and feel none the worse for it. The friend doubted, and a wager was made and the workman called, who when asked if he could drink that bucket (pointing to a large water bucket) full of beer at one sitting, replied, "Well, I don't know; I lets you know after a vile." The German went away, and after remaining about fifteen minutes, returned, and said, "Yes, I can trink dot peer." The bucket of beer was procured and placed before the German, who very soon absorbed the last drop, and arose from his seat, wiping his mouth with his sleeve, and was walking away with a firm step, when his employer recalled him and said to him, "See here, my friend and I have some curiosity to know why you did not drink the beer when you were first asked." The German replied, "Vell, I don'd know dot I could trink it, so I went out und trink a bucked, den I know I could do it."—W., in *Harper's Magazine for July*.

One stormy night, when the roads were well night impassable, a son of Erin came into a doctor's office and desired the dispenser of physic to go to see a friend who was "jist a-dyin'." He would not take no for an answer; so, putting the saddle-bags upon his horse, the physician started out upon his journey. As soon as he saw the sick man he knew it was nearly over with him, and remarked to the courier:

"Peter, you told the truth; your friend is just at the point of death."

"Can't ye do ainytheeng for heem?" replied Peter.

"No; it is too lato."

"But, docthor, aint ye goin' to give heem ainytheeng at all at all?"

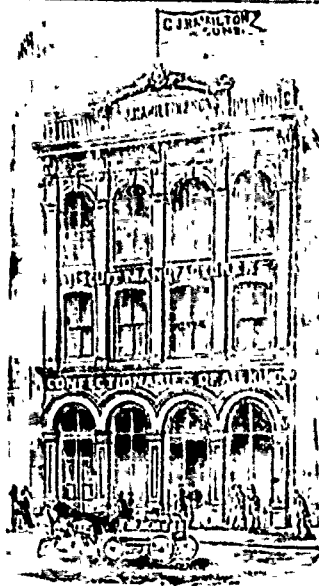
"It will do no good."

"But, docthor, ye have come so far, it would be too bad to go back without doin' ainytheeng."

For the peace of Peter's mind, the doctor now took a small quantity of sugar from a phial, and placed it upon the dying man's tongue just as he was drawing his last breath.

Peter, seeing his friend's head drop back, looked up to the doctor with big eyes, and said, half in a whisper, "Oh, docthor, an didn' ye do it quick!"—*Harper's Magazine for July*.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.



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