

TIT-BITS.

A veritable chestnut—truth in a nutshell.—*Boston Transcript.*

Undertaker—And what kind of trimmings will you have on the casket?  
Widow—None whatever: a plain casket. It was trimmin's that killed him.  
Undertaker—What? Widow—Yes, Dolirium trimmins.—*Post Courier.*

Husband (handing his wife some money); "There, dear, is \$50, and it has bothered me some to get it for you. I think I deserve a little praise."  
Wife: "Praise! You deserve an encore my dear."

There is a good deal of practical common sense in the answer to the old cook in New Orleans when her young mistress told her of Wiggins' coming earthquake. "Go 'long, chile," she said, "go 'long, God-o-mity don' go an' tell anybody what He's gwine ter do; He jos' go 'long an' do it."

We parted in silence, we parted by night,  
On the bank of a beautiful river;  
No sound but a gurgle, as out of my sight  
Swift she sank with scarcely a shiver,  
The nightingales warbled, the stars sweetly shone,  
And though she will rise again never;  
No sorrow was shown for the life that had flown,  
For that cat it silent forever.

The boy knew him. Old gentleman (on canal bank) I say little boy, get my hat there, won't you?" Little boy (in swimming)—What'll yer give me! Old gentleman—I'll give you 10 cents. Little boy—No, yer don't. Yer'll say yer hain't got less'n a twenty, an' tell me yer'll give it to me next time yer sees me. Guess I'll keep der hat for Pa.—*Tid Bits.*

A farmer sent a dollar for a lightning potato-bug killer, which he saw advertised in a paper, and received by return mail two blocks of wood, with directions printed on them as follows:—"Take this block, which is No. 1, in the right hand; place the bug on No. 2, and press them together. Remove the bug and proceed as before."

A Western paper was running a serial story called "The Truth." Last week so much space being devoted to the earthquake shock, the editor was unable to run the weekly instalment, so made the following announcement, containing, perhaps, more truth than any other item in the paper:—"The Truth" was crowded out of this issue on account of more important matter.—*Chicago Rambler.*

KISSES NOT OF A KIND.

"You'll find my dear boy, that the dearly prized kiss,  
Which with rapture you snatched from the half willing Miss  
Is sweeter by far than the legalized kisses  
You give the same girl when you've made her a Mrs."  
HENRY EMERSON.

SOMETHING LIKE A TYRANT!—Scene: Interior of the Czar's bomb-proof study, guarded by a small army of Horse, Foot and Artillery. The Emperor of Russia and his most trusted Aide-de-Camp discovered conversing in whispers. Czar: "So at my contemptuous nod the heroic Alexander of Rattenberg has been ignominiously driven from his Principality?" Aide: "Certainly, your Majesty." Czar: "And now to arrange a matter of far greater importance. Have you lined the railroad with armed troops?" Aide: "Yes, your Majesty." Czar: "Given them loaded rifles with fixed bayonets, ready to fire upon anyone who comes within a thousand yards of the road along which I have to travel?" Aide: "Yes, your Majesty." Czar: "And have you got me three trains, so that by frequent changes I may baffle the conspirators?" Aide: "Yes, your Majesty." Czar: "And are all the stations carefully fortified, so that a surprise is impossible?" Aide: "Yes, your Majesty." Czar: "And is the route flooded with police spies, prepared, at the smallest sign of danger, to sound an alarm?" Aide: "Yes, your Majesty." Czar: "And are you quite sure that no one is looking?" Aide: "Yes, your Majesty." Czar: "Then I think I may venture to travel from one town in my dominions to another." [Does so].—*Punch.*

Frederika Bremer, who visited Charleston, did so with very peculiar and exaggerated ideas of its institutions. Meeting an old darkey woman on the street one day, she said, "Auntie, is it true that you eat worms?"

"Me eat wurruns, missis! My Lord, whar dis buckra 'oman come from! No, ma'am, I doean' eat wurruns, but when I see dead an' gone, de wurruns will eat me." Again Miss Bremer ventured to ask, "Do you live under ground? I've heard that you did."

"Lib underground, missis! No, ma'am; I ain't lib underground. I b'longe to Massa Middleton, in dat big house yender, an' when I dead, I spece to lib underground wid de same wurruns you ax me of I eat." It is said that Miss Bremer returned with her ideas much changed in regard to the relative positions of master and slave.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

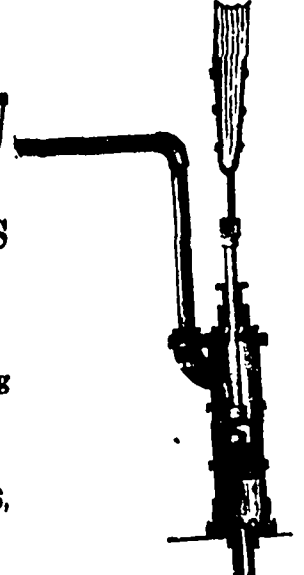
Old Mrs. Tiddlewig's husband liked his toddy, and the old lady was violently opposed to bibulosity. The other night Tiddlewig came in slightly sober, and his wife proceeded to talk to him:—

"Now look here, Tiddlewig, you're drinking again, and I just won't endure it."

"Why, my dear," he urged, "a little toddy don't hurt me a particle. On the contrary, it benefits me and makes another man of me altogether."

"I know it does, Tiddlewig, and that's why I object to it so strongly. I might stand you getting drunk, but when it makes another man of you, and still leaves me the wife of both of you, it makes me out a bigamist, and I say right here, Tiddlewig, that I draw the line at bigamy, and you've got to quit."

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