

SUBRIDENDO.

Worthy of a Crown.—Plain Citizen (to editor of Dinkeyville *Clarion*): Why do you call 'Wahoo a prominent and influential citizen? He has never done anything worth noticing.

Editor—Hasn't, hey? Gosh Almighty, man! He has just paid me two years' subscription in advance!—*Brooklyn Life*.

An Equivocal Puff—"Did you see the notice I gave you? said the editor to the grocer."

"Yes; and I don't want another. The man who says I've got plenty of sand, that the milk I sell is of the first water, and that my butter is the strongest in the market, may mean well, but he is not the man I want to flatter me a second time."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Visitor.—I understand that you want some painting done.

Editor—Yes; I wish a sign painted at the foot of the stairs. It is for poets to read after I fire them out; and as they generally alight on their heads, you had better paint it like this:

.....
DON'T SLAM THE DOOR
.....
--Truth.

Seedy Actor.—You stated in your paper yesterday that the great tragedian, Mr. Sock-Buskin, had just returned from a successful starring tour.

Editor—Yes, I believe we did. Was there anything wrong about it.

Seedy Actor—Yes; and I wish you'd correct it. The word "starring" should have been "starving."

Ve Enterprising Artists.—Artist: You print pictures of public men and events in your Sunday edition, I believe.

Great Editor—Yes, indeed; all we can get.

Artist—I have here a number of pictures of Mr. Blaine at Bar Harbor. This one represents him in an invalid's chair surrounded by doctors. In this one he is tottering along leaning heavily on his attendants, and in this—

Great Editor—But, sir, we are in favor of Mr. Blaine for President.

Artist—Oh! Well here is another set representing him knocking down an ox with his fist, pulling up trees by the roots, and playing jack-stones with ten-ton rocks.—*New York Weekly*.

Failures of hatters are nearly always due to the fact that they cannot get ahead.—*Rochester Post*.

An Unpleasant Subject.—"What shall I write this morning, sir?" asked the fresh young man of the managing editor.

"You may try your hand on your resignation," replied the latter.—*The Epoch*.

We suppose a nose may be said to be broke when it hasn't got a scent.

There are two sides to every question—the wrong side and our side.

The reason why a fly is generally monarch absolute of a bald head is because there is no heir apparent.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

The early Protestant religious writers were fond of queer titles for their productions. One of the early religious books bore the quaint title, "High Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness." Another, "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." In Cromwell's time was published a book on charity whose title was "Hooks and eyes for Believers' Breeches." A pamphlet published in 1626 is called "A most Delectable, Sweet-perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell At." An imprisoned Quaker published a book which he called "A Sigh for the Sinners of Zion, Breathed out of a hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, Known among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish."

"Ah! I'm saddest when I sing."

She sang in plaintive key;

And all the neighbors sighed and said,

"So are we! So are we!"—*Cadet*.

"Rich peoples," said a Dutchman, "eats venison because it ish deer, and I eats mutton because it ish sheep."—*Ex*.

That iz only one thing that can be sed in favor ov tite boots—they make a man torgit all his other sorrows.—*Josh Billings*.

Auntie (sympathizingly).—What's the matter, Bobby, dear?

Bobby (sobbing).—M-a-m-m-a whipped me. I jus' wish I'd a-been born an orphan.—*Ex*.