

## WIT AND HUMOR.

The time to buy an overcoat—When the fit is on you.

"I am certain, wife, that I am right, and you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it."  
"Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to such *extreme lengths*."

Why are young ladies, at the breaking up of a party, like arrows? Because they can't go off without the beaux, and are in a quiver till they get them.

A woman who never owned a Bible supposed she was quoting it when she greeted her son, who came home to keep Thanksgiving, in the following words:—"Here comes the fatted calf."

The editor of the Danbury (Ct.) Times is going into the "interviewing" business, and evidently to some purpose. He gives notice as follows:—"We shall 'interview' a number of our citizens this week on the subject of finance."

RECEIPT FOR A PUDDING—Take a large quantity of prime railroad stock, water it well and shake it together, then put in two or three smart lawyers, and you have an abundance of pudding, sufficient to afford a comfortable subsistence for as many as can get in their thumbs to pull out the plums, unless the bottom comes out.

THE REASON WHY.—During a recitation on natural history in one of our well-known colleges, a student in the pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, said: "Professor, why does a cat, while eating, first turn her head one way and then the other?" "For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn both ways at once."

A GOOD ACCOUNT.—"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit." "JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."

If a young man likes a girl, he may give her a present, If he loves her, he should offer her a future.

Perplexed Pedestrian—"Bub, which is the quickest way for me to get to the Eastern depot? Accommodating News-boy—"Run!"

Mrs. Partington says she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but because he was just the size of her first husband, and could wear out his old clothes!

The Buffalo *Express* lately contained the following; Ac80c0ar80!!" The next day it explained it thus: "It's easy—A c-eighty (cat) c-aught (caught) a r-eighty (rat)—A cat caught a rat! Ain't it?"

Lately an amateur collector of paintings showing a friend through his gallery, pointed to a very primitive-looking daub, of which he spoke with enthusiasm as being very rare. "I should like it better if it was well done," quietly remarked his friend.

A very young mother relieved herself of some divine afflatus on "baby" a short time since. Here is one pathetic verse:

"Doxery doodle-um dinkle-um dum,  
Tum to its muzzery muzzery mum;  
Tizzery izzery boozery boo,  
No baby so sweet so pitty as oo."

"Fellow," said an offended and very plain-looking patron, "I shall lend you my countenance no longer." "Why, bless you, sir, if I had such a countenance as yours, I should be willing and anxious not only to lend it, but to give it away to the first simple individual I could get to take it."

THE GREATEST BLESSING—A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.