

## WIT AND HUMOR.

A man at Oshkosh who was hauling stone, was seriously injured by the premature discharge of a mule. He said he didn't know the mule was loaded.

A Boston lecturer astonished his audience by bringing his fist down on the table and shouting, "Where is the religiosity of the anthropoid quadrumana?" If he thinks we have got it he can search us. We never saw it in the world.

A gentleman at Fremont, Ohio, had a reception at his house the other night, and when the guests went away it took the host all night to wash the tar and pick the feathers off his person. It seemed the neighbors didn't approve of the way he had been carrying on.

Fifteen dogs were attacked by sheep in Fond du Lac county a few nights since, and the sheep were killed in self defense. Farmers should tie up their sheep or there will be little encouragement to dog owners.

A Minnesota town got a fire steamer on trial, and tested it by trying to drown out a gopher. After working it six hours, with the nozzle in the gopher hole, they removed the nozzle, when the gopher came out and went to the river to get a drink. He would have died of thirst if they had kept the hole closed much longer.

A justice of the peace at Menasha wants to kill Pratt, the editor of the *Press*. The matters have been compromised, however. Pratt got the justice cornered up and delivered one of the speeches to him that he delivered during the campaign last fall, and the justice got on his knees and said, "Pratt, this thing is all right, I surrender."

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."

Berlin has a saloon named "Hazel Dell." They call it the "Dazel Hell," the temperance people do, for short.

A Boston girl says: "What is home without a mother" while the old lady is mending her daughter's stockings. There is something sweet in those old songs.

In the gizzard of a chicken killed at Ripon, was found fifteen pins, a piece of corset steel, a piece of hoopskirt, ten hooks and eyes, a brass garter fastening, and the heel of a gaiter. The name of the lady is unknown.

The St. Louis street lamps have the name of the street on the top, and all a man has to do to find out what street he is on is to climb on the top of a house. They are much handier than the old kind, for people who live in attics.

The Waupun *Leader* contains an article informing its readers "when to eat pickerel." We did not read the article but suppose of course that the *Leader* says, eat pickerel at meal time. Nothing appears so much out of place as to see a man in business hours walking along the street picking the bones out of a piece of pickerel.

In Connecticut the method of committing suicide by going to bed with a pipe or cigar in the mouth is becoming very popular. In many localities it is taking the place of kerosene. It isn't so greasy, and don't smell so bad, and then a man can be asleep during at least half of the dying. Try it, and put a stop to that gigantic monopoly, kerosene.

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.