

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, marm," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her."

ONE of our countrymen who has suffered declares that to carry letters of introduction to Englishmen doubles the terrors of crossing the Atlantic.

A CHICAGO man wrote to Agassiz that he had an apple which he had preserved for fifty-three years, and when Agassiz wrote for it, the joker said it was the apple of his eye.

CONSCIENCE doth make cowards of us all, particularly of a Michigander, who, on being arrested for larceny, promptly confessed to burglary, bigamy and infanticide.

BOSWELL observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland, "I believe, Sir, you are

very right," says Johnson; "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

It is said that one of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after commencing to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

"Does your arm pain you?" asked a witty Aberdeen lady of a gentleman, who, at a party, had thrown his arm across the back of her chair, so that it touched her shoulder. "No, madam, it doesn't pain me; but why do you ask?" "Oh, I noticed that it was out of place, sir; that's all." The arm was removed.

THE coming poet in Napoleon, O., warbles:—

"Tis midnight and the setting sun
Is rising in the wide, wide West.
The rapid rivers slowly run:
The frog is on his downy nest:

The pensive ghost and sportive cow
Hilarious hop from bough to bough."

A SCOTCH minister recently, in discoursing of a certain class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration: "Ma freens, it is as impossible for a sinner to enter the kingdom o' heaven as for a coo to climb up a tree wi' her tail foremost and harry a crow's nest, or for a soo to sit on the top o' a thistle like a laverock."

THERE is a hearty vigor about Omaha journalism which suggests that that city is not yet an enervated centre of effete civilization. The editor of the Omaha Herald says that the wall-eyed scullion who fiddles and dances in the Plattsmouth Herald delivered a temperance lecture a few nights before, and that he is glad the lecturer was partially sober at the time, and not dripping drunk as usual.

A COUNTRY minister of "limited capacity" recently married for a second wife a widow of some property. Being an ardent servant of Mammon, a former neighbor asked him if he

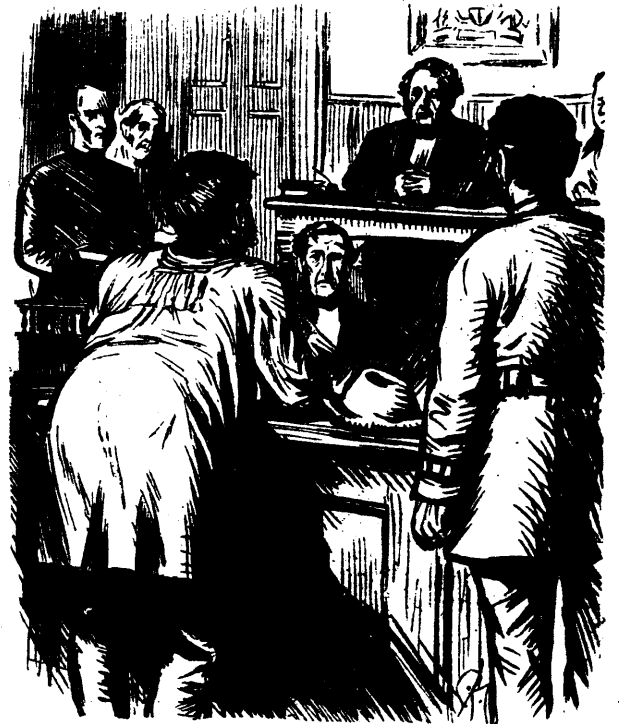
did not do well by the second marriage? "O, yes, indeed," he said, with animation and then, as an expression of reverent awe stole into his face, he added, "and, what is very remarkable, the clothes of my wife's first husband just fit me."

NOT REMARKABLE.—A Massachusetts farmer says, "My cattle will follow me until I leave the lot, and on the way up to the barn-yard in the evening stop and call for a look of hay." Smithson says there is nothing at all remarkable in that. He went into a barn-yard in the country one day last week, where he had not the slightest acquaintance with the cattle, and the old bull not only followed him till he left the lot, but took the gate off the hinges and raced with him to the house in the most familiar manner possible. Smithson says he has no doubt that the old fellow would have called for something if he had waited a little while, but he didn't want to keep the folks waiting dinner; so he hung one tail of his coat and a piece of his pants on the bull's horns, and went into the house.



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Fascinating Widow. "NOW, THAT WE ARE ALONE, MR. SILVERTONGUE, AND LIKELY TO REMAIN UNDISTURBED FOR ANOTHER HALF-HOUR OR SO, I HAVE A VERY GREAT FAVOUR TO ASK OF YOU!" Amateur Vocalist. "PRAY—PRAY DO?" Fascinating Widow. "WILL YOU, WILL YOU SIT DOWN TO THE PIANO, AND SING ME BRETHOVEN'S 'ADELAIDA' RIGHT THROUGH, FROM BEGINNING TO END, FIRST IN GERMAN, THEN IN ITALIAN, AND THEN IN ENGLISH! WILL YOU, MR. SILVERTONGUE?" [Much flattered, the gifted warbler complies, and little dreams that the fair one's sole object in getting him to sing is to escape from the tedium of his conversation.]



THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

Magistrate. "YOU SAY, PRISONER, YOU'VE A COMPLAINT AGAINST THE COO-STABLE. WHAT IS IT?" Prisoner. "PLEASE, SIR, HE TOOK ME UNAWARE, SIR!"



BITTER.

Discontented Cobby (to Ladies, who, wishing to get rid of their small change, have tendered him one fourpenny piece, two threepenny dills, one penny, one halfpenny, and two farthings—the sum total amounting to his proper fare). "WELL! 'OW LONG MIGHT YER BOTH A' BEEN A SAVIN' UP FOR THIS LITTLE TREAT!"



A STUDY OF INDECISION.

Stout Party (to himself). "H'M! UNDER, OR OVER?—THAT IS THE QUESTION!"