

## HUMORISMS.

Running expenses—Children.  
 A club-house—The police station.  
 An ideal person—The egotist.  
 A great wag—A dog's tail.  
 Springtime—A watch movement,  
 The opium joints should be dislocated.  
 A conscientious milkman never wears pumps.  
 An important suit—A man's wedding garments.  
 Bear—“Why do you prefer a wood fire?”  
 Belle—“Cause it pops!”  
 These dime museums make no bones of exhibiting live skeletons.  
 No matter how crooked the game may be, the gambler always wants a straight tip.  
 The small boy thinks that the ruling vice is the teacher's command to him to hold out his hand.  
 A Tautonic friend ran a foot race and lost it; but ran again and won. He said: “I'm first at last, if I was behind before.”  
 Blessed is that man whose water the company has turned off. He shall not encounter the plumber.

Paper shoes are announced as the latest novelty. Nothing out of the way about that; 'tis shoo pap'r, probably.

“Nevada is God's own country,” said a returning emigrant, “and I'm not going to dispute possession with Him.”

Five thousand patents have been issued on churns in this country, and still there is no way to make cream rise on pump water.

Of 32,000 Indians in Dakota 30,000 are said to speak the English language almost as well as an imported theatrical star.

The pulsation of a cat's heart is said to be from 110 to 120 a minute. This must be during a lull in the shower of bootjacks.

Will the persons who mourn over the good old times which are gone, be so good as to fix those times? Then we can look at the record for evidence.

A Detroit paper tells of a Minnesota Indian being found in a bath tub. We suggest that our contemporary send his information to Washington. The government pensions original discoveries.

“It is easy to see that that man has never served on a jury before,” remarked an old lawyer in court to a friend. “Why?” his unprofessional friend inquired. “Because he pays such close attention to the evidence.”

“A sociable man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't,” says an exchange. This item is correct except in respect to the number of minutes the sociable man has to spare.

Meat for tramps.

Men of note—The bank cashiers.

Hum, sweet hum—That of the honey bee.

A literary swell—An editor with the dropsy.

A rolling mill.—A rough and tumble prize fight.

It is a sort of joint affair—this opium smoking.

When a man is in love he fancies every wrinkle a dimple.

“The Mite'y Dollar”—That made up of church collection pennies.

Many New Year resolutions are like some secrets—“too good to keep.”

Actors may beat sword-points with each other, but they make up every day.

A headless ghost is frightening the people of Ephrata. How would it do to put a head on it?

Some one says, “the smoking car must go.” This is certainly true if it is coupled on to an engine.

A medical write says anything that will make a person sneeze will cure the hicoughs. ‘Snuff said.

A “chin-holder” has been invented. Unfortunately, it is not intended for Congressmen.

A Madison street girl's answer to the current conundrum, “Will the coming man work?” is “He will if I get him.”

“Mamma,” said little Carrie, “can you tell me what part of heaven people live in who are good, but not agreeable?”

Says an epigrammatic writer: “Waste in feeding criminal.” And he might have added, the more feeding, the more waist.

There were 241 decrees of divorce issued in Philadelphia courts in 1884. That is ringing the liberty bell loud and long.

It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, for if whiskey down, a man, it is because the man first downed the whiskey.

“Here you are!” shouted a vendor of toy balloons, “here you are! A little one for ascent!” But all the same it cost a dime to get one.

The old lady who asked for a gold ring sixteen pears fine was probably related to the elderly gentleman who said his daughter was attending the observatory of music.

“I wish you would just be kind enough to go outside there and stand so near that tramp that you could kick him easily,” said Miss Charmer to young O'Dude. “Certainly my deah girl. Do you want me to ah—so—kick him?” “No, I guess that won't be necessary. If you just stand near him, he'll think he sees a donkey, and he won't wait to be kicked.”