

WIT AND HUMOR.

Master of the Situation.—In the days of slavery Abram was a great favorite with his master, whom he had served as a valet from his youth. At his master's death his mistress granted him many privileges, and at the period of emancipation he resisted every temptation to leave the old plantation. In the exercise of his privileges he became obnoxious to the other negroes, and their frequent complaints excited remonstrance on the part of his mistress. But Abram pursued his own way in spite of expostulation. Finally, his interference with her own plans exhausted the patience of his mistress, who determined to dismiss him. "Abram," said she one day to him in a very kindly tone, "I see that you and I cannot live in peace on the same place, and I have decided that we must part—" but before she concluded her remarks Abram exclaimed, "Law, Mistis, whar you gwine? You ain't gwine git no bettah plantashun dan dis; take ole Abe's advice, Mistis, en stay right whar you is."

A Promising Pupil.—Small Bostonian struggling with her arithmetic—Oh, dear—Papa—What is it my child? Small Bostonian—I wish I were an Australian rabbit? Papa—An Australian rabbit? Why, my child? Small Bostonian—Because they multiply so rapidly.

A Lawsuit Averted.—Colonel N. O. Borders, the genial claim agent of the Burlington in Missouri, once paid a claim for a "death loss" without investigation of the facts. It happened a good many years ago, and he doesn't speak of it very often for fear he might induce other "attorneys for the plaintiff" to resort to similar tactics. An old plug of a mule belonging to one Jones got on the right-of-way over in Linn County one day, and the obsequies occurred soon after the west-bound train came along. Jones filed a statement, reciting his bereavement, which he broadly hinted was susceptible to amelioration by a pecuniary consideration. No terms were offered by the Company, and he

put the matter in the hands of Judge W. H. Brownlee, a prominent attorney of Brookfield. Brownlee wrote the claim agent several letters—fifteen or twenty—each one getting hotter and more peremptory, until the last one fairly sizzled. Still no answer. Judge Brownlee has a great reputation as an orator, and some as a literary man and poet. He resorted to strategy before choosing the "last resort." He grabbed his quill and ground this out:

"Our donkey stood on the railroad side,
Your train came whizzing by—
The driver pulled 'er open wide
And knocked our mule sky-high!
No bell was sounded o'er the hill,
Nor friendly warning toot,
And if you fail to pay your bill—
By George we'll enter suit."

Jones' check for full amount came on return mail.

A Sure Cure.—In one of the black-land counties of South Texas is a negro doctor, who enjoys a more or less extensive practice among the colored population, which composes a majority of the citizenship. A white physician accosted him on the road the other day, saying: "Well, Dr. Sam, where have you been?" "Been to see Bill Johnsing, sah. He was wraslin' wid Mose Jones an' bus' a bloodvessel." "Indeed, that's serious. What did you prescribe?" "Ah! I done fix him all right wid alum and gum arabic. Alum to draw the pahts togeddah and de gum to stick 'em." It may be interesting to add that the victim recovered.

Perfectly Good.—A fresh arrival from the "Green Isle" had taken his place behind the bar in the "Sweet Ireland" Saloon. Grogan, the proprietor, was playing a game of "freeze out" with a friend in the back room. "Tony" O'Farrity, a ne'er-do-well and a never-a-pay, saw his chance, and walking boldly to the bar by some lucky chance got an introduction to the new "bar-tend," and calling for a drink, got it and walked out without so much as a "Thank you." The following laconic conversation then took place in a rapid staccato way between the new tender and the proprietor: "Mister Grogan!" yelled the "bar." "Yis," answered the proprietor. "Is Tony O'Farrity guid for a drink?" "Did he get it?" "He did." "He is."