

HUMORISMS.

Very frequently the waiter has to be feed before he will feed you satisfactorily.

A young man asks: "When is the best time to move?" When is his rent due?

Although Rome had eight circuses, neither of them had a calcimitted sacred elephant.

"Another expedition to the pole," said the man, as he wended his way to the barber shop.

"I tolled you so," said the sexton to the bell that cracked and refused to peal any more.

"A baby is the oasis of married life."—*N. Y. Journal*. O! a sis, is it! Thought it was a boy.

In the social circles of the chicken yard the lines are very distinctly drawn, for each hen has her own set.

There is one thing about a house that seldom falls, but never hurts the occupant when it does. That is the rent.

A careless printer made a dancing-master's card read: "I offer my respectful shanks to all who have honored me with their patronage."

"What," said Margaret to Cecilia: "What, dearest, do you really think is the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered, "Arrow-rod."

Two mules used on Lake street cars rejoice in pet names—Sin and Misery—because it is misery to drive them and a sin to whip them.

A bright reporter on the *Buffalo Express*, after seeing a delegation of Latter Day Saints, remarked that "Raphael never painted such saints."

"Now, children," said the teacher, "What do you call the meal that you eat in the morning?" "Oat meal!" promptly replied a member of the class.

A tough old widower, in response to a neighbor who addressed words of comfort to him, replied: "Well, yes, I shall miss her—she was a very expensive woman."

Mme. De Staal once said. "The more I know of men the better I like dogs." Now let some bachelor retaliate by saying the more he knows of women the better he likes cats.

"But these hacks are dangerous. We might get the small-pox." "You've no cause to be afraid of my coach, mum for I've 'ad the 'ind wheel vaccinated, and it took beautiful."

As two ladies were gazing at the large black bear brought into town yesterday, one remarked. "Oh, what a nice buffalo robe his skin would make!" The other replied: "Or such a splendid seal skin sacque!"

A scientist says that in the moon a nut falling from a bough would crash through a man like a bullet. That settles it; we shall never go to the moon to gather nuts.

"When I was a boy," said Thackeray, "I wanted some taffy. It was a shilling. I hadn't one. When I was a man, I had a shilling; but I didn't want any taffy."

"I love her still," sang the serenader. And then a married man passing along the opposite side of the street soliloquized: "Yes, you're right. I'd love my wife still, too; but she won't be still."

Sir Boyle Roche once said, in reference to persons, all relations to each other, but who happened to have no descendants, that "it seemed to be hereditary in the family to have no children."

"No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman to a would-be dandy who had more hair than brains. "Why?" asked Joe, immediately. "Because they can't see your ears."

"Alice," said Mrs. Petulia, in a subdued tone to her little girl one evening at supper, "you must eat bread with your jam." "But, mamma," protested Alice, "it's plenty good enough without bread."

A philosophic individual, who suddenly sat down on a slippery sidewalk in Milwaukee disarmed the usual ridicule incident to accidents of that character by coolly taking a cigar out of his pocket and lighting it before getting up.

A young lady received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers: "Dear ———, I send you by the boy a bucket of flours. This iz like my luv for u. The nite shade menes kepe dark. Rosis red and posis pail, my luv for u shall never fale."

"This art craze is going too far," said Broughine, when a pot of paint fell from a second story window and struck him on the head. "No more decorated tiles for me," he mournfully added, as he began to scrape the yellow paint off his silk hat with a jack-knife.

The obliging visitor, to show that he really is fond of children, and that the dear little one is not annoying him in the least, treats the kid to a ride upon his knee. "Trot! trot! trot! How do you like that, my boy? Is that nice?" "Yes, sir," replied the child; "but not so nice as on the real donkey—the one with four legs."

A Washington school-boy has a grievance, and writes about it to the *Star*: "When a boy goes to school in the morning an Forgets to Sharpin his Pencil Why then of Corse he Hast to do it in School An if he does his Teacher takes His knife away from him. Then he goes home An tells his Father an he Makes a fus. But he never gets his Knife."