

WIT and HUMOR

HOW THE "SANDWICH" ORIGINATED

It was Lord Spencer's uncle, the third earl, who added a word to the language in consequence of a wager, says The London Daily Chronicle. The bet was that, by cutting off the tail part of his overcoat, he could bring into fashion overcoats so short that the skirts of the undercoat would show beneath. He won his wager, and "Spencer" became the name both of that garment and of the feminine one afterwards constructed in its likeness. The peerage has added more than one name to the terminology of costume. Everybody knows "Wellingtons," and the billycock hat is said by some to be really "Billy Coke," from Coke, of Norfolk, Earl of Leicester. But none of these examples in the sphere of clothes rivals what the Earl of Sandwich did, when he contrived the slice of meat between bread as a device to enable him to go on gambling without leaving off for a meal.

Away back, when herds of buffalo grazed along the foothills of Western mountains, two hardy prospectors fell in with a bull bison that seemed to have been separated from his kind and run amuck. One of the prospectors took to the branches of a tree and the other dived into a cave. The buffalo bellowed at the entrance to the cavern and then turned toward the tree. Out came the man from the cave and the buffalo took after him again. The man made another dive for the hole. After this had been repeated several times, the man in the tree called to his comrade, who was trembling at the mouth of the cavern: "Stay in the cave, you idiot!" "You don't know nothing about this hole!" bawled the other. "There's a bear in it!"

"Papa!"
"Well?"
"Is there a Christian flea?"
"Why, what on earth ever put that idea in your head?"
"The preacher read it out to-day from the Bible—'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.'"
"Why, Tommy, that means that the wicked men flee!"
"Then, papa, is there a wicked women flea?"
"No, no. It means that the wicked flees, runs away."
"Why do they run?"
"Who?"
"The wicked flees."
"No, no! Don't you see? The wicked man runs away when no man is after him."
"Is there a woman after him?"
"Tommy, go to bed!"

Mr. Edward Brooke, the noted teacher and author of Philadelphia, described at a dinner the great strides that popular education had made in the last fifty years. "Smaller and smaller," he said, "becomes the percentage of the illiterate, of those who cannot read or write. It won't be long before a thing that once happened to me in Sullivan county will be quite impossible. When I was teaching a school in my youth in Sullivan county, a boy one morning undertook to go through the alphabet. He stumbled along and finally came to a full stop—before the letter X.

"Dunno that un," he said.
"Oh, yes you do," said I. "Think a minute." He thought. Then he brightened.
"Why," he said, "that's dad's name!"

Murphy met with an accident and the result was two broken legs and a fractured skull. When he got out of the hospital the first person he met was his friend Gallagher.

"Well," exclaimed Gallagher, "I suppose you are going to sue the railroad for damages now, Mike."

"Damages nothing," snorted Murphy, "damages I've been thinking I have in plenty. I am going to sue them for repairs!"

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If this have an attractive look,
Come live with us, and be our cook.

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cops,
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And bell shall wake you up at six.

O Gretchen, Olga, Tillie, Mary,
Come, be our genius culinary.
If good to you these prospects look,
Then live with us and be our cook.

—New York Mail.

He had been on a hunting expedition for several days in the back woods, roughing it rather severely, and on taking a seat in a railway carriage returning homewards he looked as begrimed and weatherbeaten a trapper as ever brought his skins into a settlement. He happened to find a seat next to a young lady—evidently belonging to Boston—who, after taking stock of him for a few minutes, remarked: "Don't you find an utterly passionate sympathy with nature's most incarnate aspirations among the sky-topping mountains and the dim aisles of the horizon-touching forests, my good man?" "Oh, yes," replied the apparent backwoodsman; "and I also am frequently drawn into an exaltation of rapt soulfulness and beatific incandescent infinity of abstract continuity when my horse stumbles." "Indeed!" said the young lady, much surprised, "I had no idea the lower classes felt like that."

One day a Bishop chanced into the shop of a druggist who was very fond of a joke—on somebody else. The druggist, wishing to have a joke at the Bishop's expense, asked:

"Bishop, can you tell me the difference between an ass and a bishop?"

The Bishop could not.
"Well," said the druggist, smiling all over, "an ass carries its cross (burden) upon its back, but a bishop carries his cross (of gold) on his breast."

"Very good," replied the Bishop, and then continued: "Now then, my friend, can you tell the difference between an ass and a druggist?"

After some hesitation the druggist answered: "No, sir, I can't."

"Neither can I!" retorted the Bishop as he walked out.

The authorities of the village of Jocketa, in Saxony, with 215 inhabitants, recently installed electric light in the streets. The light is cut off at 11 p.m., when it is supposed everybody is in bed.

The authorities, however, discovered a number of club men who were "afraid to go home in the dark," and who kicked about having the lights extinguished at 11. To meet their demands the authorities have attached penny-in-the-slot devices to the light poles.

A tired club man going home in the dark after 11 can now fumble his way to an electric light pole, drop a penny in the slot and light his way home. If he lives far from his club two successive pennies will do the trick.