

It is one of the curiosities of natural history that a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.—*S. H. Review.*

A school teacher at Basle, lately received the following note of apology: "Wil yu pleez ex-kews my son Fritz for not cummun to skoole this mornin'. He is ded. Widow H.——, wash-erwoman.—*Ex.*"

At a dinner-party given to celebrate the completion of a country church, the builder was toasted. Thereupon he rather queerly replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than public speaking."

He thought, and always had thought, that he was born a humorist. "What quantities of dry grasses you have collected, Miss Jones; nice room for a donkey to get into,"

"Make yourself at home," she said, sweetly.—*Ex.*

ALLITERATION.

All algebras advance an axiom astute
Before beginning biquadratics bright boys' boot.
Chemists comprehend caloric, cohesion's cogent crafts,
Devising drugs, defying death, drinking daring draughts.
Eagerly experiment, enigmas explicate,
Foolishly for fortune, fame fight factious fate
Geometry gives giliness, gains glory's golden gate,
History heeds heroes, helps human habitation,
Incites ideal improvement, induces imitation.
Judicious judgment, jurisprudence, just, judicial jaw;
Keeps knowledge keen, kills knavish knots, knaps kindred knaves' kaw.
Laborious Latin's lucid load lax Lubbers leftward lean,
Misinstructed, mutilate, men's mythologic mean.
Nature needs not novices, neologists ninefold;
Ostracized offenders, opposed, outlawed of old,
Patronize philosophers, persuasive, plain, polite.
Quaff quietly quadrivials quench quixotisms quite.
Resist repulsive reprobrates, restrain refractory rage,
Seek sedulously scientists, sustain scholastics, sage,
Take trustily trigonometry, that tests tenacious thought,
Vanquish vain verbosity vulpine varieties.
Working wavy wood engravings wonderfully wealed
Xylographing Xebecs Xanthic Niphoïdes,
Youling, yawning youths yeomanlike ye yield
Zesting zoographers zoologically zealed.

—*The Leyer.*

"That was a sympathetic audience I had," said the lecturer. "Yes; I thought they all seemed sorry for each other," said his bosom friend.—*Sun, N. Y.*

Politician (angrily)—Those newspapers tell alominable lies about me.

Friend—And yet they might do worse.

Politician—Do Worse! What do you mean?

Friend—They might tell the truth.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Chumpley—Why do the German hands always play in front of the Law School?

Thumpley—Oh, wind and brass are always sure of reward in the legal profession, you know.

Green—White, how did you learn to keep books?

White—I never learned. Why?

Green—I notice you never return any you borrow.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

"Hump!" sneezed the ass, as he encountered the zebra. "You look like an escaped convict."

"Possibly," retorted the zebra. "But no one ever takes me for an ass."—*New York Sun.*

Butcher—"Come, John, be lively now; break the bone in Mr. Williamson's chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

John, (briskly)—"All right, sir, just as soon as I've sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg."

Daniel O'Connell once met a conceited literary friend, and exclaimed:—

"I saw a capital thing in your last pamphlet."

"Did you," eagerly replied his delighted listener; "what was it?"

"A pound of butter."—*S. H. Review.*

Harper's Magazine prints the following about the genial Charles Lamb: "Lamb was awakened early one Christmas morning by a noise in his kitchen, and on going down to that apartment found a burglar doing his spoons up in a bundle. 'Why d-do you s-s-st-t-teal?' he asked. 'Because I am starving,' returned the house-breaker, sullenly. 'Are y-you re-re-ally ver-very h-h-hung-hung-gug-gery-hungay?' asked Lamb. 'Very,' replied the burglar, turning away. 'Pup-pup-poor ful-fuf-fellow,' said the essayist, 'h-here's a l-l-leg of L-L-Lamb for y-you.' And so saying, with a dexterous movement of his right leg he ejected the marauder into the street, and locking the door securely, went back to bed. The burglar confessed afterwards that he didn't see the joke for six weeks."