

SEEKING INFORMATION.

REPORTER—Good morning, Mrs. —

MRS. BANGTRON—You are *that* reporter, are you?

REPORTER—Yes'm ; I guess that's the one I am.

MRS. BANGTRON—Well, I don't want you misrepresenting me, I'm from a good family I'll inform you!

REPORTER—Thank you for the information. And will you please tell me if your father was of a gentle disposition and your mother, too?

LITTLE BLUE-EYES—Papa, did you see sister Fannie flying through the air?

THE FATHER—No, my child; why do you ask?

LITTLE BLUE-EYES—Why, she said she was going out on a lark.



Intelligence am allus in de majority.

De cane dat am hoed am de cane what makes de 'lasses.

No use'n tryin' tu res' less'n you is tired.

Labor am a blessin' dat few am seekin'.

Dar am good many black sheep in de white flocks.

De flowers bloom for de busy bee.

Few can stan' prosperity, but many can stan' poverty.

A drunken man am a passin' fool, ef he am passin' or not.

To lose one's tempah am desirable ef his tempah am bad.

At de judgment seat you ain't asked what color you am—case dat am 'parent—but what am de colorin' uv your deeds.

To heah some folks talk youuns would think de Lord made de black man aftah he'd done run out uv white material, an' dat de black man am jes what wus lef'. No matter, de shadder am 's good as de sunshine on a summer's day; an' de sunshine am not sufficient in de wintah time.

It am bettah tu be black on de outside 'an on de inside.

We am all sinnahs, whuther we am black, white, or red.

When de white man looks down on me I refers him tu de Lord, who furnish de colorin'.

De lazy niggah soon come to rags widout travelin' fah.

Life am like de rivah gwine tu de sea.

Dis niggah can't see fah, but he nevah lose sight uv de old home. His harp am rude, but it teches de world's heart wid its pathos.

ORIGINAL.

"Original?" I reckon I am
And that is why I've taken the palm
Or why I've not—perhaps I should say;
I am no copyist anyway!
And I will bet the half of my pell
That I am my *Original—self*;
That I am such, the reason I own
I wish the fact more generally known.

VERY LIKELY.

HARDSHELL—Do you suppose Rustler has got any religion? I never hear him say anything about it.

SOFTSHELL—He may have a *little* of the kind that speaks for itself; there isn't much of that, you know.

FIRM FOUNDATION.

There is only one science that has any real ground for its foundation, and that is geology.

GENERAL INFORMATION WANTED.

STRANGER—Is this the Methodist church, madam?

MRS. FINERTY—I doin't know, sir; I guess it air—ain't it?

STRANGER—I can't tell you, madam!

THE QUOTATION NOT PERTINENT.

PATRICK (versed in the verse of Shakspeare)—O, that men will put that in their stomachs to stale away their brains!

MIKE—Oh, swaller her down, Pat. It'll stale nothing from you.

NO WONDER.

"I'm very busy these times and have my hands full."

"You must have struck it rich?"

"Well, no; tho' there may have been striking done. Having on business of my own, I am min'ing other people's."

HARD ON THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

"You are too young to marry, my daughter; you are only sixteen."

"How old were you, mamma, when you were married?"

"I was only sixteen; but if I'd waited awhile longer I might have done better."

A BACHELOR'S MUSING.

"I have a number of sweethearts."

"Isn't it rather embarrassing sometimes?"

"No, most of them are married, and I am used to waiting on the rest—you see I am now thirty-five."

"It is alsier ter be the governed than it air ter govern," said Pat, as he joined the mob.

ALMOST BLIND.

BOSS OF A GANG OF MEN (to a by-stander)—Are you looking for work, sir?

LAZY BY-STANDER (as he moves to take up an easy position at the next corner)—Yes, but my eye-sight is poor.

OF COURSE.

I'll know you better when you're well.

To govern one's self isn't to govern much, but I don't want anything else on hand when I undertake that job.