

WIT AND HUMOR.

The water in the Atlantic is getting low—so much is used to "Go West" in oyster cans.

A Missusosa juror addressed a note to the judge, in which he styled him an "onerable jug."

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl?—Because she is too young to show much reflection.

A LITTLE boy had been sent to dry a towel before the nursery fireplace. "Mamma, is it done when it is brown?" "How long will my chop be, waiter?" asked a hungry man in a restaurant. "About five inches, sir," was the prompt reply.

A DUMKES California miner kicked a can of nitro-glycerine. All that was found of him afterward seemed perfectly sober.

DR. HOLLAND says: "One fire of talking to fools," and Mr. Howell wittily adds: "Many good people are tired of hearing fools talked to."

"I am glad that I am once more on terra cotta," said a masculine Mrs. Partington as she stepped off from a Cunard ship at East Boston dock.

THE most laconic will on record is that of a man who died in 1769. It runs thus: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor."

At bedtime now, after the little Philadelphia boy has said his "Now I lay me," he adds, in a truly thankful spirit, "Ma, ain't I glad I don't have to sleep out in the shed any more?"

A PARISIAN lady enters a shop at Leipzig, and asks, being addressed in German, if they do not speak French. "We can, madame," is the reply, "but we do not—on patriotic motives."

"SALLY, what have you done with the cream? These children cannot eat skin-milk for breakfast." "Sure, ma'am, it isn't myself that would be after giving the cream to yez. I tuk that and give it to the cats."

Nothing like truthfulness in a vendor. Recently an itinerant bookseller called at a house in Pennsylvania, and after showing several books unsuccessfully, said, "Here, sir, is a Bible. First-rate book; full of useful information!"

A LADY in Iowa found some cream on her milk yesterday morning, and was so astonished and overcome that she threatened to discharge the milkman. The latter, however, explained that it was a mistake owing to the drought.

"RATHER remarkable, ain't it, sir? But have you never noticed as mostly all the places on this line begin with a H? Aw, beg your pardon! Look at 'em—'Amsterdam,' 'Lghate,' 'Ackney,' 'Omeron,' 'Edon,' 'Arrow,' 'Olloway,' and 'Orasey'!"

A SUNDAY-school teacher was giving a lesson in Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop large handfuls of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boaz did an' the reaper, for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" "Married her," said one of the boys.

"WHEN was Rome built?" asked a school committee member of the first class in ancient history. "In the night," answered a bright little girl. "In the night?" exclaimed the astonished examiner. "How do you make that out?" "Why, I thought everybody knew that Rome wasn't built in a day."

THE New Orleans *Piangeur*, in trying its hand at description, says: "The modern city school girl goes along with a bustle, striped hose, hump-backed, carrying thirty-one different books, three slates, four copy-books, bottle of ink, pocket full of pencils and pens, seven dollars' worth of pin-back jewelry, a mouthful of chewing-gum and thirteen red streamers dangling after her."

AN INDICIOUS HUSBAND—"Arrah, Jiminy, why did I marry yez just tell me that for my self that's bad to maintain yez, ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flanagan sent me home to yez house." "Swear, jewel," replied Jiminy, not relishing the charge, "and its myself that hopes I may live to see the day when yez a widow, weeping over the cold and that covers me—then I'll see how yez'll get along without me, honey!"

A POLITE CRIMINAL—A Maine paper tells a story of a gentlemanly criminal recently asked by Judge Peters, holding the Oxford County term, of the Supreme Court, if he had anything to say before sentence was passed. He had met "with something to take," and had been "stealed by it. However, he managed to get upon his feet, and remarked, with considerable difficulty, "Pon what subject would yez Honor be pleased to have me 'dress the court?" The genial judge didn't give him a theme, but proceeded to sentence him at once.

A NEW prison-chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and, entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No; nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are! Well, I have heard of ye before." "And what did ye hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last two kirk's ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one!"

THESE stray bits of humor come from an Irish humorist, and are the substance of the wags of Ulster:

A college professor, very dry, cold, and formal in his style of address, was once preaching to a country congregation, and after service was over, an elder remarked to a neighbor, "Weel, it'll be long afore that man make the deli swear."

An old minister was once visiting his hearse, and, accompanied by a humble farmer who had been long with his crop in the street, he said, "I hear, Jamie," said the minister, "that ye are behind with your harvest."

"O, sir," was the reply, "I hae got it all in except three wee stacks, and I leave them to the mercy of Providence."

Some of the old sextons, or leadies, as they would be called in Scotland, have been great characters. One of the class, by the way, was burned in Scotland by the Papists in reformation times because, falling asleep in church, he woke up with the exclamation, "Dell take the priests; they're a greedy pack!"

The sexton of a parish in the County Armagh was about to lose his wife. She begged him, as her last dying request, to bury her over in Tyrone, among her own kindred, forty miles away. "Indeed, Peggy," was the dry rejoinder of her husband, "I'll try ye here first, but if ye give yez trouble, I'll tak ye up and bury ye in Tyrone."

A Convict Guide in Serbia.

A correspondent of the London *Telegraph* writes: "The oddities of Belgrade life, normal and abnormal (certain features of the Russian occupation taking a conspicuous place in the latter category), would fill a small and singularly diverting volume; but there are serious, even tragic times, during which one hesitates, even under the strongest temptation, to lay stress upon, or even call attention to, the comic aspects of men and things Serbian. Nevertheless, one trivial incident of recent occurrence strikes me as being so intrinsically and humorously funny that I cannot forbear narrating it, as nearly as possible, in the words of the person to whom it happened, a Young Russian of my acquaintance here. This gentleman, having demanded and received permission to inspect the citadel, was conducted over the works and the Konak by the Serbian commandant, a somewhat stout officer, who, however, when my friend expressed a desire to ascend to the top of the minaret hard by, from which an extensive view of the surrounding country is commanded, excused himself from accompanying M. De— to that 'bad eminence,' but offered him a trusty guide, and called up a strapping young fellow in a sort of fatigues uniform of drab-colored canvas, whom he instructed to conduct the Gospodin. Arrived upon the tiny platform, M. De— first took in the panorama at his leisure, and then bent his eyes downward toward the place fronting the Konak, where he noticed several exceptionally fine men, clad in a costume exactly similar to that worn by his companion. 'Tell me,' he exclaimed, turning to the latter, 'who are those men, and to what branch of the service do they belong?' 'Look, Gospodin,' replied his guide, 'that one there is the brother of the Minister—'

he has twenty years; it is because he killed his wife. That other one, the tall youth with the sweeping mustache, he will not be here long. He is the son of a Senator—'

He only killed a man who offended him.' And thus he went on with his catalogue. It should be remembered that my friend, a slight and somewhat delicate young fellow, was entirely alone with his interlocutor, a stately giant of truculent aspect, upon a narrow ledge of stone sixty or seventy feet above the level of the ground. His feelings may be readily imagined those described when this gentleman in drab, who had just revealed himself, by implication, to be a *garibasse*, turned to him with his eyes fixed on the ground, and, slapping him amicably on the shoulder, observed in a tone of restrained pride, such as is assumed by modest merit, 'I also am a twenty years' younger fellow. I too have killed my wife.' My friend replied, in as steady a voice as he could command for the moment, 'That is indeed very remarkable and interesting. Perhaps I am keeping you from your regular avocations? I think, perhaps, we had better go down.'

When they got to the last step of the staircase, the amiable misanthrope turned short around upon M. De— and, stretching out his 'red right hand,' ejaculated, 'I like thee, thou art a good man. Let us cordially shake hands.' What was my unfortunate friend to do? Let us mercifully drop a veil over the inevitable accident—the culminating horror of this tragic comedy, eminently Serbian episode.

Had the Turkish soldier been well led, he would have gone straight to Belgrade, and the whole business would have been settled forthwith. It has always been a beautiful sight to see him go into battle. Even the Sofia battalions caught the spirit of the soldier and went into action like mad men, and, in a very striking instance, it was towards evening time when Tchernajew's newly-arrived Russians were trying to fight their way up by the face of our position at Reval.

It was clear somebody must stop them, and they were sheltered from our guns by the wood below. The S. was called up, got into line, 'dressed,' and ordered to double down the hill. For a moment there was comparative silence, except the rattle of musketry and artillery which was heard. The priests were gathering inspiration—it was their first battle-field. Then with one voice they shouted 'Allah!' and with this religious appeal they dashed into the woods. I'll bet it with Russian and Serb that day; for the S. was not passing between the trees and searching for the foe, which, when found, they ineffectually destroyed. There was no more cheering until we reached the village at the end of the wood and the last Serb had fled. Then there was another loud shout, which told that the priests had won their maiden fight and were victors.—*London Telegraph*.

A QUESTION OF BOOKS—Whilst traveling along the coast of Morocco, I once made the acquaintance of a deserter from the French Algerian army, who had settled in that town some ten years previously. During that period he had employed himself in the collection of the bones of the animals which were rejected daily by the adjacent burghs of Rabat and Saleh. When at last his courtyard became choked with an accumulation of bones of every description, estimated at some 4,000 pounds weight, he made an application to be allowed to ship them to Marseilles. "What do they want all those bones at Marseilles?" he was asked. "Of them they turn knife-handles and buttons, and a great many other useful articles," replied the Frenchman. "I will allow you to export these bones," the *Kadi* returned, "but with the condition that before shipping they shall be examined piece by piece by a tribunal of four judges, whose services you will have to pay, in order to state that no bones of Moslems are found amongst the lot, for you understand that I never could consent to have knife-handles and buttons turned out of the sacred remains of my forefathers." The bones in question are lying yet at Rabat.—*London Standard*.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois he and the judge once got to talking over one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeit of \$25. At the hour appointed the judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, set down the saw-horse and exclaimed, "Well, judge, is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade?"

On very mistaken life may be overruled for a higher end, and our tears water growth that may be rich with immortal foliage and fruit.

MOUNT ARARAT.—The present fashion of mountain climbing counts another triumph. Mount Ararat has been successfully ascended by Mr. Bryce, of Lincoln's Inn. This is the second time, the first being made by Parrot in 1834, and the second by Abich in 1850. The mountain is 17,212 feet in height, and the last 4,000 feet had to be climbed alone, the Cosack escort refusing to go further. The Armenians of the neighborhood believe the mountain to be accessible, and insist that Noah's ark still remains upon the summit. As mountains go, however, Ararat is not particularly hard climb. The peak is a sugar-loaf peak of volcanic origin, covered with snow, and as no glaciers descend the mountain there are none of their added dangers to meet.

Stock Speculation in San Francisco.

A San Francisco correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* writes: "Everything seems to be subordinated to the mining stocks and to speculations in mining. Here they are not satisfied with one board, but they must have three, although the population of San Francisco is barely 270,000. There is the Pacific Board, the California Board, and the San Francisco Board, each of which has its Stock Exchange and is independent of the others. This is pretty much as it should be in New York City, an Atlantic Stock Exchange and a New York City Stock Exchange. But though the business transacted in Gotham represents a population of over two millions, one Stock Exchange has hitherto been found amply sufficient. It is obvious from this one fact that gambling in mining shares must be a very general pursuit, and indeed it is. The man who would speculate in the strict channels of his immediate business is looked upon by the community with admiration which a thorough-paced drunkard feels for a teetotal friend. He craves his wealth, and admires the calm blood which courses through the unfettered veins, yet, after all, he thinks the man is a milk-sop, too cowardly to risk the joys of Bacchus. So here in San Francisco, everybody takes a nibble at the treacherous host. The merchant down town, whose capital is just sufficient for his importing business, is on the sly bearing Ophir, while the wife of his bosom has bought the same stock for a rise. His clerks are all embarked on the same speculation, too cowardly to risk the joys of Bacchus. So here in San Francisco, everybody takes a nibble at the treacherous host. The merchant down town, whose capital is just sufficient for his importing business, is on the sly bearing Ophir, while the wife of his bosom has bought the same stock for a rise. His clerks are all embarked on the same speculation, too cowardly to risk the joys of Bacchus. So here in San Francisco, everybody takes a nibble at the treacherous host. 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