

WIT AND HUMOR.

In some parts of the country the farmers are beginning to feel their pinch. The tradition of the first Chinaman, Fohi, reaches us in 700 years. How is that Fohi?—[N. Y. Herald.]

It was a German Editor who said that in the United States thieves are so scarce that they have to offer a reward for them.

A LITTLE fellow who wore striped stockings was asked why he made barber poles of his legs. His pert reply was, "Well, ain't I a little shaver?"

OLD LADY (to her niece)—Good gracious, Matilda! but it's cold. My teeth are actually chattering. Loving niece—Well, don't let 'em chatter too much, or they may tell where you bought 'em!

A WISCONSIN man has parted from his wife because she wouldn't hold still and let him shoot an apple off her head. Wives should do everything to make it pleasant for the family.—[Det. Free Press.]

A CONSUMPTIVE man was pained to hear a young lady say that when the talented and beautiful actress, Miss M., played in Boston, she never wore anything else but low neck and short sleeves.

SOME rash fellow says that the giving of the ballot to women would not amount to much, for none of them would admit that they were old enough to vote until they were too old to take any interest in politics.

An excellent old deacon, who, having won a fine turkey at a charity raffle, did not like to let his severe Orthodox wife have it, but, quietly remarked, as he handed her the turkey, that the "Shakers gave it to him."

SOME malicious old bachelor in Virginia says there is a musical society in the next village to his residence which is fifty years old, and that "several young ladies have belonged to it ever since its organization."

A RECENT number of the Shanghai Celestial Empire contains the following interesting item of intelligence: "It is said that during the absence of Ting-Jinchang in Formosa the Fan-tai will act as Fu-tai at Foochow."

"Oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" wailed a man, as he sat himself down in the wood-shed, where his wife had locked him up, and he heard her slam the front-door as she went out to do her marketing.

A MICHIGAN girl has gone clear to Japan to marry a Mr. Lilly. She heard that the Lillys toiled in the mines every day and she thought she would like to become one.—[Phil. North Am.]

A TRAMP has confessed that begging is profitable in New Haven. "Just say that a Hartford man gave you a dollar to help you out, and you'll get two dollars from the New Haven party. Anything to beat Hartford."—[Hart. Times.]

SINCE the Rochester lady, under the benign influence of blue glass, presented her husband with twins, the same remarkable circumstance has occurred in every city in the Union. The last case is reported in the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A GENTLEMAN seeing his wife in a very sullen mood asked her how she did. She answered him that she was not very sick nor yet very well. "Nay," quoth he, "then I may even turn thee out of doors, for I only proposed to cherish thee in sickness or health."

"FATHER, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible that you married Anna Domini, 1836; and that's not mother. Your father was Sally Smith."

IF Rodgers, the sculptor, desires to make a statue representing "Surprise," we would suggest that he enclose anonymously a \$2 bill to a country editor, and then observe the features of the recipient as he opens the letter at the post-office.—[Turner's Falls Reporter.]

ADMIRAL DUNCAN's address to the officers who came on board his ship for instructions, previous to the engagement with Admiral de Winter, was both laconic and humorous: "Gentlemen, you see severe Winter approaching; I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

"YOUNG man," said a lugubrious individual in a white cloak to a young man on a Western train the other day—"Young man, do you know that you are on the road to hell?" "Just my blasted luck," replied the unregenerate person; "I bought a ticket for Chicago!"

"HOW are you, John?" said one friend to another, meeting in the street; "I'm glad to see you." "Valley Forge," was the response. "Come and take a drink, old fellow; 'tisn't often we meet." "That's a fact, Charley," declared the other; "and when we do, it's meet and drink."

A COUNTRYMAN, upon visiting N. York during the cholera, asked what the board was put across the street for. Upon being told that it was to keep the disease from spreading, he exclaimed: "Well, I've often heard tell of the Board of Health, but I never saw it before in all my life."

"Why do we live; what is there for us in this life?" inquires *The Christian Register*. We don't pretend to answer the question, but we do know that when a man has walked four miles through the mud to see a girl, and finds another fellow sitting up with her, it comes home to him.

"Norwich Bulletin."

They say that one of the Brattleboro, Vt., congregations was disturbed the other Sunday during the momentary stillness following the opening prayer by a voice from the audience, exclaiming, "Mary, where's the mauls?" Soon the answer came, "In the coffin, you fool!"—[Boston Traveller.]

"Who can tell what a baby thinks?" poetically inquires Dr. Holland, and millions upon millions of people have given up the conundrum.—[Boston Globe.]

From the hungry calls they make semi-occasionally probably their thoughts may be interpreted to mean that it is a long time between drinks.—[Washington Star.]

ONE of our exchanges solemnly inquires: "Watchman, what of the night and away down the long vista of street lamps we hear the chattering reply. 'Whaz of ver night? Like 't no how many mangle 'in' where? 'Put nigh' key when er doorknob plum full 't stray keyholes. Ats whazzer marrier igh night.'—[Burlington Hawkeye.]

A FASHIONABLE paper announces that in Paris everything in female attire is worn just now with trayed edges, making it difficult to distinguish ragged dresses from whole ones. It is supposed, with benevolent intentions toward small incomes, though it is difficult to believe it, even on authority. The most appropriate comment seems to be "Hem!"—[Judy.]

A Senatorial Joke.

An amusing incident occurred in the Senate over the appropriation for the School of Mines. Senator Seay had set his heart on securing an increase of \$10,000 for that institution, and has been bending all his energies to the accomplishment of that end. Realizing his anxiety about the matter, Senators Young, Mayor, Paris, Watson and others quietly slipped around the chamber and made arrangements with all the Senators to vote "no" on the first vote taken on Seay's amendment to add \$10,000 to the appropriation for last year.

Seay made a racy good speech in behalf of his amendment, and sat down to tremblingly await the result.

"Those in favor of the amendment offered by the Senator from Phelps will say 'aye,'" said Senator Phelps, who occupied the chair.

"Aye!" rang out Seay's voice, solitary and alone.

"Those who are opposed say 'no,'" said the chair.

"No-o-o!" responded the entire Senate in chorus.

A deadly pallor overspread Seay's face as he sank back in his chair with a sad realization that his cherished dream had fled.

"The noes appear to have it," said Phelps.

"Division! division!" came up from all parts of the chamber.

"Those in favor of the amendment will rise and stand until they are counted," said the chair, and in a twinkling of an eye, who had not yet sufficiently recovered from his shock to have strength enough to rise to his feet.

"How does the Senator from Phelps vote?" innocently inquired the chair.

"Why, of course, of course I vote aye," Mr. President said Seay, in a bewildered sort of way, as if he could scarcely believe the evidences of his own senses at the sudden turn of affairs.

"The ayes have it, and the amendment is adopted," announced the chair.

Never was there more forlorn a sight than that of the Senator from Phelps, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye converted into the glorious light afforded by the splendor of the noonday sun.

Seay's features exhibited at this moment the painful silence of the moment before gave way to a smile which seemed to illumine the whole chamber. There was then a big laugh at the Senator's expense.—[St. Louis Republican.]

HOUSTON AND THE HAM.—Here is a story about Gen. Sam Houston, in the days when he was President of Texas, which may not be as accurate as an affidavit, but still is probably truer than a good deal of history. It is, at any rate, current, and currently accepted in Texas.

His servant—so the gossiping story runs—went one morning to a grocery and took a particularly good ham, observing to the small boy in charge that the President would call and pay for it.

By and by the grocer came in, and the small boy, now an elderly man, finishes the story: "Said the grocer, quickly, 'Did you get the money?' 'No, but President Houston is coming round to pay for it,' said the boy. 'Houston?—the President? Did Tom say he would see it paid?' 'No, Sir.' 'Then you are a fool. Now, Sir, you go straight to the President's kitchen and bring me that ham, unless Tom will say it shall be paid for.'"

I started off, very much crestfallen, and resolutely walked into the President's kitchen. I saw my ham lying there, with a few slices cut off it, and seizing it I told Tom that unless he would undertake to see that the money was paid, I would not touch it. Tom, who was paid, and then said, "Young man, take back your meat. The General is a mighty good master but a mighty poor paymaster, and I don't care to involve myself with his debts." I left with the ham in my hand. Going around to the gate I had to pass the front door. There stood General Houston, the President of Texas, placidly surveying the landscape. "My little man," says he in his most superb manner, "tell your master I am under great obligations for a most delicious breakfast, and would pay him, but I really haven't got the money. The fact is, young man, Texas is very poor, and as her President I must share her poverty."

THE ORIGIN OF VACCINATION.—All honor to the immortal Jenner, says *Cassell's Magazine*, who sleeps in his quiet grave on the green downs of Folkestone. What glorious morning for England, home and beauty! was that of the 14th of May, 1796, the birthday of vaccination! On that day matter was taken from the hand of Sarah Nelmes, a milkmaid, and was inoculated into her master's cows, and this matter was inserted by two superficial incisions into the arms of James Phipps, a healthy boy of eight years of age.

He went through the disease in a regular and satisfactory manner, his recovery being complete. It was necessary to ascertain whether he was free from the contagion of small-pox. This point, so full of anxiety to Dr. Jenner, was fairly put to issue on the first of the following July. Small-pox matter taken immediately and directly from a small-pox patient, was carefully inserted by several incisions, but no disease followed.

Now, the one simple idea having been put into the mind of the boy, Phipps, Dr. Jenner established a law which the experience of millions upon millions of human beings in generations since, has only served to strengthen. It is wonderful, too, to think that the great great single individual in these islands has been able to see at a glance the simplicity, beauty and truth of this law. There is no contagion in the world so certain and even that of hydrophobia or rabies in the dog. The very emanations or exhalations from the body of any one sick of small-pox, if breathed by a healthy person, are in many instances sufficient to induce the disorder; and yet there is this healthy young boy, James Phipps, who receives the small-pox matter into his very blood, and still he does not take the disease!

HONESTY NOT THE BEST POLICY.—The other day a poor man asked a stranger on Clark street for the love of heaven to give him a nickel, as he and his eleven children, all of whom were in arms, were starving for bread. But the good fellow, that's too thin. You want that nickel to buy whiskey with. Be honest, now. Don't you?" The man said he did. "That's right. Always do," replied the stranger. "I would give you the nickel only you tried to deceive me at first, and I could not respect myself if I condoned the offense."—[Chicago Tribune.]

Obedying Orders.

That ancient gentleman, Lord William Leacock, has been writing about the celebrities whom he has known during his long life, and in the course of his reminiscences tells the story of the Duke of Wellington: The late Lord Derby, when living, was having the central floor either painted or tesselated. A young man was at work on one of the walls, when the Earl ordered a number of slippers to be thrown on the door-mat, desiring the young man to order any one that came in to put on a pair before crossing the passage, and adding to the order, "if any one fails to attend to you, must take him by the shoulder and turn him out of the house."

The painter, all a tremble, obeyed the order and rushed along the hall. The young man immediately jumped off the ladder on which he was painting, and seizing his Grace by the shoulder, fairly pushed him out of the house. In the course of the afternoon Lord Derby summoned all the household and men at work into the study, and seating himself beside the great warrior, demanded who had the impertinence to push the Duke out of doors.

The painter, all a tremble, came forward and said: "It was I, my Lord."

"And pray," rejoined the Earl, "how came you to do it?"

"By your orders, my lord."

On this his Grace turned round to Lord Derby, smiling, drew a sword, and, with a flourish, gave the workman, adding, "You were right to obey orders."

Graduations of Guilt.

The wisdom of many peoples, and of all ages, ordains for the punishment of the same act various degrees of severity, according to the influence of circumstances, or the guilt of the offenders.

Thus, homicide is punished by death, but in cases of severe colds, during the past two years, I have full faith in its renovating power. I was first induced to try this medicine by the strong recommendation of a friend, who was well-nigh gone with consumption, and whose relief from the use of it satisfied me of its great value in cases of lung disease, and most clearly demonstrated to my mind its great value as a restorative, that only made a fair trial to be made of it, and then the public."

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