

Wit and Humor.
A "TRICKED nine"—The Muses.
A SWEET thing in combs—Honey.
ISLES are found in every Bishop's see.
AN uncertain quantity—a box of straw-berries.
WHEN a man is rooted to the spot, does he branch out before he leaves?
WHY are hand-cuffs like guide-books? Because they are made for two wrists.
How should a wife speak to a grumbling husband? "My dear, I love you still."
A NEW comic song has been issued called "The Gas Bill." It doubtless has a very long meter.
A UTAH paper says: "The pretty girls in this territory used to marry Young, but they won't do so any more."
BELL REX has been made a post-office there. There was considerable of a stamp-ede there once, you remember.—*Harford Times.*
In England, recently, a mob broke up the wedding of an old wretch of eighty years, who was marrying a girl of eighteen.
PHOTOGRAPHER.—"Now, sir, if you will look a little less as if you had a note to pay, a little more as if you'd been left a legacy, you'll get a picture."
MR. CAMPBELL, of Newfane, New York, drank corrosive-sublimite instead of champagne. These things shouldn't be put up so much alike—some Congress-man will be the next victim.
A LITTLE girl who was somewhat out of sorts, but whose exact ailment no one had been able to discover, amused her evening prayer, "God bless papa and mamma" by adding "and cure me if there's anything the matter with me."—*Boston Transcript.*
A WESTERN member of Congress lounged into the bar-room of a fashionable up-town hotel one morning recently to get his matutinal invigorator. When the necessary utensils were placed before him, the Hoosier statesman deliberately filled the glass to the brim with whisky. "Goodness gracious," exclaimed the astonished bar-keeper, "that isn't a drink, that's a temperance lecture."
Two enraged duellists meet upon the dark and bloody ground. Just as their swords are about to be handed them the first enraged duelist, in a voice trembling with suppressed bravery, says: "One of us two must remain on this field." "You're talking," says the second enraged duelist, "and it shall be you," says the first enraged duelist; "for I'm going." (Goes with the velocity of a quarter-horse.)
THE pious trooper, who most inebriated, is striving to clamber into the saddle, at every effort calling on a saint. "Saint Peter, to my aid," he hiccupps, "saint Paul, lend me a hand!" Saint Fidels of Sigmaringen, martyr, boost a fellow up. "With a mighty effort he throws himself into the saddle and rolls off on the other side of the horse. "Not all together, you! Oae was enough," yells the pious trooper.

A GOOD story is told of a Rochester, N. Y. deacon, who thought he recognized a young lady friend leading a little boy up the street, and stepping to her side he asked: "Why, Mary, where did you get that child?" The scarlet face instantly turned to his was that of an entire stranger, and her quick reply fully satisfied him. "I came by it honestly," was all she said, and the good old man had something to think about all the way home to dinner.
Two sailors happened to be on a military parade ground when the soldiers were at drill, going through the evolution of marking time. One sailor, observing the other watching the movements of the company very attentively, with eyes fixed and arms akimbo, asked him what he thought of it. "Well, Jack," replied his comrade, "an' thinking there must be a very strong tide running this morning, for those fellows have been pulling away this half hour, and have not got an inch ahead yet."
A LITTLE fellow who has seen scarce half a dozen summers, and at whose home hens have been kept for but a few weeks, visited a neighbor's day or two since to get company in his play, where he was informed that his off-time playmate was suffering from chicken-pox. The lady of the house, in tones of curiosity not a little tinged with solicitude, asked the little fellow if they had had the chicken-pox over at his house, and was much amused at the reply, with all gravity: "No; we haven't had our hens long enough yet."—*Providence Journal.*

A Story of the Irish Bar.
A favorite story is told of a trial at quarter-sessions in Mayo, which developed some of the ingenious resources of Paddy when he chooses to exercise his talent in an endeavor not to pay. A doctor had summoned a man for the sum of one guinea, due for attendance on the man's wife. The *medico* proved his case, and was about to retire, triumphant, when the defendant humbly begged leave to ask him a few questions. Permission was granted, and the following dialogue took place:
Defendant.—"Dochter, you remember when I called on you?"
Doctor.—"I do."
Defendant.—"What did I say?"
Doctor.—"You said your wife was sick, and you wished me to go and see her."
Defendant.—"What did you say?"
Doctor.—"I said I would if you'd pay me my fee."
Defendant.—"What did I say then?"
Doctor.—"You said you'd pay the fee, if so you knew what it was."
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That Awful Phonograph.
The phonograph is certainly the most wonderful invention of this or any other age, and the purposes to which it may be devoted are manifold and surprising.
Mrs. Carmeen need no longer sit up until midnight for a late husband—that is, late coming home. She can now speak her lecture in the diaphragm of the phonograph, attach one end of a cord to the crank and the other end to the knob of her chamber door, and retire to her downy couch, with the sweet and comforting assurance of having "spoken her mind" where it will do the most good. Carmeen will come and sing in 1 1/2 a.m., as usual, and creep stealthily up stairs, but no sooner does he open his bedroom door than that awful phonograph will up and tell him in his wife's well-known voice, what she thinks of "such conduct as this," winding up with the stern command: "Now, come to bed, you old fool, and don't sit there blinking like a sick owl!" And all the time this performance is in progress, Mrs. Carmeen may be reveling in sweet dreams, in which spring bonnets and the latest lovely thing in polonaise predominate.
The phonograph is also capable of playing some pretty shabby tricks, and if Deacon Peppers could have laid his hands on the inventor, a few nights ago, he would probably have torn him into shreds, while he was bargaining with the owner.
The Deacon is—or rather was—a good man and a class-leader in the Brownsville Church. He visited New York recently and wandered into an establishment where several phonographs were on exhibition and for sale. He became much interested in the instrument; and when he spoke into the mouth-piece of one of the machines, and heard his own words ground out with startling distinctness, he manifested his astonishment in one prolonged "W-o-o!"
Then a happy thought struck him. He usually made a brief address at class meetings on Friday evenings, and he suddenly conceived the idea of speaking his piece in the phonograph, purchasing the instrument, and surprising the brethren and sisters at the next meeting. The idea was carried into execution—to some extent. The Deacon charged the phonograph with an appropriate address, and whilst he was bargaining with the owner for the instrument, in another part of the room, a rough, bushy-whiskered individual, attired in corduroy pantaloons, and a speckled shirt, slipped in unobserved and howled a lot of stuff into the same machine. The Deacon paid for and carried off the phonograph, entirely ignorant of the frightful sentences injected into it by the rough person, who, as subsequent events proved, was the intellectual driver of a mule-team, and not very choicer in his language.
The next day was Friday, and in the evening the Deacon marched into the church with his phonograph under his arm, and his face illuminated with a radiant smile.
"My friends," he commenced, "I have a little surprise for you. I do not intend to address you this evening. I have brought a substitute to speak for me. This little instrument I have here (holding up the phonograph) will now address you directly on your duty to the church and suffering humanity."
Then the Deacon, with a smile extending from ear to ear, gave the crank a couple of turns, and all the color faded from his face as the phonograph thundered forth:
"Sit up there! you dashed old cripple! Whoa, Sal! you blind!"
It was awful.
The hair of the brothers in the front pews stood straight up, the sister in the back part of the house died away, and the sexton yelled "fire!"
"There is—some—terrible—mistake here," gasped the Deacon, after a few minutes of painful silence. "I must have turned the crank the wrong way," he said, "and the rest, you know, of the safety-valve has lost a screw, or something." And, perspiring at every pore, the Deacon essayed another turn, and the machine yelled:
"Gee, Bill! Where in the darnation are you going, you son of a mule! Ped-did-whoa-a! Blast your eyes, can't you!"
The awfulness became more awful.
Three more sisters fainted, several brethren slapped their hats on their heads and their fingers into their ears, and started for the door shouting "police!" and the sexton hallooed "murder," while the Deacon wildly clutched the phonograph by the neck and choked it until it was black in the face, and its eyes bulged out an inch.
But 'twas no use. The internal arrangements of the machine were evidently demoralized, and the cylinder continued to revolve, grinding out the most frightful language ever heard outside of a political ward convention; and when the audience were saluted with "I'll knock your dashed brains out, you long-eared!" they didn't wait for the remainder of the address," but got up as one man and one woman made a dash for the door in a decidedly panic-stricken manner. The old deacon, with his face the color of a small-pox flag, threw the phonograph over the pulpit, sprang after it, and kicked it down the aisle into the street, where it was smashed to bits.
A committee was appointed on the spot to investigate what appeared to be the Deacon's highly improper and painful conduct, and that well-meaning person who had been the instrument of his demoralization, and the following dialogue took place:
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How to Restore the Navy.
"I have great faith," said the old Sea Dog, rubbing his horny hands together, "I have great faith in Putty, and I expect by my predecessor in office had paid more attention to Putty, the Navy wouldn't be where it now is. I remember," he continued, with a sort of N. E. by S. glance at the post, "what Putty did for me when I was a boy. I had a boat, built by myself with my own jack-knife, that carried a brown-paper main-sail, and I thought it would beat any boat on the raging Washash. She looked well on the kitchen table, but when I put her to sea, she shivered and went down. Invariably I fished her up again, but float she wouldn't."
"Many hours, alas, I sequestered from scholastic exercise to ascertain the reason for her lack of buoyancy, but without avail; till at last, one morning, Eureka! I discovered that the chip, from which she was constructed, was full of worm-holes. Then, then, I discovered the use of putty. I puttyed up my worm-holes. Putty saved my boyhood's craft, and Putty shall now save the American Navy."
And the hero of the Washash canal hunched up his trousers, yawned about the room, and requested the reporter to shiver his tarry top-lights.
Grog and tobacco rations being secured, the reporter ventured to ask in what way Putty was to be used.
"If you were an older man," replied the Secretary, "you wouldn't ask that question. What was the trouble with my boat on the raging Washash? Worm-holes, that is the trouble with the American Navy. Worm-eaten too!"
"You mean the hulls?" the reporter asked.
"What'd'er say?" shouted the Secretary; "the hulls? Yes, the hulls darned enough!"
"Where would you propose to—putty up the hulls?" inquired the reporter, in some trepidation.
This seemed so important a question that, before answering it, the hero of a hundred canals took a long and conscientious grog ration. Then he hitched his chair nearer the reporter and whispered:
"Right here! I'd commence right here: The trouble with the American Navy is that it's leaky."
"Shiver the ships! They don't amount to shucks. It's the bureaus that are leaky."
Now the reporter had heard of ornamental sideboards and rocking-chairs, and other fancy furniture having been put aboard ship by our luxurious naval officers—but bureaus—more dear and appropos to the feminine sex than to ships—bureaus, never! And if the bureaus don't leak, how should that affect the navy? The reporter, having been put to bed, and he wanted to go home, but duty forbade, and he could only murmur, interogatively, "Bureaus?"
"Ah, my hearty!" cried the Secretary, "the bureaus are the trouble. The Bureau of Equipment and Repairs, the Bureau of Yards and Docks, the Bureau of Construction, the Bureau of Steam Engineering, are all leaking. The Navy Yards leak; we leak here—and," with a sidelong glance at the reporter, he put his finger to his nose, "I'm not sure but I'm leaking to you."
"But how is Putty going to help you?"
"Well, first and foremost, there's the ships. We've got any quantity of iron and steel and machinery, but we've got no ground on the iron-rust that has scaled their sides. Now, water can't get through putty. Why shouldn't I putty the iron clads?"
"And the wooden ships?"
"The wooden ships? We've got dozens of wooden ships with a heroic record, that are only kept afloat by the buoyancy of the barnacles on their bottoms. Putty is the thing for them, too."
"But your bureaus?"
"The sea-eagle Navigator of the Washash bore a sigh (nautically speaking, it is the only thing he ever does heave), then ordered grog, and moodily remarked:
"Grog is good!" He remained sunk in deep thought for many minutes, and length he raised his head and asked:
"My son, when you were a boy, did you ever play with Putty?"
"Certainly," the reporter replied; "terrible stuff! So soft! so sticky! Dough's a delight, and Putty's a nuisance."
"Did you ever," inquired the Secretary, pursuing a train of thought, "did you ever, when handling Putty, find it possible to employ your hands in anything else?"
"Certainly not!"
"Then," cried the Secretary, "if I were to supply plenty of Putty to the Bureaus, and mark it 'Public Property,' don't you think the Bureaus, with their Commissioners and Deputies, and Second Assistants and the rest, would plunge their hands in it to the relief of the public treasury?"
"True," answered the reporter. "It is so, Selah!"
"I shall be done," murmured the tarry old shell-back, and, he seemed to be about to wear ship, the reporter proposed to withdraw.—*Puck.*

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Bating is a Torture.
And sleep often a mere travesty of repose, to the dyspeptic. Appetite is correspondingly impaired by this most prevalent of the maladies, and headaches, biliousness, constipation, poverty of the blood, loss of flesh and vitality, and a thousand annoying and indescribable sensations are its concomitants. It is, moreover, the progenitor of numerous and formidable bodily disorders. Obstinate as it is, however, its complete eradication is effected by the persistent use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which communicates vigor and energy to the organs of direction and motion, relaxes the bowels gently but thoroughly, enriches and purifies the blood, promotes appetite, and gives tranquility to the nervous system. Persons of weakly constitution and feeble physique who use this superb tonic infallibly derive from it the strength which they so much need, and it is invariably successful in remedying and preventing malarial diseases.

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Purifies the Blood.
Regulates the Liver.
Regulates the Bowels.
For Biliousness.
For Liver Complaint.

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