

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

### The Art of Minstrelsy.

A certain misguided young person desires to know "how minstrel dialogue should be written." It shouldn't be, but if this deluded person has determined to do so, why, he might as well do it according to rule, so this instruction is given. All the material needed consists of a patent medicine almanac, a typewriter and a little time. Then break out something in this manner:

Interlocutor—Gentlemen, be seated!  
Bones—Eh, huh, yah, bar!  
Interlocutor—Why, Mr. Bones, what seems to be troubling you this evening?

Bones—Har, yah! Yah, bar! Ain't nuthin' troublin' me. Mistah De Lancy. Ah was des thinkin' 'bout mah gal.

Interlocutor—Ah, so you have a girl, have you, Mr. Bones?

Bones—Yas, suh. Ah sho' is, an' she's de smartest gal in dis world.

Interlocutor—Oh, come now, Mr. Bones! The smartest girl in the whole world?

Bones—Yas, suh! Dat's what she am!

Interlocutor—Well, Mr. Bones, perhaps you will be so good as to give us an illustration of this young lady's brightness?

Bones—Dat Ah will. Har, yah! She 'bleeged ter be de smartest gal in de world er she couldn't er said what she did last night when Ah was gettin' ready to leave. Ah'd been callin' on her, yo' know.

Interlocutor—And what was the remark of the young lady when you were preparing to take your departure last evening, Mr. Bones?

Bones—Yah, har! She say, "So you is goin' to evaporate."

Interlocutor—Why, Mr. Bones, aren't you mistaken? Are you sure the young lady said, "So you are going to evaporate?"

Bones—Yas, sah; she say des like Ah tole yo'. "So you is goin' to evaporate." Yah, har! She sho am de smartest gal in de world.

Interlocutor—You will pardon me, Mr. Bones, but really I do not see in that remark any indication of extreme intellectual superiority; in fact, if the young lady did say, "So you are now going to evaporate," she was guilty of an error of English—she did not say what she meant.

Bones—No, sah! She mean des what she say—dat Ah was goin' to evaporate, dat Ah was goin' an' be mist. Yah, har! Yah, har!

Interlocutor—Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. McHowler will now sing that beautiful ballad entitled "No Matter What They Say, Sweetheart, Your Mother Was a Woman."—Harper's Weekly.

### Giving Him Credit.



He—You don't give me credit for doing anything well.

She—Oh, yes, I do. There's at least one thing you can do better than any one else.

He—And what's that?  
She—Make a fool of yourself.—Pick-Me-Up.

### Pleased Himself.

Miss Caustique—You evidently have a pleasant disposition, Mr. Sapleigh. At least you seem to be easily pleased.  
Sapleigh—Why do you—aw—think I am—aw—easily pleased?  
Miss Caustique—By the way in which you laugh at some of your own remarks.—Detroit Tribune.

### A Bright Clerk.

"What's the price of this silk?" asked the shopper.  
"The price, madam," replied the clerk, "is \$1.98, which you must admit is quite decollete."  
"Decollete?"  
"Yes, madam; cut low." — Philadelphia Press.

### His a Thinking Part.

He had proposed, and she had said yes.  
"But," he said nervously, "I'm afraid your father will object."  
"Oh, don't let that worry you," rejoined the orange blossom candidate. "Papa is a silent partner in this family."—Chicago Tribune.

### One Sided.

"You should give us credit for good intentions," said Mr. Dustin Stax.  
"Yes," answered the discontented citizen, "but we consumers get tired of being constantly called on to give credit when we are invariably required to produce cash."—Washington Star.

### Exceedingly Strange.

The Millionaire—Henri, fetch a car at once!  
The Chauffeur—Which one, sir?  
The Millionaire (astounded)—You don't mean to say there's more than one out of the repair shop?—Puck.

## BUSINESS LOCALS

Can you afford to trifle with so serious a matter as to neglect a bad cough or cold, when for a trifling amount you can secure a bottle of "Hickory Bark Cough Remedy," that is guaranteed to cure or your money-refunded. Price 25c 50c and \$1.00, per bottle. For sale by R. L. Hunt, Pharmacist, Condon, and dealers everywhere.

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