

THE HUMORISTS.

LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN.

Author—I have just completed a story of 300,000 words.

His friend—How is that possible? There are but 150,000 words in the language.

Author—Ah, but this is a dialect story.

Simmons (over a bottle of Mumm's)—The best of Uncle Dick's legacy, old boy, is that it will give me a chance to see Europe.

Rambo—I thought you went abroad three years ago?

Simmons—Yes, but that was a honeymoon tour.

"I say, Benedict, can't you help me out on this? In trying to describe my heroine's dress I've put a strip of fur on the bottom of her dress, and I don't know what in blazes to call it."

Benedict—"Call it? By Jove, should I think that was easy enough. Why, fur, below, of course."

Mrs. Gotham—I see that a new law in Georgia prohibits the selling of liquor within three miles of a church or a school house.

Col. Kaintuck, of Louisville—My stars. That's a terrible blow to Georgia.

Mrs. Gotham—Think so?
Col. Kaintuck—Mercy, yes. In five years there won't be a church or school house left in the State.

Cashlet—There now that I have given that poor woman a quarter I ought to have luck.

Flashly—Don't follow, my dear man; nothing to do with it.

Cashlet—Why?

Flashly—I went to the races one day and gave a blind man standing at the gate a quarter for luck. Lost every cent I had. When I came out I tried to borrow a quarter of the blind man, but he couldn't see it.

An ordinary thunderstorm is said travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Of course, that is the plain, ordinary thunderstorm that merely goes loafing along for the purpose of souring milk and committing minor depredations. The thunderstorm designed especially to catch you in your full suit and silk hat swoops along at a much faster speed.

Mrs. Jocelyn—Don't you miss your husband very much, now that he is away?

Mrs. Golightly—O, not at all. You see he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his plate, and half the time forget he really isn't there.

"The teacher wanted to box my ears this morning," remarked John Fizzle-top.

"How do you know that he wanted to box your ears?" asked his mother.

"If he hadn't wanted to box my ears he wouldn't have done it, would he, eh?"

Hicks—Grigson, they tell me, spent the summer at his new place in your town. How did he get on there?

Wicks—O, fairly well; he loaned his lawn-mower to everybody who came along. That was gentlemanly, I allow; but a man can't expect to become a popular character who will keep his mower so confoundedly dull as Grigson does.

"Mrs. Upholsterer, I would like to buy a nice reception chair. Something new."

"We have just the thing madam. Here it is. Made especially for our trade. Take a seat on it."

"Dear me! Why this chair is awful. I couldn't sit on it five minutes. I never sat on such an uncomfortable thing in my life!"

"Exactly, madam. That is just the idea. You see it is made for callers."

Augustus Duse—I understand that a barber insulted Senator Peffer by throwing a whisk broom at him through his window.

Cholly Smarteigh—Then what is the difference between Senator Peffer making a speech and Senator Peffer insulting?

A. D. (coldly)—Aw, don't know.

C. S.—Why, in one case the wind blew through his whiskers, and in the other the whisk blew through his window.

Cumbo—"So your wife hurled maledictions at your head, did she, Uncle Ebenezer?" Uncle Ebenezer—"No, sah; she flew a flaccid, sah."

WANTED A FAVOR.

A traveller for a New York dry goods house in the smoking car of a train on an Ohio railroad when a horny-handed young farmer came in for a smoke and sat down beside him. The young man felt and looked happy, and pretty soon he remarked:

"I heard some one saying you was from New York."

"Yes."

"Drummer, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Bin, around a good deal, I 'spose?"

"Well, I've been travelling for fifteen years."

"Shoo! You must have seen a heap. Say! I've got a sort of favor to ask of you."

"Well?"

"I'm engaged to a gal in the next car. I'm goin' with her down to Medina. She's the all-foredest purtiest gal in four counties, and I know she loves me, but—"

"But what?"

"You know a feller is allus sort o' uneasy about his gal 'till he marries her. She pretends that she wouldn't even look at the President of the United States if he was a single man, but I dunno. You can't be sure of these women."

"No, you can't."

"May be pretending to love you like a house afire, and yet be plannin' to drop you fer the first better-lookin' feller who comes along. She's in the next car and I'd kinder like to try her. I'm purty sure she's all right, but I'd like to know jest how she'd act if you went in and sat down beside her. I know it's askin' a big favor of you, but—"

"Oh, I'm perfectly willing to accommodate you," interrupted the traveller, "but you must promise to abide the consequences."

"How?"

"Why, if she seems to take to me you mustn't get mad and raise a row. I am only trying to accommodate you, you know."

"D'ye think she'll take to you?"

"Why, I can't say. She's sitting in a seat alone. I'll take my grip and walk into the car and sit right down beside her."

"Yes."

"Then I'll speak about the weather—the scenery—ask where she is going, and so on, and the chances are that in about ten minutes we'll be talking away like two old friends."

"Humph! It took me three months afore I dared ask if her ma was well!"

"Then I'll gradually lead up to the subject of my being a widower," continued the traveller. "I'll remark how lonely I am, and how I am thinking of marrying again, and how my second wife will have a seasickin saque, diamond earrings, and a horse and carriage. If you come in and find me holding her hand you mustn't fly mad and pitch into me."

"Goin' to talk seasickin saque to her, eh?"

"Yes."

"And diamond earrings?"

"Yes."

"And tell her she can have regular Brussels carpet, stuff chairs and a hired gal?"

"Certainly."

"You wait a minit!"

He got up and left the car. Just then the whistle blew for a station and the train soon stopped. The traveller looked out of the window and saw the young man and his girl getting off with as much as if there had been a collision expected. He put out his hand and called:

"This isn't Medina; what are you getting off here for?"

"I know it hain't Medina," replied the young man as he came forward a few steps, "but we will stop off here and take the next train."

"But I thought you wanted me to do you a favor."

"I do. You jest keep right on that train and git out of the State of Ohio as soon as you can, and if I ever ketch you within fifty miles of my house after I'm married I'll thump you all over the country!"

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