

Stopped off at Niagara Falls.

A man, seemingly about sixty years of age, was telling the people in the waiting rooms at the Third street depot yesterday that he had been East to old Massachusetts to see his sisters, and that on the way back he stopped off at Niagara Falls.

'That's a place I never saw,' remarked a woman with a poke bonnet on.

'You didn't! Well, you missed the awfulest sight on earth! I was just stunned.'

'What is it like?' she asked.

'Well, there's a river, and the falls, and lots of hotels, and several Injuns, and the bride veil, and land only knows what else. If my old woman had been along she'd have wilted right down.'

'There's water there, I suppose?'

'O, heaps of it! It pours, and thunders and roars and foams and and humps around in the terriblest manner. You have bit on a shirt button in a piece of pie, haven't you?'

'No, sir.'

Well, the feeling was about the same—kinder shivery. Why, the biggest man that ever lived ain't half as big as Niagara Falls. Let him stand thar and see that 'ere water tumbling over them 'ere rocks and he cant help but feel what a miserable hoss fly he is. You've fallen out of bed, haven't you?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, it's about the same thing, you wake up and find yourself on the floor, and you feel as if you had been stealin' sheep or robbin' blind men.'

'What portion of the falls did you most admire,' she asked.

'The water, mum,' he promptly replied. 'If you'd put 10,000 kegs of beer on the roof of this building and set them all running they couldn't begin with Niagara. It's the terriblest, appalingest thing ever patented.'

'Cost you much,' inquired a gentleman.

'Bout sixty-five cents. It's pooty tight times, and sixty-five cents don't grow on every bush, but I ain't sorry. It's sunthin to talk about for twenty years to come. There's a chap in our town who used to travel with a circus, but he'll have to take a back seat when I git home. Flip-floppin' around in a circus don't begin with Niagara Falls.'

'So on the whole you were pleased, eh?'

'Pleased! Why, I was tickled half to death. I tell you if I had one on my farm I wouldn't sell it for no \$50 cash. I've looked into a field whar 750 fat hogs was waitin' to be sold for solid money, but it was no sich sight as the falls. I've seen barns afire and eight horses runnin' away, and the Wabash river on a tear, but for down-right appaling grandeur of the terriblest kind gim me one look at the falls. You all orter go thar. You can't half appreciate it 'till you've gazed on the rumpus.'

Class in history called up.

Teacher—"Where did the Irish originate?'

Precocious Paragapher—"In Patagonia, to be sure."

T.—"What is the coldest country in the world?'

P. A.—"Chili."

T.—"Where are the asses from?'

P. P.—"Brazil."

T.—"In what people do you find the most egerness of character?'

P. P.—"In the people of Zealand."

T.—"You can go now and study his tory as Mark Twain has written it in the 'Pauper and Prince.'"

"Did the remains indicate in any way that the man died hard?" asked the coroner.

"Yes, sir."

"You noted signs of a struggle, did you—something tending to show that the poor fellow defended himself?'

"No, sir."

"What reason, then, have you for thinking that the man died hard?'

"Because when I found him he was frozen solid."

"I have been going around all day and now I am tired," remarked an exhausted Austin mother.

"You are not like a wheel, are you ma?" asked Tommy.

"Why, little boy?'

"You are tired after you go around, but a wheel is tired before it goes 'round."

He had the Oxbreence.

The events in Wall street called up an 'oxbreence' story that may be old, but is not quite decayed yet, anyway. 'So,' said a business man to a German acquaintance, 'I hear you are going into partnership with Steinhoover.'

'Yaw, we make some bartership.'

'Do big business, eh?'

'Vhell, I guess we do some biesness mit de bartership pooty quick.'

'Are you putting in much money?'

'My vrendt, I don't haf any monny.'

'Oh! Then what do you put in?'

'Vhell, I put in oxbreence.'

'Ah! I see. And Steinhoover puts in the money. That's nice for you.'

'Oxactly. Steinhoover puts in der money and I puts in der oxbreence.'

'How long will the bartership last?'

'Mebbe five years; we don't fix der time yet, but dot vhas all righd.'

'Going to keep a saloon, eh?'

'Yaw, we keep a saloon.'

'Well, I hope you'll make money.'

'My vrendt, ven der bartership goes out I oxbreent to haf all der money.'

'And how about Steinhoover?'

'Vhell, Steinhoover will be all righd, too: he will hef der oxbreence like me.'

The exchange of money for experience in the last couple of weeks has been simply enormous.

A fellow who came by the railroad, being a stranger, strolled about for some time on the outskirts of a town in search of a barber. He finally discovered one and requested the operator to take off a shilling's worth of hair. The barber trimmed his locks very neatly, soaped up the remainder very handsomely, and then combed and brushed him until his head looked as if it belonged to some other person than himself.

'Are you done,' asked the stranger, as the barber removed the napkin from his neck.

'Yes sir,' said the barber, with a polite bow.

'Are you certain that you took off a shilling's worth?'

'I don't know you, sir,' remarked Dr. Podger, as he attempted to shut the door in his visitor's face.

'Don't know me? That's queer. I've done a great deal of work for you, doctor.'

'You are mistaken, sir. I never employed you in my life.'

'That may be so, but still I have worked for you for a great many years.'

'What is your business?'

'I'm Brown, the undertaker.'

A boy, apparently very much agitated, rushed into a house recently and said to the lady:

'I don't want ter alarm yer, but I've got big news. The man sent me up from the livery stable to tell yer.'

'Good heavens, what is it?'

'Why yer know yer little boy, Jim, what the man can't keep outen the livery stable 'round the corner?'

'Yes, well?'

'I told Jim just now not to go inter the stable among the hosses, but he wouldn't mind me—'

'Oh, dear, what has happened?'

'He said he wanted to see what a mule would do when you tickled his heels with a straw.'

'Oh, heavens,' gasped the lady, and clung to the mantel for support.

'Well sir, your boy Jim got a straw, snuck up behind a sorrel mule, tickled him on the heels, an—'

The lady started for the door.

'An' the blamed critter never lifted a hoof,' called the boy. 'Never as much as switched his tail. It's a mighty good thing for Jim that he didn't too; an' I thought I'd come up and tell yer.' And he dodged out at the side entrance.

Mrs. Temperance—"The weather is so warm I thought a little lemonade would be refreshing. Won't you have some, Mr. Idler?'

Mr. Idler—"Thanks; no. I must confess I do not care for plain lemonade. I don't think it agrees with me.'

'Won't you please tell me how you like it an' let me mix you some?'

'Well, the fact is, I only like it with a stick in it.'

'A stick?'

'Yes, but pray do not trouble yourself.'

'Ob, no trouble at all. Jane, bring me the mucilage.'

A Wonderful Preserver.

Mr. Runaround was out late the other night, and the next morning at breakfast in order to "justify" himself, he remarked to his wife:

'Pet, we have been married twenty years, and you look almost as young now as you did then.'

'You have not changed a particle,' she responded, sweetly.

'Not changed?' he answered, in surprise, remembering his grey locks and ruby nose. 'Why how can you say that?'

'Because things preserved in alcohol never change,' she answered.

Mr. R. buttered his napkin-ring under the impression that it was a muffin, and the meal progressed in silence.

'Look here,' said a grocerykeeper to a hillside farmer in Kentucky, 'you owe me \$20 and I want my money.'

'Hain't got a durned cent, Mister,' was the confident answer.

'Well, I will swoop down on your miserable little garden patch and take it out of what you owe.'

'Well, swoop away, I hain't got nuthin' thar ats wuff a dang.'

'You have a cow, haven't you, and three or four pigs and a mule?'

'Yes, there's the framework of a cow, and them pigs looks like a pork barrel with the staves kicked outen them, and the mule's so thin the buzzards turn their noses up at him.'

'Well, I won't be hard on you but I'm bound to have something. What can you spare best?'

'Lemme see a minit. Thar's the cow and them pigs and the mule—and—the old woman. You jes' seu' around an' git the ole woman. A man in my fix ain't got no use for sich a lugshury as a wife, no how.'

Scene in a train dispatcher's office in Buffalo. Ester coroner.

Coroner—"Can you tell me anything about that accident on your road?'

Train dispatcher—"What accident?'

'Why, the accident on your road, where a number of people have been killed and several injured.'

'I know of no accident.'

'Well, that's queer. I was sent for on account of some smash-up.'

'There is nothing of the kind that I know of. Who are you?'

'Why I'm the coroner, and—'

Ah! That makes a difference. I thought you were some kind of a newspaper man. Yes—' and then the dispatcher, who had heard nothing about the accident, gave the full particulars, and the coroner is sent to the scene of the wreck.

Baker—"Yes, mum; I now put my name on my bread to prevent my rivals from imitating my loaves and getting my custom."

Housekeeper—"A wise precaution. But was that bread you left here yesterday genuine?'

"Oh, yes, mum."

"Then I would suggest that you add something beside your name to the loaves."

"Certainly, mum, if you say so. What is it?'

"The date."

'Yes, sir, there's a glass, you can ook for yourself.'

'Well,' said the stranger, if you think you have a shilling's worth off I don't know as I have any use for it, and I haven't got no change, so you may just take the hair for your trouble.'

On hearing this the barber made a jump for the man, whereupon he made a jump for the door, which not being bolted, he bolted himself.

'Did you read those horrible stories of the Arctic sufferers living off of each other?' asked Mrs. Lumly of her husband.

'Yes, I read all the particulars.'

'Dreadful, isn't it?'

'Oh, its nothing when you get used to having people live off of you. I used to kick when your mother and your sister and all the rest of them came to live off of me; but I've got so used to it that I never complain.'

'Please help the blind,' pleaded a beggar, who had a little dog with him attached to a string.

'You are not blind, you can see as well as I can.'

'I know I am not, but the dog is. It would be tough luck, indeed, if both of us were blind.'

'You are an early riser, are you,' said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Jones.

'No, the reason is I cannot wake up John before noon. I have tried the clock alarm, blank cartridges and bell-ringing, but he sleeps like a dead man.'

'You ought to try the plan I use on my husband,' said Mrs. Brown.

'How is that?'

'Pull a cork out of a beer bottle and he will spring right out on the floor.'

'You remember John Parley, my dear,' he inquired.

'Perfectly,' she replied. 'What o him?'

'He married last June and now he's dead.'

'That is strange. Well, some men never can stand prosperity.'

'You don't understand me, I guess. I said he was married last June.'

'Say, I'd like you to call around and settle that account.'

'What account?'

'Why yours.'

'Is it mine?'

'Yes, it's yours.'

'Well then, if it's mine I'll settle it when I please.'

Passenger—"Here, porter, take this thing away."

'Sleeping car porter—"Why, sah, that's a pillow.'

'A pillow! This little thing?'

'Why, yes sah. What did you 'spect it was?'

'I thought it was a poultice.'

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