HUMOROUS ITEMS

A Conditional Reconciliation.

"My dear Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Brown "come near to my bedside, I'm dying, and I wish to say a few words to you." "Yes marm," sighed Mrs. Jones. "Well Mrs. Jones," ejaculated Mrs. Brown, "you and I have had a good many tiffs in our day, and now I part with you in peace; can you forgive me?" "Yes, marm," sobbed Mrs. Jones, "indeed, indeed I can!" "Am I forgiven?" ejaculated Mrs. Brown.— "Yes marm," responded Mrs. Jones with difficulty, in consequence of the intensity of her anguish; and then she attempted to weep her way out of the dying woman's room. "Stop a moment, my dear Mrs. Jones," said the expiring Brown; "I've another word to say, I wish to have it understood, that if I get well, everything goes back, and we stand on the same old ground."

Singular Epitaphs.

The silent precincts of the "cities of the dead," frequently furnish a sort of grim humor in the form of eccentric epitaphs. Here are a few specimens. In a cemetery in England is this over the grave of a woman who had a very large mouth.

Beneath this spot a woman lies,
Whose head and mouth were of equal size;
Stranger tread lightly where she's laid,
For if she gapes—from earth you'll fade.

Near a large stone church in one of the New England states, reposes all that is left of the remains of Oliver Toleup, the man under whose supervision the building was constructed. These lines commemorate his fame:

Here lies Oliver Toleup,
Who made yonder pole roll up;
When God took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up.

"Please your lordship's honor and glory," replied Tom, "I shot the hare by accident." "By accident?" remarked Lord Kilskiddery. "I was firing at a bush, and the baste ran across my aim all of his own accord." "The gamekeeper tells me a different story," replied his lordship. "Och! don't you believe in what that man says," said Tom Ryan, "when he never cares about spakin the truth, anyhow. He tould me t'other day yer lordship was not as fit to fill the seat of justice, as a jackass!" "Ay, ay," exclaimed Lord Kilskiddery, "indeed! and what did you say?" "Please your lordship, I said your lordship was."

"I say, Jim, what is the difference between the commencement and the beginning of anything?"

"I don't know," said Jim, "what is it?"

"There ain't any," was the reply.

"I see," replied Jim. "Now you tell me this: A mule was on one side of a river and some hay on the other, and the mule wanted to get at the hay without wetting his feet. How did he do it?"

"I don't know," said Jones; "I give it up."

"So did the other mule," said Jim.

A down east paper says that persuasive and humbugging agents are about in that region, selling lightning-rods. One old lady, on being solicited to purchase a rod, said:

"I never was afraid of lightning, but I allers was afraid of thunder."

"Just so," said the agent, "we can meet your case exactly. The square ones are lightning-rods and the round ones thunder-rods."

I found out the best side to milk a cow the other day, says a city bred. I asked a country chap why sheep stayed white when they eat so much grass. He said he didn't know, and he asked me which was the best side to milk a cow. I told him I didn't know and he told me "the outside." I got the worst of that encounter.

A little girl, when her father's table was honored with the presence of an esteemed friend, began talking very earnestly at the first pause in the conversation. Her father checked her rather sharply, saying, "Why is it that you always talk so much?" "'cause I've dot somesin to say," was the innocent reply.

A little girl at school read thus: "The widow lived on a small limbacy, left her by a relative." "What do you call the word?" asked the teacher: "the word is legacy, not limbacy." "But, Miss Johnson," said the little girl, "Pa says I must say limb, not leg."

"Would you take the last cent a person has for a drink of soda water?" asked a youth. "Yes," responded the unthinking proprietor; whereupon the hopeful pulled out the cent and got the drink.

"Cure! I believe you can cure nothing, less it be bacon," said an irascible individual who was quarreling with a physician. "In that case," said the doctor, "I should be most successful with your a patient."

An exchange says that the correct answer to the gentleman who wrote the song, "Why did I marry?" would be, "Because you met a woman who was a first-class fool."