

Wit and Humor.

EPIPHANY ON A KITTEN.
Here lies, by death smitten,
A kitten, who has been stung.
To meow away in the dust;
Oh, had it lived longer,
It would have been a pest.
And do you think we treat
Him?—We do not, we treat.

He'd grown up to cat-hood,

Then may a cat!

Have mornin' in the deepest of woe;

He's dead, he's dead.

What he has gone to?

The land where all other cats go.

“**WE** talk of Adam and Eve as having been the fall in a very happy condition, but one thing they missed, were never children.”—*Alley Register.*

True. We never thought of that! Adam never played master. He never played “hooky.” He never sat on a pond, or played “ball” or rode down on a hand-sleigh. And Eve, she never made a play-house, nor took up a needle and thread, nor sewed up a rag doll, nor dressed a doll. They never played “blind man’s buff,” or “pass was a corner,” or “hurry hurry,” or any of the games with which childhood disports itself. How black that must have been, wherein no one of early youth came swelling up to their hearts, no visions of childhood floating back from the long past; no mother’s voice, chancing a lullaby to the ear of fancy in still hours of the night; no father’s words of kindness, speaking from the churbard where he sleeps. Adam and Eve, and they alone of all the countless millions of men and women who ever lived, had no child-hood.—*Register.*

“**U**LTY vs. UGLY.” In the eastern part of Delaware county, io.—State, there re-sided a man, by the name of B., now a justice of the peace, and a very sensible man, but by common consent the ugliest looking individual in the whole country; being long, gaunt, sallow, and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day he was hunting, and on one of the mountain roads he met a mad on foot and alone, who was longer, gaunter, uglier, by odds, than himself. He could give the “square” fifty, and beat him.—Without saying a word B. raised his gun, and deliberately leveled it at the stranger. “For God’s sake, don’t shoot,” shouted the man in great alarm. “Stranger,” replied B., “I swore ten years ago, that I never met a man uglier than I was, I’d shoot him, and you are the first one I’ve seen.” The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his rival, replied, “Wal, if I look worse than you do, shoot! I don’t want to live any longer!”

“**H**ARSHING.—A Justice of the Peace of the older time, who had some representation of the Burying school in almost every neighborhood, had it well defined a bee “a little amphibious animal, that has no family, but is a sort of animal, called to hold a cancer’s inspection on some unfortunate whose soul, by a visitation of Providence, had left the body behind, to undergo, in its turn, a visitation of bumble.” The two just men being assembled, the estrange delivered a learned charge on the way they were to perform. He preferr’d it by the hand of the subject.—Gentlemen of the Jury, in this case three points is to be considered: how came this out of its depth; was it first by accident, or secondly by incident; or thirdly by the hands of an adversary? Knock-knock.

“**N**EW USE OF WOMEN.—A correspondent of the *Batrachology* tells the following story of aswines upon a liquor trial:

“How do you know it was brandy?” asked a lawyer.

“Well,” replied the ready witness, “I smell’d it first, and then I learned about a glass of it.”

The unexpected verb wholly upset the gravity of the court, jury, and mleaneine people; and they were all at assited in recovering their equanimity by his further testimony that the man who bought the brandy drank it himself “till he was quite sober.”

“**F**IRST CLASS IN MATHEMATICS stand up. What, simple division?

“**B**lame, sir, I know. Breaking Bob Smith’s cake, and eating half myself.”

“Right.”—What is Compound Division?

“Breaking the whole of Bob Smith’s cake, and dividing it between yourself and brother.”

“Right again.”—Now go out of doors and put your hand against something cold, to keep your nose from bleeding.”

“**A** HENPECKED husband residing in a small village, in the interior, thus announces the departure from his “bed and board” of his dearly beloved.—My wife, Ann Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Whether he returns will get his heart broke. As to trusting her, anybody can do so who sees fit—for as I never pay my own debts, it is not all likely that I will lay awake nights thinking about other people’s wives.”

“**A**stronomical creatures, the girls are. Ask any of them what they are making, and it is invariably the hem of a haunch-cloth, or “only a collar.” The dear institution will no more up to pillow-cases, sheets, and other domestic realities, than cooles they care anything about young Spruce, the handsome dry goods clerk, or Greenleaf, the good-looking lawyer. Girls are queer things.”

The individual who perpetrated the following choice stanza, was a genius and a man of observation. He grew up some distance off towards the setting sun. Hear him:

“Men are like little themselves. And women will have a lot to do. They smoke and kiss each other.”

“**O**ne of the best double puns we have ever heard, was perpetrated by a clergyman. He had just insisted in naming a part whose christian name was more respectively Begum and Ann. “How did they appear during the ceremony?” inquired a friend. “They appeared both-named and beau-fitted,” was the reply.

“**S**IMON’S got no truth in him.” You don’t know, ninge; de’re more truth in that nigga den all de’re on de plantation.”

“How make dat?”

“Why, he’s never let any out.”

“**A** nov in Jamica was driving a mule the other day; the animal wasullen, stopped, and turned his arched neck upon the boy as it idly roared and contended:

“Won’t go, won’t go! Feed grand, do you? I guess you forget your father, was a jactus?”

“**W**hat is the difference between an armful of hempe, and the butchering of warts? Hold your breath for the answer. One is assist with intent to kill, and the other is a hell with intent to scathe.”

“**A**’s a’ Orison.”—Darn the tree of Knowledge! exclaimed a young student who was struggling to climb some of the rudimentary branches, “who hadn’t Adam asse’!”

“**W**HATEVER amount of ‘cousin’ there may be in our honeymoon, we may be pretty sure of having a fearful amount of ‘bullying’ afterwards.”

“**M**iss Susan Nipper says that the Russians have an awful responsibility resting on them for killing the Turks—forver. Turk who is killed leaves a dead widow.”

“**P**LEADING at the bar, says a Western editor, ‘try to persuade a ba-keeper to trust you for a cent more.’

“**B**EAUTIFUL extract—helping a young woman out of a mud-puddle.”

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RECEIVED—A LITTLE CHICAGO OIL LIGHTING.

“**W**hat is the best oil for lighting?”

“**W**hat is the best oil for lighting?”