Wit and Humor.

THE BUMBUGGED HUSBAND.

She's got what fancy painted her,
I'm sadly taken in,
It some one else had given her,
She would not have cared a pin.

I thought that she was solid and good
As maiden ever could be;
I wonder how she ever could
Have stuck me bumbugged me.

They chuckle round and shake me hand,
And tell me I am kind;
My case they do not understand.
I think that I know best.

They call her hatred all to fair—
They drive me mad and madder;
What do they mean? I do declare
I only wish they had her!

'Tis true that in the golden locks
That on her shoulders fall;
What would they say to see the box
In which she keeps them all.

Her taper fingers—it is true,
Are different to match;
What would they say if they but knew
How terribly they scratch!

A GOOD STORY.

Some of the students of the Indiana State University, were suspected to be in the habit of drinking brandy. Where they obtained it was a mystery. Dr. Daily determined to ferret out the secret. Calling into a small drug store, the proprietor asked him "how that sick student, Mr. Carter, came on?"—Smelling a rat, the Doctor answered in an evasive manner, and soon drew out of the apothecary that the students under suspicion, had been in the habit of purchasing brandy for a sick student by the name of Carter; that they said he was quite low, and was kept alive by stimulants; that the young gentlemen seemed very much devoted to him. Now the secret was out.—This Carter was a fictitious character, and the Doctor had the secret. However, he kept his own counsel. The next time the students assembled in chapel for prayers, he cast his eyes over the crowd, and satisfied himself that Carter's services were present. The devotions were duly conducted; and then he called the attention of the students, remarking that he had a mournful task to perform—as the President of the University, it became his duty to announce the death of their fellow student, Mr. Carter. After a lingering illness of several weeks, a portion of which time he was *kept alive by stimulants*, he had breathed his last. He had no doubt that this announcement would fall sadly on the ears of those who had so *faithfully* attended to his wants, but he hoped they would bear it with resignation—he hoped they would reflect on the oft-repeated words, '*Memento mori*' that he would now no longer detain, but leave them to their own reflections! The result of this announcement was startling. None of the Professors, and but few of the students, had ever heard of Carter. 'Who is he?' was whispered; none knew but the third friends who attended him,' and they wouldn't tell—and the President stood so RUFFLY AFFECTED, they didn't like to ask him.—*Brookville Jeffersonian.*

☞ WELL DONE, Mississippi.—NOVEL WAY TO KILL FLEAS.—A certain academy in Clarke county, Mississippi, had been the resort of a parcel of dogs, under whose structure they took shelter from inclement weather. In the course of time, the *fleas* became very numerous, and so annoyed the students as to cause the teacher to call together the trustees, to devise ways and means to get clear of this troublesome vermin. After consulting upon the matter, the most sure means to rid the place of the fleas was thought to be *burning them up*. Accordingly a large quantity of pine straw was collected and spread round and under the house, and set on fire. In a short time every dog that those inhabited was consumed in the flames or made their way off—none feared as need to return to the scene of so dreadful havoc. While all this was going on, and such a general destruction being made among the fleas, the flames caught the room next making their way through it could these animals, and in less than one half hour the entire house had fallen a prey to the all raging element, with books and everything else appertaining thereto. If any of our readers are troubled by fleas, we recommend the above as a sure and effectual means to get clear of them. The above was stated to us as being literally true.—*Alabama Standard.*

☞ THE MILKMAN, Jinks, the Hastings milkman, one morning forgot to water his milk. In the hall of the first customer in his round, the sad omission flashed upon Jinks' wounded feelings. A large tub of fine clear water stood on the floor by his side: to eye was upon him, and three did Jinks dilute his milk with a large measure filled from the tub, before the maid brought up her jugs. Jinks served her, and went on. While he was following down the next area, his first customer's footman beckoned to him from the door. Jinks responded, and was immediately ushered into the library. There sat my lord, who had just tasted the milk.

"Jinks?" said his lordship.

"My lord?" replied Jinks.

"Jinks," continued his lordship, "I should feel particularly obliged if you would have both bring me the milk and water separately, and allow me the favor of mixing them myself."

"Well, my lord, it's useless to deny the thing, for I suppose your lordship watched me while—"

"No," interrupted the nobleman. "The fact is, that my children gather at home, Jinks, and the tub in the hall was full of rain water, Jinks."

☞ A BASHFUL Yokel was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the town, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. Yokel called one day, when she was alone at home. After settling the merits of the weather, Miss sauntered along still into his face, "I dreamed of you last night."

"Did you? why now?"

"Yes, I dreamed you kissed me."

"Why now! what did you dream your mother said?"

"Oh, *I dreamed she wasn't at home!*"

A light dawned on Yokel's intellect, and directly something was heard to crack—perhaps Yokel's whip and perhaps not, but about a month more they were twain, &c.

☞ "THE RAIN is soft, my dear."

"Well, give it another out, Dennis, hang up the entire out."

"It's all gone, sir—not a drop is left."

"Gone! why, we have not yet opened the bottle."

"Sure, you have it every day, and I've seen you use it myself many's the time."

"Why, you scoundrel! you don't mean to say that I've been using castor oil every day during the rainy season?"

"Sure, you have, sir."

"Did you not see the bottle was labelled, Castor Oil?"

"Sure and I did, sir; and didn't I put it on the castor every day?"

☞ "WHY, Mr. E.," said a tall youth to a little person, in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small I did not see you before."

"Very likely," replied the little gentleman, "I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies, but I'm the sixpence, and worth the whole of them."

☞ MY UNCLE JOSHUA.—I have often heard of men who could hold but one idea in their heads at a time. It is not so with my Uncle Joshua. As he sat down to dinner the other day, he asked a blessing in these words: "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us duly thankful!" And added, in the same breath—"*Sally, that steak is burnt to a crisp.*"

☞ THE author of the following evidently doesn't care a fig for the good opinion of the ladies:

"When dressed for the evening, the girls, now a days,
Seem so scant of dress on them leave;
None blame them—for what is an evening dress
But a dress that is suited to Eve.

HATS, CAPS, &c.

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☞ Hats made to order at the shortest notice, and in the most fashionable manner.

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