

## Wit and Humor.

—*Sousouzy, let him alone, after being hounded about the fall of Schaeffer's hear him.*

### An Address to the Ear.

Hale to thee, Zar of Rukies! How do you feel now that the allies have got the top of you, having abridged about the fall of Schaeffer's hear him?

### QUESTION?

Hale to thee, Zar of Rukies! How do you feel now that the allies have got the top of you, having abridged about the fall of Schaeffer's hear him?

### A. McBEATH did you McDuff before they fit?

Are you 'Ostris in collie together? Are you 'Ostris in collie together? Isnt it all gallus on both your parts?

Say, you old scampster of all the bunches,

Do you sp'le bout home? You havn't staled?

That wretched Pashal alone! It giv'e you fits?

Spes old Scammon from the Kawkaus!

Come down, what then? Its ha' made

Coppy in less than a minit, by my watch!

—*ED. MISCHMOS.—Everybody has heard of the gentleman, who described his country seat as having a "Londonee" in front, "Porto-richto" in each wing, "a "Garry" in the rear, with an "Aneadeo" by which the water was converted into a field.*

—*ED. MISCHMOS.—The man taking up his residence on the New Orleans line, we should have*

assumed some contemplated architectural improvements:

"I contend," said he, "among other puritanical things, to put a "Diseasour" around that field, plant a "Harbor" in the middle, and cut a "Reverence" up to the door. And then when I have built a "Penitentiary" to my house, I shall be able to receive my friends in a "hostile" manner."

—*ED. MISCHMOS.—There are some things that make us laugh outright, without our knowing exactly why. We admire pleasant wit, and smile at funny incidents; but we couldn't help smiling merrily at the following:—A boy while spreading hay in the meadow, was stung by a yellow-jacket bumble-bee. Grasping a wisp of hay, and giving chase to his tormentor, he succeeded in knocking him into the grass; then holding the wretched down with a stick in one hand, and taking a pin from his shirt collar with the other, he commenced partaking of the sweet morsels of revenge. "I'll let you know, old feller," said he, giving his victim a thrust through the body. "I'll let you know (another stab) that there is a God in Israel!"*

—*ED. YOUNG AMERICA'S VERNACULAR.—Then the expressions which fill on our ears!—"To me, mudder's arms, mudder's little pet." "O! you darling little toad!" "Bless its little heart, it shall have some toady." "Toot, toot, to Bairdybones, on its mamma's little hose." "Stoop, you mucker's little pet." "It's sweet, so it is, mudder knows it."*

"Dumb if it wants to, taunt its tampon." "Tis mamma now, won't it taint its tampon?" "Bouncy boomer, bouncy boomer."

"Now a what-augy boy, see the gentlemen are coming." "That's a good lady—none can tame her, and it don't try a bit." "Sweetly, sweetly, mother's sweet, and a hundred more just as ex-pres-sions."

—*ED. A LITTLE WOMAN.—Last week two medical officers were called in to view the condition of some sick ladies, situated at the bottom of Watergate steps. One of the medical men asked the mistress of one of the houses:*

"Why don't you keep it cleaner?"

The reply made by the woman was, that she was a "poor widow, and couldn't afford it."

"How long have you been a widow?" quoth the doctor.

"Save enough for honor, for three years."

"Of whom did your husband die?"

"He never died at all: he's run away with another woman."

—*ED. FATHER MURKIN.—It is stupid as hard to extract mirth from incidents connected with the epidemic, as it is to accomplish the proverb, to draw sunbeams from a cucumber. But a practical joke, bordering close on the grave, was played off last Tuesday, on the arrival of the Florida, which threw the eye-witnesses into "fits" on account from laughter. As the passengers, one by one, came down the gangway, they were stopped by a wag of a medico, who, in his uniform in hand, proceeded to measure them for their coffin, with the simple inquiry whether they would take "dead mits of pine or mahogany."—*Sacred Mourning News*, Feb. 13.*

—*ED. BEAUTIFUL "EPITAP."—The San Diego Herald publishes the following, written upon a young man who was accidentally shot:*

"Here lies the body of James Hambrick, who was accidentally shot on the bank of the river Tulear."

—*ED. A young man*

was accidentally shot with one of the large colts, revolver with no stopper for the cock to rest on it, and of the old fashioned kind brass mounted, and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

—*ED. AN OLD LADY (doubtless related to Mrs. Penington) living in Long Island, and son who was a rheumatism. When his occupation called him away from home, he found it necessary to have his "fiddle marked." "Now," said the old lad, "it took my two daughters all their time to mark my son's clothes;" so he procured a battle of durable ink, and said, she in loss this half an hour, her son had his son's *entails* on all his clothes."*

—*ED. INTRIGUING CORRESPONDENCE.—Dear sir, I am sorry I cannot accept your kind offer, as I am already engaged; but I am sure my sister Ann would jump at it. Your obliged*

—*ED. Miss ELIZA L., the beggar's parson, I wrote*

*your name in mistake; it was Miss Ann I meant to have written to her per se. Hoping*

*to be to your affectionate brother,* J. R.

*The doctor and Miss Ann were married.*

—*ED. IRISH WOMAN.—"Arab, Johnny, and where have you bin so long?"*

*Nature's "No."—Why, the and the rest of the boy, has been licking an Irishman."*

*Holler!—"Wife, ye spalsh, till your daddy goes home, you'll be afraid catching it!"*

*No,—"Oh, be blowed! That's the man we're blighted!"*

[Exit brother, with upraised eyes, a half smothered, "Oh, ho! while sunny stalks of white-flowered Hall Columbia!]

—*ED. PARTRY GOON.—An exquisite compliment was paid the other evening to a lady in our presence. She had just swallowed a pale glass of wine, as a gentilman in the company asked for a taste.*

"It is all gone," said he, laughing. "Unless you will be so kind, I must be allowed to have a cigarette with you."

"I should be most happy, he replied, but I never take sugar with my wine!"

—*ED. PRESSER FOR COPY.—The following story is told of an Irish newspaper editor. The fore-*

*man called down to him from the printing office.*

"We want six lines to fill column."

"Kill a child at Waterford," was his reply.

After a second message: "We have killed the child, and still want two lines?" "Contradict the same."

"Then hold him yourself."

—*ED. A FOOL FELLOW having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor "that his brain was visible, on which he remarked, "Write to father, for he always wore I had none."*

—*ED. A YOUNG MAN at a tea party, overhearing one lady say, to another, "I have something for your private eyes," immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that, for preserving a life-gal!"*

—*ED. Miss JEAN, allow us to close those blinds, the glare the sun must be oppressive."*

"You are very kind, Sir, but I would rather have a little sun than *no* at all."

—*ED. THE HEARTBEATING "BROOKS," describing a New-York boarding-house, "you can always tell when they get a new hired girl by the color of the hair in the brook."*

—*ED. SOME political and social economist says that all men, at some period in their lives, should "see the elephant."*

—*ED. "You are a queer chicken," as the hen sat when she batched out a duck.*

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