

Humorous Sketches.

New Advertisements.

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Miscellaneous.

Railroad's.

Agricultural.

One of the old settlers at the Isle-shoals seeing the name of Psyche on the hull of a yacht, spelled it out slowly, and then exclaimed: "Well, if that ain't the durnest way to spell fish!"

A certain city was about to be destroyed; The women were allowed to leave, and were told that they might carry away on their backs whatever they most prized, and each woman took a man.

A Chicago man owns a dog which knows when Sunday comes. He knows because on that day his master always gets down his fishing-rod, and leaves the house by the back door.

Engaging child—"Oh, Mr. Jinkins, do let me see you drink!" Mr. Jinkins—"See me drink? What for my dear?" Engaging child—"Oh, mamma says you drink like a fish."

On the cards recently issued to a silver wedding at Columbus, Ohio, was the following modest warning: "Please avoid dollar stores."

A Milwaukee lady who paid fifty dollars to have a wart removed from her nose, now wants to know what has become of her nose.

A boy, six years old, having been much lectured by his father on the baseness of crying when any calamity happened, clutched the paternal heart; the other, by saying: "Harry Bolton, I cried nearly all day," caused his father to die; but if you should die, pa, I wouldn't cry a bit."

At a public dinner in Boston, some years ago, Whipple the essayist, and Saxe, the poet, were present as honorary guests. In the midst of a somewhat desultory conversation between the two Whipple exclaimed:

"O, don't mind what Saxe says about that; he was tipsy on that occasion."

"And in what condition were you?" inquired the poet.

"Sobey—perpetually sober!" was the prompt and unceasingly safe reply.

"Gentlemen!" said Saxe, rising to his feet, glass in hand—"Gentlemen! let us drink to the memorable occasion when Saxe was tipsy and Whipple was sober!"

A LITTLE boy said to his mother the other morning: "Ma, I had the beautiful dream last night that you ever saw. I dreamed that I would go to school and that you went into the yard and cut a great long switch, but just as you were going to give me an awful dressing' the world came to an end! Didn't I get out of it, though?"

DOMESTIC BANKRUPTCY.—He had been telling her for weeks past, says the Detroit "Free Press," that times were tight, money scarce, bankruptcy stalking abroad through the land, and so forth, and she consented to the discharge of the nurse girl, and upstairs girl, and had wheeled the cook into doing general housework. That wasn't enough. He came home one night and said he was going to discharge the housekeeper; that house had gone up to thirty percent; that he could not afford to carry his life insurance any longer; that she mustn't ask for any more new clothes for a year. She went over the house and pinched expenses down again, and things ran along until the other day, when he remarked: "We've got to reduce still further or bust!" She was pondering over his remarks late that evening when he came home. He was so long getting his overcoat off that she went into the hall. He gave the coat one awful jerk just then and fell over.

"What on earth are you?" she exclaimed as she tried to help him up.

"Nozing," he replied.

As he got up she peered into his face. The fact was plain as it had been written on a wretched fence post.

He gazed at her without replying.

"Here you're been yelling 'reduce!' reduce! all winter, and while I am trying to reduce you go and get drunk? You'd better reduce your whiskey!"

"I said anything 'about reduce?' he asked.

"Yes, you have!"

"Whaz want reduce for?"

"Only to-day you said we'd either got to reduce bust."

"Dizay eat?"

"Yes, you did."

"Well, ju rejuve?"

"No; how could I?"

"Zen didn't I bust?"

IT WAS HE.—A man forty years old and as long as a rail went into one of the banks Saturday to get the cash for a \$15 check drawn by a party living in Nanking, township.

"You will have to be identified," said the cashier as he looked at the check.

"I'm the man," was the reply.

"But I don't know that you are."

"But I do."

"You must bring some one here who knows you."

"Don't I know myself?" exclaimed the check-tender.

"But I must know you. You may be Tom Jones for all I know."

"You must be a consumed fool to think I think I'm some one else?" growled the man in response.

"You must be identified," observed the cashier.

"That's my name, I tell ye, and this is me, and if this bank gives me riled I'll lick the hull crowd of you over behind the railing!"

The cashier wouldn't pay, and the man couldn't find any one who knew him, and at noon he was waiting for that fellow who caused him to come out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Sir," asked an attorney, the other day, of a witness who was testifying in a case of assault and battery, "have you been in this court before?" "Yes, sir," said the witness, "I have been here often." "Ah, been here often, have you?" said the attorney, in a triumphant tone. "Now tell the court what for?" "Well," replied the witness, "I have been here at least a dozen times to see you, to try and collect that tailor's bill you owe."

"Is your horse perfectly gentle, Mr. Dasher?"

"Perfectly gentle, sir—the only fault he has got, if that be a fault—is a playful habit of extending his hindquarters and then, I suppose, kicking, Mr. Green, but it is only a slight reaction of the muscles—a disease rather than a vice."

"WAH, YEAH!" said the old man, as he painfully leaned on his cane, I am kind again', and I feel it more and more every day. Only last year I used to be able to walk around Union Park every morning, and now my rheumatism is so bad that when I get half-way around, all I can do is to turn round and hobble back."

It was Archishop Whately who announced that Noah's ark was made of gopher wood, while John of Arc was made of

the bark of the plane tree, and others of acacia, sycamore, mulberry, and other stories, there will be.

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