WIT AND HUMOR.

"Papa's Home Tonic" is the latest son's. The o and n of the last word of the title can be omitted when necessary.

Some malicious persons assert that the letters "M. D." which are placed after physicians' names mean "Money Down."

Last week a Boston gentleman correctly guessed the number of beans in a bag. An effort is being made to induce him to lecture.

"Are you sure you are converted?" said Mr. Spurgeon to a decent housemaid. "Please, sir, I think I am, for I sweeps under the beds." Her test was a sound one.

Photographer (to bald-headed man): "Excuse me, sir, but the top of your head shines so that it will take an extra big; so if you don't mind, sir, I'd just chalk it a bit."

It is said that the Mexicans are so lazy that they don't take the trouble to get off the railroad track when a train is coming. They prefer to be assisted by the cowcatcher.

"Do you buy your music by the sheet?" inquired a young lady of the Den on's daughter. "O, no," she replied, "I allow us walk until Sunday and get it by the week."

To say a procession was three hours in passing a given point doesn't necessarily show that it was a very long procession, since the given point might have been a short one.

Maker of musical instruments, who is eventually making his wife: "There, thank goodness, the last fiddle is done at last!" After a pause: "Ann H annah, if I haven't gone and left the glue-pot inside!"

It is believed that in the coming summer the great showman will give Centennial Elephant Sunday Attraction Exhibitions, to which Sundays-schools will be invited in a given at half price.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

"Why is starting called sparking?" asked a Brooklyn young lady of a married aunt. "I must be because the real fire doesn't begin to fire until after marriage," was the reply of one speaking from experience.

Doctor—"Well, Pat Rooney, and how have the powders I presented done for your?" Patient—"Well, Herr Doctor, I boiled them, and I roasted them, but do what I would, I could not swallow them."—*Der Schnitz.*

A Massachusetts man recently put a bullet into the kitchen clock, supposing that he was shooting a burglar. He is the same man who smacked a string of onions hanging on the wall one dark night, supposing that he was kissing the hired girl.

Curran, being angry in debate one day, put his hand on his heart, saying: "I am the trusty guardian of my own honor." "Then," replied Sir Boyle Roche, "I congratulate my honorable friend on the same sinecure to which he has appointed himself."

Brindbean, the famous sporting fop, had a costume for every kind of game that he had shot at. One day, invited to the Duke of Orkney's shooting party, the Duke drew his attention to a hare, suggesting that he should fire. "I cannot," monsieur grunts," said Brindbean, "I am in my partridge toilet."

"Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?" "Yes, George, I will," she said, dropping her eyes lashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?" "Only a little song at the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside ready to bite me, and I want to scare him away."

Changes should never be often in compliments, as in anthems. We have heard of persons who were in the habit of saying to every lady they met: "Madam, you are the handsomest woman in the world." Brown said he would give so to see you and your two children."

London Truth announces that 5 liter cases of Otard cognac sold in the United States are smoked by Indians. We know more than 5 per cent of the fine cognac sold in this country was ever drunk by Indians, and it is a well-known fact that the Indians of the far west have a decided preference for old rye whiskey. It would be a waste of cognac to give it to them, and we don't believe they would drink it. Brown still engaged in the Bourbon business, and has since died of delirium tremens accidentally mixed.

Mr. Beecher was making an evening call on a lady who later than usual, put to him the following question: "Mr. Beecher, do you suppose it is right for a young man to make $5 in ten minutes?" "Do I suppose it is right for a young man to make $5 in ten minutes?" replied the young man, "certainly I do. But how can I make $5 in ten minutes, Brown?" Maggie would give it to you. Now tell your father as you would have to see you and your children in prison