


"Phunvgrains."



"Phunygains."

Been to Tell His Wife.

A gentleman was once dining with a friend, when a most dreadful storm rose. In hopes of an abatement, the entertainment was prolonged to the latest possible hour; but at length it was over; but the storm showed no signs of ceasing, but on the contrary, grew worse and worse. The host insisted on his guest's acceptance of a lodging for the night, in view of the impossibility of reaching his home. The guest complied, but in a few minutes was missed from the parlor. In half an hour he reappeared, drenching with rain.

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"Where, in heaven's name have you

singular object, which looked like a dog around the paws, and a weeping willow around the head.

"I!" said he, quietly shaking off the water, "I have been at home to tell my wife that, as it was such a night, I shall not return."

Brick Pomeroy says that he once worked at a case by the side of a negro printer, and is proud of the fact. The negro has now been heard from, and here is what he says:

"Well sir, I am the very darkey whom Brick worked along side of, and if he is proud of it, I must say that I am not; on the contrary, I am ashamed of it. Brick was good enough to tell me his business, but I could not have that, even the devil was no match for him. Please remind Brick that he owes me \$2,70, borrowed money, at that, and if he is proud of *any one thing*, perhaps he may yet be proud to say, *I owe no negro*. Who knows? If he ever gets in that frame of mood, he will find me at Talmadge, Summit County, Ohio."

NOT GOOD AT SMALL-POX.—"A few days ago a very strangely dressed individual called at an office-of-the-way shop, and asked for the proprietor, who, on hearing the sign of Dr. Jiffricks, came forward to greet him.

"Is the Doctor in?" he inquired of a dilapidated darkey who answered his summons.

"He am dat, sar," was the smiling rejoinder.

"Tell him I think I have got the small-pox and wish to consult him."

The whites of the darkey's eyes grew astounded, and his dusky complexion assumed rapidly a creamy hue.

"Call him in, sah," he then said.

"Tell the doctor I'm sick with the small-pox, and wish to see him."

The astonished African gave a wild leap, and dashing through an inner door, slamming it in the visitor's face, cried out, "leave dis yer house—"

"Golly, boss, I'se the doctor, but I ain't good at small-pox."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

PROFESIC SPELLING.—A friend of ours has a doctor of the 'root and herb' order, in whom he has great confidence, although the doctor is rather illiterate. The other day, his son, having a bad cold, got a written prescription from the physician, which the father brought to us. It ran as follows:

"Patcher feet in hot wotter, goto bed and drink a pint of loot."

"I can make out the first part well enough," said he. "Put your feet in

—that is plain enough. But what is the loot? "We were embarrassed at first, but a happy inspiration struck us. Loot, old double o tees; elder blue tea. And that turned out to be the explanation."

FANCY GARTERS.—Willis, when in Germany, bought a pair of garters at a fair, with a wreath of flowers planted on them. The delicate fabric was consecrated on the inside with some verses, which the poet thus translated:


When night with morning lingers,
Awake and stirring be,
And your sweet garters whisper
O clap this about your knee.

When day with eve reposes,
And slumber begins to see,
Unclasp this band of roses,
And, dearest, think of me!

“A reverend gentleman was catechizing one of his offspring recently, and among other questions asked—“what is the difference between creecism and doctrine?” This was a poser to the young class in theology, until a four year-old, considered exempted, piped out—“I know, I know, what it is.” “Well, Johnny, what is it?” said the father. “Creed is the Bible and doctrine is the pargorey,” cried the youngster triumphantly.

Jack newly off a voyage, and elevated with a glass of cognac is a queer animal. One of this class was a passenger in a railway carriage, in which was a clergyman. Jack was unscrupulous in his phraseology, and the clergyman in a solemn tone expressed his

road to the devil. "Well, it don't matter much," replied Jack, "I've got a return ticket!"

 The old lady, in traveling who said she didn't care about "ten minutes for refreshments," but would take some pie, had a substantial view of things.

"Come out here, and I'll lick the whole of you," said an urchin to some sticks of peppermint candy in a confectioner's window.