



HUMOR

Phunygams,

A Big Story.

One evening, sitting in the village inn, John Berry said he once drove a horse seventy-two miles in one day on the ice, when the ice was so thin that the water spurted up through the holes cut through it by the horses' hoofs. One of the bystanders remarked that seventy-two miles was a pretty good drive for one day. "Yes," said Uncle John, "but it was a long day in June."

Love Sick.

I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back—the in-

sensible thing,"—and said she had no notion of men. I told her I had occasions of money and goods—tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she was not afraid of me. I then told her I feared by the force of an owl she had a beak and claws, and she answered, "Disgusted her features and form: tried at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she ranged like a sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel, my all, she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed: "We will marry this fall."

A city chap from this town, spending a few weeks in the country with a farmer friend, asked to be permitted to "abstract" the lacteal fluid from the bovine group at eventide. As soon as the farmer found out that all he wanted was to milk the cows some night, he cheerfully assented and, with other members of the family he went to the barn at dusk, and proceeded to see the fun. Hardly had the tight pantalooned chap began to pull on the natural appendages which all who desire milk must manipulate (except milk-men who live near a pond), when the patient cow looked around and saw the "what-is-it" at her side. "Fetch him a wipe in the eyes," with her tail at the same time projecting her hind foot with lightning like rapidity, and while the milk was balancing on his ear in a mud-puddle the sportive cow sent the milk pail spinning after him. Owing to damages to his pants, our hero was obliged to wait a week until he got out of sight of the farmer's daughters, and now saves farm

A man, tried in Dumfries, Scotland, before the Sheriff and jury accused of stealing some garments from a farm-yard, was defended by a local practitioner with so much success that the jury rendered a verdict of "Not Proven." To the surprise of his agent, the prisoner seemed by no means in a hurry to quit the dock after the verdict was rendered. The master of law went up to him, informed him that he had been acquitted, and was at liberty to go away, but still the prisoner kept his seat. A second time he was informed that he was no longer a prisoner, but he remained immovable. At length, as the court was nearly emptied of the people who had been present during the trial, including the witnesses in the case, the prisoner whispered to his counsel: "The fact is, mon, I durst na' gang sooner; I have on the pair 'o' trousers that was

—One of the most dressy and more brilliant young men in Chicago, who waxes his hair in the middle, said to delight a select party of ladies and gentlemen the other evening by a few flashes of wit. The most noticeable scintillation of his wit was a conundrum: "How—?" said he. "Ah—when is a lady not a lady? Nobody could tell, and the proposition of the conundrum gave the answer—"When she's a little buggy," he said. A lady in the company, the captain and the funny man were the focus of many singular glances. He soon became conscious that "some one had blundered." So he dived into a sarsaparilla pocket, brought out a newspaper and surveyed it attentively three or four times and then brightened up. "How—yes, of course—how have yes, of course—how—when she's a little

—A clever old lady, just arrived from the country, entered the refreshment room at a railroad station; the other day, and said she had left her parasol on the seat. A gentleman soon commenced and lasted for some time. Finally one of the waiters left the old dame, when she left, which she answered, on counting, on her fingers, "Well, its just three years ago last Fourth of July." There was a general roar, much to the astonishment of the old lady, who went away with a very puzzled look upon her countenance.

—A young lady was entertaining some friends the other evening, when one said:

"Miss ———, your braid is coming off."

She slapped her hands to her head and found nothing wrong. The gentleman quietly pointed to the braid, which she had put in a bun.

floor. There was an audible smile.

"Sal," cried a girl, looking down from the upper story of a gallery, addressing another girl, who was trying to enter the group. "We've all been to campmeeting, and we have been singing so, when you want to sing on Sunday, you'd have to come around to the back door."

"An old carpenter who has been employed at my father's and has asked me about his trade always charged me to inquisition for confessing that the yedde for his shingles was well. You see, I am a confitee just because people would bring me back to us to be repaired."