



Humnygrams."

A Humorist Sold.

A few days ago Mark Twain went over to New York and in the course of his ramblings about the metropolis dropped into the billiard room of Vignaux, the champion billiardist of the world. As Mark entered a gentleman walked up to him and inquired:

"Do you wish to play a game, sir?"

"Well, I don't care if I do," said Mark, who forthwith took down a cue and chalked it. The two gentleman then "bunked" for the first shot, which the stranger won. Mark sat down to wait his turn at the ball and the stranger commenced to play, run-

"Do you wish to play another game?" he asked, turning to Mark, who wondered when it would be his turn.

"What's your name?" inquired the humorist, who didn't look at all funny.

"Maurice Vigneaux,"

"No, I guess I won't play any more; I just came in practice. Good after-noon."

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**What His Visits Were Like.**

"Your visits remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper," said Uncle Jabez, leaning his chin on his cane and glancing on William Henry, who was sweet on Angelica.

"Why so?" inquired William

"Well, they commence on a weekly, grow to be tri-weekly, and have become daily, with a Sunday supplement."

"Yes," said William Henry, bracing up, "and after we are married, we will issue an extra—"

"Sh—h," said Angelica, and then they went out for a stroll.

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**W.** A young man wants to know why, when he walks into the country with his girl, all the flies and other insects circle around his head and annoy him, and completely ignore the presence of the young lady. The insects certainly show very bad taste. It is because they prefer beer and whiskey to honey and sugar.—*Norristown Herald*.

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**W.** As you pass along the streets these sultry nights, how suggestive of the penance which extreme thermal conditions impose upon the ardent young nature—to hear a soft voice prattling through the half-closed

Charles, don't; its too awful hot."

EARLY A youngster while perusing a chapter of Genesis, turning to his father, inquired if the people of those days used to do sums on the ground. It was discovered that he had been reading the passage, "And the sons of men multiplied upon the face of the earth."

EARLY At the close of a concert, while a gentleman was struggling with his hat, cane, overcoat, opera glass, and the young lady's fan, all of which he was trying to retain on his lap, a suspicious-looking black bottle fell on the floor with a thud. "There," he exclaimed to his companion, "I shall lose my cough medicine." That was

**H**. A suit of ancient armor recently unearthed in Rome proves beyond doubt that the Romans used to feel the need of protecting that portion of the body most exposed when a warrior leaves the fight and starts for home.

**A** woman cured her husband of staying out late at night by going to the door, when he came home, and whispering through the keyhole, "Is that you Willie?" Her husband's name is John, he sleeps at home every night now, and slays with one eye open and a revolver under his pillow.

**A** correspondent entered an office and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his communication, when the type earnestly replied, "I'm not a pointer; I'm a setter."

**M**en, says Adam Smith, are naturally unsentimental. A man will

out thinking that the mother of that egg is, perhaps, a hundred miles away in the rain.

“It’s Tilden and Hendricks, he jabbers, instead of Tilden and Reform,” said an Irishman in New York City.

“I am so thirsty,” said a boy in a cornfield. “Well, work away,” said the industrious father. “You know the prophet says, ‘Hoe, every one that thirsteth.’”

A man being asked as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, “To marry a widow with a bad cough.”

What is the difference between a spendthrift and a pillow? One is hard up and the other soft down.

“Mike, and is it yourself that can be after tellin’ me how they

N make ice cream? "In truth I can. Don't they bake them in cowld ovens, to be sure?"

A lady at Ellsworth, Me., is the mother of twelve twins, and is yet young enough to carry on the business.

partial to blue-eyed maidens. Others like dark-eyed lasses. But the mon-eyed girls have the most admirers.