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LAUGHS

or Fun Without Vulgarity
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THE KING'S JESTER

(With apologies to HARRY B. NEILSON)
FOUR HUNDRED LAUGHS: Or, Fun Without Vulgarity

A Cyclopædia of Jests, Toasts, Eccentric Rhymes, Witty Sayings

Compiled and Edited by JOHN R. KEMBLE

NEW AMSTERDAM BOOK CO. 156 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY MCMI
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FOR "BLUES"

To those who frequently feel blue,
Some good advice
Permit me to prescribe for you;
No squills, quinine, or catechu,
But something nice:

Read one page, don't skip a word;
Now read another—then a third.
Digest it—'twill do you good—
Then laugh, where laughing's understood.
Should you by laughing thus "grow fat,"
I will make no extra charge for that.

One half the world's hard trials might
With laughter be adjusted;
And he who laughs with right good will
Need seldom be distrusted.
IN presenting a new book to the general world of readers in these days, we must have a reason for its appearance, and, like most of authors, we have ours.

First of all, the collection and preservation of the material contained in this volume has been one of our greatest pleasures; the book is not one that has been published under a sudden impulse, but represents more than thirty-two years of practical work on the minstrel stage.

The need of some such book is often felt.

We have included a great amount of the wit and humor that has been gathered in this and many other portions of the civilized world, and oftentimes are jotted down funny little incidents that were intended for anything but fun; but it is from just such occurrences that we have on our stage today many funny sketches and humorous recitations. We have selected with the greatest care all that will go to make a good, clear, clean, and crisp volume of laughter and fun; and while we do not claim all the matter original, the better part of it is.

A great amount of funny literature has been published, but there is no other book today that covers the vast and varied field that this one does—witty sayings, cross gags, conundrums, toasts, stump speeches, comic recitations, endmen's gags, humorous poetry, boys' compositions, sketches, and funny matter in general, making it a valuable volume for professionals, socials, clubmen, liter-
ary societies, parlor amusements, parties, and lodges; and, with its freedom from vulgarity, a book for private concerts and family entertainments of all sorts. The general reader, too, who will peruse these pages will seldom, if ever, fail to find a fund of amusement to divert the mind, and to serve to lighten the care and toil of life.

It may be notice 1 that some anecdotes or humorous passages have been made to do double duty, being, in a very few instances, repeated with new coloring and accessories. This has not been done to swell the book, but more to show how the entertainer may construct from the material here furnished an almost unlimited combination of humor, suitable for every occasion.

THE EDITOR.
WITTY SAYINGS.
It's wonderful how careless people are in our days. If a person walks on the street someone is bound to step on his toes and say, "Excuse me"; jab an umbrella in his eye and say, "Excuse me" after the harm is done. The other day I saw a truckman knock a man down and run right over him with a big team, and after he ran over him the truckman hollered "look out." The man looked up and said: "Why, are you coming back?"

Mr. A.—I bought a hat for my wife and I had to run home all the way.
Mr. B.—What for?
Mr. A.—I was afraid the style would change before I got home.

"A conductor" in New York City was discharged for knocking down. Three days after that he committed murder; he was arrested, tried and condemned to die by electricity. When the day came to electrocute him, the apparatus wouldn't work and they couldn't kill him, because he was a non-conductor.

Mr. A. went to an opera, and as he gazed around the large audience and saw so many well-dressed ladies, he remarked to his friend: This audience reminds me of a forest.
Mr. B.—Why so?
Mr. A.—Because there are so many dears (deers) here.
Mr. B.—Yes; and I see a good many old bucks here, too.
Judge.—First time?
Prisoner.—No sir; the last time. Fine day, Judge.
Judge.—Yes; ten dollars fine.
Prisoner.—You'll allow me some time to pay it in?
Judge.—Yes; ten days.

Farmers raise corn, corn raises whiskey, whiskey raises politicians, and politicians raise all the trouble we want in this country.

Mr. A.—I have failed in business and I am going to arrange matters so my creditors won't trouble me.
Mr. B.—Are you going to get out of debt?
Mr. A.—No; I am going to get out of town.

Mr. A.—What is love?
Mr. B.—I know what the poet says of love.
Mr. A.—What does he say?
Mr. B.—“Two souls but with a single thought, two hearts that beat as one.”
Mr. A.—That isn't it at all.
Mr. B.—What is love, then?
Mr. A.—Love is a tickling sensation of the heart that cannot be scratched.

I don't feel very well this evening; I fell out of bed last night. A friend of mine said I must have slept too near where I got in, but I didn't; I slept too near where I fell out.

If you are on a train and it's behind time, throw mushrooms on the track, then it will catch-up.

Meanest man I ever saw; too mean to buy a collar button. He has a mole on the back of his neck and he buttons his collar on it.

A man wanted to get into the theatre for half-price because he had only one eye. The manager told him he would charge double price, as it would take him twice as long to see the show.
Mr. A.—That’s a nice collar you’ve got on. I’ll bet I know where you got it.
Mr. B.—Where?
Mr. A.—Around your neck.

Mr. A.—What can you say of your ancestors?
Mr. B.—Why, I can trace my ancestors as far back as the flood.
Mr. A.—That’s nothing to brag about; everybody was in the swim then.

Jacob Rosinstine killed a person and got arrested for murder, and it happened he had a friend on the jury, Mr. Isaac Polinski. He managed to have an interview with him and told him on the quiet, if he could bring in the verdict of murder in the second degree, he would give him five hundred dollars. The jury was out for three days and at last brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree. Jacob met Polinski after the trial and wanted to know why the jury was out so long. Polinski told him: “I was bound to win that five hundred dollars. There were eleven wanted acquittal; I wanted second degree.”

There is land in Connemara that is so poor you can’t even raise a disturbance on it.

A doctor was hurt very badly by a well caving in on him. He should have attended to the sick and let the well alone.

My girl refused to marry me, so I said to her: “I’ll get a revolver and blow my brains out.” She says: don’t go to the expense of buying a revolver to blow out your brains; get a pinch of snuff and sneeze.”

How to tell a single man from a married one:—The single man has no buttons on his shirt; the married man has no shirt. I wore a pillow slip for six months.
When I married my wife she was twenty-four years old; her mother said she would have been twenty-eight, but she was in jail four years.

I was on a train of cars; I put my head out of the window to kiss my girl good-bye; the train was going so fast I kissed a cow at the next station.

I've got a dreadful cold; I went into a saloon where they had beer on draught, and I stood right in the draught all the time.

Some folks like to kiss by telephone, but I don't. I like mine direct from the battery.

Everything was so still you could hear a gum drop.

Tomkins went to a masquerade ball the other evening; doortender after twelve o'clock asked him to take off his mask. Tomkins said: "I haven't any on."

Pat saw some gold-fish in a globe. Said he: "Shure, that's the first time I see red herrin' alive."

I told my girl her hair was dyed. "'Tis false," said she. I guess she was right.

A friend of mine said he was never satisfied that a lady understood a kiss unless he had it from her own lips.

They say when young people are in love they grow. I know it increases their sighs (size) considerably.

Railroads are built on three gauges now:—Broad gauge, narrow gauge and mortgage.

I suppose when deaf and dumb people marry they may be said to be unspeakably happy.

The best place for mothers to go with marriageable daughters is to Sulphur Springs, because they are good places for match-making.
If a man eats dates, is he consuming time?

When you catch a pick-pocket in the act of abstracting your watch, tell him you have no time to spare.

I keep a bull-dog in my yard so the beggars can get a bite outside of the door without asking for it.

He is so mean he put green spectacles on his horse and then fed him on shavings to make him believe it was grass.

My wife went into a baker’s shop for a ten-cent loaf of bread. He gave her a small one. She said, “Here, this is too small and light for ten cents. He said, “Never mind, you won’t have so much to carry.” Wife laid down five cents and said, “There, you won’t have so much to count!”

Man (going into barber shop).—Are you the barber who shaved me before?
Barber.—Yes, sir.
Man.—Well, chloroform me.

A farmer out West stabled his cow in an ice-house to make her give ice cream.

My landlord told me he was going to raise my rent. I told him I was much obliged, because I couldn’t raise it myself.

In pocket picking, like everything else, a man never succeeds till he gets his hand in.

Buss, to kiss; re-bus, to kiss again; blunder-bus, to kiss the wrong person; omni-bus, to kiss all the girls in it.

A man who has a good wife should never become addicted to liquor (lick her).
I take the tri-weekly.
What do they call it that for?
Why, it comes out one week and tries to come out
the next. I commenced to write for it; that settled
it. It never tried to come out again.

How do you feel, Sam.
Why, I'm so glad I'm alive I'm almost dead.

Simpkins had a landlord so mean that when his cellar
was half full of water and he lost twenty-five chickens,
all the satisfaction he got out of the landlord was:
"Why don't you keep ducks?"

I know a girl of five years of age; I am thirty-five,
just seven times as old as she. I have lived with her
five years, which makes her ten and me forty; now I
am four times as old as she. I lived with her twenty
years longer, which makes her thirty and me sixty; now
I am twice as old as she. Figure that up and tell me
how long I have to live with her before we are of the
same age.

Elopements are getting very fashionable; I read this
morning of a horse running away with a young widow.

Take two letters from "money" and there will be
one left. I know a fellow who took money from two
letters—he'll be out next month.

It's a wise joke knows its own father.

He told the landlord that he had given him a dirty
towel. The landlord said: "Well, you are particular;
sixty of my boarders have wiped on that towel and you
are the first one to find fault."

When he writes his name it looks like a Chinese pre-
scription for the chills.

Cotton-field Overseer.—Say, Sambo, what makes your
nose so flat?
Sambo.—I don't know, boss; but I 'spect it's to keep me from sticking it into other people's business.

There is not much danger when it rains cats and dogs; but when it "Spitz" dogs, look out.

You can't eat your cakes and have them. No, but you can take your drinks and have them, and have 'em bad, too.

Mr. A.—Talking about large vegetables, I know a man in Essex that raised a pumpkin so large that his two children use a half each for a cradle.

Mr. B.—That's nothing; we have in this town as many as three policemen sleeping on one "beet."

Mr. A.—How plainly you can see the man in the moon?

Mr. B.—There's a woman in the moon.

Mr. A.—No, there's a man in the moon.

Mr. B.—I tell you, there is a woman in the moon.

Mr. A.—How do you know there is a woman in the moon?

Mr. B.—Do you suppose that man would stay there long if there wasn't a woman up there?

Marriage is like an eel-trap. Those that are out, want to get in; and those that are in want to get out.

Mr. A.—That girl of yours is a sweet kisser.

Mr. B.—How do you know?

Mr. A.—Oh, I had it right from her own lips.

Mr. A. (after dinner).—Have a tooth-pick? (and he hands Mr. B. three.)

Mr. B.—Oh, one will do.

Mr. A.—Take your pick.

Mr. A.—Where did a hen's egg come from?

Mr. B.—From the hen, of course.

Mr. A.—Where did the hen come from?

Mr. B.—From the egg.

Mr. A.—Who came here first?
Mr. A.—I went in a saloon and ordered two glasses of beer, and it didn’t cost me a cent.
Mr. B.—How did you manage it?
Mr. A.—I drank one and I let the other one settle.

When a shoemaker is about to make a boot, the first thing he uses is his last.

My girl’s father kept a toll-gate. She didn’t charge me any toll, though; she said she never tolled her love.

A pair of tights:—Two drunkards.

Blacksmiths are great rascals, for they forge and steel daily.

You can’t pick up anything at an auction unless it has first been knocked down.

Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer?
Warren wrote “Now and Then,” Bulwer wrote “Night and Morning,” but Dickens wrote “All the Year Round.”

Is that a horse-pistol?
No, it’s only a Colt’s.

No matter how hard the times are, watches need never suspend business; they can go on tick till the end of time.

A dentist always lives from hand to mouth.

I was very sick; the doctor said all I needed was exercise. I’ve been a letter-carrier for the past five years.

An Irishman and German were travelling on a road together; they didn’t have a cent and were half starved. After being refused a good many times they at last suc-
ceeded in getting a piece of meat, and as they were quar­
relling over it to see who would get it, the man who
gave it to them proposed they should each take hold of
opposite ends and commence to eat and see who could
eat the faster. He tied their hands behind them; gave
each an end in his mouth, and said: "Are you ready?"
The Irishman said "Yis" between his teeth, but the
poor German said "Yah," opening his mouth, and the
Irishman got the meat.

She made his pants the same in front as behind and
her boy don't know whether he is going to school or
coming home.

A lock of hair brings back fond recollections; still,
we don't like to find it in our butter.

I was in court the other day and I saw two men who
were arrested for cheating a man out of $250, and the
judge said: "Stand up and state your case."
"Well, I will tell you, your Honor. My friend and I,
we got playing a game of cards, and my friend bet this
man that he could bring out two Jacks together, and the
cards were shuffled up and by mere accident the two
Jacks came out together."
The Judge said, "What is your name?"
"Jack Brown."
"And what is your name?"
"Jack Smith."
The Judge said: "Jack Brown, I'll give you six
months, and you, Jack Smith, I'll give you one year;
and I'll bet $250 that you two Jacks don't come out
together."

A friend of mine was afraid of being buried alive. I
told him there was no fear of that, as the doctor said the
body had to hang twenty-five minutes before it is cut
down.

A cross-eyed teacher can keep twice the number of
children in order than any other, because the pupils do
not know who she's looking at.
Never judge a girl by her curls; they may be false.

A boil in the pot is worth two on your nose.

Every man may be his own architect of fortune, but many would save money if they let the job out to someone else at a large salary.

Washington never told a lie, but it must be remembered he entered politics when the country was very new.

My girl says she's not old, but she's got wrinkles in her face so big that flies go in them to hide.

An Irishman, just landed, saw an anchor; he stayed around watching it for three days. A policeman asked him what he was looking at. He said: "I want to see the man that uses that pick."

Two Jews, Isaacs and Greenbaum, went to a party; one had a grudge against the other. While they were eating supper Isaacs stole a silver spoon and shoved it down his bootleg. Greenbaum happened to see him, so he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I suppose you all have heard of Maskelyne and Cook, the great sleight-of-hand performers; I can do a trick that beats them. You see here I have a silver spoon; I put it in my breast out of sight; you’ll find it in Isaacs' boot."

I went to church last Sunday with my girl and her bonnet was so loud I couldn’t hear a word of the sermon.

They say time changes everything. I’ve got a $5 counterfeit bill; I wonder if time will change that?

Ladies wear rings in their ears to keep their hats on. It will get so by and by that the men will have to wear a ring in their noses to keep their pants up.
When my father married my mother she had one dollar and he had eighty-five cents. Now, whenever they quarrel, mother throws the fifteen cents up to him and says he married her for her money.

Never throw your old shoes in back alleys, because alligators are dangerous.

A man found a pocket-book with two hundred dollars in it. He gave it to the owner, who didn't even thank him, but kicked because the man didn't pay him interest for the time he had it.

Oh, women, women! what would we be without you? Two hundred a year better off.

A fly has 9,369,999 pores in its body. If you don't believe it count them.

A stupid man made a bet that he could walk around a very large ring. He started and walked half way around, thought he couldn't finish it, so he turned and walked back.

My brother was shaving himself and he accidentally cut half of his nose off; he dropped the razor, and as he did so the razor cut off his big toe. He was in such a hurry to stick his toe and nose on that he stuck the nose on the place where the toe ought to be, and vice versa. Now, whenever he wants to blow his nose he has to take off his shoe and stocking. He sneezed the other day and his shoe flew off and hit a lady in the face.

Do cats think? Yes; they sometimes think that the man up in the window with the night-cap on is a mighty poor shot with a boot-jack.

Mr. A.—I can't understand why my girl shook me.
Mr. B.—What was that you wrote to her the last time?
Mr. A.—All I said was: "My Dear Susie—The dog I promised you has just died. Hoping these few lines will find you the same. Yours, George."
Mr. A.—I lost a good umbrella to-day.
Mr. B.—Did you leave it in some place?
Mr. A.—No; the owner saw it and recognized it.

A telegraph operator lives on tick.

(To a grocer who had retired from business.)—My dear fellow, you are looking thin.
Grocer.—I don’t weigh as much as I did.

Fair but false:—The blonde wig.

You might as well try to fatten a windmill by running oats through it.

Sandy.—Say, Tommy, did you know I used to live in Scotland?
Tommy.—No; is that so?
Sandy.—I went back there last summer.
Tommy.—Go ’way; where did you get the money from?
Sandy.—I didn’t have any money; I didn’t need any money. I heard a bagpipe playing “Bonnie Dundee” one night, and it carried me back.

I was walking down the street the other evening and I met Dempsey who keeps the grocery store; he bet me a dollar and a half that I couldn’t carry a five-pound bag of salt around the corner and back again without laying it down. Well, I thought the man was a fool, but I took the bet, carried it clean around the block and came into the store and laid it on the counter. He said: “You’ve lost!” I said: “How so?” He said: “Didn’t you just lay the bag down?” Well, I thought I’d get even on someone, so the first man I met I made him the same bet. He bet me, took up the bag, carried it around the block and came into the store and hung it up on a nail. I lost.

Small Boy (at table).—What! all that pie for grandpa?
Mother.—No, my son; that’s for you.
Small Boy.—Oh! what a little bit!
No matter how truthful a man may be in life, he is bound to lie at the point of death.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" is absurd. No sensible king ever goes to bed with his crown on; he always hangs it on the back of a chair with his vest.

I felt sick one night and the doctor told me to take pills. I went to bed and left the pills on the bureau; forgot to take them. I awoke in the middle of the night and felt awfully sick; then I thought of the pills; it was very dark and I couldn’t find a match, so I went feeling around. I found them and took them in one swallow. When I awoke next morning I happened to look on the bureau, and instead of taking the pills I had swallowed four collar buttons. I was afraid to move around for fear I’d get the cholera. I went to the doctor and told him about it; he said: “Oh! that’s all right; you go home and swallow some button-holes and yank them up again.”

Mr. A.—Did you hear the latest news?
Mr. B.—No, I did not.
Mr. A.—They are going to make every police officer wear rubber boots.
Mr. B.—What for?
Mr. A.—To keep them from waking each other up.

I went to Central Park the other day and one of the Irish cab drivers offered to drive me one hour through the park for one dollar. When I got in he drove so fast I couldn’t see anything. I said: “Here, what are you driving so fast for?” Said he: “Do you suppose I’d be all day driving yez an hour?”

Jones had a horse; he used to keep him in an alleyway, and every time he went to feed him he had to take off his coat and vest and go up the alley sideways. One day a boy fed him on dried apples and warm water; he had to tear down the building to get the horse out.

They couldn’t seize his baggage because he wore a chest protector.
A bald-headed man said he was self-made. A bystander asked him why he didn't put more hair on his head.

I serenaded my girl the other night and sang "Come, Birdie, Come." I was arrested next morning for stealing chickens.

The true American is too honest to steal, too proud to beg, so he gets trusted.

Woman first tempted man to eat; he took to drinking of his own accord.

What is stronger than a mother's love? The smell of spring onions on your girl's breath.

An Irishman spent his last dollar to come to this country, and after hunting for a week to get work, failed. He became discouraged and walked to the dock and sat down looking out at sea; he commenced to think what a fool he had been to spend his last dollar to come here when he might be in Ireland, and the money he spent to come here in his pocket. Just then there was a diver who happened to be working under water near the dock and he came up near the Irishman. The minute the diver came up he unscrewed his head-piece and heaved a long breath. The Irishman looked at him for a minute, and said: "Well! well! if I'd known that, I would have walked over from Ireland myself."

A passenger on the elevated railroad in New York told the conductor to let him off at Minute street.

Conductor.—There is no such street.

Passenger.—Oh, yes, there is; Sixty-second.

I went in the country this summer for a change and rest, but I didn’t get it; the waiters got all the change and the landlord took the rest.

What to do with superfluous milk:—Cheese it.
WITTY SAYINGS

Affectionate pie:—The upper and lower crusts are dead stuck on each other.

The doctor ordered him to put mustard-plasters on his chest; he didn’t have any chest, so he put it on his trunk.

Never forget a friend if he owes you anything.

Mr. A.—I went fishing to-day.
Mr. B.—How many did you catch?
Mr. A.—A thousand in twenty minutes.
Mr. B.—How did you catch them?
Mr. A.—With a line (lying). That’s funny; a man can’t go fishing without a line (a lying).
Mr. B.—That’s nothing; I caught five thousand in half a minute.
Mr. A.—What kind of fish?
Mr. B.—Crazy fish.
Mr. A.—How did you catch them?
Mr. B.—Insane (in Seine).

Mr. A.—Do you know that bow-legged man that comes down Main street every day about twelve o’clock?
Mr. B.—Oh, yes.
Mr. A.—He stole my watch and chain yesterday.
Mr. B.—I always thought he was crooked.

A corn on the ear is worth two on the toe.

Mr. A.—I went in a saloon and ordered a Manhattan cocktail.
Mr. B.—Did you get it?
Mr. A.—No; the Man-hattan’t any.

The serpentine dance is the sort that Eve led Adam. It is still very popular.

It’s the shoemaker who enjoys meeting people who put their foot in it.
When a spirit is asked how he feels, he doubtlessly replies: "Medium; I thank you."

Mother-in-law dying; son-in-law standing by her side. Her last words are: "Good-bye, my son; we will meet in heaven." That settled it; he stopped going to church.

I was at a party the other night and kissed a girl; she had me arrested and sued me for damages. She didn't get any damages out of me though, for I proved to the court she had no sign up, "Look out for paint."

A Sunday-school teacher asked the scholars with what weapon Samson killed so many Philistines. All hesitated, when the teacher to elucidate their minds, pointed to his jaw, and said: "What's this?" A light broke triumphantly on one of the scholars, who exclaimed: "I know; the jaw bone of an ass."

Two wrongs don't make a right.
Yes it does.
How so?
Why, someone passed a bad silver dollar on me today; that was wrong. I gave it to my landlady for board; that was wrong, but it made me right.

I went into a restaurant to-day and I had some catfish and waffles. I ate so much catfish that the kittens have been playing with me ever since.

I went in the bakery business and I had a sign out in front of the shop "Families supplied here." A man came in and asked me "if I supplied families," and I said "Yes." "Well," he said, "just let me have a wife and four children."

I engaged a tinsmith with a wooden leg pointed at the end, like an awl, to fix my roof. When I went to look at the job, my roof was like a sieve; every place he walked had a hole in it.
Mr. A.—Did you know a person could get drunk on water?
Mr. B.—Impossible; you can’t get drunk on water.
Mr. A.—I don’t see why a person can’t get drunk on water as well as on land.

Jones has a goat that is such a good butter that he named it “Oleomargarine.”

Mr. B.—Women are the ruination of men.
Mrs. B.—You shouldn’t talk of women that way. Remember, when man is sick, woman is always found at his bedside.
Mr. B.—Yes! going through his pockets for loose change.

I asked her for her hand and got it on my ear.

When I was first married I was with my wife incessantly. From morning till night it was a perpetual adoration, an inexpressible bliss. I showered caresses upon her; I could have squeezed her to death. I’m sorry now I didn’t.

A friend of mine was arrested for cruelty to animals; he was working in a grocery store bottling cats-up.

Fill your head with taffy and get a job as fly-paper.

A man was arrested for striking a match.

She liked the other fellow better than she did me, because he treated her with more coolness than I did; he treated her to ice cream, lemon ices and frozen pudding.

My father made a scarecrow so natural that it frightened every crow off the place.
That’s nothing; mine made one that scared the crows so badly they brought back the corn they stole three years ago.
Darkey.—Doctor! doctor! come quick; there’s someone in our family awful sick.
Doctor.—Who is it?
Darkey.—It’s me, doctor; I had no one to send, so I came myself.

My girl hasn’t a bit of taste in colors; the other day I took her to a picnic and she had a bright red dress on, and the first thing she did was to sit right down on a lemon custard. Everybody’s taste was outraged; so was the pie’s.

A young man went visiting in a boarding house. He was told to take off his overcoat, as he wouldn’t feel it when he went out. Sure enough! He didn’t feel it when he came out, and hasn’t felt it since.

They are going to change the name of Hyde Park to Hyde Orchard, because there are so many *pairs* under the trees.

Ed.—I wish you would mind your own business when I’m talking to anyone.
Joe.—I can’t; I’ve got all I can do to attend to yours.

A man who had a grudge against a baker sold him a parrot. When a customer came in, “Polly” would run down the bread, saying: “Sour bread, sour bread, sour bread;” until the baker, becoming enraged, grabbed the parrot by the head and threw him into the back-yard, where it alighted on a dead dog. Polly eyed him a moment and said: “Hullo, did you say ‘sour bread’ too?”

Bill.—Say, Joe, where have you been for a week?
Joe.—I’ve been to the lamp store.
Bill.—What for?
Joe.—Why, for a *wick*.

I’ve got a sure-footed horse. He kicked me three times in the same place.
A man stole some money. About three years after, his conscience troubled him so much, he sent back half of it to the man he had stolen it from with the following note: "When my conscience pricks me again I'll send you the balance."

Pat.—How much will you take for that broad-faced turkey on the fence?
Farmer.—That's no turkey, that's an owl.
Pat.—Shure, I don't care how owld he is.

Never lend a musician anything; they make too many promissory notes.

Put a hen on a door-knob and she'll hatch a house.

Chain fruit:—Sausages.

I got a job baking bread; the bottom fell out of the oven; there was a graveyard near, so I got a tombstone and placed it in the bottom of the oven and commenced to bake again. I got discharged next day; the customers brought the bread back and on the bottom of every loaf was, "Sacred to the memory of Patrick Flynn."

I know a very economical young man; he hasn't spent a dollar in two years. He will be out next month.

He was fond of high living; he slept on the roof three summers.

I'm in new business now; biting wings off flies and selling the flies for currants.

I sung to my girl, "Happy Be Thy Dreams;" she nearly died with the nightmare.

I won three races; one with the sheriff and two with the police.

I had a horse; his ribs rattled so it frightened him to death.
When history tells us Adam was in the garden, it does not tell us what kind of a garden it was, but we have every reason to believe it was a beer garden, because Adam saw snakes.

I went out on a sailing vessel to South America, and all the meat we had on board was pork; I ate so much pork I'm ashamed to look a pig in the face.

Jones had a dream the other night; he dreamed he owed a man ten dollars; he woke up and found it was true. He's afraid to go to sleep again for fear he might pay him.

A lady was asked to sing at an evening party; she began, "I'll Strike Again My Tuneful Lyre." Her husband made a dive for the door, saying, "Not if I know it, you won't."

If I had two daughters, I'd name one Kerosene and the other Petroleum, so it would be dangerous for them to have any "sparks" around.

"Labor lost."—Playing a hand-organ in front of a deaf and dumb asylum.

My wife's hair is so red that when she goes out in the yard at night the roosters take it for sunrise and begin to crow.

An Irishman bought an alarm clock and told his wife all he had to do was to pull the string and he could wake himself.

Two Irishmen out in Africa took refuge under the bed-clothes from the mosquitoes. Presently Pat put his head out cautiously to reconnoitre. When he spied a fire-fly, says he: "Sure, Teddy, it's all up wid us; the craythers are searching for us wid lanterns."

When I was down at Brighton last summer, I took a piece of soap along with me, so if the under-current was too strong I could wash myself ashore.
They come high, but we've got to have them:—
Chestnuts.

My wife stole a cradle to-day.
What for?
Oh, just for a kid!

Sam.—Say, Joe, I'm in a new business now!
Joe.—What line?
Sam.—Clothes line, at night.

They say a boy is a man when he is twenty-one; but
a boy is never a man until he's married. The Good
Book says: "Woman was made of a rib taken from
man." Now, a boy is never a man till he gets that rib
back again.

A friend of mine told me that he and his wife never
went to bed without quarreling; and yet, they never
fell out.

The child who cried for an hour didn't get it.

Mrs. Jones, whose husband died suddenly, was asked
"if he lived high." She replied: "Oh, dear, no; but
he died high."  (*He was hung.*)

A woman's grief at the loss of her husband is gener­
ally very short. She pines for a *second*.

I drank a pint of yeast one night to make me rise
early the next morning.

My wife swallowed some mucilage by mistake and
she's been *stuck up* ever since.

My girl and I went to a party the other night; she
made an impression the minute she went into the room
—sat down on a man's hat.

I'm going to get married and settle down.
You'd better stay single and settle up.
Two men were sitting opposite each other at a dinner table; one had a long nose. The fellow opposite him said: "Mister, there is a fly on the end of your nose." The other one said: "Is there? Well, you brush it off; you are nearer to it than I am."

Never laugh at a man with a pug nose, for you don't know what may turn up.

Never rely on a stuttering man, for he always breaks his word.

He was a temperance barber. A drunken man came into his shop and wanted to have his moustache dyed. He (the barber) objected, because he didn't want to dye (die) a drunkard.

My girl is so red-headed, I told her she had better keep away from me or she'd set me on fire. "No danger of that," said she; "you're too green to burn."

If you want to be robbed of your good name put it in your umbrella.

A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying and a great deal of lying constitutes love.

All that is required in the enjoyment of love and sausages is confidence.

Flirtation is attention without intention.

The only time a woman does not exaggerate is when telling her own age.

Matrimony.—An insane desire on the part of man to pay a woman's board.

Some small boys wanted to April Fool me and they laid a bad half dollar on the footpath, thinking I would pick it up, but I didn't; I went right by it. When I got about a block away a policeman arrested me for passing counterfeit money.
If all the ladies were in Hong Kong all the men would go to Pekin.

Sambo.—We were going so fast we smashed into another team and it took a wheel off the dog’s tail.
Ned.—Nonsense; who ever heard of a wheel on a dog’s tail. Wagons have wheels.
Sambo.—Well, this dog’s tail was a “waggin’.”

Jake.—Did you know the old man was dead?
Ike.—Is that so? What complaint?
Jake.—No complaint; everybody was satisfied.

The most tender-hearted man I ever heard of was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he ran his awl through a sole.

The oyster is very unfortunate, for it is always getting into a stew.

Latest definition of an old maid:—A woman that has been “made” a long time.

Boarding-house bread:—“’Tis but a little faded flour.”

I fell into some property last week; I fell into a cellar; I sued the owner for damages and got six months for stealing coal.

I never could read that man until he got on the scales and gave himself a weigh (away).

It’s a bald head that knows its own hair restorer.

I know a woman so cross-eyed that when she weeps the tears from her left eye run down her right cheek.

Wallace’s boy swallowed a chunk of dynamite; his father is afraid to whip him now for fear of an explosion.
Smith had a Christmas turkey that was fed on wind and rocks; the only tender part of him was his neck, and that was from dodging stones.

He was brought up on the bottle and stuck to it ever since.

Mr. B.—Say, Mr. S., I think you’re the finest-looking man I ever saw.
Mr. S.—I’m sorry I can’t return the compliment.
Mr. B.—You could if you told as big a lie as I did.

I got mad with my girl on Sunday night and she went to church; I went there looking for her. The sexton said: “Are you looking for salvation?” I said: “No, sir; I’m looking for Sal Jones.”

She said the reason she never married was, that she had a parrot that talked, and a monkey that chewed tobacco, so she don’t miss a husband.

I never knew I was good-looking until the other day when I went to Philadelphia. Just as I was coming out of the depot, four or five cabbies said to me: “Hansom! hansom!”

A man was arrested the other day for biting a piece off another man’s nose. The Judge bound him over to keep the peace (piece).

I went into a West Side restaurant and ordered a plain dinner without any wine; just a plain everyday meal, and what do you think he charged me? Why $1.50. I gave him $2.00 and told him to keep the change, as I had just looked in the mirror.

A man had a parrot who had the bad habit of swearing, and his friend told him the way to make him quit was to throw water on him. “I’m glad you told me that, for our minister dines with us to-morrow, and I wouldn’t have that parrot swear in his presence for the world; he might think he learned it from me.” The
minister came the next day and the minute the parrot
saw him, he commenced to curse. I grabbed a bucket
of water and threw it over him; the parrot shook him-
self for a minute or two and looked around, saw the
minister was not wet, and said: "Where in hell were
you when that hurricane came?"

To steal a child you must catch the kid napping.

The less tyred a bicycle is, the harder it goes.

I told my wife that "it didn’t take me long to make up
my mind." She said: "No doubt, you have such a
precious little stock of material."

My wife gave me some mighty cheese for supper.
"My dear," said I, "like Samson of old, I am slaying
them by thousands." "Yes," said she, "with the same
weapon."

A negro delineator says: "When I black up I'm Irish;
you can see cork on my face." (Minstrel men black up
with burnt cork.)

I named my hen Macduff—so she'd lay on.

Mr. A.—Do you know Bill Smith?
Mr. B.—Yes; what about him?
Mr. A.—He had his hand cut off almost to the wrist.
Mr. B.—That was too bad.
Mr. A.—Best thing ever happened.
Mr. B.—How so?
Mr. A.—He was only getting two dollars a day, now
he is getting five.
Mr. B.—How is that?
Mr. A.—Short hand writer.

Mr. Little was opposed to my marrying his daughter;
and I planned an elopement one evening and got the
girl to come out of the back window, and we started to
run down the hill to the depot. When Mr. Little missed
his daughter, he started to chase us. When I got to the
bottom of the hill a man asked me "what time it was,"
and I told him: "A little after two."
This is what a young man said to a girl who had refused to let him see her home: "You are as full of airs as a music box." "That may be," replied the young lady, "but I don't go with a crank."

Well, Smith, how do you feel to-day?
Why, doctor, I don't feel any better.
Did you get the leeches?
Yes; but I only took three of them raw; I had to get my wife to fry the rest.

Mr. A.—How do you like married life?
Mr. B.—Oh, I live like a bird.
Mr. A.—How is that?
Mr. B.—I have to fly for my life.

Mr. A.—Do you know where Susie Brown lives, that keeps a laundry?
Mr. B.—I know where she does washing, but I don't know where she hangs out.

An ignorant Irishman goes into a restaurant and sits opposite another man, who happens to have the bill-of-fare in his hand. Pat, knowing he can't read (and don't want to give himself away), comes to the conclusion he will order the same as the opposite stranger.

Stranger.—I will have some soup.
Pat.—Give me the same.
Stranger.—And some oysters.
Pat.—Give me the same.
He ordered everything he wanted and Pat ordered the same; at last the stranger said: "Order me a bootblack, please."

Pat.—Bring me the same.
Waiter.—Won't one do for the two?
Pat.—No, it won't if he can eat one, I can.

Mr. A.—I always tell my wife everything that happens.
Mr. B.—That's nothing; I tell my wife lots of things that never happen.
Mr. A.—What is capital and labor?
Mr. B.—Suppose I loan you ten dollars.
Mr. A.—Yes.
Mr. B.—That’s capital; and if I try to get it back, that’s labor.

If Noah was a consistent Hebrew, why did he take Ham into the ark?

Soldiers must be very dishonest, for there is scarcely a night but what a sentry is relieved of his watch.

“I’m afraid, my dear husband, that absence will conquer your love,” said a fond wife on the eve of her husband’s departure. “Oh, never fear,” said he, “the longer you are away from me the better I will like you.”

Pete! are you into those sweetmeats again?
No, ma’am; them sweetmeats is into me.

Mr. A. would be funny, and asked a barber if he ever shaved a monkey. “No,” said the barber, “but if you will take a seat I will try.”

A man who saw the tragedian of the day play “Othello,” said he was great; but he had seen a nutmeg grater (greater).

Two men were on a drunk for four days; one of them said he could see the moon. The other replied: That’s not the moon; that’s the sun.” They disputed for some time, finally agreeing to leave it to the first passer-by to decide. They met a man and asked him. He said; “Gentlemen, I don’t know; I’m a stranger in this town.” He’d been drunk for a year.

Suppose there were only three women in the world, what would they talk about?
Two of them would get together and talk about the other one.
Well, suppose there were only three men in the world; what would they do?
Be skirmishing around to find three women.
“Music hath charm to soothe the savage beast.” That is the reason they put a brass band around a dog’s neck.

I was a bus conductor for six trips. 
How much money did you bring in? 
None; the manager thanked me for bringing the car back.

Where have you been for a week back? 
I’ve been rusticating. Where have you been for a week back? 
I’ve been to the doctor’s. 
What for? 
A weak back!

I told my wife I could live by my wits; she said I must be smart to live on such a small capital.

A convict, no matter how poor he is, can always have a watch and chain.

Mr. A.—I spoke to the Mayor to-day. 
Mr. B.—What did he say to you? 
Mr. A.—He said, “Get out of my way.”

A man who does business on a large scale:—A coal dealer.

Marriage is like capital and labor. When you get married, that’s capital. After you are married it’s labor.

The dromedary is a camel that got his back up twice.

The clog dancer is a man with music in his soul (sole).

Mr. A.—The ossified man is dead. 
Mr. B.—Is that so? He must have died hard.

He had a horse that ran so fast that the telegraph poles looked like the teeth in a fine-toothed comb.
I hate pawnbrokers; but I have to put up with them.

If the devil had his choice, which of us would he take first?
Why, me, of course; he knows he can have you any day.

A child in an evil course is like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes a switch to get it right.

Did you ever see a horse eating canned salmon?
I saw one in front of a grocery store with a bit in his mouth.

A friend of mine said they had tea so strong at their boarding-house that it had to be kept in an iron vessel. I told him it was so weak down our way, it didn’t have strength to run out of the tea-pot.

I saw a horse run away and a little dog sitting on his tail. (The little dog was sitting on his own tail on the sidewalk.)

My girl is a great pedestrian; she made New York to Buffalo in one lap. We went in the cars and she sat in my lap.

An organ-grinder played two hours in front of a deaf and dumb asylum before he found out his mistake.

Pete.—You don’t look like you did last winter; when I saw you then, you looked like a dude.
Ike.—Times are different; I’m married now.
Pete.—What has married life to do with it?
Ike.—Why, I’m sub-dued now.

The best way to spoil a child:—Let it play with a lighted kerosene lamp.

Shabby Genteel.—Please, sir, give me enough money to get to Albany.
Swell.—To Albany; what do you want there?
Shabby Genteel.—Well, if I could only get to Albany I'd be all right; I've got a hard-working wife there, and she'd take care of me.

Three of us went into a restaurant and ordered pie; he only had two, and strange to say he gave us each one. How did he manage it? Sent out and got another pie.

I saw a locomotive chew tobacco.
Impossible, sir!
Well, don't she “chew! chew!” to go ahead and “chew! chew!” to back her (tobacco).

I met a friend of mine the other night going at a lively pace to the drug store; he is a big fat fellow. I asked him what he was going there for. He said: “I'm too fat; I want to get something to make me lean.” I told him if he'd come along with me I'd get him something to make him lean—up against a lamp post.

I've got a new job now—painting rabbits on bald men's heads; they're often taken for hairs and I am making money rabbit-ly.

I should have won the race, but I had a milkman's horse; we were neck and neck, when someone sang out, “Milk!” and the horse stopped.

Mr. Jones asked Mr. Smith why he didn't dress up and not look so slovenly. Mr. Smith: “Oh, I'm at home here; everybody knows me.” Three months after that they met in Chicago, and Mr. Jones asked him the same question. Smith replied: “Oh, no one knows me here, so it don't make any difference.”

I went into a restaurant and saw on the bill of fare, chickens, sixty cents, and eggs, ten cents. I told the waiter to bring me a couple of boiled eggs; when I broke them I found chickens in them. I ate them quickly for fear they would charge me extra for the chickens.
Three students were talking in a cafe. "My dear fellow," said one, "I painted one day last week a small piece of pine wood in imitation of marble so perfectly, that it sank to the bottom of the water." "Pshaw!" said another, "yesterday I suspended my thermometer on the easel that holds my view on the Polar regions; it fell at once to twenty degrees below zero." "That's nothing," said the third. "My portrait of the Duke of Gloucester is so lifelike that his whiskers have to be trimmed once a month."

Mr. A. was standing on the corner; he pulled out his watch to see the time; a thief came along, grabbed it, and ran off. A man standing close by asked him why he didn't run after him. Mr. A. says: "I can't, I haven't got the time."

An Irishman met his friend and greeted him thus:
Sure, Pat, we have a child down at our house.
Pat.—What is it?
Irishman.—Guess.
Pat.—A girl?
Irishman.—No; guess again.
Pat.—A boy?
Irishman.—Arrah! sure, somebody tould you.

I hear your father is very well off.
Yes; my father owns all the lakes. He says he owns the Atlantic, but that's only another notion (ocean) of his.

What's grass?—Whiskers on the earth.

A green cucumber in the hand is worth three in the stomach.

What do you mean when you say "black as your hat"? Darkness that can be felt.

I was owner of a small watering place last summer; I owned a sprinkling cart.
I wonder if it hurts to crack a joke?

Can a lover be called a suitor when he doesn't suit her?

Tall men should always be successful in love affairs, because the ladies are all partial to Hy-men.

I married a little woman, because of all evils we are told to choose the least.

I had five cents; went down the street to buy a cigar; I met a Billy-goat and got a "butt."

I met a fellow yesterday, he only had a dime; he wanted a shave, and he wanted a drink. "If I get a shave, I'll look good and feel bad," said he; "if I get a drink, I'll feel good and look bad. I'll toss it up! Head is a shave and tail is a drink!" He tossed it up; it came down and laid on the sidewalk heads up; that was a shave. "That don't count," said he, "it will be best two out of three." He tossed it up again; it came down and rolled into the sewer.

My wife and myself have been married ten years and never had a fight in the house; we always go in the yard and have it out.

An Irishman who was looking at a new-born baby said: "Faith, he isn't so little; why, when my Patsy was born, sure, he was as little as two of him."

A lady went to the post-office to buy a postage stamp. When she had purchased the stamp, she asked the man at the window if "she should put the stamp on herself." The man said: "No, you put it on the envelope."

Mr. A.—Speaking of cold weather, I've seen it so cold that the words would freeze in your mouth. I've seen the footpath covered with conversation, and we had to take the conversation in the house and put it in the frying pan and fry it out to know what we were talking about.
Mr. B.—I've experienced very hot weather. Why, I've seen it so hot that we had to feed the chickens with cracked ice to keep them from laying hard boiled eggs.

Mr. A.—To look at me, you wouldn't think that I was a very smart man, would you?
Mr. B.—Well, not above the ordinary, no.
Mr. A.—No! but I come from a very smart family; I've got a brother that's a miracle.
Mr. B.—How is that?
Mr. A.—He lives in two countries at the same time.
Mr. B.—Explain yourself.
Mr. A.—The other day I got a letter from Calcutta, India, this is what he said: "Dear brother, here I am in Calcutta, India, and I am home-sick."

Mr. A.—I saw you out driving the other day. That was a very spirited animal you had.
Mr. B.—The fastest in the world.
Mr. A.—What's his name?
Mr. B.—Brains.
Mr. A.—Brains? I never heard of him.
Mr. B.—He always comes in ahead (a head).

Going the rounds of the press:—The girls who waltz.

The smallest hair throws a shadow—yes, over your appetite when you find it in your victuals.

A man left his umbrella in a hat-rack of a hotel. Fearing it would be stolen, he left the following card: "The man who owns this umbrella strikes a two-hundred-and-fifty pound blow and will be back in fifteen minutes." A tramp took it and left the following card: "The man who has got the umbrella walks ten miles an hour, strikes a three-hundred pound blow, and won't be back at all."

An Englishman owned a parrot who could sing "Wearing of the Green." An Irishman passing, heard him and bought him for a big price. As the next day was St. Patrick's Day and he wanted to astonish his
friends, he hung the cage out just as the parade was going on, when the parrot commenced singing "God Save the Queen." The Irishman killed him.

Matches may be made in heaven, but dipped in the other place.

I was in doubt whether to kiss my girl or not; but I gave her the benefit of the doubt.

"The tongue of woman is her sword," 'tis said. She never lets it grow rusty for want of using it.

I couldn’t marry the girl I wanted, so I took the girl who wanted me.

"Don’t open your mouth so wide," said the dentist, "I intend to remain outside."

Papa, why don’t they give those electric wires some whiskey?
Why, my son?
Because they say they are out of order, and you always take whiskey when you are out of order.

Mr. A.—Do you know Mr. Hook?
Mr. B.—Hook and I (eye) are old associates.

Two reasons why I don’t trust a man:—One is because I don’t know him, and the other because I do.

A Frenchman and an Englishman fought a duel in a dark room. The Englishman was unwilling to take his antagonist’s life, so when the word was given to fire, he fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman. (If you tell this story in France, have the Englishman up the chimney.)

Matrimony resembles a pair of scissors:—They are joined together so they cannot separate; they move in opposite directions and punish anything that comes between them.
Mr. A.—Do you know anything about music.
Mr. B.—You cannot fool me on music; I know every bar from the Café Boulevard to Rector's.

I got some grass-hoppers and made beer out of their hops; I got them from a Jew, because He-brews them.

What becomes of the righteous?
Everlasting bliss.
What becomes of the wicked?
Everlasting blister.

A great many firms are going into bankruptcy and business houses are failing, but no one ever says Limburger cheese factories are not making a cent (scent).

Love is blind; yes, and marriage is an eye-opener.

I signalled a cabman and told him I wanted to go to No. 110 State St., and he stuttered so badly he could hardly say No. 110, so he bowed his head "all right." I got in; he drove pretty fast and we stopped at No. 120 State St. I got out and asked him why he had not stopped at 110 as I told him, and he said: "I couldn't say w-h-o-a quick enough."

A deaf and dumb man was arrested for manslaughter and was to get his hearing the next day. While he was in the cell locked up he was dancing and singing as though he was happy; so the keeper wrote on a piece of paper, "What makes you feel so jolly?" The deaf man wrote back: "Because I am to get my hearing tomorrow."

He looked very grave: I said: "Do you think there is anything serious, doctor?" Doctor: "The only hope for your mother-in-law will be for you to send her to a warm climate." I went right into the wood-shed, got the axe, brought it in, and said: "You hit her; I can't."

When the rain fell on the dust it spoke; it said: "I'm on to you and that settles it; your name is mud."
Mr. A.—Did you know that vegetables can speak to one another?
Mr. B.—I was not aware of it.
Mr. A.—Oh, yes; do you know what the carrot said to the turnip when it was pulled out of the ground?
Mr. B.—No.
Mr. A.—I'll meet you in the soup.

The doctor kept telling her to put her tongue out a little further. Said she: "I guess you think there is no end to a woman's tongue."

Sam.—I call my dog Noah now.
Bill.—Why so?
Sam.—Because he was in the cellar forty days and forty nights before he lit on Arrarat (ary rat).

No difference between a grass-hopper and a grass-widow, both jump at the first chance.
Lucky Jim.

Jim and I were friends until one unlucky day,
The usual cause, a girl, came in our way;
From that time on we seemed to drift apart,
For each aspired to win her maiden heart.
In vain I tried each winning art and guile,
But it was not for me she gave her sweetest smile;
Each day I saw my chances grow more dim;
At last, to my despair, she married Jim;
Oh! lucky Jim, how I envy him.

Three years passed on and long years they seemed to me,
And then Jim died and once more she was free;
Up rose the bright hopes of the past,
I wooed, won, and married her at last.
I have my way now, for she is my wife,
And I know just what there is in married life;
And when I think of Jim, though under ground,
Enjoying peace and quiet most profound,
Oh! lucky Jim, how I envy him.

The Rich and Poor Man.

The world is now and Cupid is dead,
The love for gold reigns instead;
Listen, and a lesson to you I will teach,
And one your parson may never preach.
The rich man is good, the poor man is better,
And I can prove it to the letter.
He who has money soon finds a wife,
He who has none can go free all his life;
He who has money in broadcloth finds joy,
He who has none likes his old corduroy;
He who has money can ride coach and horse,
He who has none can walk, of course;
He who has money dines on the etiquette plan,
He who has none dines when he can;
He who has money may in his fancy bite,
He who has none has a good appetite;
He who has money may lose it and feel sad,
He who has none may find it and feel glad;
So, whether rich or poor, don't blame,
For they started in the cradle alike.
At the grave they will find the same,
For he who has money his life cannot save,
He who has none only comes to the grave;
Six foot of earth no distinction doth bring
To the worm that crawls and is fat as a king.
And when one hundred years with its troubles have passed,
The rich man and poor man are levelled at last.

**Vegetable Courtship.**

A potato went out on a mash,
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.
"Go away," the onion weepingly cried,
"Your love I cannot be:
The pumpkin is your lawful bride;
You cantaloupe with me."
"Ah, spare me a cress," the tuber prayed,
"My cherry-ish bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me."
And as the wily tuber spoke,
He grasped the bashful prize,
And giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.
Willie and the Looking-Glass.

Little Willie found an old looking-glass,  
And he scraped the mercury all off;  
He swallowed the shining substance,  
Thinking it would cure his cough.  
The next day when his mother  
Told her neighbor, Mrs. McGown,  
She said, “It was a cold day for Willie  
When the mercury went down.”

A Chestnut Tree.

Both he and she sat under a chestnut tree,  
Eating peanut, both he and she.  
First he kissed her and then caressed her,  
And the tree fell down and broke her chest-protector.

A Crowded Trolley Car.

Lam them in! slam them in!  
For no room we’ll lack,  
Hustle them in! bustle them in!  
Prod them in the back.  
Ram them in! jam them in!  
Hang them to the straps  
Haul them in! maul them in!  
Hear their rib-bones crack!  
Move them up! shove them up!  
Pile them up in stacks.  
Fat women, lean women,  
Irish, Dutch and blacks,  
Squeeze them up! hang them up!  
By their teeth and hair.  
Ah, there! stay there!  
And hand out your fare.
"'Twas One Dark Night on Lac St. Pierre."

(Recitation by a French-Canadian who hardly can speak any English.)

'Twas one dark night on Lac St. Pierre, de wind was blow, blow, blow;
When de crew of de wood-scow "Jule La Plante," got scare and run below.
For de wind she's blow a hurricane, by-an'-bye she's blow some more;
When de scow bust up on Lac St. Pierre one half mile from de shore.

The capitan, she's walk de front deck; she's walk on de hind deck too,
She's call de crew from up de hole; she's call de cook also.
De cook, he's name was Rosa; he's come from Montreal;
Was chambermaid on a lumber barge, on that big Lachine canal.

De wind she's blow from nor-ess-wess; de sow wind she's blow too;
When Rosa say, "Oh, Capitan! whatever shall I do?"
De capitan, she's trow de ank, but still that scow she's driff;
For de crew can't pass on dat shore, because he's lose one skiff.

De night was dark like one black cat, de waves run high and fass;
When de capitan take poor Rosa and lass her to de mass.
When de capitan put on de life preserve, and he jump into de lac;
And she say, "Good-bye, my Rosa, dear, I go down for your sack.
Next morning very early, about half-past two—three—four,
De capitan, crew and scow, lay corpses on dat shore.
MORAL.

Now all wood-scow sailor mans
Take warning by dat storm,
And go and marry one nice French girl,
And live on one good farm.

Den de wind she may blow like hurricane,
And spose she blow some more,
You shan’t go down on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stop on shore!

Receipt for Bald Heads.

What’s good for bald heads? Why plenty of hair;
The more you’ve got of it, the more you’ve got there.
The way to transplant it, you just take a pin,
Dig a hole in your bald nut and put a hair in.
If your brain is all right, the hair will take root;
But if they’re not solid, you’ll find on your snoot,
A grain like molester on a fly that’s half dead.
That’s the best way to tell when you have a bald head.
Now I’m a doctor that cannot be beat,
And I won’t take a cent for this useful receipt,
That in twenty-five minutes will make the hair grow
From the bald-headed head of a motherless crow.
Take a handful of sugar, a fistful of lard,
Two plums and a cookie, soft bread, very hard;
A pint of raw whiskey, two ounces of lead,
And next a pigtail from a Chinaman’s head.
Now take a potato and chop it in two,
And throw the whole thing in a big pot of glue;
Take a broomstick and stir it as hard as you can,
But see that the steam don’t escape from the pan.
Now take the whiskers from a wandering Jew,
And scatter them round on your nut not, a few,
And I’ll bet you a dollar as long as they’re there,
The bald-headed man will have plenty of hair.
Met Only Once.

They met by chance,
They never met before;
They only met that once,
And she was smitten sore

They never met again;
Don't want to, I avow,
They only met that once—
'Twas a freight train and a cow!

A Masher in Love.

Hast thou no feeling
To see me kneeling
My love revealing,
Day by day?
Yes, I have feeling
To see you kneeling,
Your bald head revealing;
Take it away!

Only a Mule.

Only a mule, long, lean and thin,
Only a mule that drank old Tom gin,
Only a mule tied up by the halter;
Never tamper with a mule's hind quarter.
Only a school boy coming home from school,
Sees a bright shining nickel at the hind feet of the mule;
He stoops to raise it as sly as a mouse,—
There's a funeral next day at that little boy's house.

A Dream of Shakespeare.

"To be or not to be, that is the question!"
Like Hamlet, I once made the suggestion.
As out I walked I met a dog
And raised my arm to strike it;
When I heard a voice exclaiming "Hold,"
I answered, "As You Like It."

As on I walked a loving pair I met;
I soon discovered it was "Romeo and Juliet."

"Two Gentlemen from Verona," while dressed in their best,
Caught a good drenching "While out in a tempest."
They sat by my fire, hung their coats on a nail,
While I related to them "A Winter's Tale."
They stayed until the "Twelfth Night,"
Until the storm had ceased its terrors;
They made "Much Ado About Nothing,"
Which proved a "Comedy of Errors."
Then came "Othello" and "Iago" too,
Which brought to my mind the "Taming of the Shrew."

Like "Richard, the Third," I awoke,
And strange everything did seem;
At last I realized my situation—
It was only "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

**Couldn't Catch On.**

There was a young girl, and her name it was Maud,
She wanted to go on the stage;
She had just returned from a trip abroad,
She thought she'd become all the rage.
She had a new play;
Studied hard every day,
From the break of early dawn;
Her nerve it was great,
But I'm sorry to state
The poor girl couldn't catch on.
She struggled so hard with her new play
That she became worried and worn;
Then went on the road, her fortune to try;
She travelled from Troy to Leghorn.
But her manager skipped,
   Her cash he had nipped,
And no one knew where he had gone;
   She saw his coat tail,
As it flew on the rail,
But the poor girl couldn't catch on!

Kissing.

Cream and peaches once a week,
   Kiss your girl on right-hand cheek;
Apples green and apples dried,
   Kiss her on the other side.

That evinces wretched taste;
   Take your girl about the waist,
Lift her on her pink toe tips,
   And print it squarely on her lips.

Seize the maiden in your arms,
   Blushing with her tempting charms;
And it would I think, be snuggle,
   Oft to kiss and tightly hug her.

What's the use of all this rhyme;
   Take your girl at any time,
Squeeze her till her blushes come,
   Shut your eyes, then "Yum! Yum! Yum!"

Painted Piazza.

Katie Kline's papa has a newly-painted piazza—
   He has a piazza, he has a piazza:
And when with footsteps that piazza was painted,
   He thought he would have that painted piazza painted.
   (Painted, painted, see! there is the first rhyme.)

Katie's beau came around one night by chance,
   All dressed up in a ten-dollar pair of five-dollar pants.
   He has a chance
   To show his pants.
   (That's what he came round for. He knows his business.)
Engaged with Katie in a chat,
Side by side on piazza did sat—did sat.
(That ain't grammar, but it's poetry.)

And when scarcely an hour had passed,
He strove to rise but, alas, he stuck fast!
Katie shrieked "It is the paint," and fainted;
    In a deadly faint
    This saint did faint,
    And fell on the paint!
(Wasn't that awful!)

Alonzo stays there to this day;
He cannot tear himself away.
His pants are tough, the paint is dry;
There is nothing for him but to stay there and die.
    To die!
    Oh, my—
    Good-bye—

The Shavers.

The barber shaves with polished blade,
The tailor shaves with ladies' trade,
The broker shaves a twelve per cent.,
The landlord shaves by raising rent.
The doctor shaves in draughts and pills,
The tapster shaves in pints and gills;
The farmer shaves in hay and oats,
The politician shaves in votes.
The banker shaves both friends and foes,
The pedler shaves where'er he goes;
The wily merchant shaves his brother,
The people all shave one another.

Beautiful Spring Onion.

I'll tell you about the friend of the poor,
That comes in the spring to the cottager's door;
In hundreds and thousands, all true to the core;
The "Beautiful Spring"—Spring Onion.
Though some may declare that her perfume's not chaste,  
And love for the onion's affection misplaced,  
It's surely and purely a matter of taste!  
And there's plenty of taste in an onion!

The rich man loves truffles, I don't say he's wrong;  
Asparagus, too, is well worthy a song;  
The claims of the mushroom are certainly strong—  
But what is as strong as an onion?  
The ladies will cry very often, poor dears!  
They'll cry at the loss of a lover, for years.  
But there's no appealing so sure to bring tears,  
As peeling the beautiful onion.

It was not for the poor that the onion was meant,  
And a penny for onions, is a penny well spent;  
You can't say an onion is not worth a cent—  
There's wonderful scent in an onion.  
There's a perfume that's great from the violet small,  
The rose to the nose is the sweetest of all;  
But there's only one scent will go through a brick wall—  
And that is the scent of the onion.

A Dog's Love for a Nigger.

Dar's a lone grave on de other side of de creek  
Dat knows no Decoration Day,  
For him who over yonder sleep  
Is only a nigger, dey say!  
Dey gave him his freedom, but took away his home;  
He died an old vagrant, entirely unknown;  
And left not a soul to be sad,  
But an ole yaller dog 'twas all that he had.  
Dey dug a rude hole and chucked him away,  
Dis poor ole colored slave;  
Not a prayer for his rest did anyone say,  
And dat ole yaller dog lay down on his grave.  
And dar you can see him day after day,  
At morning, at eve, and at noon;  
And dar's no inducements can drive him away,  
From his place beside de grave of dat "coon."
Dar's a mighty fine monument close by.
But to me dis little mound looks bigger;
For dar's a monument money can't buy—
Dat's a yaller dog's love for a nigger!

**Men Like Old Shoes.**

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance, *both* a sole may lose!
Both have been tanned, both are made tight
By cobblers; both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both were made to go on feet.
With shoes, the last is first; with man
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new;
When men wear out they're men dead too.
They both need heeling—oft are soled,
And both in time turn all to mould.
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loth.
Both have their tips, and both incline
When polished, in the world to shine
They both peg out; and would you choose
To be a man, or be his shoes?

**Mr. Knott and Mr. Shott.**

One Mr. Knott and a Mr. Shott,
Into a quarrel got;
The matter what? No matter what,
Their anger then waxed hot.
Mr. Knott called Mr. Shott
Some hard names—no matter what;
And Mr. Shott replied to Knott
In terms—no matter what.
Wrote Mr. Knott to Mr. Shott,
And Shott wrote back to Knott,
And Mr. Knott from Mr. Shott
The deadly challenge got;
And Mr. Knott replied to Shott
That he declined it not.
Big Mr. Knott and big Mr. Shott
Their tried revolvers got.
The friends of Knott and the friends of Shott
Repaired into an open lot,
Where Mr. Knott and Mr. Shott
Three glorious rounds there fought.
Mr. Knott he got the shot,
But Shott he got it not,
For Mr. Knott had missed his shot
And Shott had missed his not.
As Mr. Knott had missed his shot
And Shott had missed his not,
Why, Knott was shot, and Shott was not,
So Shott the glory got.
POETRY.

Some little fish in a little lake—
A small boat tied to a stake—
A little boy in a nervous state—
Waiting for the fish to take his bait—
A sudden splash, an empty seat—
Nothing seen of the boy but his little feet!

You may laugh and you may grin,
But if you sit on the end of a pin,
I'll bet ten dollars you'll get up again.

A gust of wind blew through a barber shop,
And blew everything to splinters;
It blew the broom from the broom-boy's hand,
And the whisk blew through the windows.

A bearded man decrepit and grey,
Without parents, brothers, or sisters;
Threw himself from the Brooklyn Bridge one day,
And the wind blew through his whiskers.

A man and his wife in Lynn,
The way that they fought was a sin,
They tore and they ripped,
But which of them whipped,
There's nobody knows in Lynn.
A young clerk in a dry goods store,
Who was never on rollers before,
Arose badly lamed,
     And loudly exclaimed,
"Why the deuce don't they cushion the floor."

Oh, woman! lovely woman! you’re just like a gun,
You’re loaded up with powder, and wadded like a ton;
And when you sight a handsome man,
You set your cap with care,
And with a “bang,” you slyly shoot
Your eye-balls at his stare.

If you want to kiss a pretty girl,
     Kiss her on the sly.
And when you kiss her see that no one
     Else is nigh.
Kiss her when she says “I won’t!”
Kiss her when she says “Now, don’t!”
See that you are face to face,
And nose to nose.
Flippety-flop and away it goes.

The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow;
You slip on a lump, and away you go.

Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
     And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so bad,
     They kiss and kiss each other.

(Reply.)
Men do not kiss among themselves;
    ’Tis well that they refrain.
The bitter dose would vex them so
    They would never kiss again.

A poor old woman decrepit and gray,
Was bent with the chill of a winter’s day;
The streets were filled with snow and sleet,
And the woman’s shoes were full of feet.
Snow is white and coal is black;
If your pants are loose pull in the slack.

The Russian he rushed into Russia,
And pushed all the Prussians in Prussia;
The Yankee came on with the red, white and blue,
And the Irishman said "Aramusha."

A kitchen stove—a servant girl—
A kerosene can—oh, foolish churl;
A lighted match—a flash—a boom—
The funeral took place next day at noon.

Man wants but little here below,
He is not hard to please;
But every woman that we know,
Wants everything she sees.

Who went and bought me a little gun?
A pretty toy for her darling son;
Who told me to go out and have some fun?
My Mother!

One day when I did get a chance,
I shot one eye out of sister Nance.
Who pressed a boot against my pants?
My Father.

'Tis sweet to love, but oh, how bitter,
To love a girl when her clothes don't fit her.

Little boy—a pair of skates—
Hole in the ice—"Golden Gates."

[As I was coming down Fifth Avenue, I dropped my handkerchief. I stopped to pick it up, when a lady stepped on my coat and tore the tail off. I turned quickly to scold her, when I saw she was young and pretty; so I apologized to her and asked her name and address, and wrote her this poem:]

Oh, Bridget Pickle, be not fickle,
Inspire love's harvest with thy sickle.
Oh, Pickle! Pickle! on whom I dote!
You stole my heart and the tail of my coat.
A bee went buzzing to its work,
   And various things did tackle;
It stung a dog, and then a cow,
   And made a rooster cackle.
At last upon an actor's cheek,
   It settled down to linger;
It prodded hard for half a week,
   And there it broke its stinger.

When a man is on the ocean,
   And seasick in his berth;
When he looks over the side of the ship
   That poor man "wants the earth."

The night was dark, and the air was sweeter;
The lightning flashed, and killed a mosquiter.

A Thomas cat sat on the fence:
He washed his face and felt immense.

A dog that howls around your house,
   Is a sign of death, they say;
That is, if I can get my gun,
   And the dog don't get away.

Mother, may I ride my bicycle,
   In spite of all the rumors?
Yes my daughter; but don't forget
   To put on your brand new bloomers!

Half-past ten—
Two nigger men:
Farmer—gun—triggers;
Watermelons—two dead niggers!

Flies like sugar, so 'tis said.
   And round it cut a caper;
Fly-paper is not very sweet,
   Yet they get stuck on the paper.

Here lies the body of Elizabeth Young;
Thank Heavens at last she holds her tongue.
A cake of soap upon the stairs—
Man comes down quite unawares—
Foot upon it—down he goes—

There was a young girl in Ohio,
Whose maiden name was Maria;
She used to slide down the bannister stairs,
When she thought no one was nigh her.

One day her brother Joshia.
On the bannister placed a barbed wire;
It would not be best to tell you the rest,
For the flags are half mast in Ohio.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I received a communication from your vigilance committee this morning, and I left my suburban retreat, where I have been rusticating all summer. I would have gotten here a little sooner had I not come quite so late. I left orders with the clerk of the hotel to be woke up early in the morning, but he made a mistake and woke up the wrong man; consequently, I was half way here before I discovered I was not the man, and I had to back and wake myself up.

I meet a good many people who tell me my lectures don’t amount to anything, but maybe they do! And you will say so before I get through.

Do you know the subject of my lecture this evening will be “Labor and Capital”? Now, why don’t Labor and Capital shake hands over the vexed question and, as the good book says, “The lion and lamb lie down together”? This book here, however, says that the lion and the lamb may lie down together, but when they go to get up, where’s the lamb? The lamb has got his mutton cooked; and the lion picks his tooth with the lamb’s tail. And as Shakespeare says: “The dogs, they barked; the lightning flashed from sky to sky; and the cow stuck up her tail and run.” And then they say that my lectures don’t amount to anything, but maybe they do!

What a sacred trust it was then; what a sacred trust it is now, to be President. I had a brother who started out to become President at the early age of fourteen,
with the fire of ambition burning in his bright eyes. Now, look where he is to-day. He is one of the finest shoemakers in Sing Sing, and he agrees with some of our best Presidents that one term is enough. And then they say that my lectures don't amount to anything; but maybe they do!

Look at the example that's been set for you. Look at General George Washington. Didn't he leave an example for all the generals to follow? Look at Lord Beaconsfield. Didn't he leave an example for all the statesmen to follow? Look at me! look at me, will you? Didn't I leave jail for all the detectives to follow? "E Pluribus Unum, sic semper tyrannus, velocipedus comeatus with a tomatus!!" And then they say that my lectures don't amount to anything, but maybe they do!

But you must have patience; why, all a doctor wants is patients. A person can carry water in a sieve, if he has patience to wait till it freezes over. Talk's cheap; talk's cheap, that is, if the lawyers don't do the talking.

Now there may be a great many here to-night who do not know what I am talking about; and then again there may be a few, who do know what I am talking about; and why? Because you do not possess that intuitive susceptibility which remains innate, or gushes out of you with the semi-gilliousness of your human sarcophagus. You don't know anything about it. Neither do I; so I will explain it to you. In the first place we'll take Italy and this country. See how good Italy has been to this country. Don't she send us from five to six hundred organ-grinders every year? And how are they treated when they get here? Why, only a short time ago I saw an Italian organ-grinder playing in front of a deaf and dumb asylum for over three hours, and the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero! Just see what trouble that will cause this country with Italy! And then they say that my lectures don't amount to anything; but maybe they do!

Look at this great and glorious country we now inhabit. Where did it come from? We find here that—(use any popular local name) brought this country here on the Fourth of Ju-New Year's, eighteen hundred and froze to death. Take our warships for instance; look
at your best man-of-war; if she should strike up against
a schooner it would sink. Look at me! look at me will
you? Last week I struck up against a hundred schooners
and I sunk every one of them. The President heard of
my striking ability and wanted to make me Secretary of
the Navy, but I refused the position because I don't go
much on water. But he didn't forget me; he gave me
the softest position in the government—pork inspector
in Jerusalem. Then they say that my lectures don't
amount to anything; but maybe they do!

Let me give you a pointer. Since I've been to Jerusa­
lem, I've learned a thing or two; our next President will
be a Jew; and when he is, down will come the American
flag, up will go three balls, and the whole country will
be in hock!

Historical Reminiscences.

Ladies and Gentlemen:
I appear before you this evening in the garb of an
orator, and to show you how much disturbance one man
can cause in a multitude. I assembled myself before you
this evening for the purpose of delivering a lecture on
ancient and modern history; also to express my opinion
on the stability of self-government. Now, in order that
my lecture should be fully understood, I shall divide it
into two parts: T-O-X, two. The first part shall be as
we ourselves, and the second part shall be the same thing
exactly. Now, suppose a man comes up to me and says
or suppose a man came up to me and didn't say, still I
should say he said so. But we are digressing. In looking
at the financial resources of this country, we find we
have money (to get). We have gold, silver and bank
notes. There are various kinds of silver; we have Ger­
man silver, silver silver—and—and—"Silver threads
among the gold." Well, that don't make any difference.
Bank notes, however, are worth more than silver, more
than gold. For instance, take a half-dollar (that is if
the man ain't looking; we come pretty near knowing how
to do that), take a half-dollar, put it in a pocket book,
and allow it to remain there a week. Take it out; half-
dollar, that’s all. Mark the difference: take a five-
dollar bill and put it in a pocket-book, and as soon as
you do you double it. Allow it to remain there a week,
take it out and you find it increases; very well. (Takes
stage funny walk.)

Where was England thirty-seven thousand years ago?
Echo answers, “Nobody.” I’ll tell you where it was:
The savage’s yell was heard in the distance, and the
scalping-knife and thomas-hawk was buried in the
briny deep—and—and—yet we were not happy. Oh,
my tiresome hearers, let us look back into dim futurity,
and if you will believe me, and a great many have done
so (while under the influence of liquor), things are com­
ing to a crisis.

As the poet says, “Oh—oh—oh—oh (never mind he
owes everybody); “Oh, I feel as though I could sweep.”
(Business of sweeping his hat off the table with his um­
brella, etc.) Reform! We as constituents of our repre­
sentatives, we find—we find—yes, that is if we’re lucky
we find. But before soaring into the regions of hyper­
bolic rhetoric, and descending into commonplace hyper­
criticisms, which always characterizes inquisitorial ver­
bosity. (Hits his hand on the table and is supposed to
have hurt it badly, and grabs it with the other; business
of making faces, etc.) And then on the other hand
(raises the same hand to make gestures; looks at it);
no! no! the same hand! Who is there among us who
isn’t here? Let him speak and I’ll have him on the police
force in ten minutes. Reform emanating as it does from
the broad principles of liberty, liberties which inculcated
by our forefathers’ liberties—and yet how strange.
This young man I speak of—— And in reviewing from
an asteroid standpoint of political exegetical analysis
(what’s the matter, am I too much for you?), or abglur­
tinating the polytechnical ectoblasts of homogeneous et­
teticisms, you can’t do it; it’s impossible. Reform! of
course you don’t know anything about it. Neither do I,
so I’ll explain it to you.

Having discussed my historical subject so fully, I
feel confident that there are none within hearing of my
voice to-night who are not satisfied that at one time or
another Chicago was discovered, and to my sorrow. I
was in Chicago during the Dog Show about three weeks, and I never want to see or hear of Chicago again. I wasn’t there ten minutes when someone went through me and stole my pocket-book. A friend of mine was with me at the time; he said, “I tell you, when Gabriel blows his horn in Chicago he’ll wake up many a sinner.” I said, “Oh no; Gabriel will never have a chance to blow his horn in Chicago.” He said, “Why?” I said, “They’ll steal it before he has a chance to blow it.”

Adam and Eve.

Before commencing this harangue this evening, I would state that it was not intended that I should deliver this lecture here. My brother was the chosen representative, but on account of an accident which happened to him he was unable to get here. The accident I will now explain. My brother being an eminent speaker, he was waited upon by a number of influential gentlemen (among whom was the sheriff) to address a large concourse of people; he mounted a platform that had been purposely erected for him, and he had said about two words, when by some accident, or rather, the platform gave way, his neck becoming entangled; he was strangled to death, and thereby he lost his life.

The subject chosen for your approval this evening is “Hard Tack.” Some say it is and some say it isn’t. Some say Hard Tack is composed of flour and water but it isn’t; it’s made of railroad iron. I know, for I’ve eaten it. Now I didn’t come here to lecture altogether on “Hard Tack.” The subject which has been uppermost in my mind is, “What are the young men coming to? Now I don’t want to be hard on the boys. But what do they mean? They go down and get a suit on the European plan, and they give the tailor a promissory note, and all the tailor ever gets is the note; and that’s all he’s ever likely to get. When the young gentleman gets this suit of clothes on his back he takes a walk down Fifth Avenue, and he meets a young lady; as soon as he sees her he falls in love with her. He is “smit,” and she is “smit,” and they’re both smitten,
hence the “smidity.” He asks to marry her. She says he must see her father. He loses no time, but goes down to the house to see the old man with the fire of ambition burning in his suspenders, and rings the doorsteps. The old gentleman comes to the door; he doesn’t say anything to the young man, but he uses a very forcible argument in the shape of a boot, and the young man leaves without anyone telling him to, and that is what they call love, isn’t it? I’ll tell you what love is, and who first discovered it.

Adam was the first discoverer of love, and he never had it copyrighted; therefore anyone is entitled to it. The way in which Adam first discovered love was as follows:—Adam was walking in—— (any local park or garden) one day; (some say it was a park, but we have every reason to believe it was a beer garden, because Adam saw snakes). Well, as Adam was walking in this park (or garden), a beautiful vision struck his eye-sight (and he’s been cross-eyed ever since.) It was Eve—Eva—reclining on a bed of roses and watermelons. Some say green apples, but I say they were tomatoes. As soon as Adam saw Eve he fell desperately in love with her. He asked her if he might kiss her. She said, “I don’t care A-dam if you do;” but she, like the rest of the female sex, was croquettish—she loved another. As soon as Adam saw she was in love with another, he got exasperated, he got intoxicated, he got into jail, and he was there when I left about two weeks ago. As I said before, as soon as Adam saw she loved another, he challenged this fellow to mortal combat. They went into training, and on the day of the fight they went over here to——(any local place). Adam hit his fellow in the jugular vein and he has been juggling ever since. And that’s where those beautiful lines of Shakespeare come from: “None but the brave deserve the fair;” and it takes the bravest in the world to get along with them after you get them. “Multum in parvo, mutandis gotstick, rheumatism flunken, epizootic!” Why I’m ashamed of you talking about Adam’s time. Look at the present time; look at the improvements since Adam’s time. Why, in Adam’s time it took six months to build a house. Now they can build one in three days. The
first day they build the house; the second day they put in the lights; the third day they put in the livers. Don't that show pluck? And look at the way the women dress at the present time. The silks, satins, and sealskins they wear down to their heels. In Adam's time Eve had to be satisfied with bear-skin (bare skin).

Now what is woman? Woman is the quintessence of approbation and of a defunct realism. She seems to waft about more at times than at other times. When she don't waft as much as when she wafts—And I am here for that purpose. Now see the difference of opinion. I once knew an honest young man who sauntered forth into the world in search of a livelihood. Intemperance beset him on every side. Now you may think that this young man took to drink; but he didn't. He took a safe, and got ten years for it. Why, a man may be rich to-day and wealthy to-morrow. Why six months ago I had a fine farm, and on this farm I had a mill; and alongside of this mill I had a dam. I left home for a couple of weeks, and while I was away a great cyclone came up and carried away everything. When I went home I could see the dam by the millside, but I couldn't see the mill by a damside.

I will take this occasion, ladies and gentleman, to say that I am surprised and highly gratified at beholding before me such a vast concourse of people, representing as you do the beauty, wealth, elite, fashion, and intellect of this great and thriving metropolis, the most energetic and enterprising city. I may say the cleanest, most peaceful, law-abiding city in the world. That's what I call giving you taffy.
MONOLOGUES.

“When Did He Die?”

I attended a party last evening, and after the guests had finished singing and dancing we had lunch. There were three kinds of cheese. If there is anything I do like for lunch it is cheese. Of course, there are different kinds of cheese; some are more distinct than others. Now, the cheese I have reference to is the kind you can find in the dark. There are lots of people who would like to know how this cheese is made. Now, I will tell you: In the first place you want to hunt up a milkman that has been arrested four or five times for adulterating his milk; you want to catch him in the evening after he has been out all day in the sun and his milk is good and sour, and he is about to throw it away; then you buy it cheap. You take it out in the country and bury it for about six months (that is, if the board of health don’t object); then you take it out and beat it well. (Now, the lightning has been known to strike this cheese, but the lightning got the worst of it.) Then take it and put it out all night, let the dew fall on it, leave it there till the surface becomes good and mouldy; then you have Limburger cheese.

There was an old German friend of mine who was quite sick for some time. The doctor told him he might eat anything he wanted. He told his wife he believed he would like some Limburger cheese. His wife was a good-hearted woman; she went out and got twenty pounds of this distinct cheese, and put some in every room in the house, that he might get a nip whenever he wanted it (you can imagine the aroma in that house). The doctor called the next morning and rang the bell; when the servant opened the door, the doctor paused a moment, then said, “When did he die?”
Oh, I'm married now. I married Miss High-fa-lu-tin Stunner. You knew her. One of the Stunner sisters that lived up Acorn Alley, next door to Sophronia Broadback; a cousin to the niece of Miss Mockorange.

When I courted her, I loved her; why, I loved the very ground she had coming to her. I used to serenade her. I serenaded her one night and sung, "Happy Be Thy Dreams," and she nearly died with the nightmare. Love her! Well, I should cogitate to corroborate. Why, I loved that girl so much that in summer I used to pour molasses on my head and sit opposite her at the table to keep the flies away from her. Now it's different. She gets all the molasses and sits opposite me. When I was courting her I used to think she was pretty. Of course, you know "love is blind." Now I see her in a different light. Pretty! Why, she's got a face on her like a full moon, and her mouth looks like a dried cut in a lemon. And ears! You ought to see those ears. She could use them for napkins. And she's got a hand on her like the dashboard of a farmer's hay wagon. And talk about feet! They say that when a girl is in love her feet swell. She must have been in love ever since she was a baby. Why, you can see her feet come around the corner ten minutes before you see her. She's got a cold all the time because there's so much of her body on the ground. She'd been quite tall if so much of her hadn't been turned in under.

I took her to the shoe store the other day to get a pair of shoes. He asked her what number. She said, "two's." He brought them and she couldn't get her toes into them. I told him he misunderstood her; she said, "twenty-two's." He brought them. She got them all on but the heel. He told her she'd better go home, put on a thin pair of stockings, come back, and he'd try on the box that the shoes came in. Her shoes were always bent at the toes. She said that was from kicking against hard luck so long. They didn't have any heels on them. I told her to put some Russian salve on them and that would heal them. Would you believe it, I
courted that girl for five years. I'd been courting her yet, but her father came in with a double-barrelled gun and said, "You marry that girl or I'll kill you!" Of course, I married her quick; but I've been sorry ever since that I didn't let him kill me.

When the preacher tied us together, he said "Now, you're one." I got a frying-pan broken over my head the next day trying to find out which was the one.

Someone ought to come around my house about twelve o'clock at night; you'd think there was a hundred of us. But there's one thing I can say; we never have a fight in the house. We always go in the yard and have it out with a club; there is more room there.

He Didn't Know the Difference, but I Did.

I am the most unlucky man in the world. I was born in the last month of the year, in the last week of the month, on the last day of the week, on the last hour of the day, on the last minute of the hour, and the last second in the minute. If I hadn't been very lucky I wouldn't have been born at all. There were two of us when I was born. I'm a twin; we look so much alike you can't tell us apart. My brother is a rascal. When we went to school he used to throw spit balls; teacher would think it was me and whip me; of course, he didn't know the difference, but I did. He got into a fight the other day; they arrested me and the Judge fined me five hundred dollars and costs; of course, he didn't know the difference, but I did. I was engaged to be married last Sunday; my brother got up early, went and married the girl; of course, she didn't know the difference, but I did. I got even with them, though; I died last week and they buried him.

When I Could Run Him In.

I went out hunting with a few friends, and we camped out for two weeks. Of course, when a party goes out like that, everyone is supposed to do something. One carries the wood in, and another makes the fire; another
will do the cooking, etc. But we had one obstacle in our way; we had a negro with us named Pete. He wouldn't do anything; he was too lazy to get out of his own way. He would do nothing but sleep. He was too lazy to get up and eat his meals; he would eat them in bed. We got tired of this and told him he would have to do something; get a move on him some way or we would send him home. We did all the hunting (and by the way, the hunting was very good). We hunted all day and couldn't find anything. It was all hunt. The more you'd hunt the less you'd find, and when we got tired of hunting we would hunt again. I'd tell you where this place is but I know you would lose too much time hunting for it. After we made our speech to Pete, he surprised us; the next morning he got up bright and early with his gun and went out hunting. He hadn't been out any more than one hour, when we heard a terrible noise in the woods; we all peeped out, and there we saw Pete coming through the woods running all his might, and there was a big bear behind him with his mouth opened. Pete was jumping over tree stumps, and his hair stood straight up on his head. (I tell you, he got a move on him this time.) Pete ran as fast as he could toward the tent. As soon as he reached the tent he ran in, turned around quick and shot the bear just as he was coming in. I asked him, "Why didn't you shoot the bear when you had him in the woods? you had your gun in your hand." Pete said: "Do you suppose I was going to carry him in when I could run him in?"

**Bow-legged Man.**

I have heard of people being bow-legged, but I never saw a man so bow-legged in my life as this one. A little boy in the trolley car, the minute he saw him, called out: "Oh! get on to the man with a tunnel under him." I never saw a man's feet so anxious to get together (business of illustrating). Someone must have taken him on the roof of some high building and dropped him hard. His legs would make a good wreath for the motto: "What is Home without a Mother." I am sure he don't
live in our town, for the streets are not wide enough for him. He must have got wet some place and sat on a hogshead near a hot stove, and his legs warped that way. I pity the girl that sits on his lap. If she does, she'll have to swing a hammock across it.

**Hadn't the Nerve.**

My mother-in-law's great peculiarity was her cooking. I had two of her favorite dishes: hot tongue and cold shoulder. I have them quite often, I assure you. If there is anything she prided herself on, it was her pies. The pies she made were what you might call affectionate pies. No, affectionate pie is where the upper crust is dead stuck on the lower. There is no room for animosity between them. I set my two back teeth in one of her pies and they are there yet. I told her one day I didn't think her pies were up to the standard, and she sneered at me. Did you ever have your mother-in-law sneer at you? The minute she does, that's the time to pack your trunk and get out. Well, after she sneered, she said, "I want you to know one thing: I made pies before you were born." That must have been one of the pies I got hold of. Now, at meal time, I always sit beside ma—I always call my mother-in-law "ma"—(I call her other names, too, but I never let her hear me).

Now, talking about appetite, I've seen my mother-in-law without money many times, but I never saw her without her appetite. Right beside ma's plate was a whole spring chicken, and would you believe it, she ate that entire chicken without offering a bite to anyone. All at once she struck a bone in the meat, so to speak, and she tried to speak, but she couldn't. I really hoped she'd choke to death—I mean I really thought she'd choke. Now, my wife always had her presence of mind. Well, that's all she's got now, for I've mortgaged everything else. My wife suggested we should send for the doctor. When the doctor came, I said "Well, Doc.—" (I always call him Doc., for if you say Doctor, it's ten dollars in advance; if you say Doc., it's five, and you can stand him off). So I said: "Well, Doc., what do you think of the case?" He looked ma right in the face.
(She's got one of those open faces that people can look right into.) After looking he said: “This is a tough case.” Anyone who has ever seen my mother-in-law knows she was a tough case. But I said: “Doc., what I want to know is: do you think she will pull through?” The doctor said, “The only sure thing for your mother-in-law is to send her to a warmer climate—some place where it is warm.” I suggested Egypt. He said: “No; that was not warm enough.” So I went out into the woodshed and got the axe, and said: “Doc., you hit her; I haven’t got the nerve.”

Went with the Dog.

I have been working in the country for five years and I saved $3.50 (and a little over). I just came in town to get a birthday present for my aunt. I went into a bird store with the $3.50 (and the over in my pocket). The store was chuck full of birds, parrots, more-cheese-cats and little dogs. There was a dog there all covered with little black spots (chuck full on the outside of the dog—coach dog). Oh, I tell you he was a lah-lah! I gave the man the $3.50 and he gave me the dog. (I had the over in my pocket yet.) I took the dog out by a string. I didn’t have the $3.50 then; the man had it (but I had the over and the dog). It wasn’t much of a dog for $3.50; but the man said if I fed him good, in course of time I’d have $3.50 worth of dog. As I was taking him home, it commenced to rain and it rained all over that poor little dog and washed all the spots off him. I was so mad I could hit that man; I could hit him in church. I just thought I’d go back to the store, and if that man didn’t do something about that dog, I’d just take that rock and haul off—and kill a parrot or something. But the man meant well enough, for the minute he saw me and the dog, he hallowed out to his clerk: “John, why didn’t you give that man an umbrella? Here you are, sir; an umbrella goes with that dog.”
When is a fish a bird?
When it takes a fly.

Why should a sailor be a good pugilist?
Because he is always boxing the compass.

Why is a proud girl like a music box?
Because she is full of airs.

What is the difference between a young lady and a soldier?
One powders the face and the other faces the powder.

What is the meaning of three balls in front of a pawnbrokers?
Two to one that the things will never be redeemed.

Why is the world like a piano?
Because there are so many flats and sharps in it.

How can you make a thin boy fat?
Throw him out of the window and he'll come down plump.

Why is a lady's corset like a watch-dog?
Because they are tied up in the day and let out at night.

Why is a lady's belt like an ash-cart?
Because it goes around and gathers the waste.
What's the difference between a sailor and a prize­fighter?
One is lashed to the mast, and the other is mashed to the last.

Why does a hen lay an egg?
Because she can't lay a brick.

What is that which is always ready and never wanted?
An old maid.

What is better than presence of mind in a railroad accident?
Absence of body.

Which travels faster—heat or cold?
Heat; for you can catch cold easy.

What kind of a hen lays longest?
A dead hen.

If you throw a man out of the window, what does he fall against?
Against his inclination.

What is that which has a mouth, but never speaks; a bed, but never sleeps in it.
A river.

What is the last blow a defeated ship gives in battle?
Strikes her own flag.

What trade is the sun?
A tanner.

Why are some women like facts?
Because they are stubborn things.

What money brings the most substantial interest?
Matrimony.

What is a kiss?
A receipt given by a lady on paying your addresses.
Why are books your best friends?
Because when they bore you, you can shut them up
without giving offence.

Why are pipes humbugs?
Because the best are mere-shams.

What is the difference between stabbing a man and
killing a hog?
One is assaulting with intent to kill; the other is
killing with intent to salt.

When is a chair like a ladies’ dress?
When its sat-in.

What is that which a young lady looks for, but doesn’t
wish to find?
A hole in her stocking.

How did Jonah feel when the whale swallowed him?
He felt down in the mouth and went to blubber.

What part of a fish weighs the most?
The scales.

What is the difference between photographing and the
whooping-cough?
One makes fac-similes, the other makes sick families.

Why is King Edward VII. like a man’s hat?
Because they both have crowns.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?
When it runs down and strikes one.

What do we often catch, but never see?
A passing remark.

Why is a man who beats his wife like a thoroughbred
horse?
Because he’s a perfect brute.
Why is a widow like a gardener?  
Because she tries to get rid of her weeds.

Why is an interesting book like a toper's nose?  
Because it's read (red) to the end.

Why is absence like a bellows?  
Because it strengthens a strong flame and extinguishes a weak one.

Why is a herring like a graveyard?  
Because it is full of bones.

What kind of money do ladies prefer?  
Matrimony.

When was pork first introduced into the navy?  
When Noah brought Ham into the ark.

If your mother-in-law were to fall overboard, what letter in the alphabet would suit your wishes?  
Letter "B."

What is it causes a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor?  
A draught.

Why is a policeman like a rainbow?  
Because he rarely appears until after the storm is over.

Why is a little dog's tail like a new-born babe?  
Because it never was seen before.

At what time was Adam born?  
A little before Eve.

Why is a pretty girl like a French mirror?  
Because she's a good looking lass.

Why are your nose and chin always quarreling?  
Because words are always passing between them.
Why is a bad pun like a broken pencil?
Because it has no point.

Why is a ship like a handkerchief?
Because it has stood many a blow and has often been round the horn.

What relation is a loaf of bread to a locomotive?
Its mother. Isn't a loaf of bread a necessity, and isn't a locomotive an invention, and isn't necessity the mother of invention?

Why is a baby like a field of wheat?
Because it has to be well cradled and thrashed before it is fit for family use.

Do you know how to make your coat last?
Make your vest and pants first.

What is the greatest conundrum in the world?
Life; for we all have to give it up.

What is the best way to keep fish from smelling?
Cut their noses off.

What is the difference between a cow and a broken chair?
One gives milk and the other gives way.

Why is a new-born babe like a gale of wind?
Because it begins with a squall.

Which is the greatest backbiter?
A flea.

What is the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon?
A honeycomb consists of a number of small cells, while a honeymoon is one great sell.

Why is a camel the most irascible of all animals?
Because he has always got his back up.
Why are good intentions like fainting ladies?
Because they all want carrying out.

Why is a kiss like a sermon properly divided?
It requires an introduction, two heads and an application.

What holds all the snuff in the world?
No one nose.

Why are book-keepers like chickens?
Because they have to scratch for a living.

Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a rich milkman?
Because he got a great prophet (profit) out of water.

Why do we buy shoes?
Because we can’t get them for nothing.

When does a son not take after his father?
When his father leaves him nothing to take.

Why is a bride less expensive than a bridegroom?
Because she is given away and he is sold.

What is the difference between a ballet-dancer and a duck?
One goes quick on her beautiful legs, the other quacks on her beautiful eggs.

Why is an enraged bull in a crockery shop like a house on fire?
Because the quicker you get it out the better.

Why is a stick of candy like a horse?
Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

What is a plate of hash in a first-class boarding house?
An insult to a square meal.

Which is the most generous animal in the world?
A skunk, because they give everyone passing a s-cent.
Why is pity like playing blind-man’s buff?
Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.

Which is the favorite word with women?
The last one.

Why is a cabbage run to seed like a lover?
Because it has lost its heart.

Why is an amateur artist dangerous?
Because his designs are generally bad.

Why is a poor acquaintance better than a rich one?
Because a friend in need is a friend indeed.

What miracle is often performed in Ireland?
Waking the dead.

What is that which is sometimes with a head, without a head, with a tail and without a tail?
A wig.

What’s the difference between an apple and a pretty girl?
If you squeeze one you get cider; the other you have to get side her before you squeeze.

Why should shoemakers make the best prize-fighters?
Because they always stick to the last; and no matter how hard they are welted, they always wax them in the end.

What is the difference between a grasshopper and a grass-widow?
None; they'll both jump at the first chance.

Why are postage stamps like lazy schoolboys?
Because their backs have to be licked to make them stick to their letters.

Why are stockings like dead men?
When they are past heeling their soles have departed and they are in holes.
Which would you rather—a lion eat you, or a tiger?
Why, I'd rather the lion ate the tiger.

What is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailer?
One sells watches, and the other watches cells.

Why is a butcher like a fashionable young lady?
One kills to dress, the other dresses to kill.

Why is a mouse like a bale of hay?
Because the cat-tle eat it.

How does a hair-dresser end his days?
He curls up and dies.

How can you keep a dog from going mad in August?
Shoot him in July.

Why does the sun sink in the East?
Because the y'east makes everything rise.

Why was Goliath astonished when David hit him with a sling?
Because such a thing never entered his head before.

What is the difference between a bare head and a hair bed?
One flee's for shelter and the other is a shelter for fleas.

What is most like a horse's foot?
A mare's.

Why is a room full of married ladies like an empty room?
Because there's not a single one in it.

Why should young ladies never wear stays?
Because it is so horrid to see a girl so "tight."
What is the difference between Hanlon and John L. Sullivan?
One is a crack sculler, and the other a skull cracker.

What is the difference between a bouquet of flowers and a bottle of wine?
One makes a nosegay and the other makes a gay nose.

What's all over the house?
The roof.

What two animals do we always go to bed with?
Two calves.

If you were riding on a jackass, what fruit would you resemble?
A beautiful pear.

Why did Adam bite the apple Eve gave him?
Because he had no knife to cut it.

What is the difference between an auction sale and sea sickness?
One is the sale of effects, and the other the effects of a sail.

What is the best way to find a young lady out?
Go around to her house when she is not in.

Why are good husbands like dough?
Because women need them.

Why are printers liable to take cold?
Because they always use damp sheets.

How did the whale that swallowed Jonah obey the divine law?
Jonah was a stranger and he took him in.

Why is wit like the sole of a Chinese lady's foot?
Because brevity is the soul of it.
Why is a blacksmith like a safe steed?  
Because one is a horse-shoer and the other is a sure horse.

Why are fatigued people like wagon wheels?  
Because they are tired.

When did Moses sleep five in a bed?  
When he slept with his fore-fathers.

What relation is a door-mat to a door-step?  
A step farther.

When is coffee like the soil?  
When it is ground.

Why is it vulgar to play and sing by yourself?  
Because it is solo (so low).

What are the best seats in the house?  
The receipts.

Why should a fainting woman have more than one doctor called?  
Because if she is not brought to (two) she will die.

What is the difference between an umbrella and a woman?  
The umbrella you can shut up when you want, but a woman never.

Why are women like salad?  
Because they both need a great deal of dressing.

Why is a ship the most polite thing in the world?  
Because she always advances with a bow.

Why is a beautiful fascinating young lady like a butcher?  
Because they are both killing creatures.
What is the difference between a dead nigger and a dead Irishman?
When the nigger is dead he's dead, but when the Irishman is dead they wake him.

Why should the sea make a better housekeeper than the earth?
Because the earth is always dirty and the sea is always tide-y (tidy).

When is a toper's nose not a nose?
When it is a little reddish.

A free blow—A hurricane.

What class of women give tone to society?
The belles.

Why are the tallest people always the laziest?
Because they are longer in bed than others.

Why is a watch like a river?
Because it won't run long without winding.

Who was the fastest runner in the world?
Adam, because he was first in the human race.

What is that which lives in the winter, dies in the summer, and grows with its roots upwards?
An icicle.

How long did Cain hate his brother?
As long as he was Abel.

When will water stop running downhill?
When it gets to the bottom.

Why do little birds in their nest agree?
Because they are afraid of falling out.

What is the difference between a bee and a donkey?
One gets all the honey, the other all the wax (whacks).
Why is a false friend like the letter “P”?  
Because it’s first in pity and last in help.

Why is a gay young widow like an eclipse?  
Because she don’t stay long in black.

What is most likely to become a fair-haired woman?  
Why, a fair-haired little girl.

Why is a shoemaker like a true lover?  
Because he is true to the last.

How can you make a slow horse fast?  
Tie him to a post.

What animal has death no effect on?  
The pig, for when you kill him you cure him, and thus save his bacon.

What is the highest praise that can be bestowed on you in a theatre?  
Applause from the gallery.

Where is love, health, and wealth always to be found?  
In the dictionary.

Why is a fool’s mouth like a tavern door?  
Because it’s always open.

What’s the best way to make a tall man short?  
Ask him to lend you five pounds.

Why should we never sleep on railway cars?  
Because the trains always run over sleepers.

What is the best way to keep water from running into your house?  
Don’t pay your water bill.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the Ark?  
On the head.
What is the difference between a young girl of sixteen and an old maid of sixty?
One is careless and happy and the other is hairless and cappy.

Why is a true and faithful friend like garden seeds?
Because you never know their worth until they are under the soil.

What's the difference between a young lady and a mouse?
One charms the he's and the other harms the cheese.

What looks most like a cat looking out of a window?
Another cat looking in.

Why is a horse that can't hold up his head like next Monday?
Because its neck's weak (next week).

Why is a dog's tail like a rich man?
Because one keeps a carriage and the other keeps a waggin' (wagon).

Why could Samson have made a good actor?
Because he could so easily bring down the house.

When a boy falls into the water what is the first thing he does?
Get's wet.

What is that the more you take from it the larger it grows?
A hole.

What "bus" found room for the most people?
Columbus.

Why is a dirty man like flannel?
Because he shrinks from washing.
What's the difference between a man struck with amazement and a leopard's tail?
One is rooted to the spot and the other is spotted to the root.

Why should a straw hat never be raised to a lady in the street?
Because it is not felt.

Why don't bachelors like the capital of Ireland?
Because they don't go in for Dublin.

Why should young ladies be employed in the post-office?
Because they can manage the males.

What is that the poor man has, the rich man wants, the spendthrift saves, and the miser spends, and when we die we take it with us to the grave?
Nothing.

What is the difference between the moon and a drunkard?
The moon is full once a month, and the drunkard is full every night.

What is that you can't hold for ten minutes though it is as light as a feather?
Your breath.

What is it a cat has that no other animal has?
Kittens.

What is the difference between a spendthrift and a feather-bed?
One is always hard up and the other soft down.

Why is a suburban train like the heart of a flirt?
Because there is always room for one more to be taken in.
Why should you never go into a crowd? Because the man who was hemmed in has a stitch in his side ever since.

What is the best remedy for a smoky chimney? Put out the fire.

What is the difference between a blind man and a disabled sailor? One can't see to go and the other can go to sea (see).

Why is it that every man's pants are too short? Because his legs stick out two feet.

What is the difference between a mountain and a pill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.

What books are influenced by hard times? Pocket-books.

What tree bears most fruit for market? The axle-tree.

What is the difference between a church bell and a politician? One peals from the steeple and the other steals from the people.

Why is a sick horse like a bad play? Because it can't run and can't draw.

Why are doctors like highwaymen? Because their business with you is either your money or your life.

Why is a handsome young lady like a locomotive? Because she transports the males, scatters the sparks, carries a train, and passes over the plains.

I was going through the woods; I found something, picked it up, and couldn't find it, put it down again,
ran home, looked for it, found it, didn't want it, and threw it away. What was it?
A thorn in my foot.

Why is the letter “E” the greatest letter in the alphabet?
Because it is the beginning of Eternity, the end of Time and Space, the beginning of every end, and the end of every race.

If you were going to have a pair of shoes made, what would you like the soles made out of?
Mother-in-laws’ tongues; they never wear out.

Why does a man sneeze three times?
Because he can’t help it.

Why is a whisper forbidden in good society?
Because it isn’t aloud.

When does a farmer act with cruelty to his corn?
When he pulls its ears.

Why is an alligator the most deceitful of animals?
Because he shows such an open countenance while taking you in.

What comes after buttermilk?
Butter.

What comes after butter?
Cheese.

What comes after cheese?
Mice.

Why is the letter “F” like a cow’s tail?
Because it is the last of beef.

What is that which is often brought to the table, often cut, but never eaten?
A pack of cards.
Why are your eyes like friends separated by distant climes?
Because they correspond but never meet.

Why can’t regular soldiers sit down?
Because they belong to the standing army.

What does a stone become in the water?
Wet.

What makes a pair of boots?
Two boots.

What is next to an oyster?
The shell.

In what month do ladies talk least?
February, that being the shortest month.

When can a man’s pocket be empty, and yet have something in it?
When it has a hole in it.

When is a cow not a cow?
When she is turned into a field.

What is invisible blue?
A policeman when you want him.

On which side of a pitcher is the handle?
On the outside.

Why is a conundrum like a parrot?
Because it is far-fetched and full of nonsense.

Why does a little dog wag his tail?
Because the dog is stronger than the tail; if he wasn’t, the tail would wag the dog.

When were walking-sticks first mentioned in the Bible?
When Eve first presented Adam with a Cain.
When may a ship be said to be in love?
When she wants a mate.

Why can't a fisherman be generous?
Because his business makes him sel-fish.

When does a ship tell a falsehood?
When she lies at the wharf.

What is the difference between a mother and a barber?
The latter has razors to shave and the former has shavers to raise.

When is a theatrical manager like an astronomer?
When he discovers a new star.

Why do pianos bear the noblest characters?
Because they are grand, upright, and square.

When is a lover like a tailor?
When he presses his suit.

Who is the oldest lunatic on record?
Time, out of mind.

What would you do if you split your sides laughing?
Run till I got a stitch in them.

Why is a ship like a lady?
Because the rigging costs so much, and she always keeps a man on the lookout.

What is the difference between recollect and remember?
Well, I recollect lending you five dollars, but I don't remember getting it back.

Which is proper: I can't eat bread, or I cannot eat bread?
Why, I cannot eat bread.
Well, if you can't, why don't you eat hay like the rest of the mules.
Why is a small-brained person like a small-necked bottle?
Because the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.

When is a chicken's neck like a bell?
When it is rung for dinner.

Why is the crow the bravest bird?
Because it never shows a white feather.

Why are some girls like old muskets?
Because they use much powder, but won't go off.

Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard?
Because he takes the pledge, but cannot always keep it.

What is the most dangerous kind of an assassin?
A man who takes life cheerfully.

Why are clouds like coachmen?
Because they hold the reins.

What grows bigger the more you contract it?
Debt.

Why is an eclipse like a man whipping his boy?
Because it is hiding the sun.

What is that which a gentleman has not never will have, and yet can give to a lady?
A husband.

Why didn't the dove return to the Ark?
Because she hadn't sufficient ground for remaining.

Why is a bookbinder like charity?
Because he covers a multitude of faults.

When is a new dress older than an old dress?
When it is moire (more) antique.
Who was the most successful surveyor on record? Robinson Crusoe, because he was monarch of all surveyed.

When is a silver cup most likely to run? When it is chased.

Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest piece of property in England? Because it was bought for a crown and kept up by a sovereign.

What is the longest word in the English language? Smiles—because there is a mile between the first and last letter.

Why are potatoes and corn like sinners of olden times? Because having eyes they see not, and ears and hear not.

What is that which Adam never had, never saw, yet left two to each of his children? Parents.

What is the difference between a young baby and a night cap? One is born to wed, and the other is worn to bed.

Why should a man wear a watch when crossing the desert of Sahara? Because every watch has a spring in it.

Why are complaints of married people like the noise of waves on the shore? Because they are the murmurs of the tide (tied).

Why are washerwomen foolish? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it is raining hard.

What is the most dangerous time in the year to visit the country?
When the bull-rushes out and the cow-slips about and the little sprigs are shooting all around.

Why is it almost certain that Shakespeare was a broker? Because he furnished so many stock quotations.

Why is a dead doctor like a dead duck? Because they have both done quacking.

Why does a sailor know there's a man in the moon? Because he's been to sea (see).

Which would you rather—have your head cut off, or burnt at the stake? I would rather be burnt at the stake, for isn't a hot stake better than a cold chop?

Why should travellers always avoid taking the 12:50 train? Because it will be ten to one if they catch it.

Why do ducks put their heads under water? To liquidate their bills.

What is taken from you before you get it? Your photograph.

What is it has eyes like a cat, claws like a cat, hair like a cat, and still is not a cat? A kitten.

Why does a jackass run down the road? Because the road can't run down the jackass.

What is that we should always keep, even after we have given it to another? Our word.

What is that which every human being has seen, but will never see again? Yesterday.
Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?
Because it is the farthest from the bark.

Why is a coward like a leaky barrel?
Because they both run.

Why is a plum-cake like the ocean?
Because it has many currants.

What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water?
A sponge.

Why is a necessity like an ignorant attorney?
Because it knows no law.

Who is it marries many a wife yet lives single all his life?
A priest.
TOASTS.

I wish you health; a little wealth
And a happy home with freedom;
And may you always have true friends,
But never have cause to need them.

Here’s to the tears of friendship! May they crystallize as they fall and be worn as gems in the memory of those we love.

Here’s short shoes and long corns to our enemies.

Here’s to the inside of a good home and to the outside of a prison.

To M—.

Here’s to Good Brother M—
Who is one of our “mess;”
We hope that his shadow
Will never grow less!
May he live long and prosper
And never get gray;
May his charming good looks
Scare all wrinkles away;
And further, we’ll add,
That we know he’s not vexed
To be “toasted” in this world,
Instead of the next!
Here is champagne to our real friends,
And real pain to our sham friends.

Woman.

The alpha-omega of man's existence; the mainspring of his every action; the joy and torment of his life; the absolute tyrant whose subjects are slaves whose slightest caprice is law and from whose distinction there's no appeal. Yet God grant that her reign may last forever!

Here's health to the sick
And honor to the brave;
My blessing to true love
And freedom to the slave.

I wish you health I wish you wealth
I wish you gold in store;
I wish you Heaven when you die;
Pray who can wish you more?

May the Lord above send down a dove,
With wings as sharp as razors.
To cut off the head of anyone.
Who lowers the poor man's wages.

A Parting Toast.

Good-bye, dear ones, and if you need a friend,
How happy I will be;
Should you get tired on life's rough way,
Just come and lean on me.
I'll take you by the smoothest road
That God to man e'er gave;
And we'll go by the longest way
That takes us to the grave.

Here's to you as good as you are; here's to me as bad as I am; but as good as you are, and as bad as I am, I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.
The Bride and Bridegroom.—Let us drink to their health and prosperity; may they have a joyous bridal trip, and may their journey through life be over a pleasant road without any embarrassment that energy and love cannot easily overcome.

The Fair Bride.—May her voyage through life be as happy and as free as the dancing waves on the deep blue sea.

The Newly-Wedded Pair.—May their joys be as deep as the ocean and their misfortunes as light as its foam.

The Happy Couple.—May we all live to be present at their golden wedding.

Crystal Wedding.—Here's that they will not find the friendship of their guests as brittle as their gifts.

For Married Men.—
He who loves not women wine and song,
Will be a fool his whole life long.

Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possessed,
Was lonely—e'en in Paradise unblest;
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestowed
Woman—the last, the best reserved of God.

We may live without poetry, music, and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized men cannot live without cooks.

Our Native Land.—May it ever continue the abode of freedom and the birthplace of heroes.

To the Virtue of Women.—May it ever remain as pure as the air of our valleys and as firm as the rocks of our mountains.
Our Flag.—
   Our fathers' spirits watch that flag
   They left to us without a stain;
   We take the motto in our hearts—
   "To die for Liberty is gain."

Our Country.—May peace and plenty ever rest on the bosom of our American soil.

A Wish.—That civil and religious liberty may ever go hand in hand and superstition never make fools of the wise.

Wine, Wit and Wisdom.—Wine enough to sharpen wit; wit enough to give zest to wine; wisdom to "shut down" at the right time.

Here's to the virtue that directs our actions with respect to ourselves; justice to those with whom we deal; mercy love and charity to all mankind.

Let us toast every brother both ancient and young,
   Who bridles his passions and governs his tongue.

May we have the knowledge to discover what is true and practice what is good.

May he who is an ass, but thinks himself a deer, find out his mistake when he comes to jump a ditch.

The Speaker.—
   Words words they are but wind,
   Too feeble instruments to bind.

Our Country.—
   We have toasted all names and places
   We've toasted all kinds of game;
   Why not, just for loyalty's sake,
   Drink one to our nation's name.
WITTY SAYINGS

Now, boys, just a moment!
You've all had your say;
While enjoying ourselves
In so pleasant a way,
We have toasted our sweethearts,
    Our friends, and our wives;
We've toasted each other,
    Wishing all merry lives;
But I now will propose to you
    The toast that is best—
'Tis one in a million,
    And outshines the rest.
Don't frown when I tell you
    This toast beats all others;
But drink one more toast boys,—
    A toast to—"OUR MOTHERS."
BOY’S COMPOSITIONS.

Composition on a Pig.

I must tell you what I know about a pig. A pig has got four legs; a leg on each corner; two legs in front and two behind. (I suppose any fool knows that.) Pigs’ feet are good to eat, but not until the pig’s done using them. I like ‘em; I like ‘em pickled. A pig has got a tail; he sometimes wears it on one side and sometimes on the other. I don’t know what the style is now; pig-sty-le I guess. It’s fun to cut a pig’s tail off, but it’s wicked. A pig is just as big as a sheep; that is, if the sheep isn’t too big for the pig. A sheep gambols; pigs don’t gambol. Pigs wash themselves in mud. The more mud a pig gets the cleaner he thinks he is. I had a pet pig once; he’s dead now. I liked that pig; we were just like two brothers. He was just like my brother Bill—had his nose stuck in everybody’s business. Them’s the only two pigs I’m personally acquainted with. That’s all I know about pigs.

Composition on a Horse.

The horse is a very noble beast; he eats oats and sawdust. He goes on four legs. He does not stay out late at night, nor make faces at his little sister, nor tease his grandmother; things which I think is bully for the horse. He does not have to write compositions nor make fires, nor wash his face in the morning. (I wish I was a horse.) There is many different kinds of horses:
saw horse, car horse, war horse, hostradish, rhynocery hoss, hostr-pistol, Colt's revolver, hostr-chestnut and a donkey. (He ain't got nuthin' to do with the subject but we'll throw him in.) There's only one kind that's good to eat and that's hostr-pistol—I mean hostradish. Hostr-chestnuts is good to pelt girls with. Some folks like a reddish hoss; then again some like a milk white steed with flowin' tail and main erect; but for me give me a coal black steed with fiery red nostrils and flashin' eyes or gimme death! I forgot to say a hoss has a tail and can unfold it like Hamlet or any other animal.
MISCELLANEOUS.

Woman in Clover.

Woman lives in clover when she is a grass-widow. One hundred years ago women used to get up to their elbows in clover; now they get up to their shoulders in kid gloves.

Eat Fish Accordingly.

I believe a man should eat fish according to his profession. For instance take the minstrel business, black fish; carpenter, saw-fish; shoemaker, sole; commercialman, drum fish; policeman, star-fish; sea-captain, skipper; lawyer, shark; miser, gold-fish; schoolmaster, whale; schoolboy, blubber; limburger cheese manufacturer, smelt; for myself, a great big sucker.

Cracked Lip.

Mr. A’s wife died suddenly, and Mr. B was the one appointed to break the news gently to her husband. He went to see Mr. A and told him to get prepared for a great shock.

Mr. A.—Well I am prepared for the worst; what is it?
Mr. B.—Your wife just died suddenly.
Mr. A.—Don’t make me laugh, my lip is cracked.

Bill Jones was called upon at an evening party to make a speech. One of his friends said: “Yes, Bill, go
on and tell the people what you know; it won't take long.” Bill said, “Let's both get up and tell them what we know, it won't take any longer.”

New Haven.

A young girl on a train kept annoying the conductor to let her know when they reached New Haven. After asking about ten times, the train finally reached it. The conductor called aloud, “New Haven!” She turned around to the conductor and said: “Thank you; my mother told me to feed the dog when we got to New Haven.”

“Stop Thief.”

An individual went into a Jew's store to buy a suit of clothes; when he got the coat and vest on he pointed up on the shelf and said: “That pair of trousers will suit me;” and as the Jew climbed up the shelves the individual ran out with the coat and vest that he had on. The Jew turned around and saw the man had gone out; he quickly jumped down and ran out and hallooed “Police!” “Stop thief!” as loud as he could. The policeman told the thief to stop, but the thief kept on running. The policeman pulled out his pistol and just as he was about to shoot, the Jew hallooed to him, “Look out where you shoot; shoot him in the pants, for the coat and vest are mine.”

How do you find yourself?
I didn’t know I was lost.

The Auction Room.

A man loses his money in an auction room and does not know it's lost until he leaves and gets home. As soon as he discovers his money is lost he goes back to the auction room and tells the proprietor that he has been robbed of three hundred dollars and he called out loud (in the auction room) that he would give $50.00
reward if he could get his money back. One fellow called out in the crowd "I'll give one hundred," and another man said "I'll give one hundred and fifty." When I left they had it bid up to a thousand.

How Is Your Mother?

Mr. A.—How does your mother stand the heat?
(Mr. B. looks very indignantly at him and slaps him on the cheek.)
Mr. A.—I didn’t know your mother was dead.

Hotel Clerk.

I asked the clerk how much my bill was. He said: "What room?" I told him I slept on the billiard-table. He said: "Fifty cents an hour."

At a Picnic.

Mr. A.—Did you ever notice the difference there is between an Irish picnic and a German picnic?
Mr. B.—No; I don’t know as I ever did.
Mr. A.—Well, I will explain it to you: If you go to a German picnic and they all have been drinking a little, and one German calls another a liar he will say: "I am no liar." "Yes you are a liar." They will sit down and he will say: "Very well, in order to have peace I am a liar." Now, you go to an Irish picnic and you hear one Irishman call another a liar, that’s your cue to climb a tree and look down.

Roaches.

Mr. A.—I moved since I saw you and the house is full of roaches. I told the landlord about it and he told me to try paris green.
Mr. B.—Did you do it?
Mr. A.—I’ve taken three doses and it don’t seem to do any good.
Old Age.

Mr. A.—This is a very healthy town.
Mr. B.—I must say this town holds the record for health.
Mr. A.—My father died here at eighty-five and my grandfather died at one hundred and forty.
Mr. B.—One hundred and forty!
Mr. A.—Yes Michigan Avenue.

What a Woman Can Do.

A woman can hold more clothes-pins in her mouth, and talk through a knot-hole in the fence at the same time, than a man can. Six of them can all talk at once and get along all right; a man can’t. She can stick safely fifty pins in her dress, while he is getting one under his thumb nail. She can button her shoes with both feet on the floor; he can’t. She is as cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses; he will perspire like a quarter horse and growl in one loose shirt.

Uncle’s Death.

Mr. A.—Did you hear of my uncle’s death?
Mr. B.—No; did he leave anything?
Mr. A.—Yes; he left fifty thousand dollars.
Mr. B.—That’s nothing; my father died three weeks ago.
Mr. A.—What did he leave?
Mr. B.—He left the earth.

Only One Tooth.

There was an old lady sitting between John and me, and she spoke for half an hour. We couldn’t understand a word she said; she only had one front tooth in her head. When she spoke she split her words; John got one half and I got the other.
Golden Rule.

Mr. A.—What business are you in now?
Mr. B.—Ah, same old business.
Mr. A.—Stealing, eh.
Mr. B.—How dare you insult me in that manner?
Why don’t you observe the golden rule?
Mr. A.—What has the golden rule got to say?
Mr. B.—“Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.”
Mr. A.—You’ve got it wrong.
Mr. B.—How so?
Mr. A.—Do others or others will do you.

Two blacksmiths working together stuttered very much.
First Blacksmith (placing a red hot iron on the anvil).
—Strike it qu—qu—i—ck.
Second Blacksmith.—Wh--wh--wh—ere will I s—s—s—strike it?
First Blacksmith.—Never mi—mi—nd, it’s cold.

The Wettest Thing On Earth.

Miss Rivers, who had a waterfall on her head, a cataract in her eye, a creek in her back, a spring in her dress, and a notion (ocean) in her head.

Would be Shot.

A man went into a store to buy a bird; he stuttered so you could hardly understand him.
Clerk.—What kind of a bird do you want?
Stuttering Man.—A pa—a—p—a—r—rot.
Clerk.—Here’s one for two dollars.
Stuttering Man.—Two dollars?
Clerk.—Yes; two dollars.
Stuttering Man.—Is he a go—good tal—talker?
Clerk—if he couldn’t talk better than you I’d shoot him.
Draw Poker.

Four men were playing "solo whist." One was cheating and had only one eye. One of the party saw him cheat; he drew a revolver and placed it on the table, saying: "The first man I catch cheating I'll shoot his other eye out."

Long and Short of It.

Mr. A.—Do you know Cooley?
Mr. B.—Very well.
Mr. A.—Did you ever see him out walking with his girl?
Mr. B.—I should say I did.
Mr. A.—Isn't that the funniest sight you ever saw. She is so tall and he is so short; she is head and shoulders over him.
Mr. B.—I would like to see him kiss her good-bye.
Mr. A.—He don't kiss her good-bye.
Mr. B.—What does he do?
Mr. A.—He shakes her hand, looks up and says, "so long."

Gambling.

Mr. A.—I was out all last night.
Mr. B.—What doing?
Mr. A.—Gambling.
Mr. B.—Did your wife know you were out?
Mr. A.—Yes; but she didn't know how much.

Wives' Names.

Mr. A across the way calls his wife "Frailty," because Shakespeare says: "Frailty, thy name is woman." Mr. B calls his wife "Revenge," because she's sweet. Mr. C calls his wife "Mary Ann" because that's her name. I call my wife "Puss" because she knows how
to scratch and make the fur fly; and I call my mother-in-law "Delay" because delays are dangerous. My wife calls me "Darkest Hour" because I don't show up until just before dawn.

**Late Every Night.**

On coming home my wife said: "Bill out of the seven nights this week you've come home drunk five. What do you think of yourself?" Bill groaned. Wife: "What are you groaning about?" "The two nights I lost."

**Swallowed an Egg.**

My wife is opposed to my drinking raw eggs. I was in the kitchen; and just as I was going to drink an egg my wife came in suddenly and I put the whole egg in my mouth. She spoke to me and, of course, I couldn't answer. She hit me on the back and I swallowed the egg, shell and all. I am in a terrible fix now! if I move around the egg will break and cut me. On the other hand, if I sit still, the egg will hatch out a Shanghai rooster.

I like the kiss waltz, but I prefer to play it on the mouth-organ.

**My dog has ten tails.**

Nonsense, sir.

Well, I'll prove it: my dog has one more tail than no dog, and no dog has nine tails, so if my dog has one more tail than no dog, he must have ten tails.

**A Cowboy's Speech.**

My mother was an Indian squaw and my father was a half-breed, and I'm as good a man as ever crossed the plains. I am wild and woolly and hard to curry; never was curried below the knees. My name is Buckskin Bob,
the terror of the Bad Land; the only rival of Red-handed Mike, the Bohemian bear trainer. When I spit, rivers overflow; when I breath real hard, cyclones tear down trees; and when I go "yip," the sun hides behind the clouds. I'm willing to make a fight with a man twice my size at a moment's notice, lick him in less time than it takes to tell it, and on less ground than it takes to bury him in. I carry my coffin on my back. The sound of a six-shooter is music to my ears, and peace troubles my mind.

Lazy Club.

A club decided that every member caught going in a hurry should pay a fine, and give a medal to the laziest person. Mr. A. was on a horse going in a hurry. He was called to account by the club; he said he was too lazy to stop the horse.

Are those all your children?
Mrs. McCarthy (who is returning from a picnic with a dozen children around her).—What do you take me for; an incubator?

An Enigma.

I was at a dinner party the other evening. A gentleman there who wanted to make himself conspicuous, rose, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'll give you an enigma." We all applauded the idea. "Well," said he, "the first is a vowel, the next an article of kitchen furniture; the whole is a fruit which is good to eat; now, what is it?" No one could solve the enigma. "Oh!" said he, "I see I'll have to explain. The first is a vowel, which is O; the next is an article of kitchen furniture, which is the range; the combination of the two, which makes orange, is a fruit and the whole you can eat." He was vociferously applauded.

An Irishman of the party having heard the enigma, thought to treasure it in his mind for future use. He
gave a dinner party not long after, and remembering the impression his friend made, rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'll give you an ingemar. The first is my bowles, the next you can find in the kitchen; the root is an arange, and the whole is good to eat; now, what is it?

**Marriage like a Horse and Carriage.**

When a man is leading his bride to the altar he little thinks how saddle be his bridal tour, or what may stirrup on the spur of the moment. His bed may be in a stable, his wife be a little sulky. She might have a waggin' tongue, and once she gets a whip hand she may drive him to destruction, and then his spoke will be all gone. Other fellows will be coming around and he soon get tired, but if he takes the lines and not notice the traces of care, in time he may pull through

Little Boy.—Say, Jimmy, we are going to have a rotunda in our house.

Jimmy.—Pshaw, that's nothing; I heard my dad say we are going to have a mortgage on ours.

**No More Accidents.**

There was a certain train that always had an accident happen to the last coach. Every journey she went that last coach got damaged. So the directors held a meeting about it and they determined that in the future they'd leave the last coach off.

**A Suit of Clothes for Nothing.**

Mr. A.—That is a nice suit of clothes you have on. What did it cost you?

Mr. B.—Not a penny; I schemed it.

Mr. A.—How did you do it?

Mr. B.—Well, I went to my tailor and put on this suit of clothes that I had ordered, and told him I was very
sorry, but I couldn’t pay him that day, but would the next time I went in. The tailor said: “We don’t do business that way. If you can get somebody to go your security, I’ll let you have it.” I left the suit and went out. There is where I commenced to scheme. I went about three doors above to a bakery and ordered five hundred cream puffs. The baker told me that he did not have that many on hand, but would have them ready by six o’clock that night. I told him that would do. I went back to the tailor’s, put on the suit and said: “Do you know that baker just above you?” He said “Yes, very well.” “Well if he goes my security, I suppose it will be all right?” “Certainly.” We went up and I opened the door and hallooed to the baker: “How about the five hundred; do I get it at six o’clock to-night?” The baker said: “Without fail.” I said: “Give my tailor five, will you?” Baker said: “I will;” and I walked off with the suit.

Mr. A.—Is this cigar offensive to you?
Laborer.—No; I can stand it. I’ve just been cleaning out the drains.

Largest Sheep.

Australian.—We have the largest of everything in Australia; our sheep are four feet high and ten feet long.
Irishman.—Pshaw, that’s nothing; we’ve got honeybees in Ireland as big as your sheep here.
Australian.—How big are the hives of the bees?
Irishman.—No bigger than they are here.
Australian.—Well, how can the bees get into the hives?
Irishman.—That’s the bees’ business, not mine.

Spirit Below.

A preacher who secretly kept wine in the church cellar was horrified to hear one of his congregation make the following address:—
"There is a Spirit above,
   There is a spirit below.
The Spirit above is the Spirit of love.
   The Spirit below is the spirit of woe.
The Spirit above is the Spirit Divine,
   The spirit below is the spirit of wine."

Nature, impartial in her ends,
   When she made men the strongest,
In justice, then, to make amends,
   Made woman's tongue the longest.

He lived to one hundred and five because he was strong,
   One hundred to five you don't live as long.

Mr. Brown, who was condemned to be executed, was visited by his wife, who said: "My dear, would you like to have our children see you executed?" "No," he replied. "That's just like you," said she, "you never wanted the children to have any fun."

Mr. A.—What business are you in?
Mr. B.—I am in the stationery business, but I keep on the move.
GIVEAWAY GAGS.

He went to the church with me one Sunday. When the contribution box was passed, I put in a dime; he had put his hand in, too. After the man had passed on, he leaned over to me and whispered: “I got a nickel; how much did you get.”

He was out in the country and came to a cross-road; saw a sign on a post (with a hand pointing): “This will take you to Malvern.” He sat on the sign for two hours, and then said: “I wonder when this thing is going to start?”

He went down to the post-office with some letters to post; he waited till the clerk wasn’t looking, and then slipped them into the box to save paying postage.

He went into a restaurant the other day and when the waiter gave him a bill of fare, said: “Thank you, I never read before meals.”

He wanted to learn French; the teacher told him it would be $50.00 for the first month and $5.00 for the second. He said: “Well, I guess I’ll begin with the second month now.”

He saw one of his lady friends in half-mourning. He said he guessed some of her friends were half dead.

He went into the tobacco business and advertised: “Imported cigars of my own manufacture.”
He received a postcard and told me to open it and see what was in it.

Brown was pretty full the other night; he went up to a letter-box on Chambers street, New York, slipped a nickel into it and said: "Conductor, let me off at the Bridge."

I saw Smith open his cellar window to let out the dark.

I knew a man who caught such an awful cold last winter, that he has been afraid to wash himself ever since, for fear of freezing the water.

The teacher said she'd kiss the boy who was first at school in the morning. My boy sat on the fence all night.

Jones tied his horse to a telegraph pole; a man came along and untied him. Jones asked him what he did that for. He said: "Never tie your horse to a telegraph pole, for some one might start the machine, and your horse would be in St. Louis in less than ten minutes."

Flanagan used to go around to the undertaker's and look at the slate to find out who was dead, so he could take in the wakes and get his whiskey free.

He saw a sign "Stoves for sale, which will save half of the fuel." He went in and told the man he'd take two, so he would save all the fuel.

He went up to the Metropole and asked for a room; the clerk said, "all right;" told the boy to show him to the elevator. He said: "Here, I want a room with a bed in it." He thought the elevator was a room.

He saw a trolley car with a blue light when he came into the city, and he said: "This must be an awful sickly place, Jim; they have to carry the drug store around on wheels."
He came home tipsy the other night, threw the candle into bed and blew himself out.

He saw one of those sprinkling carts sprinkling water on the streets. He ran up behind and said: “Mister, the water is all leaking out of your cart.”

How long can a person live without brains?  
I don’t know; how old are you?

“Have you ever seen me with more than I could carry?” said a drinker to his friend. “No; but I’ve seen you when I thought you ought to go twice after the load.”

A snob meeting a fat farmer, said: “If all flesh is grass, you must be a load of hay.” The farmer replied: “I suspect I am, from the way the asses are nibbling at me.”

He hired out to a farmer to plough. When the horses started, he said: “Here, how can I hold this plough when there’s two horses pulling it away from me.”

We were out hunting once and he had to use a stone bottle for a pillow, so he stuffed it with straw to make it more comfortable.

We were on a car one day and he was carrying a big basket of provisions home. I told him to set it down on the platform. He said: “No, sir; the horses have enough to do to carry me.”

He went and got his life insured so he’d have something to live on after he was dead.

Mr. S. Brown saw a cane-seated chair for the first time. He said: “I wonder what chap took the trouble to find all those holes and put the straw around them?”
A man said he didn't believe vaccination would save life, for he had his child vaccinated. A week after that she fell out of a window and was killed.

A company of soldiers were marching over a bridge. The captain called out: "Fall in!" And Mike, like a fool, fell in the water and was nearly drowned.

I'd like to have your face for a pattern for comic valentines.

Did you tell Jones I was a mean fellow?
No sir; I always keep my thoughts to myself.
CROSS GAGS.

Nativity.

Interlocutor.—Tambo, what nationality are you?
Tambo.—That is what has been troubling me for a long while. My father was an Italian and my mother was a Turk; I was born on an English ship in Chinese waters under the French flag. Now you'll have to tell me what I am.

Int.—It's hard to tell what you are. Bones! what is your nationality.
Bones.—My rashernality.

Int.—No, no, your nationality; the place where you were born.
Bones.—Well, I'm crossed between the sun and the moon. I get mooney once in a while.

Int.—You don't seem to understand me, so let me explain. Wherever a person is born, that is his place of nativity. Now, we'll say a man is born in Boston; what is he?
Tambo.—He's a nativity.
Int.—No, no, he is a Bostonian. Now, a man born in Washington; what is he?
Bones.—He's a man that does washing.

Int.—Certainly not; he is a Washingtonian. Now, if a man is born in Michigan, he is a Michigander.
Tambo (laughs).—Did you ever hear of such a thing? Michigander. Then all the women must be Michigooses.

Bones.—Yes, and all the children are Michigoslings.
Tambo.—If an Irishman is born in a balloon, is he a sky-terrier?
Bones.—If a man is born in a butcher shop, is he a sausage?
Tambo.—If an Irishman is born in Ireland and comes over to this country, what is he?
Int.—He is an Irishman.
Tambo.—No, sir.
Int.—What is he?
Tambo.—He's a policeman the minute he lands.
Bones.—If a cat has kittens in an oven, are they biscuits?

An Instrument to Suit Your Occupation.

Interlocutor.—Gentlemen, are you aware that I have purchased a music store in Fifth Avenue, and I have all kinds of instruments?
Tambo.—Have you got any cats?
Int.—Why, a cat is not a musical instrument.
Tambo.—Why, certainly; a cat is a musical instrument.
Int.—How do you make that out?
Tambo.—Ain't a cat full of fiddle strings? That's what a cat's got (gut).
Int.—If you want to see a first-class music store, come around next Sunday and I'll take you through mine.
Bones.—Never mind; wait till some dark night and we'll go through it ourselves.
Int.—No, I'll take you through myself, and if you like it, I'll take you into partnership.
Tambo.—Never mind, we'll make more money working for you. If you had us in your store, do you know what we could do?
Int.—What could you do?
Tambo.—Why, we could select an instrument for each occupation that would come in.
Int.—What do you mean?
Tambo.—Well, if a blacksmith, a farmer, or a machinist should come in, we could select an instrument to suit their occupations.
Int.—Bones, what do you think of that?
Bones.—The gentleman is perfectly correct. You take
us to your chestnut store on Fifth Avenue, and we'll do just as he says.

Int.—Well, I doubt it very much, and I'll just try you. Now, what kind of instrument would you get for a letter-carrier?

Bones.—A bagpipe.

Int.—What kind of an instrument would you get for a physician?

Tambo.—Well, if you’re going fishing, you want to take a big horn with you.

Int.—No, I didn’t say fishing; I said physician; say an ear doctor or a nose doctor.

Tambo.—Well, for the ear doctor, I’d get a tympanum or a drum; a nose doctor, I’d get a guitar (catarrh) (imitates guitar).

Int.—What kind of instrument would you get for young lovers?

Bones.—Pshaw, I don’t want to tell you. (Pretends to be bashful.)

Int.—But you must tell me.

Bones.—Well, if I must, I must. Two young lovers ought to have a mouth harmonica. Say, there's a couple out there playing one now (points to audience).

Int.—What kind of instrument would you select for my wife?

Tambo.—Which one?

Int.—I’ve only got one.

Tambo.—For your wife?

Int.—Yes, for my wife.

Tambo.—Well, I’d select the accordeon; for when she opens her mouth, it can’t be shut without making a great deal of noise.

Int.—What kind of an instrument for firemen?

Bones.—Give them a house on fire. They can all play on that.

Int.—What kind of an instrument for a pawnbroker?

Tambo.—A Jew’s harp.

Int.—What kind of instrument for a politician?

Bones.—Any kind of a windy organ that goes with a crank.

Int.—What kind of an instrument would you select for an old maid?
Tambo.—She don’t want any instrument. All she wants is a beau (bow).

Int.—What kind of an instrument would you select for me?

Bones.—A lyre.

Tambo.—Oh, that ain’t right to harp on a man’s feelings that way and touch his tender chords. It makes no difference how much truth there is in it, you should not say that, anyhow.

Int.—Well, I should say not. I don’t like it.

Bones.—Don’t let us create a discord over it.

Int.—Well, what kind of an instrument would you select for me?

Tambo.—What kind of an instrument was that Bones said about a politician?

Int.—You don’t mean to say that I’m a windy organ, do you?

Tambo.—No, no; self-accusation needs no accuser.

Int.—Well, am I the crank?

Tambo.—I didn’t say you was, did I? Everybody knows you are one anyhow.

Int.—Well, am I the politician?

Tambo.—Oh, no; you ain’t got brains enough.

Int.—Well, am I the organ?

Tambo.—No, you’re not the organ, you’re only the monkey that goes with it!

Everybody is a Cake.

Interlocutor.—I went into a book-store to-day, and just as I was coming out I was grossly insulted. A boy had the audacity to call me a cake. I came to you for consolation, Tambo.

Tambo.—Well, that’s all you’ll get.

Int.—Well, I expect sympathy.

Tambo.—Well, you’ll find that in the dictionary.

Int.—Well, what is your opinion of that boy calling me a cake? Bones, don’t you think he had a great deal of cheek?

Bones.—Yes, I think he was perfectly right in calling you a cake. Everybody knows you are an old dough-head; why not a cake?
Int.—I want you to understand I'm not a dough-head, nor a cake either.
Tambo.—Yes, you are; you're all cakes (*points to those in the first part*). If it comes down to it, the whole audience are cakes; we're all cakes.
Int.—What! you mean to say we're all cakes?
Tambo.—Yes, everybody's a cake.
Int.—I have got a book here and there is a variety of cakes in it. I will have to try you on that question. Now what kind of a cake is a rich man?
Tambo.—A pound cake.
Int.—What kind of a cake is a farmer?
Tambo.—A farmer? Why, he's a hoe cake.
Int.—What kind of a cake is a dyspeptic man?
Tambo.—Dyspeptic man. Why, stomach ache (*stomach cake,*)
Int.—What kind of a cake is a chiropodist?
Tambo.—A chi—what—a—cuss.
Int.—No, no; a chiropodist.
Tambo.—Oh, a bicyclist; a fellow that goes around on two wheels (*imitates bicycle with feet*).
Int.—Don't you understand? I mean a gentleman who eases the toes.
Tambo.—Oh, you mean a bunion carpenter.
Int.—Yes. What kind of a cake is he?
Tambo.—Why, he's a corn cake.
Int.—What kind of a cake is a pretty milkmaid?
Tambo.—She's a cream cake.
Int.—What kind of a cake are you?
Tambo.—He's a puff cake (*pointing to one next to him*).
Int.—No, no, I mean you. What kind of a cake are you?
Tambo.—Me? Yes, I'm a cake, but don't want to tell.
Int.—Go on and tell us.
Tambo.—I shan't do it (*bashfully*).
Int.—Go on and tell us.
Tambo.—I'm an angel cake (*waits for the laugh*); ain't I girls?
Int.—What kind of a cake are you (*turning to Bones*)?
Bones.—I'm a short cake (*turning his pockets inside out*).
Int.—Now, gentlemen, I’ve got one for you; what kind of a cake is a nice man?
Tambo.—He’s no cake, he’s a pudding.
Int.—No, sir.
Tambo.—I give it up.
Int.—He is a raisin cake (reason cake.)
Tambo.—Is that the reason why you have been raisin’ all this noise round here?
Int.—What kind of a cake is a pretty girl?
Bones.—She’s a spice cake all covered with sugar.
Int.—What kind of a cake is a red-headed girl?
Tambo.—She’s a ginger cake.
Int.—What kind of a cake am I?
Tambo.—You? You’re an old sponge cake.

Lawyer, Doctor, and Sailor.

Interlocutor.—Gentlemen; I have a question to ask you this evening.
Endman.—What is it?
Int.—If you were going to choose some profession in life, which would you rather be—a lawyer, a doctor, or a sailor?
Bones.—I’d rather be a lawyer.
Tambo.—And I’d rather be a doctor.
Int.—Well, Bones, why would you rather be a lawyer?
Bones.—For various reasons. First—a lawyer resembles a carpenter.
Int.—How so?
Bones.—Well, he can box a prisoner, panel a jury, nail a case, chisel a witness, gouge a client, hammer the desk and spoke-shave the whole community.
Tambo.—I’d rather be a doctor. A lawyer is too much like a restless man in bed for me.
Int.—How is that, Tambo?
Tambo.—Well, when he gets tired lying on one side, he turns over and lies on the other.
Int.—Very good. Now, why would you rather be a doctor?
Tambo.—Well, you see I’m a very nervous man, and a doctor is always said to have patience (patients).
Int.—Well, gentlemen, I am an old salt, an old sea captain, and I must say I prefer the life of a sailor to that of any other. I have spent the greater part of my life and time on the water; have been captain of a ship for many years.

Tambo.—You a captain of a ship! Ha! ha!
Bones.—You a captain of a ship! Oh, no; you might have capped for several schooners, but no ship.
Int.—It is a fact, gentlemen; I am an old salt. Have you not heard me spoken of as an old salt?
Bones.—No, indeed. I've always heard you spoken of as too fresh.
Tambo.—Well, now, if you know so much about a sailor's life, just answer us a few questions. When the ropes are taut, who pays the schoolmaster?
Bones.—Yes; and when the boatswain pipes all hands, who furnishes the tobacco?
Tambo.—When you hold an ace and both bowers, and only have one to go, what do you want with a cold deck?
Bones.—Yes; and if it takes a ship an hour to lay to, how long will it take her to lay a dozen?
Tambo.—If your hatchway is closed down, where are you going to get your chickens from?
Bones.—If a ship loses her mainstay, how is she going to tell which way her course sets (corsets)?
Tambo.—How often does the captain ride in his gig?
Bones.—If the bulwarks are stove in, where are you going to get your beef?
Tambo.—Does the captain get his wine out of the port hole?
Bones.—If the captain snores, ought it to be called a head wind?
Tambo.—Say, did you ever spin the maintop?
Bones.—Do you know how to wind up the larboard watch?
Tambo.—Is there any way of making the cross-trees good-natured?
Bones.—Is the ship's crew drawn by a screw driver?
Tambo.—Is the yardarm over three feet in length?
Int.—Gentlemen, I have sailed the seas over and over again, but never in the whole course of my nautical career did I have such difficult questions propounded to
me; and, to use the vernacular of the day, gentlemen, I am stuck.

Endman.—Ha! ha! he's stuck.

Int.—Do you think I have taken leave of my senses, or that I am a natural-born fool? Answer me that.

Endman,—We can't; we're stuck.

Country Newspapers.

Interlocutor (to all on first part).—Gentlemen, did you hear of the accident that occurred yesterday?

Endman.—No, tell us about it.

Int.—I will read it to you. (Pulls out paper and begins to read.) Terrible catastrophe!

Tambo.—Cats after me!

Int.—No, no; catastrophe—accident.

Bones.—The idea; don't know what catastrophe means.

Int.—Do you know what it means?

Bones.—Well, it means catastrophe.

Int.—That will do, now; let me read this. (Begins to read.) "Terrible railroad accident! A train jumps the track and falls over an embankment seventy-five feet! Many persons killed and others badly cut and bruised. For cuts and bruises use St. Jacob's Oil."

Bones.—Oh, pshaw, that makes me tired.

Tambo.—It serves you right for taking that kind of a paper. Here's the paper you want to read. (Pulls out paper.)

Int.—What is the name of your paper?

Tambo.—The "Evening Tomcat," and it's a howler.

Int.—What are its politics?

Tambo.—No politics at all; cat sits on the fence. Let me read you an article: "Lost.—An overcoat belonging to a gentleman lined with red flannel."

Int.—I bet he is a warm-hearted fellow.

Bones.—I've got a paper and a good one, too.

Int.—What is the name of it?

Bones.—The Tri-Weekly.

Int.—What's that?
Bones.—Comes out one week and tries to come out the next! It’s a lively sheet, too. Here’s an article (Sam, here’s a warning): “John Dulittle is in the habit of stealing pigs and robbing chicken-coops. If he doesn’t stop it, we will publish John Dulittle’s name in this paper.”

Tambo.—Here’s one; testimonial to a doctor: “Dear Doctor.—I had a pain in my heart, and a pain in my liver, and a pain in my lights, but since I’ve used your electric belt, I have electric lights.”

Bones.—Listen to this: “A blind man named Taffy was run over and killed. He was injured in a similar manner about a year ago.” Sam, there’s a man died twice in the same place.

Tambo.—Here’s one, Sam, I think I will apply for: “A refined widow wants a gentleman for breakfast and dinner.” Sam, I wonder what she wants for supper?

Bones.—Here’s one that will make your hair stand; a furrier advertises. This is what he says: “Furs and sealskin sacks made up for ladies in fashionable styles out of their own skins.”

Tambo.—Here’s a short one: “Two sisters want washing.” I guess I’ll turn the hose on them.

Bones.—Say, are you fond of music? Here’s one for you if you want a piano: “For Sale.—A piano by a young lady with carved mahogany legs.”

Tambo.—Here’s a good job for a young man: “Wanted.—A young man with a wooden leg to mash potatoes in a restaurant.”

Bones.—Here’s another: “Country boarders wanted. Farm house, cheerful society, good shooting, new milk and fresh eggs laid daily by Mrs. O’Leary.”

Epitaphs.

Interlocutor.—Gentlemen, as I was going through the cemetery last week, I saw a couple of very humorous epitaphs. They read like this: “Sacred to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother.”

Tambo.—He was an affectionate brother.
Int.—And here was another one of them: "Tears cannot restore my wife; therefore, I weep."

Bones.—I know fellows who would weep harder than that if they thought she was coming back.

Int.—Don’t you think they were too humorous?

Bones.—Oh, they are very commonplace.

Int.—Why, I thought I had found a couple of gems.

Tambo.—A couple of gems? You mean a couple of jays. Why, they are very common. We’re in the business; we write all those.

Int.—All those what?

Tambo.—Why all those who bit you, Harry.

Int.—No, not who bit you, Harry; you mean an obituary.

Tambo.—I didn’t know if it was who beat your dog, but we write them.

Bones.—Yes, epitaffys.

Int.—No, not epitaffys; you mean epitaphs.

Bones.—Yes, with or without taffy. We always have a job lot of them on hand, and when anybody dies, all we have to do is to put our hand in the drawer and pull one out and fill in the name. Now, here is one for a starter!

Here lies Jane Kitchen, when her breath was spent,
She kicked up her heels and away she went.

Here lies the body of poor Charley Lang,
Who was killed by a tree that fell slap bang.

Here lies Miss Arabella Young,
Thank goodness, she’s got to hold her tongue.

Here lies the body of William Sowder,
Who burst while drinking a seidlitz powder.

Some have children and some have none,
But here lies the mother of twenty-one.

Here lies the body of Samuel Beasly,
Who lived hard but died easily.

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Chute.
Anno Domino eighteen hundred and forty,
She died from drinking too much coffee.
Here lies the body of W. W.
Who nevermore will trouble you.

Int.—I see you have epitaphs for all walks and professions in life.
Tambo and Bones.—Yes.
Int.—Now, Bones, give me an epitaph for a brewer.
Bones.—“A well-known brewer lieth here,
His ails are over, he’s on his bier.”
Int.—Very good. Now, Tambo, give me an epitaph for a young man going West to seek his fortune out among Indians.
Tambo.—“He was young and he was fair,
But the Indians raised his hair.”
Int.—Now, one for a fireman.
Tambo.—“Gone to his last fire.” (Points below.)
Int.—Now, one for a tramp, a worthless fellow.
Tambo.—“He’s resting still.”
Int.—Now, Bones, give me one for a lawyer.
Bones.—Oh, that’s a walkover.
“Here lies a lawyer and lie he will,
Although in his grave he’s lying still.”
Int.—Now, Tambo, give me one for a musical leader named Stephen.
Tambo.—“Stephen and time are now both even.
Stephen beat time, now time beats Stephen.”
Int.—Now, Bones, give one for a man scalded to death.
Bones.—“To our (e) steamed friend.”
Int.—Now, here is one I reserved for you both: Mr. Brown, a policeman, lost his two children—twins; now, compose something on that.
Bones.—We’ll do it together.
Tambo.—“Policeman Brown, of our town,
Was blessed with a pair of twins;
One had a cough which took it off,
From this abode of sins.”
Bones.—“And number one had scarcely gone,
(Into his coffin slid),
When number two went up the flue
To join the other kid.”
Man, the Rib of Man.

Endman.—I made a discovery to-day.
Interlocutor.—What was it?
End.—I found out I was good-looking?
Int.—How did you find that out?
End.—I was coming out of the depot, and there were about ten cabmen shouting to me, "Handsome! Handsome!"
Int.—Did you think they meant you?
End.—Why, certainly they meant me.
Int.—Nothing of the kind; they meant their carriages and coupés.
End.—That's the first time I was ever taken for a coupé. Sam, did you hear of that man and wife setting the house on fire and losing their lives?
Int.—No, I didn't hear about it.
End.—That funny; the papers gave a full account of it.
Int.—How did it happen?
End.—I'll tell you; all happened through an argument. You know how man and wife will quarrel once in a while; one word brings on another.
Int.—Yes, I understand; family jars.
End.—Jars? I should say there was jars: pickled jars, bottles, coal-scuttles—everything was flying in the air. This man's wife, her name was Carrie.
Int.—Her name was Carrie?
End.—Yes, and the subject that her husband was talking about was too deep for her, and she told him: "I don't understand this; you will have to throw more light on the subject," and he threw a lamp in her face and then Carrie seen (kerosene).
Int.—And Carrie seen, ah! that’s good.
End.—Well, if that ain’t good, I’ll give up.
Int.—There is something we have all got to give up.
End.—What’s that?
Int.—Life.
End.—Well, I’ll die before I give mine up.
Int.—People believe differently. You know history repeats itself.
End.—Yes, I think history is an old repeater myself.
Int.—Do you believe in the transmigration of souls.
End.—Who is he?
Int.—Why, I mean to say we lived before we were born.
End.—What is the matter with you? Are you crazy?
Int.—Don’t you understand transmigration? For instance, you might have been a sheep, a dog, or a hog.
End.—Who are you calling a sheep, a dog, or a hog.
Int.—Or, you might have been a carrot, a turnip, or a head of cabbage.
End.—What are you trying to do—make an Irish stew out of me?
Int.—Or I might have been a violet, lily, or a rose.
End.—Look at that old century plant—a violet, lily, or a rose! Get out, you bunch of sauerkraut! Do you mean to tell me you think we lived in something else before we were born?
Int.—Yes.
End.—Well, the recollection to me is very faint. It’s a hard matter to know where we came from?
Int.—Why, that’s easy. Man came from the earth.
End.—It is all very well where man came from, but the great question is: Where did woman come from?
Int.—Very simple. Woman came from the rib of man.
End.—You don’t mean that!
Int.—Yes; Adam was asleep in the Garden of Eden when a spirit appeared and extracted a rib from his side and made therefrom a woman.
End.—It must have tickled him to death to take that rib away; if anyone was to take a rib from me, I’d have the nightmare.
Int.—Woman was not taken from man’s feet to be beneath him; neither was she taken from the hair of his
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head to be above him; but she was taken from beneath
his strong arm to be protected by him. That is where
we get that saying, "Never raise your hand to a woman."
End.—No; take a baseball bat or a hammer. Well, that
is the funniest thing I ever heard—woman came from
the rib of man. (Laughs.)
Int.—What are you laughing at?
End.—I was just thinking.
Int.—Thinking of what?
End.—I was thinking I'd like to see the rib that fat
woman in Barnum's came from. It must have been an
elephant's rib.
Int.—I can see now you never read the Bible.
End.—You are mistaken. I'm well versed on the
Bible.
Int.—No, you have no faith in what you say. In fact,
you don't know what faith means.
End.—You can bet I know what faith means.
Int.—Well, what does faith mean?
End.—Faith—means—faith.
Int.—Well, explain it.
End.—Suppose you are out in the street and get
arrested. You are brought before the court, and the
jury disagree with you. Take a pistol and shoot the
jury, and if the judge don't like it shoot the judge.
Int.—Here, here, stop where you are. You know
nothing about faith. Shoot the jury; if the judge don't
like it shoot the judge. That is what he calls faith.
Listen, and I will try and enlighten you as to what faith
is.
End.—You can bet your life I know what faith is,
but you don't give me a chance to explain it.
Int.—Shut up and I will tell you what faith is.
End.—Well, don't forget I know what faith is. (This
is worked up ad libitum).
Int.—Remember one thing; that a still tongue makes
a wise head.
End.—Why don't you shut up, then?
Int.—Allow me to explain what faith is. For in-
stance, you and I are standing on the banks of a river,
and there is a steamer going by. I tell you there is an
alligator on board that steamer; now, you have faith
in me that there is an alligator on that ship. *Now,* do you know what faith is?

End.—Certainly I do.

Int.—What is it?

End.—Why, it's an alligator going down the river in a steamboat.

Int.—I can see you are not at all familiar with the Bible.

End.—Yes, I am; I have read both the Old and New Testaments.

Int.—Well, I will see. I am going to ask you a few Biblical questions. If you are posted on the good Book, answer me this: Why was it the children of Israel while crossing the great desert never got hungry?

End.—I don't know unless they lived on the sand which (sandwich) is there.

Int.—Ha! ha! but in order to have a good sandwich you must have ham, bread, and mustard.

End.—Well it says in the Bible that the sons of Ham were bread and mustard there.

Int.—Very good; but now I have you. Where did they get their salt and butter? Ha! ha! man, you are caught!

End.—Where did they get their salt and butter? *(Hesitates.)*

Int.—You heard what I said. Where did they get their salt and butter?

End.—It also says that Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, and all the family but her (butter) ran into the desert.

**Quit Chinning and get to Work at Once.**

Interlocutor.—I have a question to ask you.

Endman.—What is it?

Int.—Can you tell me why a woman is like a gold mine?

End.—No, that's too rich for my blood. Why is a woman like a gold mine?

Int.—Because we never know her true value.

End.—That's so; but there's many a poor man went bankrupt, prospecting.
Int.—Did you hear about the accident that occurred to my wife the other day?
End.—No, what was it?
Int.—We were walking down the main thoroughfare, and a gust of wind came and blew a lady's hat off and hit my wife's eye; and do you know it cost me $50.00 for doctor's fees.
End.—A similar accident occurred to my wife. She was going by a millinery store, and a hat struck her eye, and it cost me $75.00. (I'd rather have her go by (buy) the store than go buy the hat.) I'll never forget the last time I was in court.
Int.—Why so?
End.—I went in the court-house just as the judge was passing sentence on two Chinamen and an Irishman. One judge said to the Chinamen, "Stand up; what is your name?" One Chinaman said, "Ha Sin." The judge said, "Ha Sin, ten days." And he said to the next Chinaman, "What is your name?" The Chinaman said, "Ha Fun." The judge said, "Ha Fun, ten days." He said to the Irishman, "Stand up; what is your name?" The Irishman said, "Ha H--; give me ten days."
Int.—Well, that was equalizing things pretty well.
End.—Well, do you know everything will equalize itself eventually?
Int.—How so?
End.—The rich man will have ice in the summer and the poor man will have it in the winter.
Int.—Where are you going to spend next summer?
End.—The same old place—Isle of Man.
Int.—Oh, we had lots of fun there last summer. Do you remember how we would sit on the sand and listen to the moaning of the tide?
End.—The tides you used to get on would make anybody moan; but the jolliest part was floating the girls in the surf.
Int.—That was our favorite sport.
End.—And how you could jolly a girl into floating!
Int.—You were a pretty good jollier yourself.
End.—Yes, but I wasn't in it with you. Do you remember the reward we got for floating the girls?
Int.—Oh, yes; a kiss.
End.—If you were a good floater you were entitled to a kiss from the floatee.

Int.—Do you remember that stylish girl I floated? The one with the fancy bathing suit.

End.—Oh, yes; her dress was cut rather summerly (motion with hand as if cut low)—Parisian style.

Int.—That is what we call décolleté.

End.—Oh, it did not take all day to put that on. But she was the bravest girl I ever saw.

Int.—How do you know she was so brave?

End.—Well, she showed more backbone than anyone there.

Int.—She came from Troy. Do you know I claimed a kiss from her? This is what she said: “Owing to the scarcity of observers, I think it perfectly proper that we should allow ourselves to float away in ecstacies of osculations.”

End.—Well, someone ought to get a warm custard-pie and push it right up against her face. Now, I kissed a girl from Chicago and she didn’t say anything like that.

Int.—What did she say?

End.—“Quit chinning and get to work at once.”

The Storm Blew his Nose.

Endman.—I went in a restaurant this morning and asked the waiter if he had any fish. He said: “Yes.” I asked him if it was fresh. He said, “I don’t know; I’ve only been here four weeks.” Then I asked him if he had champagne on ice. Then I asked if he had any soup, and he said, “Yes.” I said: “Bring me some. He stepped in the middle of the dining-room and hallooed out at the top of his voice: “One bath for a bull-dog.” I thought he was pretty fresh. I took a trip to Scotland lately, and on the train I met a sportsman. He wanted to bet me the train would get into Glasgow one hour late.

Interlocutor.—Did you bet him?

End.—No. Then he said. “I’ll bet you we get in one hour ahead of time.”
Int.—Did you bet him then?
End.—No. Then he said: "I'll bet you you don't know what your name is."
Int.—Of course you bet him, then?
End.—No. We went on a little farther when the boiler of the engine burst. I went up half a mile in the air, and just as I was coming down, I met this betting-man coming up; just as I passed him he hallooed out to me: "I'll bet you $10.00 I'll go up higher than you did."

Int.—He was a thoroughbred.
End.—I should say he was. You know a man that will bet is a gambler, and a man who won't bet is no better. Why don't you come out and visit me?
Int.—You have too many storms out where you live.
End.—Storms! You should have been out to my house last week. Talk about storms! It blew everything to pieces; it blew the paint off the houses; it blew the knot-holes out of the fences; it blew the sun back four hours. You know High Street—how crooked it was?
Int.—Very well.
End.—Well, it blew it straight as an arrow. You know old Tom Brown, that had the catarrh so bad?
Int.—Oh, yes.
End.—It blew his nose; he hadn't blown it for fifteen years.

Two Dollars.

Endman.—Say that's nice singing. It puts me in mind of our little racket last night. You like wine, I must say, better than anyone I know of.
Interlocutor.—Yes, indeed; I never drank so much wine all my life.
End.—I know it. You like wine pretty well, but you don't like to pay for it.
Int.—Oh, that's all right. When you have got money it is mine, and when I have got money it is yours.
End.—Yes, you bet your life, when I've got money it is yours. Talking about that, I was robbed of $2.00 last night.
WITTY SAYINGS

Int.—You don’t mean to tell me you were robbed after I left you, do you?
End.—You don’t mean to tell me you don’t know anything about it, do you?
Int.—I surely do not.
End.—Well, when I started out with you last evening, I had just $6.25.
Int.—You did, for you counted it in my presence.
End.—Well, if you remember, when we parted, I showed you $2.00; all I had left of the $6.25.
Int.—You did for a fact; that was right—after our little argument about arithmetic; and the night was very dark, too.
End.—Yes; you bet your life you remember it was dark. Well, I bid you good-night and started for home with my $2.00. Now, nobody knew I had this money but you. Just as I got in front of my house under the willow tree, someone hit me on the head with a black-jack and robbed me.
Int.—Well! well! I am very sorry to hear it.
End.—You ain’t half as sorry as I am. I’m $2.00 sorry, I am.
Int.—Couldn’t you recognize the face?
End.—No; it was too dark to recognize faces.
Int.—Perhaps you recognized the voice?
End.—I’ll never forget that voice as long as I live.
Int.—Did it sound like a Frenchman’s voice?
End.—No, sir.
Int.—Like a Scotchman’s voice?
End.—No, sir.
Int.—Did it sound like a German’s voice?
End.—No sir. Oh no.
Int.—Well, whose voice did it sound like?
End.—It sounded a good deal like yours.
Int.—You don’t mean to say I robbed you, do you?
End.—Certainly not. I didn’t say you took it, did I?
Int.—No; but you insinuated as much.
End.—’Deed, I didn’t. All I said was, it sounded like your voice. Someone borrowed your voice and came and robbed me with it.
Int.—There! there! that is as much as to say that I took your money.
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End.—Rest quietly on that subject. I don’t say you took it. All I say is, I went to bed last night and woke up without a cent. You went to bed and woke up with $2.00.

Int.—I tell you once for all, I didn’t take your money, and I want to impress this fact upon your mind: I have got an easy way of making money.

End.—That’s pretty easy. That’s about as easy a way as I know of.

Int.—(Business of getting up angrily.)—This is infamous, sir, to vilify me in this manner, before all these gentlemen. The idea of you accusing me of stealing. Why, it is perfectly disgraceful. I have a great mind to give you the chastisement you deserve, sir. Henceforth we meet as strangers! Strangers! (Sits down.)

End. (through above speech appears frightened and humiliated).—Well; I’m sorry I said so much about it; I didn’t mean to say that you took the money. It’s only my eccentric way made you think that I said so. That’s all; I hope you’ll forgive me.

Int.—Well, Tambo, when you talk that way, why certainly I’ll forgive you; forgive you with all my heart. Now, we are friends as before.

End.—There’s no use crying over spilt milk. The money’s gone (business). If it does you any more good than it does me, keep it! keep it!

Int.—There you go again. I wish you would drop that.

End.—I wish you would drop it; I’d pick it up.

Int.—Pick what up?

End.—Why, the $2.00.

Int.—I reiterate once for all, I haven’t got your money.

End.—No; you spent it by this time.

Int. (angrily).—I don’t want any more of this.

End.—You can’t get any more; you’ve got all I have.

Int.—I won’t stand it, sir! (Rising angrily.)

End.—Well, sit down to it.

Int. (sitting down).—I have told you again and again I haven’t got your money. Have you lost your senses?

End.—No; I’ve lost $2.00.

Int.—I know you have.
End.—You bet your life you do.
Int.—This is outrageous.
End.—Oh, that's all right; I feel a little sore about that money, that's all. I'd rather give a man $50.00 than have him rob me of 10 cents. I know one thing: if I robbed a man, I wouldn't take it all; I'd leave enough for breakfast.
Int.—Well, shut up about it. It is your loss, not mine.
End.—It's my loss and your gain. Well, I won't speak about it again. I see I have said too much now. But if a man said as much as that to me, I'd give some of it back. I don't say that you took it, you know, I don't say you took it; but I saw you with a 75-cent pair of new shoes to-day, and 25 cents in your hand. That don't look right.
Int.—But that was my money.
End.—Well, it was mine last night. Say, what was that argument we had last night before I left you?
Int.—Oh, yes; we were arguing about arithmetic. You were saying that you were a better arithmetician than I.
End.—Yes; and I will stick to the same thing.
Int.—I'll just show your ignorance right here. I'll try you on a very simple question in arithmetic and I know you can't answer it.
End.—Oh, that's all right; we'll see about that.
Int.—Well, Tambo, I was out hunting once.
End.—I know it. You can hunt $2.00 quicker than anyone I know of.
Int.—That is enough of that; let me get at my question.
End.—Let me get at my $2.00; will you?
Int.—Well, as I was saying, I was out hunting after quail and snipe.
End.—That's it, same hunt. You quailed me and sniped the $2.00.
Int. (angrily).—Are you going to let me get at my question or not?
End.—Well, are you going to let me get at my money or not?
Int.—As I was skirmishing through the woods I came across where there were a number of cows.
End.—And one of them had $2.00.
Int.—No, sir; and on the fence sat five wild pigeons.
I up with my gun—
End.—And shot $2.00!
Int. (angrily).—No sir; I shot one of the pigeons. Now, how many were left?
End.—Oh! is that the question you want to ask me? Oh, go and ask some schoolboy. Five pigeons sitting on a fence; you shoot one (counting on fingers). Why, there's four left, of course.
Int.—You are wrong.
End.—Oh, five cows sitting on a pigeon. You shoot one fence—oh, there's four left.
Int.—No, sir; you are wrong. There are not four left.
End.—I'm right. Oh, four fences sitting on a pigeon; you get me all mixed up. I know there's four left, anyhow. (Business ad libitum.) I'll make a bet with you that I'm right.
Int.—What will you bet?
End.—I'll bet the $2.00 you owe me.
Int.—Here, now, don't try to get off it that way. I'll bet you a bottle of wine. (Both shake hands and come to the front.)
End.—It's a go. How much does the wine cost?
Int.—One dollar.
End.—Then if I lose, you'll owe me $1.00.
Int.—Oh, let up. Now, let me illustrate. (Business) I shoot one pigeon; that settles him. The other four fly away; consequently, there is only one left.
End. (sitting down, looking foolishly).—Why didn't you tell me they flew away? (Both are seated and Interlocutor calls next song; while interlude is being played, Endman appears in deep thought. Business of stopping music.) Here! hold on! a light strikes my benighted brain. That's right; they fly away, don't they?
Int.—Certainly. What do you mean by interrupting the song in this manner?
End.—Oh, that's all right. When they fly away they get up and leave, don't they?
Int.—Yes, sir; certainly.
End.—Well, ain't that four left?
The Hen Spoke.

Endman.—Hurrah for the red, white, and blue! Hurrah for the red, white and blue!
Interlocutor.—You feel patriotic this evening. Do you know the meaning of the red, white, and blue?
End.—Certainly, I do.
Int.—What is the meaning of the red?
End.—That is the blood of our dead patriots.
Int.—The white?
End.—That’s for the purity of our aldermen.
Int.—The blue?
End.—The blue, the blue.
Int.—Yes, the blue.
End.—Oh, the wind blew. Are you super—are you superstitious—are you supa—?
Int.—You mean superstitious.
End.—That’s it; I could say superstitious. Do you believe in horseshoes over doors, etc.?
Int.—Yes, I do. I have a horseshoe over my door, and I have had good luck ever since.
End.—So do I. I have a horseshoe over my door and the next day somebody stole my wife.
Int.—I suppose you took it down after that?
End.—No, sir; I nailed another one up.
Int.—What for?
End.—I want them to come after my mother-in-law. Say, do you know Jerry Murphy?
Int.—Very well.
End.—Did you know he was the first gladiator that landed in this country?
Int.—No; I was not aware of it.
End.—There is quite a story connected with it. You see, when Jerry first came to Honolulu—.
Int.—You mean Ireland.
End.—Yes, Ireland; he started for this country with his wife on a raft.
Int.—You mean a ship, not a raft.
End.—That’s so, a ship; and they had been out on this canal two or three days.
Int.—No, no; ocean; not canal.
End.—Well, ocean; Jerry and his wife got a-quarreling and in the tussle he threw his wife overboard, and just the minute she fell in the water she was nabbed—devoured.

Int.—Devoured! By what?
End.—By a big shark; he grabbed and swallowed her. Jerry jumped up and said: “I am glad he ate her—I’m gladiator.” I am in the chicken business now, and when I stepped in the hen-coop this morning one of the hens spoke.

Int.—What did it say?
End.—“There’s the fellow we are laying for.” I tell you, a person sees many funny sights in this world, but the funniest sight is to go way in the country and see a rooster step up to a hen and ask her to dance when she is laying on her nest, and the hen turns around to the rooster, and says: “You will have to excuse me, I am engaged for this set.”

Kicked Back on Five Hundred Rabbits.

Endman.—Are you fond of hunting and fishing?
Interlocutor.—Oh, yes; and I have had some remarkable experiences while out hunting. Let me relate to you what occurred to me last summer; I started out with dog and gun, and hunted till I got tired; I came to a large, shady tree near a river. I was very warm, so I thought I would lay down and take a nap. I did so, and slept probably an hour; when I awoke, what do you think I saw?
End.—The tree
Int.—Yes; but what do you think I saw on the limb of the tree?
End.—Snakes.
Int.—No! no! 
End.—Oh, you hadn’t been drinking that day?
Int.—Oh; this was another trip. I saw on that tree five hundred partridges roosting on a large limb; I up with my gun——
End.—And killed the partridges?
Int.—No; but I fired at the limb of the tree that the partridges were roosting on; I split the limb and the
partridges' feet fell in the crevice of the limb; the limb closed in on them and I captured them all alive. I sawed the limb of the tree off and brought them all home alive, and with but one shot wasted.

End.—Five hundred of them? And only one shot wasted?

Int.—Yes; the whole five hundred of them. Now, let me tell you what happened the next day.

End.—That will do; I got enough. Let me relate a little incident that happened to me while out hunting last summer; I started out with dog and gun, and it was a very warm day, too. I never hunted so much in one day as I did that one. The hunting was great. After I got very tired hunting, I hunted again. The hunting was so good it was a case of nothing but hunt; couldn't find anything but hunt. When the hunting was played out, I hunted again. But not for game this time, but for a nice shady place near some river; and at last I succeeded and found a large shady tree near a nice big river, and the shade was so inviting I thought I would take a nap and rest myself. I slept probably one hour or two, and all of a sudden I awoke, and what do you think I saw?

Int. (laughingly).—Why, partridges on a tree.

End.—Oh, no; you killed all the partridges. I saw a deer, and I up with my gun at once——

Int.—And shot the deer?

End.—No; just as I was going to shoot, I looked down the river and saw five hundred wild ducks. Now, I didn't want the ducks, I wanted the deer; so I up with my gun——

Int.—And brought down the deer?

End.—No; just as I was going to shoot, I looked up the river and saw seven hundred wild geese. Now, I didn't want the geese nor the ducks, but I wanted the deer; so I up with my gun——

Int.—And killed the deer?

End.—No; just as I was going to shoot, I looked behind me and saw five hundred rabbits. I didn't want the rabbits, the geese, nor the ducks, but I was dead after the deer; so I up with the gun——

Int.—And this time shot the deer?
End.—No; just as I was going to shoot a big bora
conductor snake stood right up in front of me with its
mouth wide open.

Int.—You mean a boa constrictor.

End.—He wasn't very strict. He stuck his tongue out
and wanted to kiss me. He scared me so, I fired the
gun at once and the gun exploded. The ball in the gun
went straight ahead and killed the deer; the barrel
of the gun flew down the river and killed the ducks; the
stock of the gun flew up the river and killed all the
goose; the ramrod went down the snake's throat and
choked him to death, and the gun kicked me back on theive hundred rabbits and I killed everyone of them!

Your Conscience.

Endman.—What do you think happened to me the
other day, Sam?

Interlocutor.—I am sure I can't imagine, Tambo, what
was it?

End.—Why, my father and mother went on a sea
voyage, and I went down to the ship to see them off.
When we got down there I thought I'd buy them some
books and papers to pass the time away while on the
voyage. I drew forth my well-filled pocket-book to in­
vest. When what do you think, a cyclone sprung up and
wiff! overboard went the pocket-book. I looked over
into the briny deep, but it was gone.

Int.—Well, that was too bad. Was there much money
in it?

End.—Yes; there was one hundred dollars in bills, and
a hundred shares of railway shares. I wouldn't have lost
it for anything. Why, it was all I had in the world.
But here comes the strange part of my story: A few
days after that I was out fishing and I caught a sher.

Int.—You mean a shark.

End.—Yes, sir; a big, long shark. I pulled out my
jack-knife and ripped open that shark, and what do
you think? There was my pocket-book inside of the
shark with my hundred dollars in money and my five
hundred shares of railway shares.
Int.—Here! here! you said before that you had but one hundred shares of railway stock.
End.—That's all right. The stock was watered. Say, Sam, you knew Mr. Carr, didn't you?
Int.—Why, of course I knew him.
End.—Well, he took cramps the other evening, and went to the drug-store to get some medicine. It was quite late and the druggist had gone to bed. Mr. Carr rung the night-bell and the druggist stuck his head out and said: "Who's there?" He said, "Mr. Carr." The druggist said, "What?" And Carr said, "Mr. Carr." The druggist said, "You missed the car? Well, you fool, wait for the next one." I suppose you heard of his son being arrested for petty larceny. He stole two dollars from Ike Clements.
Int.—Is that so?
End.—Yes; and he ought to be arrested for stealing such a petty amount. Why didn't he steal something big. The man who steals 50 cents is a thief, a common, everyday thief; but a man that steals ten thousand dollars—
Int.—Well, he is a thief, too, is he not?
End.—No, sir; he's a defaulter and the man that steals fifty thousand—
Int.—Well!
End.—Oh, that's simply a shortage; but if a man steals two hundred thousand—
Int.—Well, what is he?
End.—Him? Oh, he's a Napoleon of Finance! But the man that steals a million! he's a dandy! I wish I was a dandy! quick!
Int.—Oh, no, you don't! I tell you, Tambo, when a man does anything wrong he feels something here. (Puts his hand on his heart.)
End.—I know! Policeman!! Quick!!
Int.—No! No! Your conscience! The silent monitor in your heart, which tells you when a thing is wrong or right. You feel it here. ( Strikes heart.)
End.—Oh, yes! Is that your conscience?
Int.—Yes, sir! And if you do wrong, it gnaws at your heart until you make reparation.
End.—Well, I've felt that feeling myself. It was only the other day I needed a pair of shoes very bad;
cold weather coming on, you know; and as I was walking down the street, I came in front of a store where there was lots of nice shoes on the shelves. They were on the shelf and still they were on the move.

Int.—How was that, Tambo?
End.—Why they were Waukenphast (walking fast) shoes. Well, Sam, I saw a nice pair of shoes on the shelf by the door marked "$3.50 a pair;" I said, "Ah there! my size!" The proprietor he was away back in the rear part of the store and had his back turned; I just glided up gently to that shelf, and put out my hand, and was going to grab, to swipe, to purloin those shoes. When I had a feeling here. (Puts hand over heart.)

Int. (eagerly).—That was it! That was your conscience, and you did not take the shoes?
End.—No, but I reached upon another shelf higher, and took a pair.

Crossed in Love.

Interlocutor.—How are you getting along in your love affairs, Bones?
Endman.—Oh, I'm courting two girls now, Jane and Tilly.
Int.—Why don't you marry Jane?
End.—Jane? Oh, she's too plain.
Int.—Well, why don't you marry Tilly then?
End.—Tilly? Oh, she's too silly.
Int.—Well, which one are you going to marry?
End.—Well, I promised to marry them both.
Int.—Now, if you do not marry one of them, you will be sued for breach of promise.
End.—Yes; and I'm afraid if I don't marry them both, I will have a pair of breeches.
Int.—What do you intend doing about it?
End.—I wrote home to my mamma about it; I wrote it in poetry, and put it all in four lines.
Int.—You couldn't write so much in four lines; that would be impossible.
End.—I did; I'm the writer, and I ought to know what I rit; I'm the ritter.
Int.—Well, tell us what you wrote.
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End.—This is what I rit:—
"Jane is passionately fond of flowers,
While Tilly is passionately fond of pickles.
Jane went out to pick a rose,
And the other goes into a store and purchases a
big jar of pickles."

Everybody (laughs).—Oh! Ah! Oh! Oh! Ha! Ha!
Int.—That is the worst poetry I ever heard.
End.—That last line was a little crowded, wasn't it?
I guess a trolley fell on that last line and stretched it out
a little. Too much rubber about that line, and it
stretched too far. Let me see. (Thinks.) What was
that I wrote? I know it was something about pickles.
Oh, yes this is it:—
"Jane is passionately fond of flowers,
While Tilly is passionately fond of pickles;
So one goes to pick a rose,
And the other goes to pick-er-lily."

Oh, pick-er-lily! Ain't that nice? Well, my mother
wrote back to me in poetry.
Int.—Is your mother a poetess?
End.—Oh, all of us are poetists. Why, all the neigh­
ighbors say our whole family are crazed or cracked. My
mother she answered me in poetry. She commenced it
a kind of easy, and then spread it on thick. This is
what she said:—
"My Dear Son—
"Jane is passionately fond of flowers,
Tilly is passionately fond of pickles;
I say, my boy, pickles for your choice,
For flowers in winter are seldom found,
While pickles is beautiful all the year 'round."

Int.—Pickles is beautiful! That is nice grammar.
End.—That is a little tough grammar. I wrote back
to my mother and told her never to say "is beautiful,"
but to always say "am beautiful." You know, Sam, a
person should put an adverb where a semicolon will take
the place of an interrogation point. But, say didn't I
see you day before yesterday on the street?
Int.—Oh, yes; I was out promenading Central Park.
End.—Prom-eh-nah-ding! Oh, say, take that chewing­
gum out of your mouth, if it isn't too much trouble. Oh,
promenahding Central Park. I saw you on top of a load of hay, if you call that promenahding.

Int.—No, no; I mean the time I was strolling along the main thoroughfare with my girl. I am going to marry her.

End.—You don't mean Miss Jennie Go Flip, Go Flap, Go Walloper, Osult, do you?

Int.—The same person. She's from Harlem.

End.—Well, you old dilapidated, sneaky, love-maker. Why, you don't mean to tell me you are going to blight that young girl's life by marrying her? Why, you old moth-eaten Peruvian! You antediluvian! You old mugwump. Why, that girl is only sixteen years old.

Int.—I know it, and I am only twenty-seven.

End.—Twenty-seven hundred! Why, you're old enough to eat hay. You can't tell me you're only twenty-seven; I know better than that.

Int.—How do you know?

End.—I can tell by your teeth.

Int.—Here! here! that is the way they tell a horse's age.

End.—You can tell a jackass the same way.

Eating and Drinking Tubes.

Endman.—Sam, why didn't you come down to the party the other night? You had an invitation, didn't you?

Interlocutor.—Yes; but I had such a bad cold I couldn't go anywhere.

End.—Oh, you ought to have been there; we had lots of fun. I was waiter there for awhile.

Int.—Waiting for what?

End.—Waiting outside to get in. Well, I managed to get in after awhile. Well, sir; there was all kinds of people down there. I got in just in time for supper; I sat at the table and the waiter came around to take the different orders. The young man opposite me said he'd have some apple fritters and the young lady next to him said she'd have some roast turkey, and the young lady next to me said she'd have eggs dropped on toast. The waiter told her
she'd have to get some old hen to drop them; he couldn't do it. I told him to bring me some pound cake; he did (twenty-four to the pound). They had queer sponge cake, Sam; a loaf of bread with a sponge tied to it. Well, while I was watching them all eat, I was wondering what it is that separates the food from the drink when you are eating and drinking at the same time.

Int.—I am well versed in Materia Medica, and have studied some under a disciple of Escolapius; but my pharmaceutical experience has not brought me this question before. However, I will proceed to elucidate you on the aforesaid question.

End.—What's the matter, Sam? I was talking about eating and drinking.

Int.—I know it. You wish to know what separates the food from the drink during the process of mastication. Well, Bones, you must know that in the throat there are two tubes.

End.—Two tubs? What kind of tubs? Wash tubs?

Int.—No! no; two ducts.

End.—Oh, two ducks! Canvas-backs or prairie flippers?

Int.—You don't seem to understand. Two pipes.

End.—What are they, meerschaum or Henry Clay?

Int. (impatiently).—No! no! Two tubes, pipes; one for conveying solids, and the other for conveying liquids. By a very wise proviso of nature there is a place between these tubes. (Illustrates the tubes with first two fingers and the clapper with hand between the two fingers.) A little clapper, which, when you are eating, falls over and closes the drinking tube (illustrates). and when you are drinking, it falls over and closes the eating tube, and vice versa. (Illustrates the above with hand on first and second finger alternately, like a valve.)

End.—Oh, there is where he gets the worst of it. Now, let me understand this thing. There are two pipes (holding up two first fingers and designating them), and the little clapper (putting hand between the two fingers). There's the eating saloon (pointing to first finger), and there's the lager-beer saloon (points to second finger). Now, when you're eating, the little clapper closes the lager-beer saloon, so (drops hand over second finger)
and when you're drinking the little clapper falls over
(leis hand drop over second finger) and closes the dining-room? (Laughs heartily.)

Int.—Here! What are you laughing at?
End.—I was just thinking what a lively time that little clapper must have when you are eating lemon-squash—flippity-flop! flippity-flop! (Illustrates motions with his hand.)

Unlucky Man.

Endman.—Say, Sam, I think I'm the most unlucky man in the world. Everything I undertake seems to go against me, and all on account of bad luck. I'm the unluckiest man ever shaved. When I was born luck must have been off on a picnic, because I didn't fall in for a thimbleful. When I first started out in life on my own hook, I wanted to soar up into first-class society, and be a swell; but I couldn't swell worth a cent. You see, I wanted some rich fellow like Rothschild to divide his property with me; but they weren't dividing then as much as they were formerly; so I did the next best thing to gain an honest, respectable living; I got married. I thought the old woman had sacks of money.

Interlocutor.—Did she have plenty of money?
End.—No; that's where I tumbled and broke my neck. The old woman had lots of temper, but no money. Seeing this was a failure, I struck on a new lay.

Int.—Well, what was that, Bones?
End.—Why, I joined a lot of benevolent societies, and here's where luck struck me cold. I joined ten societies, and everyone was to pay $10.00 a week if I got sick; since that time I've been the healthiest man in town. Why, I've walked twenty miles to catch a good dose of yellow fever, but my luck is first-class bad. I couldn't scoop in anything. I've laid 'round a small-pox hospital for over two weeks, trying my best to get the small-pox, and then came away as well and hearty as ever I was. Why, when every man, woman, and child in the town were shaking with chills and fever, I couldn't get up a ghost of a shake, and there I was paying dues to all those ten societies, and couldn't get a cent back. Other
people, who were not half as smart as I was, would be laid up sick half the time, and getting plenty of money.

Int.—Well, that is bad luck, surely. (Laughs.)

End.—I've been looking for a first-class accident. I want to get blowed up, struck by lightning, or smashed by a trip-hammer, but it ain't no go; luck's dead against me. Why, one day I heard that a dynamite factory had started, and everybody said it was liable to bust any moment. I shook hands with the old woman, and said: "Tilda, you get ready for a birthday party; I'm going up to this foundry, and if I don't get the worst kind of a blow-out, I'll find out why. Now, look at the luck! Just twenty minutes before I got there the factory busted; fifty men killed and nineteen wounded, and there I stood without a scratch on me. I lingered around trying to find a stray can of dynamite, so that I could get up a private explosion on my own hook, but I couldn't find any; and that ain't the worst, either.

Int.—Why, what happened then?

End.—I missed the train that was to take me home, and that same train met with the worst accident ever was heard of: men, women, and children were all blown to pieces; and there I was standing at the station with no more chance to get hurt than a ghost. When I got home my wife was so mad because I didn't get hurt, that she broke the saucepan over my head.

Int.—Well, at last you got hurt. What did the societies do?

End.—Do! Why, they wouldn't do anything. They said they weren't paying anything for that kind of sickness. After that I left all the societies. I wouldn't have anything more to do with them, and three days after that I fell off a three-story house and broke both of my arms and legs, and was sick for six months and nearly starved to death.

Stole the Other Horse.

Interlocutor.—Say, Tambo, where have you been for the past three months?

Endman.—I've been out West. Out in Indian Tritty.
Int.—You mean Territory. How is the climate out there?
End.—They have two seasons out there: the wet and the dry season.
Int.—What do they do in the dry season?
End.—They drink whiskey, and in the wet season everybody goes a-fishing. In the wet season there is so much rain that everything is under water; potatoes! oh, you ought to see them fish for potatoes.
Int.—Fishing for potatoes? What kind of bait do they use?
End.—Irishmen! Oh, I tell you it's a great country out there. They travel faster out there than any place I know of. Why, I rode so fast out there on a railroad train that the telegraph poles looked like the teeth in a fine tooth comb. We went so fast that the man in the first seat of the car came near losing his hair, if it hadn't been for the man in the seat back of him; he held it on.
Int.—Well, who held that man's hair on?
End.—Why, the man in the seat back of him.
Int.—And who held his hair on?
End.—Why, the man back of him.
Int.—Now, I think I have got you, Tambo. Who held the last man's hair on?
End. (tries to evade answer).—Sam! You never see a train go so fast—
Int.—Here, that will do! Answer my question; who held the last man's hair on?
End.—Oh, Sam! we went so fast that the trees all looked like toothpicks—
Int.—Never mind that. Who held the last man's hair on?
End. (looks puzzled, then brightens up).—Oh, he was baldheaded and didn't have any hair. But honestly, Sam, we rode so fast I couldn't see the board fences.
Int.—For goodness' sake! Where were you?
End.—Locked up in a box-car. But say, Sam, talking about traveling, just as I was coming home, I met S—Hutchinson; you know him, don't you?
Int.—S—Hutchinson that owns those trotters? Yes, indeed; I know him well.
End.—He paid twenty thousand dollars apiece for those trotters. Well, what do you think? One of those horses was stolen from him the other day.

Int.—You don’t say so! Why don’t he get a detective on the thief’s track?

End.—He don’t believe in detectives or policemen; he believes entirely in faith. He called the family together, and they all prayed and prayed to have the thief sent back.

Int.—Did they get the thief back?
End.—Yes, sir, they got him back.

Int.—What did they do with him?
End.—He stole the other horse.

Playing the Fool.

Endman.—Say, Sam, are you a married man or a dog?

Interlocutor.—The idea! Do I look like a dog? I am sorry to say Tambo, that I am a single man.

End.—I married a miss last week.

Int.—You did! Miss who?

End.—Misfortune. I would have married another young girl, but she wouldn’t have me. If you were going to get married, Sam, who would you like your wife to resemble?

Int.—If I were to be married? Let me see; well, I would like my wife to resemble a town clock.

End.—Why so?

Int.—Because then she would speak but once an hour.

End.—Well, I wouldn’t want my wife to resemble no town clock, for when she did speak, the whole town would hear her. Then again, she’d be going around on tick all the time; I couldn’t stand that.

Int.—That is so. Well, I guess I would like my wife to resemble an echo.

End.—Why so?

Int.—Why, then she would speak only when spoken to.

End.—No, sir. I wouldn’t want my wife to resemble no echo.

Int.—Why not, Bones?

End.—Why, she’d always have the last word, and that would break me up.
Int.—Then I would like my wife to resemble a snail.
End.—A snail! What for?
Int.—So she would always stay at home in her own house.
End.—Well, that’s good; but I wouldn’t want my wife to resemble no snail.
Int.—What is your reason?
End.—Because, when she did go, she’d take the house with her, and away goes all my real estate.
Int.—Well, Bones, what would you like your wife to resemble?
End.—I’d like her to resemble a stick of candy.
Int.—And why a stick of candy?
End.—Why, then if I didn’t like her, I could lick her.
Int.—Well, Bones, when I marry I intend to teach her the piano, for I am the finest piano player in the country. I can play a piano in any style. Why, I know so much about music that I can tell what you are playing by simply seeing you move your fingers.
End. (imitating playing).—Now what am I playing?
Int.—“The Harp that once thro’ Tara’s Halls.”
End.—That’s so; but you can’t tell what I’m playing now.
Int.—Oh, that’s easy enough. It is “Wait till the Moonlight Falls on the Waters.”
End.—That’s right. Now, what am I playing.
Int.—“Under the Willow She’s Sleeping.”
End.—I think I know how you do that. You play something and see if I can’t tell what you are playing.
Int. (imitates playing).—Now what am I doing?
End.—Picking fleas off a dog.
Int.—No! no! What am I playing?
End.—Oh, that’s easy. “The Harp that Tore Pat’s Overalls.”
Int.—Nonsense, sir! You mean “The Harp that once thro’ Tara’s Halls.” You heard me say that. Now, what am I playing?
End.—“Wait till the Water Falls on the Moon.”
Int.—Now, I’ve got you, Bones. (Plays quickly in a grotesque manner.) What am I playing now?
End.—You’re playing the fool.
Endman.—Say, Sam, can you tell why a young lady
looking for a husband at the present day is like a man going fishing?

Interlocutor.—No, sir. Enlighten me, please.
End.—Well, when a man goes fishing, he's got to have a rod; he's got to have a hook and bait; and, when his fish is caught, he's got to have a frying-pan to cook them in. Same thing with a young lady, Sam. Her face is the rod, her eyes is the hook, her smile is her bait, and, when her fish is caught, matrimony is the frying-pan in which the poor fellow is cooked.

Int.—How about the mother-in-law?
End.—She is the cook, and stands by and see's that you are done brown on both sides.

Int.—How are you?
End.—Pretty well scorched up.

Int.—That is the way of all transgressors. But say, Bones, talking about animals, can you tell me which is the most grateful animal in the world?
End.—The hen.
Int.—Nonsense, sir. (Laughs.) The hen? The dog is the most grateful animal.
End.—No, sir; it's the hen, and I'll prove it to you.

In Harlem there lived a great preacher,
Who said the hen was the most grateful creature;
And, for him saying that,
She laid an egg in his hat,
And this did the Sunday School teacher.

Say, Sam, when I come to look at you, you fat rascal, I honestly think you are the finest looking man I ever saw.

Int.—Thank you, Tambo; I am sorry I cannot return the compliment.
End.—You could, if you told as big a lie as I did.
Int.—I suppose you think you are smart, don't you!
End.—No, sir; I ain't half as smart as the man that's twice as smart as I am. But, leaving all joking aside, I'd like to make a wager with you that you can't answer "yes" to three questions I ask you.
Int.—Certainly, I can. That is easy enough.
End.—Well, I’ll bet you a bottle of wine that you can’t.

Int.—It is a go. Gentlemen, you understand; it is a bottle of wine that I cannot say “yes” to three questions that he asks me.

End.—That’s right. Now, here goes; were you ever in jail?

Int. (hesitates).—Yes.

End.—You were! Well I didn’t know I was in that kind of company.

Int.—Never mind! that is one for me, anyhow.

End.—Well, suppose you should meet a poor, little, emaciated, half-starved boy in the street, and some good, kind person had just given him a piece of bread. With the fierce eagerness of hunger he is about to devour this bread. Could you have the heart to snatch that bread from him, and see him die at your feet of starvation?

Int. (hesitates; at last very reluctantly says).—Yes.

End.—Oh, you double-dyed villain! You old hard-shell human vampire! Where do you expect to die when you go to? Oh, you flint-hearted monster!

Int.—Here! here! Never mind that. That’s two for me. You have only got one more chance.

End.—Well say, if I lose this bet, will you pay for the wine?

Int. (quickly).—No.

End. (all laugh).—Ha! ha! You’ve lost.

How My Dog Died.

Endman.—That is what I call a nice song, but there isn’t love enough in it to suit me. I like a song where there is lots of love:

“Oh, love! oh, love! hovering o’er us like a turtle dove; Soaring in the azure above, oh, love! oh, love!”

(Turns around quick and hugs the person next to him.)

Interlocutor.—It is easily to be seen that Cupid has aimed his arrow at you, and I can see it written plainly across your forehead: “L-O-V-E.”
End.—And I can plainly see it written across your forehead: “L-O-A-F-E-R.” But, honestly speaking, there is nothing like true love, especially when you are married and ill; your wife comes in and puts her arm round your neck, cheers you up with loving words as she looks into your eyes and you look into hers, and she says she would die for you and you say you would die for her, and you both start a dye-house. Oh, I tell you there is nothing like loving and being loved in return; and a woman’s love is all very well. Here is what I call true, deep, and pure affection. You take a dog. I tell you, there is more human nature in a dog’s tail than there is in the majority of the people. I tell you, when a dog comes upon your lap, puts his paws around your neck, and looks affectionately into your eyes, you look up into his; that dog don’t want no sealskin sack or silk dress.

Int.—When are you going to get married, Tambo?
End.—Not until sealskin sacks go out of fashion.
Int.—By the way, Tambo, I was going to ask you what has become of your dog.
End.—Oh, you mean Towser?
Int.—I like that dog because he is so intelligent.
End.—And he likes you because you are not.
Int.—But there is one thing I don’t like about that dog. When I go by your house at night he always barks at me.
End.—You shouldn’t take notice of that. He always barks at the moon when it’s full.
Int.—What has become of him? I have not seen him lately.
End.—Oh! I forgot to tell you Towser is dead. I’ve got him down in the house.
Int.—How can you keep a dead dog in the house?
End.—I’ve got him stuffed.
Int.—Got him what?
End.—Got him taxidermatised.
Int.—What is that?
End.—I wouldn’t repeat that if you’d give me half a dollar.
Int.—How did he die?
End.—I don’t know, Sam. The neighbors came in
and told me that my pug was gone. I felt for my pug (feeling nose), and it was there.

Int.—What made him die?

End.—I don't know. All I know is, he swelled up and passed in his chips; he kuffummuxed and died.

Int.—Well, what was the cause of his death?

End.—No cause whatever; the dog had a good home; he had plenty to eat and drink, a good place to sleep; all the rest of the dogs in the neighborhood seemed to think pretty well of him.

Int.—You stupid fellow (angrily). How did he come to meet death?

End.—He didn't come to meet death at all. Death overtook him. Do you suppose the dog was a fool to come and meet death? I tell you he died, and stayed died.

Int.—No! No! No! How did he come to die?

End.—He didn't come to die, at all; if he had I might have saved him.

Int.—For goodness' sake, will you understand me? What was the cause of his demise?

End. (looks astonished).—That was it! That was it! He closed them eyes and I couldn't get them open again.

Int.—What is the matter with you? Are you trying to make a fool of me?

End.—What is the matter with you? Are you trying to make a fool of me? The dog is dead, ain't he?

Int.—Yes.

End.—'Tain't your dog, is it?

Int.—No.

End.—Well, you attend to your own family, I couldn't help the dog dying, could I?

Int.—Certainly not.

End. (sneeringly).—What right have you got to ask me a lot of foolish questions! How did he die? How did he come to meet death? What was the cause of his demise? I couldn't help the dog dying, could I?

Int.—No.

End.—It was my dog, wasn't it?

Int.—Yes.

End.—I had a right to get him stuffed, didn't I?
Int.—Yes.
End.—Well, if I don't like him, I can go home and kick the stuffing out of him.

There is a Doubt.

Endman.—This is a great age of invention, and I tell you they've got things down pretty fine. It is astonishing to see the ingenuity of man. Why they've got things down so fine now that they can light a match on the water.

Interlocutor.—Hold on, I don't believe that. The idea of lighting a match on the water. I draw the line there.
End.—Well I draw the match there.
Int.—Explain yourself.
End.—I will. I was coming from Jersey City to New York on the ferry boat; a gentleman had a cigar in his mouth, and a match in his hand. He went to strike the match, it slipped out of his hand and fell overboard, and it lit on the water.
Int.—Oh, that's a catch.
End.—No, it ain't; it's a match.
Int.—What were you doing in Jersey City?
End.—I went to a wooden wedding; my sister married a blockhead. Did you ever go to a wedding?
Int.—Oh, yes; several times.
End.—Yes; every one gets introduced to one another. There was a lot a queer names at this wedding. There was a party there by the name of Webb, and a party by the name of Cobb. They were introduced thus: Miss Webb, Mr. Cobb; Mr. Cobb, Miss Webb; Webb, Cobb Webb. I tell you Cobb had his eyes on Webb the minute he spied her (spider). Then we were invited to supper, and they had everything the market could afford. They had some fried anercous—
Int.—Fried anercous! I never heard of such a dish.
End.—Didn't ever eat any fried anercous?
Int.—No, I don't think I ever did. What is fried anercous?
End.—Codfish ball with a feather stuck in it. There
was an Irishman at the wedding, and some one asked him if he saw many lobsters in Ireland; and the Irishman said, "yes, thousands of them, swimming up and down the river. Why, the river is red with them!" A Scotchman commenced to laugh at the Irishman, and he told him lobsters were green before they were cooked. The Irishman got mad at the Scotchman, and told him it was no bigger lie than he told. One word brought on another and they had a fight Talk about lively times in a dining-room. Oh! oh! I never saw such a lively wedding supper in all my life. The Irishman grabbed a knife, and cut the Scotchman's ear off, and put it in his pocket. The Irishman was arrested and brought before the magistrate, and he was discharged.

Int.—How is that?
End.—He told the Irishman to go home and keep the piece (peace).

Int.—I don't believe that fish story. The idea of a judge discharging a man after cutting anybody in such a manner.

End.—Ah, you don't believe me, do you? Now, why don't you believe it?

Int.—Because I did not see it, and my friends did not see it; so that there is no certainty, and where there is no certainty, there is a doubt.

End.—Oh, you are one of those fellows who don't believe unless they see. You think you're smart don't you? Do you believe there is such a place as France?

Int.—I do, certainly.

End.—How do you know? You never was there and you never saw it?

Int.—No, but I have friends who have seen it; and the cable across the Channel proves it, and there is no doubt about it.

End.—You think you are smart, don't you? You imagine you've got a lot of brains, don't you?

Int.—Yes, I do.

End.—Did you ever see them?

Int.—No; I did not.

End.—Did you ever see anyone that did see them?

Int.—No; I did not.

End.—Well, then, there is a doubt.
Railway Collision.

Endman.—Say, Sam, I’ve been traveling considerably since I saw you.
Interlocutor.—Is that so? Were you traveling by land or water?
End.—Oh, by land; but the funniest thing happened to me one day.
Int.—What was it?
End.—Why, it was an accident; a railway collision.
Int.—A railway collision! How was that?
End.—Well, I’ll tell you. There was a rivalry between East Coast Railway and West Coast Railway as to which could make the quickest time; so they agreed to start from each place at the same time, on the same track, and try and pass each other on the same track without letting the passengers know anything about it.
Int.—Well, how did it work?
End.—It was the deadest failure you ever witnessed. Of course, being on the same track, they met. Well, the idea of keeping anything like that a secret. Why, they no sooner met than the passengers suspected something; and they were the most polite passengers I ever saw. You have been in a compartment when it was crowded, haven’t you?
Int.—Yes, I have been in a compartment when it was so crowded that ladies had to stand up.
End.—Well, sir; when those cars met the most ungentlemanly man gave his seat up. Of course, the cars stopped when they met; and I never saw passengers on the move as they were. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry. I reached out my hand to shake hands with the guard, and where do you think I found myself?
Int.—I cannot tell; where were you?
End.—I found myself out on the engine shaking hands with the fireman. Were you ever on a steamboat when the boiler burst?
Int.—No, sir; I never was.
End.—Well if you ever are, just the minute the boiler bursts, that’s the time for you to go, that’s your cue to start. Well, as soon as the boiler burst on the cars,
I started: I went on up for I had a through ticket. I guess I must have been about seven miles up, when I met the engineer coming back; he had the smoke-stack under his arm. He ask-me where I was going; I told him I was going on up. You see I was late. He said, "There's no use going on up, everybody's coming down." So I took a little rest on a cloud and started back. Well, I was coming down pretty fast; you see I was late, and I met an old woman going up. I saw her coming towards me pretty fast, and I knew she couldn't see; the atmosphere was too damp for her glimmers. I beckoned for her to switch off.

Int.—Did she switch off?
End.—No; the old woman was bald-headed, she didn't have any switch. Oh, you ought to have seen me go through a band-box she had. So I came down.

Int.—So you struck terra firma did you?
End.—Yes, sir; no one ever struck it firmer than I did; but I looked around for my satchel which I had forgotten when I went up, but it was gone. The conductor had taken it.

Int.—Well, what did you do?
End.—I sued the company.

Int.—How did you come out?
End.—I lost the case.

Int.—How was that? Couldn't you prove that the conductor took it?
End.—Yes; but the Judge said that anything a conductor took was fair (fare).

Mesmerism.

Interlocutor.—I understand you are both going to college; is that so, Bones?
Bones.—Oh, yes, indeed. I'm studying a new study now.

Int.—Is that so? What is it?
Bones.—I'm learning to be a mesmerist; why, I could put you under the influence of it and rob you of your pocket-book if I wanted to.

Int.—Oh, I don't know about that.
Bones.—Oh, yes, I could. I know what I can do. I can make Tambo there stand on his chair and when I tell him to come down three times he'll come down.

Tambo.—You foolish boy! You can make me stand on that chair, and when you tell me three times to come down off that chair I'll do it? I guess not. You must be crazy.

Int.—Well, Tambo, just get up for fun and humor him, and let us see what he can do.

Tambo (muttering to himself).—He can't make me come down. (Rises in chair.) But I'll do so just to humor him.

Bones (makes a pass over Tambo with his hands à la magicien).—Come down off that chair.

Tambo. (stands perfectly still; looks stubborn).—No, sir.

Bones. (making another pass over him).—This is the second time. Come down off that chair.

Tambo. (remains standing).—No sir.

Bones (goes and sits down).—Well, you just stay there till I tell you to come down the third time.

Tambo.—Oh, that's a catch! The idea of him talking about mesmerism. I'll show you something and it isn't a catch either. This is the genuine thing. It's all done by electricity. I can give you a shock of electricity that will unstring your nerves so that you will shake like a palsied old man for two hours after.

Int.—You cannot make us believe that.

Bones.—No, siree. You can't make us believe that.

Tambo.—Well, I'll just give you a shock, so prepare yourself. (Business of Tambo getting up, pantomiming with hands, throwing electricity.) How do you feel now? Do you feel the electricity?

All.—No.

Tambo.—That's funny. (Repeats the pantomiming.) Well, do you feel that?

All.—No.

Tambo.—Oh, I know what's the matter. I haven't got my battery with me. I'll go and get it. (Reaches in first entrance and brings a long rope with two handles, one on each end; has everyone on first part take hold of it, and gets anyone in audience who sits near the End-
man to take hold of the two ends; pantomimes as if throwing electricity all around circle.) Now, do you feel the current of electricity?

All.—No.

Tambo (gets up, gesticulates wildly, jumping around as if throwing the electricity on all; business ad libitum).

Int.—What are you trying to do?

Tambo.—I'm trying to see how many fools I can get on a string at one time. (All laugh at those in audience who have hold of the ends of the rope.)

Oregon's Big Pumpkin.

Endman.—Were you ever in Oregon?

Interlocutor.—No, Bones, I can't say that I have.

End.—I tell you it's a splendid country; people live high there.

Int.—They do?

End.—Yes, indeed; and a good many of them die high, too (imitating hanging). It's a great country for fogs; the fog is so thick there it looks like corn-flour pudding. You've heard about fog so thick you could cut it with a knife.

Int.—Yes, I have heard the yarn.

End.—Well, that's nothing. There was a man shingling a barn out there, a fog came up, he kept on shingling, and what do you think, he shingled seventeen yards off on to the fog before he knew it. It's a fine country for farming, too.

Int.—Yes, I have heard so.

End.—Oh, talk about raising things! Oh, my gracious! Well, I heard so much about it that a fellow could raise anything. I was broke, and I went into a saloon there and got a drink.

Int.—But you had no money.

End.—Well, I thought I could raise it. So I took the drink and asked the fellow if he could raise me fourteen cents to pay for it.

Int.—Did you raise it?

End.—I got raised. I just got the words out of my mouth, "Can you raise me," when I was instantly raised. The farmers don't have to plant anything there.
Witty Sayings

Int.—What do they do?
End.—Why, just sit in the house and throw the seeds out of the window. I got a farm there and threw some pumpkin seeds out of the window one night. Got up next morning and there were pumpkin seeds all over the farm. Yes, sir, and there was one pumpkin so big it took me three months to cut it up and cart it into town.
Int.—You don’t say so?
End.—Yes I do. I was on top of this pumpkin one day trying to cut a hole in it with an axe; first thing I knew, axe, handle and all, went down into the pumpkin. So I went and got a ladder and put it down into the pumpkin.
Int.—How long was the ladder?
End.—About thirty feet; then I had to jump twenty feet to get to the bottom.
Int.—Say, Bones, how did you get out?
End.—None of your business how I got out. I was looking round for the axe, and I met another fellow in there.
Int.—Met another man in there?
End.—He asked me what I was looking for, I said, “I’m looking for an axe that I lost here this morning.” “No use for you to look,” said he, “I’ve been looking for a horse and cart in here for three days.”

Ice Cream.

Endman.—I wish I was back in California.
Interlocutor.—Why do you wish that, Bones?
End.—Because that is the place where grass runs, and water grows thirteen months of the year. I tell you it’s nice to see the big nuggets of gold piled up. You can pick up a big chunk and there’s a big policeman with a big six-shooter to make you put it right down again. And then you feel you don’t want any gold.
Int.—Don’t care about it, eh?
End.—No, not when there is a fellow like that looking at you. But, say, Sam, when do you expect to go over to that country?
Int.—Well, Bones, I have been thinking of it, and I guess I shall go in a very short time.
End.—How are you going?
Int.—I shall go by the railroad.
End.—By railroad? Well, you'll get off the track when the cars come along. If you ever get out of this country alive you'll walk or swim, but it's worth a person's while to go over the Pacific Railroad just to see the many funny incidents that happen. The first day the conductor came along and asked for tickets. I showed him the through ticket I had; there was one of the Iristocracy sitting behind me.
Int.—Aristocracy, you mean.
End.—Well, ain't " arrah " Irish? The conductor said to him: " Have you got a ticket? " " I have not," said the Irishman, " nor money either." " Well, sir," said the conductor, " you'll have to get off at the next station." Well, the cars stopped, and the Irishman got off, but we had no more than started again, when there I saw the Irishman sitting a few seats in front of me. The conductor came along and said: " I thought I told you to get off? " " So I did," said the Irishman, " but when the cars started, sure you called, ' All aboard,' and how could they be all aboard when I wasn't there? " Well, we stopped at Provo. By the way, that's where I first saw you.
Int.—Certainly; don't you recollect? That is where we serenaded one of the Mormon leaders.
End.—Oh, yes! what was that you sung?
Int.—" Come Where my Love Lies Dreaming."
End.—Oh, yes! and he stuck his head out of the window and said, " Which one? " And don't you remember Brigham's motto on the arch as you go into the gardens.
Int.—What was the motto?
End.—" Go it while you're Young." But I never shall forget Humboldt, the place where we stopped at for dinner. The cars stopped, and I got out on to the platform waiting for the what-you-may-call-it to ring for dinner.
Int.—You mean the gong?
End.—Yes, I was gone the minute it struck. There
was a fellow came out of the hotel with a double-barreled shot-gun.

Int.—A shot-gun?
End.—Yes, and he fired one barrel off.
Int.—Why, what was that for?
End.—Dinner was ready.
Int.—Why didn't he shoot both barrels off?
End.—He said he was keeping the other to collect with. I went in and sat down at the table; I had a little carpet sack in my hand, and I set the carpet sack in the chair next to me. The landlord he came along and said, "Tickets for dinner." I said, "How much?" He said, "One dollar." I was just going to give him the dollar, when he said, "Who's carpet sack is that?" I said, "Mine, sir"; said he "Two dollars."

Int.—Two dollars for one dinner?
End.—Yes, sir! He charged me two dollars, one dollar for the carpet sack, because it occupied a chair.
Int.—That was extortion!
End.—I didn't care, I got even with him.
Int.—How! A carpet sack can't eat.
End.—It can't? Well, you ought to see this carpet sack eat. Eat? Why? Why, I opened up its mouth and it took everything in that was in sight. There was a young lady sitting right opposite me that had been in the cars all day, and I wanted to get acquainted with her, and I didn't know how. You know I'm kind of bashful that way. I saw she had a plate of ice-cream sitting in front of her on the table. So I braced up courage and said to myself, "Faint heart never won fair lady." I said, "Miss, will you be kind enough to pass the ice-cream?" She passed it. I took one spoonful, and that's all I wanted of ice-cream.

Int.—Why, what was the matter?
End.—It wasn't ice-cream; it was horse-radish. Oh, you ought to have seen the tears run down my face. I thought I was a furnace. She said, "Why, what is the matter?" I said, "Oh, nothing." She said, "There must certainly be something the matter." Well, I knew a bad excuse was better than none, so I said, "I'm thinking about old times; I'm grieving about a brother of mine that was hung in Leadville. Will you have a little
of the ice-cream?” said I. She took a spoonful, and she didn’t want any more, either. Oh, you ought to have seen that face. She began to snuffle and the tears were running down her cheeks. I said, “Miss, what’s the matter?” “Oh, nothing,” said she. I said, “Oh, there must be something the matter.” “Well,” said she, “I’m just thinking of old times, and I was grieving to think you wasn’t hung the same time your brother was.”

Your Brother is a Thief.

Endman.—Say, Sam, why didn’t you meet me as you promised?
Interlocutor.—I had to see my brother, he came to visit me.
End.—What brother do you mean?
Int.—Why, my brother Gill!
End.—Yes, and he’s the biggest gill I ever saw.
Int.—What do you mean, sir?
End.—I think he’s the worst thief I ever heard of.
Int.—Do you mean to say, sir, that my brother would purloin anything?
End.—Oh, no! he wouldn’t purloin anything, but he lived next door to a family I know, and they had a whole cellar full of coal when he moved there, and in a week’s time they didn’t have a scuttleful.
Int.—Do you mean to insinuate that my brother would steal coal?
End.—Oh, no! he’d sooner steal wood, it’s easier to carry; any man that will steal his neighbor’s wood and then go back and borrow the axe to cut it with will do almost anything.
Int.—I guess you are mistaken; I never knew him to steal an axe.
End.—Well, maybe it was a hatchet; he’d just as lief chop it with a hatchet. Any man that would steal a luggage van. Well—
Int.—Do you dare to tell me he would steal a luggage van?
End.—He’ll steal a whole train, conductor and all, if he got a good chance.
Int.—You are mistaken about my brother; why he belongs to the church.
End.—Well, all I’ve got to say is, if the trustees don’t look out the church will belong to him.
Int.—And he is choir-singer.
End.—Yes, I know he’s a queer singer, the queerest I ever heard.
Int.—I said a choir-singer.
End.—I know; he’s very queer. Say, I heard you had moved. Where did you move to?
Int.—Why, I moved to Chicago.
End.—I thought you were in jail!
Int.—In jail! the ideal! No, sir. I am living in Chicago.
End.—Well, one is about as good as another. I stopped in Chicago not very long ago; it was summer when I was there. I stopped at the Nucleus Hotel.
Int.—How did you like it?
End.—I can’t say I liked it. I stopped there only one day, the dinner was very bad. I went to take some butter and there was two long red hairs in it. “Woman’s glory is her hair,” but, for goodness sake, keep it out of the butter. I told the waiter to take it out and give the butter a bath and have it shaved. You know that they generally have napkins in hotels, but they don’t have any at the Nucleus.
Int.—Why, what did they have? They had napkins when I was there.
End.—I know, but they missed them when you left. Any man that would wear napkins for socks, I have my opinion of him. Well, I never will forget that dinner as long as I live; I couldn’t eat anything. I gave all my dinner to a big dog that was standing alongside of me, and, just to show you how bad that dinner was, I watched that dog, and he couldn’t eat a bite of it either; he went out in the yard and tackled a swill barrel to take the taste out of his mouth. There was only one good thing in the house, and that was the bed. I had a nice quiet room; it was so quiet you could lay right there and hear the bed-tick. I never did like Chicago. I’m living out in Orägon. There’s the place to live, where the balmy heifas waft your brow, sweet Orägon.
Int.—Here, Bones! You mean Oregon.
End.—I guess I know; an Irishman told me it was Oragon. He said it was named after him O'Reagon! There is only one objection I have to Oregon though, and that is the mud. They have three kinds of mud there; mud, muddy mud, and affectionate mud. If our wive would only stick to us like the Oregon mud we'd be all right.
Int.—Well, Chicago is about as bad a place for mud as I know of.
End.—How deep is the mud there?
Int.—I have been out some days after it had rained and the mud was up to my ankles.
End.—You call that mud? They call that "slightly damp dust" out in Oregon. I saw a light hat out in the street one day there, and was going to pick it up, and there was a man's head under it. He was up to his neck in the mud. I said, "Hold on, mister, and I'll go and get a shovel and dig you out." He said, "You must be a stranger around here. I'm all right, I'm riding on top of an omnibus."

**Ram it with the North Pole.**

Endman.—Say, Sam, what nationality are you? Scotch terrier, English, Irish, or what are you?
Interlocutor.—I am an Englishman, sir; from England the mother of all nations.
End.—Is she the mother of this country, too?
Int.—Yes.
End.—Well, all I've got to say is she's got a mighty bad child.
Int.—I tell you, sir, England is the finest country in the world. We have the finest soldiers in the world; look at the "Queen's Own," for instance; everyone stands six feet in his stocking feet.
End.—That's nothing. We've got soldiers here that measure six feet and a half and they never wore a stocking.
Int.—Well, you must give in that we have the greatest swimmers in England there are in the world. Just
let me relate you a little instance. When I was coming over to this county there was a young married couple came on board and the wife of this young man forgot something; we were out just one day, but this young man sprang overboard, swam back to England, and what do you think? When we landed in New York there he was on the wharf to meet us. He had got there two days ahead of us.

End.—That’s very good swimming; great swimming! Did you know the man?

Int.—No, sir.

End. (gets up and shakes hands with Interlocutor).

Congratulate me, Sam.

Int.—Why, what do you mean?

End.—I’m the man done the swimming.

Int.—Well, well! But then you must admit we have the finest divers; the English divers are known all over the world.

End.—Oh, yes, I know. I met one of them this morning. We dove into a saloon, I treated three times, and he never came up once.

Int.—Yes, but look at England’s big guns and cannons. They have got a gun in the village of Woolwich three miles long, carrying a shot weighing a million pounds. It took fifty thousand pounds of gunpowder to load it.

End.—That’s right; when you tell one, tell a good one.

Int.—You have to fire off this gun by means of a galvanic battery. There was nothing in the country large enough to use for a ramrod, so they imported a tree from Australia, four miles long, to ram the gun.

End.—Whew! That was a tremendous ramrod, wasn’t it? Do you call that a big gun? Why, we’ve got a gun in this country one end is over in Bangor, Maine, and the other end in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. It takes seventeen million tons of gunpowder to prime it, and it carries a ball weighing twenty-five million of billions of trillions of tons. You can’t fire this gun off with no galvanic battery.

Int.—What do you fire it off with?

End.—You have to wait until a thunderstorm comes up, and let the lightning strike it.
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Int.—I think I have got you with the ramrod question, Bones. What did they use for a ramrod in this wonderful gun?

End.—Well, we didn’t take no tree to ram it.
Int.—Well, what did you ram it with?
End (tries to turn the subject).—What did we ram it with?

Int.—Yes, sir; what did you use for a ramrod for such a very big gun?
End. (triumphantly).—We rammed it with the North Pole.

Lawyer’s Plea.

Endman.—You didn’t know I was a liyer, did you, Sam?
Interlocutor.—A liar? What do you mean?
End.—I mean a liyer; one of these fellows that make speeches in court.
Int.—Oh, I know what you mean, a lawyer.
End.—Well, it’s all the same thing; you’ve got to be one to be the other.
Int.—Bones, I don’t think you are very well read in law. I have had a small smattering of jurisprudence myself, so I’ll just ask you a few questions. Now, in the first place, what are the duties of a judge?
End.—The duties of a judge are to sit in the court-room in the summer and go to sleep.
Int.—What is a policeman?
End.—He’s a watch, always behind time.
Int.—What’s a detective?
End.—He’s a bull-dog in the backyard. I tell you I understand law.
Int.—Yes, I guess you do. Have you had a case lately?
End.—I had the worst case of measles—
Int.—No! No! I mean, have you ever been before the bar?
End.—You go out and look at the slate and see.
Int.—No! I mean, did you ever have a case in court?
End.—Of course I did!
Int.—What was it?
End.—It was the case of one Eli Burke, who was ac-
cused of stealing seven yards of calico from Mrs. Simpson's drug-store.

Int.—Well, were you for the plaintiff or the defence?
End.—I was against the fence when it happened.
Int.—No! No! Were you for or against?
End.—Well, according to the evidence given on the said occasion, and the excantankergenious influence that Eli Burke had over the calico, whereby the affidavit sued the subpoena, and the malarious conduct of the nol. pros. toward Mrs. Simpson, I rather think I was.
Int.—Was what?
End.—For, or against.
Int.—No! No! Were you for Eli Burke, or Mrs. Simpson?
End.—I was for the calico.
Int.—Then you were for Eli Burke.
End.—Of course, and I tell you the speech I made on that occasion paralyzed them.
Int.—What did you say?
End.—What did I say? Well, call this the court-room (pointing to stage), the ladies and gentlemen (pointing to audience) are spectators.
Int.—Well, who am I?
End.—You? You're nothing but an inkstand on the judge's desk.
Int.—Hold on, sir! I must be the judge!
End.—All right, you be the judge (arising). Well, I arose and spoke thuswise: "Your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury, I arise in defence of the innocent youth that is before this tribunal to-day, charged with having maliciously purloined the said articles from the said Mrs. Simpson's store. Your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury, I ask you to look on that noble countenance, and then ask yourself if that youth sitting there could be guilty of such a crime, look upon that face, that countenance, that benign seven by nine countenance, with bigamy imprinted upon every part of it. That mouth, that looks like a Newmarket horse-collar lined with red morocco. That nose, that looks like the gripping part of a lobster. A face without expression, a head without a brain, a fool, a natural born idiot; in fact, non compos mentis. Your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury, the
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goats may roam the mountain side, plucking the tender blades of grass that gives sustenance thereof, but this poor creature must be cast into prison. Your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury, that man is no more guilty of stealing that seven yards of calico cloth from Simpson’s drug-store than Ben Butler was of stealing the silver spoons from the monied!” Why, do you know, Sam, (sitting down), if I had not made that speech they would have sent that man to prison for twenty years!

Int.—What was done with him?
End.—He was hung!

Eat According to Trades.

Endman.—I have written a book since I saw you last.
Interlocutor.—Is that so? What does your book treat of?
End.—I want you to understand that my book don’t treat anybody.
Int.—You don’t understand me, I mean what is it about?
End.—My book is to let you know what is for the benefit of health.
Int.—Book of that kind would not interest me in the least.
End.—Oh, I know that; but this book is not intended for tramps. It’s written to show that a man should always eat according to what his trade is: for instance, if a man is a blacksmith, he should eat nails, and if another makes glue, he should chew glue, etc., etc.
Int.—So you believe everyone should eat according to his business.
End.—That’s it exactly.
Int.—Well, sir; if that is so, what should a lawyer live on?
End.—Sue-it! if you don’t believe me, sue-it and find out.
Int.—What should a carpenter live on?
End.—He never keeps houses. He’d rather board. When he wants to be very high-toned he eats sawdust. That’s as fine as you can get board.
Int.—Well, Tambo; what should a conductor on a tramcar eat?
End.—Oh, they live on punch.
Int.—Well, what do the motormen live on?
End.—They only have one meal a-day. They have breakfast. (*Imitates turning off brakes.*)
Int.—What should plumbers live on?
End.—They should live on birds. Robins (robbing).
Have they robbed you lately?
Int.—No, sir. Now, what should a brave man live on?
End.—Why, on pluck.
Int.—What should a man in a hurry live on?
End.—Oh, he wants something quick; he should eat hasty-pudding.
Int.—What should a tinsmith live on?
End.—Suppose he lives on pancake.
Int.—What should fish dealers live on?
End.—They should eat smelts. After he's had them two or three weeks.
Int.—Well, what should school teachers live on?
End.—Oh, they're all right, they live on their w(ealth), and make the cry over it.
Int.—What should schoolboys live on?
End.—They should live on blubber, and are always fit for whaling.
Int.—Well, Tambo; what should people whom you owe money to live on?
End.—You mean people you owe money to?
Int.—Well, have it your way. What should people that I owe money to live on?
End.—Goodness knows what they should live on, but I know what they would get. They'd get the cold shoulder.
Int.—What should detectives live on?
End.—They should live on onions; then they would always be on the scent.
Int.—What should young lovers live on?
End.—Oh, they ought to live on taffy.
Int.—Well, what should the mashers live on?
End.—The poor little dudey mashers! oh, they ought to live on calves' brains. Do you understand the differentio, the experiment docia?
Int.—What does that mean?
End.—Why, that's Latin for "do you catch on?"
Int.—Well, you have told us what so many persons should live on, can you tell me what I should live on?
End.—The same thing you've been living on.
Int.—What is that?
End.—Wind and sponge-cakes.

Did you ever see a Hen lay Ducks.

Endman.—Happy is the man who sits down on a red-hot stove!
Interlocutor.—Why?
End.—Because he shall rise again. Say, Sam, I was out the other night hunting up hen-coops to see if I could find your brother.
Int.—You do not mean to say my brother is a chicken thief, do you?
End.—No; but I know one thing! If I was a chicken, and I knew your brother was around, I'd roost mighty high. Well, as I was saying, I was looking up these hen-coops, when, by some accident, I was met by the man who owned the hen-coops. He was an awful good-hearted man.
Int.—What did he do?
End.—Why, he presented me with a dozen eggs (at a distance), and he gave them to me so quick that I didn't have a chance to tell him I didn't want them, or that I was much obliged. The eggs were very brave, and were having the best of it; still they run. One of them struck me in the mouth. I'll never forget that, as long as I live. The egg I was struck with was an old-time crate egg. One of these old eggs with feathers all over it; one that had been laying for some time for a fellow that looks like me.
Int.—Well, Bones, you must have presented a nice appearance!
End.—Well, Sam, when a man gets hit with an egg like that it isn't getting struck with a stone. You see, an egg is different from a stone; it don't hang together like an ulster. The egg might have been all right; but
the hen that laid it ought to have been put in the hospital. A broken egg isn’t what it is cracked up to be. The moment that egg struck me I knew right away it was foul. But, talking about eggs, Sam, did you ever see that big China hen of mine?

Int.—No; I didn’t know you owned a hen.
End.—Oh, yes! I bought her off a farmer, one night about twelve o’clock, when he was asleep. That hen can lay more eggs than any hen I know of. She’s near-sighted, and I fed her on sawdust, she thought it was corn-meal, and she laid two door-knobs. I set her on these door-knobs, and what do you think happened?

Int.—I haven’t any idea; what did happen?
End.—Why, she hatched out a whole set of furniture.
Happy is the hen that lays an egg!

Int.—Why so?
End.—Because she doesn’t run away with the idea that she’s laid a brick.

Int.—Say, Bones, I want to ask you a question. Now, suppose I go down to market and buy a dozen fresh eggs; I bring them home, and I get a hen to hatch them. Now, who is the mother of those chickens—the one that laid them, or the one that hatched them?

End.—Why, the one that laid them, of course.
Int.—No, sir! The one that hatched them is the mother. If she had not hatched them, they would never have existed, never have been born.

End.—I say that the hen that hatched them was simply hired out as a wet nurse, and the one that laid them was the mother. Say, for instance, I go down to the market and I get a dozen duck eggs, and I get a hen to hatch them. Now, is she the mother of those ducks? Did you ever see a hen lay ducks?

Don’t sing that Song.

Endman.—Say, Sam, that’s a nice ballad isn’t it? “Sweet Marie.” Whenever I hear that song it makes me cry.
Interlocutor.—By the way, I am just going to sing that now.
End.—Oh, please don’t sing it. If you have any regard for me don’t sing it.

Int.—Well, why not?

End.—Well, I’ll tell you how it is. When I used to live in the country, I had a jackass, a beautiful jackass; I used to work him on the farm, that’s before my wife died, and I used to raise per beets, and per cabbages, and per turnips, and—

Int.—What has that got to do with this song, sir? (Turns to musicians.) Go on and play it.

End.—For pity’s sake, don’t sing that song. I implore you to not sing that song.

Int.—But why? why?

End.—Well, I worked on this farm until my wife took it into her head to die, die she must and die she did, and left me all alone to raise my per cabbages, per turnips, and per beets.

Int.—Well, sir! what has that got to do with my singing that song? (To musicians.) Go ahead and play the song.

End.—Oh, please don’t sing it; don’t do it! don’t!!

Int.—Well, tell me why!

End.—Well, I was going to tell you. As I was saying, I was working on this farm, and years rolled away, and this jackass took it into his head to die, die he must, and die he did, and left me all alone to raise my per cabbages, and per beets, and per turnips, and—

Int.—Here, I am not going to stand any more of this nonsense. (To musicians.) Go on and play the song.

End.—Oh, Sam, for goodness’ sake, don’t sing that song, you’ll kill me sure. It brings fond recollections back to me; please don’t sing it. (Kneels down.)

Int.—And why not? Explain yourself, sir.

End.—Why, whenever you open your mouth to sing that song, you remind me of that poor jackass.

Minister.

Endman.—Do you know, Sam, I find it a pretty hard tussle to get along in this world? I get plenty of jobs, but they don’t seem to end well.

Interlocutor.—Why, what were you doing?
End.—Well, first I got a job keeping flies out of the park, but I couldn’t keep them out; they were too fly for me. So I got discharged.

Int.—Then what did you do?

End.—I got a job standing in front of a tobacco-shop, holding cigars in my hand as a sign. I was to get five dollars a week, and if I moved I was to give the boss seven dollars. I lost money at that. The boys came round and spit tobacco-juice in my eyes, and jabbed pins into me. It was no use, I had to move. After that I got another job holding the bull’s eye in my mouth in a shooting gallery. I had to leave that. There were more crossed-eyed men come in. They knocked all the teeth down my throat. I couldn’t stand that, so I got another job.

Int.—What did you do then?

End.—I got a job rowing a boat across the ferry. That paid me pretty well until a minister got on and broke me all up. I generally charged fifty cents to row anyone across on Sunday morning. This minister he got on the boat and said, “I’m in a hurry, and I’ll give you two dollars if you will get me across before eleven o’clock.” I said, “All right! jump on.” We got started, and I began to row for dear life. I wanted to earn the money, you know. Pretty soon the minister he said to me, “Young man, did you ever attend Sunday-school?” I said, “No, sir.” Then he said, “Well, one-quarter of your life is gone.” I got scared, and you ought to see me row that boat. Pretty soon he said, “Young man, do you ever go to church!” I said, “No, sir.” Then he said, “Well, half of your life is gone.” Oh, you ought to have seen me row that boat. Then he said, “Young man, do you say your prayers every night and morning?” I said, “No, sir.” Then he said, “Well, three-quarters of your life is gone.” Then you ought to see me row that boat. I was so scared, and rowed so fast I ran up against a rock and capsized the boat. I swam ashore as soon as possible, and saw the minister paddling water, and almost drowned. I said to him, “Mr. Minister, did you ever learn how to swim?” He said, “No.” Then I said, “Well, the whole four quarters of your life is gone.”
Doctor.

Endman.—Say, Sam, I'm in new business, now. I'm learning to be a doctor.

Interlocutor.—Oh, you are learning to be a physician.

End.—No, I ain't going fishing.

Int.—You don't understand me; I mean you are a son of Esculapius.

End.—Here! Don't you call me no names. What do you mean by calling me a son of 'spapulus?

Int.—Oh, nonsense! That is merely another name for doctor.

End.—Oh, is that it? It's nice to be a doctor; you get plenty of money. I used to go out with the doctor to see the patients.

Int.—I understand; you were the student.

End.—Yes, I was the sturgeon, and I went one day with the doctor to see a sick man, and the first thing he done was to ask the man to let him feel his pulse, and then he made him show him his tongue; the doctor showed it to me, and said there was a coat on it. I asked him if it was an overcoat; then the doctor told the sick man there was no doubt but he'd been eating oysters; the man said he had; well, when we got outside I asked him how he knew the man had been eating oysters; he said, "Why, I saw the shells under the bed." When we got back to the office there were a whole lot of ducks in front of the office, and they broke him all up in business.

Int.—How could ducks break him up in business?

End.—Well, these ducks were sitting on the steps, and when anyone passed by, they said, "Quack! quack!" (Imitation of ducks.) So, when he left, I put up my sign on the door, and was the doctor. I hadn't been there long when a man came running into the office, and said, "Is the doctor in?" I said, "Yes, walk right in." He said his brother was sick, and to come right away. When I got there I went up to the patient and said to him, "Let me feel your tongue." He put out his tongue, and, would you believe it, there was overalls on it. Then I said to him, "Have you got your pulse
with you; let me see it?” And what do you think? It was ninety degrees below zero. Why, the man had been eating a horse!

Int.—How did you know he had been eating a horse?
End.—Because I saw the saddle under the bed.

**Your Children and my Children are Whipping our Children.**

Endman.—Did you see the lady I was walking with to-day.
Int.-locutor.—I certainly did.
End.—That’s my wife. Did you see that black silk dress she had on?
Int.—Yes.
End.—I gave her that.
Int.—Did you?
End.—Yes! yes! Did you see those solitaire diamonds she had in her ears?
Int.—Yes.
End.—They cost three hundred dollars. I gave her them.
Int. (*surprisingly*).—Did you?
End.—Yes! yes! She’s very pretty—nice black eyes, hasn’t she? Did you see those black eyes?
Int.—Yes.
End.—I gave her them.
Int.—Did you?
End.—Yes! yes! ah! I will never forget the day I was married. Let me see, now; it’s just four years since I was spliced, and it don’t seem to be over seventy-five. I was married right here in this town. I will never forget the beautiful morning my wife and I walked up the centre aisle of the church, our pathway strewn with orange blossoms, roses, and chestnuts.
Int.—Was your bride nervous?
End.—She was until I said “yes;” but as soon as I said the word “yes,” she fainted away, and the first thing she said when she came to was, “You can’t lose me, Charlie.” Take my advice, young men, and don’t get married. Just think, after I was married, I dis-
covered my wife had false hair, false teeth, and false setto voice; in fact, I discovered so much composition in her make-up that she discouraged me. Why, it was only the other day my wife told me this: "I am so tired that I have not been able to get off my feet all day." I looked at her, and I said, "For goodness' sake, do they come off too?" Now, when I got married, I married a widow with six children. I had five myself by my late wife. We have been married four years, and our union has been blessed with three more, and the other day my wife came in hurriedly and said, "Come into the yard, quick! for goodness' sake, hurry! there is a terrible row going on," and I said, "What is it?" "Well," she said, "your children and my children are whipping our children."

Mary's Lamb.

Interlocutor.—That's a very pretty song, Tambo; it takes the rag off the bush!
Endman.—Why, Sam! I'm astonished to hear you talk like that. You should say: "That song removes the dilapidated linen from off the shrubbery."
Int.—How dare you correct me, sir; I have a great mind to go there, and knock you down.
End.—There you go again! Oh, such language as those grates on my sensitive oil-factory nerves. You should say "I'll go over there, and horizontalize your perpendicularity."
Int.—O, give up! Let me recite you a little poem that song reminds me of.
End.—Well, go ahead! but for goodness' sake, don't use any more slang.
Int. (recites).—"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow," etc.
End.—Sam, I'm astonished that a man who possesses the intellect you do should be so far behind the times. That isn't the way they recite it now.
Int.—Well, how do they recite it?
End. (gets up, bows elaborately).—A charming and bewitching young creature, delighting in the rare and
euphonious appellation of Mary, was possessed of a diminutive quadruped of the genus lambkin, whose capillary appendage was as white as congealed moisture. It accompanied her to a literary institution one day, a proceeding diametrically in opposition to the rules and regulations of the aforesaid establishment, for it excited the youthful generation to loud and boisterous cachinnations and frolicsome infantile gambols. The pedagogue thereof immediately excluded and excommunicated the aforesaid lambkin. But still he lingered near those hallowed precincts, until his visual organs were once more gladdened by his adored companion. Then, by the aid of his pedestrian appendages, he propelled himself straight forward, and laid his phrenological developments on the elongation of her shoulder and reiterated, “I am once more in the harbor of safety, and can now bid defiance to the aforesaid pedagogue, and would gently advise him and admonish him to descend to those subterranean regions whose torrid climate, from the fact of its being impregnated with immense quantities of chloride, is supposed to superinduce extreme perspiration.”