

## A SHY YOUNG MAN.

Mr. Kilpatrick selected as the hero of his story a shy young man of Scotland, who for fourteen years had wooed the lassie of his heart. One night, Jamie, for that was the young man's name, called to see Jennie, and there was a terrible look about his eyes, just as there is sometimes when they've made up their minds to pop the question. And Jamie came in and sat down by the fire, just as he had done every Tuesday and Friday night for fourteen long years, and he talked of the weather, and the cattle, and the crops, and the stock-market, I was going to say—but no, they didn't talk about that. And finally Jamie says, "Jennie, I've known you now for a long time."

"Yes, Jamie," said she.

"And—I've thought I'd always like to—know you, Jennie."

"Y-e-s, Jamie."

"And so I've bought—a lot—Jennie."

"Y-e-s—J-a-m-i-e."

"So that when——"

"Yes, Jamie—yes."

"When we're dead we can lay our bones together!"

The fool had gone and bought a lot in a graveyard. But Jennie wasn't discouraged. She knew her man well—after fourteen years she ought to—and so she said, gently, "Jamie."

"Yes, Jennie."

"Don't you think 'twould be better to lay our bones together while we're alive?"

*Lawyer:* "How do you identify this handkerchief?"

*Witness:* "By its general appearance, and the fact that I have others like it."

*Counsel (cutely):* "That's no proof, for I have got one just like it in my pocket."

*Witness (innocently):* "I don't doubt that, as I had more than one of the same sort stolen."

## PUZZLING A SCHOOLMISTRESS.

A national schoolmistress in the country was taking down the names and ages of her scholars at the commencement of the term, when, coming in turn to a little white-headed boy, she asked him, "Well, my lad, how old are you?"

"My name a'n't Lad," said he, sharply; "it's John."

"Well," said the schoolmistress, "what is the rest of your name?"

"Why, that's all the name I've got—just John."

"Well, what is your father's name?"

"Oh, you needn't put dad's name down; he isn't comin' to school. He's too big to go to school."

"Well, how old are you?"

"I ain't old at all; I'm young."

A German in a Western town, who has not paid much attention to learning English, had a horse stolen from his barn the other night, whereupon he advertised as follows:

"Von nite, de oder day, ven I was bin awake in my shleep, I heare sometings vat I tinks vas not yust right in my barn, an I out shumps to bed and runs mit the barn out; and ven I was dere coom I seez dat my pig gray iron mare he vas bin tide loose and run mit the staple off; and who efer will him back pring, I yust so much pay him as vas bin kushtomary."

A little boy in a Scotch school was asked if he did not wish to be born again.

"Born again!" said Tommy; "no I wadna."

"You wouldn't?" cried the teacher sadly; "why not?"

"For fear I'd be born a lassie," said Tommy.

A Frenchman, soliciting relief, said, very gravely, to his fair hearer, "Ma'mselle, I never beg, but dat I have von wife wid several small family, dat is growing very large, and nossing to make deir bread out of, but de perspiration on my prow."



A pompous, well-dressed person entered a bank one day, and addressing the teller, who was something of a wag, inquired, "Is the cashier in?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New-England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well: I will wait."

After sitting in a chair, with which the teller politely furnished him, for an hour and a half, the pen-peddler asked, "How soon do you think the cashier will be in?"

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller; "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should be back in that time."

Peddler concluded not to wait.

A negro minister, who married rather sooner after the death of his wife than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows: "My dear brederen and sisters, my grief was greater dan I could bear. I turned ebery way for peace and comfort, but none came. I sarched de Scriptures from Ginisee to Rebelation, and found plenty of promises to de widder, but nary one to de widderer. So I took it dat de Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort hisself; and habbin a fuss-rate chance to marry in de Lord, I did so, and would do so again. Besides, brederen, I consider dat poor Patsey was just as dead as she would eber be."

At an evening party, Foote, the humorist, was reminded by the master of the house that his handkerchief was hanging out from his coat pocket. "I thank you, sir," said the humorist, as he thrust the embroidered cambric out of sight; "you know the company better than I do."

A good story was lately told apropos to English reserve. An Englishman and a German were traveling together in a diligence, and both smoking. The German did all in his power to draw his companion into conversation, but to no purpose; at one moment he would, with a superabundance of politeness, apologize for drawing his attention to the fact that the ash of his cigar had fallen on his vest, or a spark was endangering his neckerchief. At length the Englishman exclaimed, "Why the deuce can't you leave me alone? Your coat-tail has been burning for the last ten minutes, but I didn't bother you about it."

Old Lord Elphinstone was asleep at church, while the minister, a very addle-headed preacher, was holding forth. At length the parson stopped, and cried: "Waukin', my Lord Aphinstone."

"I'm no sleepin', minister."

"But ye are sleepin'—I wager ye dinna ken what I said last."

"Ye said, waukin', my Lord Aphinstone."

"Ay, ay, but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore tha."

"I wager ye dinna ken yersel."

"'Pears to me you've got a putty slim fire, Mirandy," said a spindling youth, the other night, as he sat in front of the fireplace by the side of a buxom young girl, who had no earthly use for him.

"Yes," she said, as she wickedly looked at the floor behind; "it's about all that you and the fire can do between you to get up a respectable shadow!"

Mr. Pilgilder went home late the other night. He looked with great solemnity for several minutes at Mrs. Pilgilder, and then quietly remarked, "Well—hic—I hope t'holler if you two gals don't look enuff like to be—hic—twins."



Several men were boasting the other night at an up-town club, of the distinguished persons they had been mistaken for while traveling in Europe. One said he had been thought to be Don Carlos; another had been spoken to as Bismarck; a third had been pointed out as the Czar of Russia traveling incognito. "Pshaw!" remarked one of the company; "that's nothing—I have been mistaken for a greater man than any of those. I had hardly arrived at the Grand Hotel, in Paris, when a man clapped me on the shoulder, and roared out, 'God Almighty, is this you?'"

A wag, overtaking an old minister whose nag was much fatigued, quizzed him thus: "A nice horse yours, doctor; very valuable beast that you are riding; but what makes him wag his tail so, doctor?"

"The same that causes your tongue to wag so—a sort of natural weakness," was the old gentleman's reply.

"How," said a county-court judge to a witness, "how do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?"

"Because I saw him, a few minutes before supper, trying to pull off his trousers with a boot-jack."

Verdict for the defendant.

At an evening party a lady was called upon for a song, and began, "I'll strike again my tuneful lyre." Her husband was observed to dodge suddenly and start hurriedly from the room, remarking, "Not if I know it, she won't."

"I have a great ear, a wonderful ear," said a conceited musician, in the course of conversation.

"So has a jackass," replied a bystander.

"Pete," said his mother, "are you into them sweetmeats again?"—"No, mem. Them sweetmeats is into me."

A learned clergyman of Maine was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher, who despised education:

"Sir, you have been to college, I suppose."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"I am thankful," replied the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth without *any* learning."

"A *similar* event," replied the latter, "took place in Balaam's time; but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

"Are you an Odd Fellow?"

"No, sir: I've been married for a week."

"I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?"

"No, no: I belong to the order of married men."

"Mercy! how dumb! Are you a Mason?"

"No: I'm a carpenter by trade."

"Worse and worse. Are you a Son of Temperance?"

"Bother you! no: I'm a son of Mr. John Gosling."

The querist went away.

A darkey returning from church was asked to give an account of the sermon:

"Well, sah, de sermon was upon de miracle ob de loaves and de fishes. De minister said how der was seven thousand loaves and five thousand fishes divided between de twelve apostles."

"Well, what miracle was there about that?"

"Why, sah, de miracle was dat dey didn't *bust*! Dat's my perception ob de circumstance."

"I am astonished at your sentiments, my dear young lady; you make me start—"

"Well, I've wanted you to start this last hour."

"John, how is your sweetheart getting along?"

"Pretty well, I guess: she says I needn't call any more."



The mother of two sons, twins, met one of the brothers in a field one morning. "Which of you two boys am I speaking to?" asked the mother, "is it you or your brother?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired the lad prudently.

"Because if it is your brother, I will box his ears."

"It is not my brother, it is I."

"Then your brother is wearing your coat, for yours had a hole in it."

"No, mother, I am wearing my own coat."

"Good heavens," cried the mother, looking at him intently, "you are your brother after all."

A Dutchman, the other day, reading an account of a meeting in London, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the latter, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Mynheer said, "Dey must have very hot wedder dere in London. I ret an agount of a meeting vere all de people had melted away."

A traveler at a Pennsylvanian hotel got out of his bed one night to see what sort of weather it was, but instead of looking out upon the sky, thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard. "Landlord," shouted the guest, "what sort of weather do you call this, the night is as dark as Egypt, and *smells of cheese*."

A coxcomb once said to a barber's boy, "Did you ever shave a monkey?"

"Why, no sir," replied the boy, "never; but if you will please to sit down, I will try."

*Irritable Schoolmaster:* "Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?"

*Dull Boy:* "A mouse, sir."

"You keep vests, mine friend," said a Dutchman, entering a Fulton clothing store the other day. The clerk promptly averred that the store was crammed with them.

"I want a vest," said the Teuton, "vat don't rise up on his hint legs mit the neck. I bought one in Syracuse not long ago mit a two dollar bill, and by shimminy I don't notice dot myself, but everywhere I go the boys gry out mit der streets: 'Yacub, vy in der name of der board of drusdees don't you pull down your vest down?' and, py dam, I have pulled dot vest mor'n dree dousand dimes, till I wore all the pindings off mit der puttons!"

The clerk explained the joke and sold him a vest, and the old man went out with the exclamation:

"Py shimminy, I don't hear somedings about dot in Shermanny before."

"Doctor, I is anxious to understand de nature ob my health."

"Why! 'tis berry lucky you hab come to me in time. You see, you hab got de inflammation of de bronchial tubes, dat acts on de flaxon longus digitous pedis; and dis has ended in de confirmed delirium tremens, for sartin. Ise de only doctor what can cure you."

"Shades ob natur! am it possible?"

A clergyman in the north of Scotland, very homely in his address, chose for his text a passage in the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars." "Ay," premised the minister by way of introduction, "ye said it in your haste, David, did ye?—gin ye had been here, ye micht hae said it at your leisure, my man."

"Now then, Thomas, what are you burning from my writing table?" said an author to his servant.

"Only the paper that's written all over; I haven't touched the clean," was the reply.



An illiterate negro preacher once said to his congregation: "My bredrin, when de fust man, Adam, was created, he was made ob wet clay, and set up agin de palins to dry."

"Do you say," said one of the congregation, rising to his feet, "dat Adam was made ob wet clay, an' set up agin the palins to dry?"

"Yes, sar, I do."

"Den who made de palins?"

"Set down, sar," said the preacher, sternly; "sich questions as dat would upset any system ob theology."

Two gentlemen, but slightly acquainted with each other, were sitting in the orchestra of a theatre, when, seeing two ladies come into a box opposite to them, one said to the other, "Do you know who that ugly old woman is with the straw bonnet on, that has just entered that box?"

"That lady, sir," was the reply, "is my sister."

"O dear," said the other, greatly confused, "you mistake me. I mean the shabby-looking old hag with her."

"That, sir," was the reply, "that is my wife."

A stupid young man, supposed to be cracked-brained, who was slighted by the girls, very modestly asked a young lady, "if she would let him spend the evening with her?"

"No," she angrily replied, "that's what I won't."

"Why," replied he, "you needn't be so funny; I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go anywhere else."

A poet wrote, "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire!" The printer made him say, "See the pale martyr *with his shirt on fire!*"

A Western editor speaks of his rival as "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog!" The rival retorts by saying: "He knows he lies; I never stole his swill."

"I say, Cap'n?" cried a little keen-eyed man, as he landed from a steamer at Natchez, "I say, Cap'n, these here aren't all. I have left somethin' on board, that's a fact."

"Them's all the plunder you brought on board, anyhow," answered the captain.

"Wal, I see now; I grant it's O.K. accordin' to list; four boxes, three chests, two band-boxes, and portmanty; two hams, one part-cut, three ropes of inyens, and a tea-kettle. But see, Cap'n, I'm dubersome; I feel there's somethin' short, tho' I've counted um nine times over, and never took my eyes off um while on board; there's somethin' not right, somehow."

"Wal, stranger, time's up; them's all I knows on; so just fetch your wife and five children out of the cabin, cos I'm off."

"Them's um! Darn it, them's um! I know'd I'd forgot somethin'!"

A Southbridge, Mass., man, "tightly slight," came in contact with a tree. As quick as thought he raised his hat, begged pardon, and passed on. Three other trees having met him in this unceremonious manner, he doffed his chapeau, and placing it under his arm, backed up against the fence in apparent meditation. A friend passing at the time, inquired what he was doing. He replied, *suaviter in modo*, "I am waiting for the procession to pass."

Little girl to her mother: "Ma, do the men want to get married as much as the women do?"

"Pshaw! what makes you ask?"

"Why, 'ma, the ladies who come here are always talking about getting married; but the men don't."

It is said there are people in the mountain district of Kentucky so green, that they followed a wagon, which happened to pass that way, twenty miles, "just to see whether the hind wheels would overtake the fore ones."



A young Parisian, noted for his grace and readiness as a second in many duels, was asked by a friend to accompany him to the mayor's office to affix his signature as a witness to the matrimonial registry. He consented, but when the scene was reached forgot himself. Just as the mayor was ready for the last formalities, he broke out, "Gentlemen, cannot this affair be arranged? Is there no way of preventing this sad occurrence?"

Just as a traveler was writing his name on the register of a Leavenworth hotel, a bed-bug appeared and took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked:

"I've been bled by St. Joe fleas, bitten by Kansas City spiders, and interviewed by Fort Scott graybacks; but I'll be darned if I was ever in a place before where the bed-bugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was!"

A German looked up at the sky and remarked:

"I guess a leedle it vill rain somedime pooty queek."

"Yees do, eh?" replied an Irishman: "What business have yees to purtend to know about Ameriken weather, ye furrin galoot?"

"Papa," asked a boy, "what is meant by Paradise?"

"Paradise, my son," replied the father, "is the latter part of the summer, when your mother goes on a visit to your grandfather."

Observe a young father trying to appease a bawling baby, and you will witness ingenuity enough in ten minutes to make you think that the man ought to be an inventor."

"Py Schiminy, how dot boy studies de languages!" is what a delighted elderly German said when his four-year old son called him a blear-eyed son of a saw-horse.



