

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Philadelphia *News* the other day headed a department "What Philadelphia Editors Think." It occupied one-eighth of a column.—*Puck*.

Young wife—"John, mother says she wants to be cremated." Young husband—"Tell her if she'll get on her things I'll take her down this morning."—*Allen-town (Pa.) Register*.

A little urchin asked his mother a difficult question and got the answer: "I don't know." "Well," said he, "I think mothers ought to know. They ought to be well educated or else have an encyclopedia."—*Boston Record*.

Washington Belle (to young naval officer)—"I suppose the hardships of your life at times, Lieut. Sinecure, are simply frightful?" Lieut. Sinecure—"Yes, very. The cost of gold braid alone is something fearful."—*N. Y. Sun*.

"Is Jim Bullard hangin' 'round these parts nowadays?" asked a passenger from a car window of a Dakota citizen. "Jim was hangin' 'round last week, stranger." "Did you see him?" "O, yes; I had hold of the rope."—*N. Y. Sun*.

"Mother, what is an angel?" "My dear, it is a little girl with wings who flies." "But I heard papa telling the governess yesterday she was an angel. Will she fly?" "Yes, my dear, she will fly away the first thing to-morrow."—*Vanity Fair*.

A young lady cashier in a St. Louis dry-goods house tried to get away with \$3,000 by hiding it in her bustle—a plan not open to gentleman cashiers for obvious reasons. She probably wished to have a good financial backing.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

According to telegraphic reports the "peach crop along the Hudson" has been ruined three times already since the first of the year. It is feared that another cold spell will kill it if it should again be left out doors all night.—*Norristown Herald*.

The hardest thing in this world to please is a woman. Mr. Young of Wabasha, Minn., locked his wife in the house; Mr. Potts of Pepin, Wis., locked his wife out of the house. Now both women have sued for divorce.—*Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript*.

A little 4-year-old miss on the East Side, toddling up-stairs the other day, noticed that the servant had removed the carpet from her room and was scrubbing the floor. Said she: "Hello, Rosa, has you moved your kitchen floor up-stairs?"—*Buffalo Courier*.

A clever Albany girl who was at Ridgefield the other night was asked what her sensations were when she shot down the toboggan chute for the first time. "It was delightful," she exclaimed enthusiastically; "I thought I was dying."—*Albany Journal*.

"They say Mark Twain is worth a great deal of money," remarked a casual caller yesterday. "Yes," replied the horse editor, "Mark always has an eye to the dollar." "That is to say," chipped in the snake editor, "Twain is a sort of a dollar Mark."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Scene Paris. Time, three weeks ago. "Very stupid here this winter, eh, old fellow?" "Deucedly. Let's do something to have some fun—a circus; anything, you know." "All right. Say we get up a party and go to New York to take in the French ball."—*Philadelphia News*.

Mrs. Southworth, the woman suffragist, says: "Men are constantly becoming more like women. They don't fight now when they get mad at each other." Sometimes they don't, but then they do not generally get revenge by accusing their enemy of wearing a last season's hat.—*Savannah (Ga.) News*.

"How did you break off your front teeth?" asked a visitor of the same small boy. "I didn't break 'em," replied the youngster. "I was just fooling a teeny bit with a horse's tail in the street up at C—. The man that picked me up got his hands and vest awfully bloody. It wasn't my fault."—*Boston Record*.

Six-year-old Mary M. informed the family a few days ago that she wished to go to church Sunday, as she was interested in what would be said. After much persuasion she was induced to say that she "spoke" after the men and women had sung the minister would get up and say: "The Progressive Whist Club will meet with Mrs. M. next Wednesday night."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal*.

Miss Clara—"Can you recall, Mr. Featherly, the name of the author of that beautiful poem beginning with the line, 'Ah! a wonderful stream is the River Time'?" Mr. Featherly (intently)—"I'm—let me see—he was an Englishman, I fancy. No, stop a moment. I am thinking of the River Thames. The River Time! Are you sure, Miss Clara, that is the name of the river? I never heard of it."—*N. Y. Times*.

How uncertain are the vicissitudes of this life! A man may be scooting along on snow-shoes over the beautiful snow lying on the numerous hills about the city, exulting in all the vigor of youth, and overflowing with an abundance of animal spirits, and the next minute he may be in an adjoining county under twenty feet of snow, without hat or coat, waiting for the spring thaws to set in.—*Hailey (Wyo.) News-Miner*.

He (at a Boston hotel-table)—"Mary, do you know where that line comes from: 'Clerk, draw a deed of gift? I've been running in my head all night, and I can't place it.' She—"Let me see. No, I can't place it just now." Waitress (who has overheard)—"Merchant of Venice—bargain—Act IV.—ham and eggs—Scone—pepper—Shakespeare—and bacon." Guess we'll have bacon this morning.—*Babita*.

A Northampton County schoolmarm gives the following sentence from the pen of her youngest and brightest scholar, given in answer to the request: "Write in twenty words a definition of 'Man'." It read thus: "Man is an animal that stands up; he is not very big, and he has to work for a living."—*Allen-town (Pa.) Register*.

"You say that you have played Macbeth?" said a New York theatrical manager to an applicant for a position. "I have acted the role of Macbeth fourteen times." "Well, let me hear you repeat his defiance to Macduff." "O, I never go so far as that. The audience always made me quit before I got to that part."—*Texas Siftings*.

Two seconds wait upon their principal to give him an account of their mission to his adversary. "You will fight with pistols." "Will the pistols be loaded?" "Parbleu, of course." "With bullets?" "Certainly, yes!" Their principal frowns. "With bullets! But I only meant a friendly encounter, and not a combat of savages."—*Paris Galignani*.

Robbie went to church last Sunday and was very proud when his mother let him put a shining silver quarter into the contribution-box. But the deacon had hardly got to the next pew before Robbie remarked in a disgusted tone, audible clear up to the pulpit: "Say, mamma, he didn't notice that quarter any more than if it was only just a cent!"—*Somerville (Mass.) Journal*.

An American scientist is trying to discover some means of making shells of eggs transparent without injury to their membranous lining. He is engaged in a very laudable undertaking, and it is hoped he will succeed. A man need not then waste a good egg in the reception of an amateur Hamlet. He very seldom does to be sure; but he can't always tell.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Last fall," said my Alexandria friend, "when the Norfolk boat stopped at Alexandria one night on its way down the river, a well known Alexandrian, who had more liquor than was good for him, walked on board and said to a gentleman who was talking to some ladies: 'I want a cigar or blood,' in bloodcurdling tones. 'Have a cigar, sir?' said the stranger, handing him one in a most conciliatory way, and then the Alexandrian came on shore again."—*Washington Letter to Philadelphia Record*.

A Race After Snow Elk.

A Lander, Wyoming correspondent of the New York *Mail and Express* writes: About two months ago a band of snow elk was discovered in the Green River mountains. The rare animals at once excited the hunters of the region, and the snow elk were pursued by a large party. The pursuit was a signal failure, the cunning animals baffling the hunters and escaping into the deepest recesses of the mountains. The party was led into a district of precipices and snow drifts, from which they only escaped by abandoning everything except their arms. One of the baffled hunters, came to the conclusion that he could, by himself, get the best of the cunning snow elk. So ten days ago he left his camp on the Green river for the haunts of those animals. It took him three days of hard toil to reach their habitat. Once there he found the elk.

The rays of an afternoon sun shone full upon the band as it fed upon the side of a mountain some two miles distant. Night-fall found the hunter within a mile of the game, and he lay down in a snow-drift for the night, fully persuaded that the next day would see at least one of the famed snow elk fall by his rifle. With the morning light the elk were still to be seen, and the hunter began his wary approach. Through deep arroyos, beneath lofty precipices, behind huge walls of snow, and ice, the hunter took his way, and by 10 o'clock was almost within range. Selecting a fine cow, whose dazzling white coat shone in the outer circle of the herd, he began a still more cautious approach.

Suddenly the herd, as if moved by a common impulse, raised their heads, and the next instant moved off toward the interior of the mountain. Puzzled and disappointed the hunter followed in their wake. All he could do was to maintain the relative nearness to the herd he had already gained. He could get no nearer. For two days the hunter followed the snow elk into the mountains. Rising from his snowy bed one morning, the hunter found the entire heavens black with the announcement of an approaching storm. The movements of the snow elk no longer puzzled the hunter. They were seeking refuge from the storm their instinct told them was approaching. The hunter lost not a moment in taking the back track. To be caught in these fastnesses by such a storm as was portended means certain death.

Six hours hard traveling placed the hunter on a comparatively low level. Here the storm struck him. For two days he wandered blindly forward, in the midst of whirling snows and savage winds. He dared not pause, though every instant he expected to fall over some hidden precipice, and be buried fathoms deep. When the storm cleared away, our hunter found that he was lost in the midst of frightful drifts. Here his hunting craft saved him. Taking a course he kept it, and after four days of exhausting toil and fearful exertions, he came out upon the southern slope of the Wind mountains and saw before him the Lander settlements, ninety miles distant from where he started.

The snow elk is a most rare animal and is known chiefly to this generation by tradition. Until this band was discovered the tales of the snow elk were looked upon as fables. The snow elk is a dark brownish tan color brown in color and is far more active and energetic. His color is a dazzling white, and when he is in motion his movements are the swiftest and quickest of any animal.

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