

FACETIE.

THERE is a gruff old party who lives opposite to a church where the members of the choir meet twice a week to practice, and who says if the singing affects heaven as it affects him, there'll be no use of going there for happiness.

TEACHING BY EXAMPLES.  
(For the Use of Parents and Guardians.)

There is no feature of the rising generation more striking than their disposition to intelligent doubt, sometimes misallied skepticism, and their unwillingness to accept the *ipse dixit* of authority. Having been lately invited to put a friend's child through a historical examination, we were so struck with the result that we have recorded both questions and answers as subjoined:

GENERAL HISTORY.

Q. What do you know about Romulus?  
A. He was a purely mythical personage, whose actions were so excessively stupid that I have not burdened my memory with them.  
Q. What was the character of Nero?  
A. Humane, gentle, and refined. The assertions as to his cruelty and madness are calumnies invented by his friends.  
Q. Who was Homer?  
A. A Grecian Mrs. Harris. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were street songs of the period—an ancient parallel to "Lord Bateman," or "Tommy, make room for your uncle," or—  
Q. Let us try elsewhere. Who was William Tell?  
A. He never existed, save as the hero of a German play or an Italian opera.  
Q. What is your view of King Arthur?  
A. King Arthur is a solar myth, like Hercules, Thor, Vishnu, and generally all the so-called gods, demi-gods, and founders of religions.  
Q. Did not King Alfred suffer the cakes to burn in the neat-herd's hut?  
A. Oh dear no! The story was invented for the benefit of Royal Academicians hard up for a subject.  
Q. What did the spider suggest to Robert Bruce?  
A. Squashing it.  
Q. Tell me what you know about Henry the Eighth.  
A. He was amiable, kind, and forbearing to a most aggravating set of wives, and a strict respecter of legality.  
Q. Why is the epithet "glorious" usually applied to "Queen Bess"?  
A. It is hard to say. Queen Elizabeth was a mean, tricky, and avaricious character, principally remarkable for doing her ministers out of their money, and cheating her sailors of their beef and beer. I need hardly add that her private character won't bear looking into.

Q. Comment on the genius of Shakespeare.  
A. He hadn't any. That he was uncommonly clever I do not deny, because he is the one theatrical person on record who realized a fortune by management. If he had lived now, it is probable that he would have gone the greatest lengths in the way of sensation drama, burlesque, and *opéra bouffe*.  
Q. This is startling. Who on earth, then, do you suppose did write what we are accustomed to call Shakespeare?  
A. Certainly not Shakespeare, as we know that he couldn't write his own name twice alike. For my own part, I lean to the Baconian theory, but refuse to commit myself.  
Q. Good heavens! How old are you?  
A. If you believe the testimony of my parents—which the experience of life thus far has taught me is rash—I am four years six months and three days old.  
Q. What are you?  
A. I can not say that I have yet made up my mind, but, as at present informed, I incline to the belief that my generation was spontaneous; that my bodily substance, in its simplest expression, is protoplasm in the form of germ cells; that my actions are automatic, my motives cerebrospinal, and my ancestors anthropoid apes in their later generations, ascidians or bacteria in their earlier.

(Exit examiner, hastily.)

Some one notices as a singular fact that within six weeks after a new tune comes out in the city, the boys in the remotest villages are heard whistling it. He wonders how it travels.

What with stocking darners, knitting and sewing machines, apple parers, washers and wringers, woman as a necessity is fading from the earth.



A BREACH OF TRUST.

STERN MONITOR. "That's the way yer take care o' yer little innocent Sister, is it?—a-leavin' her in a Kittle, like a Cod-fish. Ain't yer 'shamed o' yerself?"

A farmer in Cambria County, Pennsylvania, having the deed of his farm in his vest pocket, hung the garment on the fence while at work in his field, and a cow coming along, ate part of the vest and the deed. The question in that vicinity now is, "Is that cow a freeholder, as the title of the land was duly vested in her?"

Little girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies believe in a man in the honeymoon.

If a young lady wishes a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers should she mention?—No *Spectator*, no *Observer*, but as many *Times* as you please.



A WHITE LIE.

SCENE: AN EVENING COLLATION.

MISS SIMPER. "Oh, Mr. Horo, I am afraid you've been to some trouble!"  
MR. HORO. "Not the least, I assure you."

What keeps Lent the longest and best?—Money.

Why should the bee-hive be taken as a symbol of industry? Not a bee is to be seen all the winter long, while the cockroach is up at five o'clock in the morning, and never goes to bed till midnight.

A Sunday-school speaker the other evening used the word *abridgment*, but immediately pulled up and remarked that as some of the younger scholars might not know its meaning, he would say that it was a synonym of *optime*. The members of the infant class were affected to tears.

who hangs another article over it! At the end of a week the same garment is being picked up from the floor or chairs forty times a day, his wife says.

The wages of sin has not been reduced along with other wages.

LITTLE WORRIES.

Though many ills may hamper life  
When Fortune turns capricious;  
The great but nerve us for the strife,  
The small ones make us vicious.  
Fierce griefs are soon outstripped by one  
Who through existence scurries;  
It's harder far a race to run  
With nimble "little worries."

A button bids your shirt good-by  
When late for dinner dressing;  
You have a kile you can not fly,  
And editors are pressing.  
You run to catch—and lose—a train  
(That fatalest of hurries);  
Your newest hat encounters rain—  
Life's full of "little worries."

From day to day some silly things  
Upset you altogether;  
There's naught so soon convulsion brings  
As tickling with a feather.  
'Gainst minor evils let him pray  
Who Fortune's favor curries—  
For one that big misfortunes slay  
Ten die of "little worries."

IS LUCK NOW.—The Prince of Wales, on being asked the other day to name the principal vegetables of India, replied, "with that ready wit which," etc., etc., "The vegetables that have made the most indelible impression on me, in India, are its ru-peas!"

"Don't you think you have a prejudice against the prisoner?" asked a lawyer of a witness.  
"Very likely," was the reply. "I have caught him stealing two or three times."

DISTRACTING.

CUSTOMER. "What did you think of the Bishop's sermon on Sunday, Mr. Wigby?"  
BARBER. "Well, really, Sir, there was a gent a-settin' in front o' me as 'ad his air parted that crooked I couldn't 'ear a word!"

ORTHOGRAPHICAL POLISH.—The thing to rub your orthography with—Bees' whacks.

"Papa, did you see those nice little guns down to the store?" asked a little six-year-old boy.

"Yes, Harry, I saw them. But I have so many children to feed and clothe that I can not afford to buy you one," replied his father, seriously.

Little Harry glanced at the baby in the cradle with no loving expression on his face. Finally he said:  
"Well, papa, I'll tell you what you can do. You can swap little Tommy for a gun."

ALL FOR PRINCIPLE.

They came out of a Michigan Avenue grocery, he carrying a big jug; and as they reached the walk he said, "Now, Dolly, you carry the jug and give me that quarter of a pound of tea."  
"I'd like to see myself!" she replied.

"Dolly, do you want to see your husband lugging an old brown jug through the crowded streets of the metropolis—do you want others to see him?"  
"Come along with that jug," she impatiently exclaimed.

"Dolly, there's a gallon of molasses in here, and we know it, but every body else will think it's whiskey if I carry it."  
"Let 'em think."  
"Dolly, if you love me, you will carry the jug."  
"I won't carry it."  
"Then I won't! I've got twice as much character to sustain as you have."

"Sustain it, then," she said, as she started for the wagon around the corner. He called to her, but she did not answer. Giving the big jug a terrific swing into the air, he let go his hold, and it came down with an awful crash. "Lasses is nothing to principle," he explained to the little crowd, and then followed on after Dolly.

How marvelously careful a man is with a new garment! When he comes in he is at great pains to hang it on a hook entirely by itself, and woe to any one who hangs another article over it! At the end of a week the same garment is being picked up from the floor or chairs forty times a day, his wife says.



THAT IS THE QUESTION.  
"Can we get the Sleeves out?"



A REAL TREASURE.  
LADY (to newly hired help). "Bridget, you must wash the Turkey now!"  
BRIDGET. "Yis, mum. Is it wid Yellow Soap I'll do it?" (A fact.)