



ONE OF OUR TRAMPS.
"Ah, yes, mum, I've got Seven Small Children at home as hasn't had bite nor sup for three days."

A PRIVATE VIEW OF THE SEVEN SMALL CHILDREN.

FACETIE.

A lady advising another about dress writes: "Be sure and be as tight as possible. To be well dressed, you must have your skirts tied closely together at the back, just under the bend of the knee. Your corsage must be so tight as to fit like the skin, and the sleeves also must look as if moulded to the arm. You must be done up so tight all over as not to be able to stoop or sit down, or raise your arms to the your veil, or even to put on your hat."

A young lady at Niagara was heard to exclaim, "What an elegant trimming that rainbow would make for a white lace over dress!"

"I take my text this morning," said a colored preacher, "from dat portion ob de Scriptures whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to de Feesions."

A professor was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said, "It's of no use; I was cut out for a loafer."

"Well," declared the professor, surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you out, understood his business."

PATTING EXTRAORDINARY.—A villager has excited great indignation by gratifying his fondness for patting dogs on the head. He uses a heavy steel poker to pat them with.

Oftentimes a woman ransacks the whole house for a pin, and, not being able to find one, drops into a chair with disgust, and is immediately rewarded for the search.

"My friends," said a returned missionary, at an anniversary meeting, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindostan, where I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb that, though you bathe in a dog's tail in oil and bind it in splints, yet you can not get the crook out of it. Now a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail, which can not be eradicated; and I hold that every one should be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace."

The refined style, so as not to shock people's nerves, was invented by the bonidior journaliste, Adolphus de Creme. He thus writes of a recent event: "A Missouri man has, we regret to record, coaxed a boy to take sulphuric acid, and a crowd, we rejoice to promulgate, coaxed the man to play pendulum from the branch of a shady tree."



EARLY MATRIMONIAL STAGE.
WAKING THE BABY TO HEAR IT LAUGH.



AN UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERY.
FOND MOTHER. "I wonder why Zeb'lon Sprote don't come and see us as often as he used to. I'm sure he was always puffyekly welcome, and Sary Jane used to sing and play ter him hours together."

A country subscriber says that while operating a reaping-machine the other day, one of his cows got in front of it, and he soon had beet *a la mowed*.

A Chicago livery-man secures the patronage of lovers by having the seats of his vehicles made rather small for two persons.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.—Spriggins says he once prevented a severe case of hydrophobia by simply getting on a high fence and waiting there till the dog had gone away.

A certain Detroitor would feel like kicking any one who hinted that his mind was not always keenly interested in his business. And yet, the other noon, when he locked his desk to go to dinner, he dropped his key on the floor without noticing the loss, put on his hat and gloves, and was ready to go out, when he called to the office boy and asked: "Joe, have you seen my desk key around?"

Joe hadn't. They hunted around for two or three minutes without finding it, and then the gentleman said, "That's just one of my tricks. I've gone and locked that key up in the desk."

A new social philosopher says the art of flirting is in its infancy. It will be a sad day when the thing is grown up.

What is the difference between horse-racing and going to church?—One makes men bet, the other makes them better.

MAKING EYES.

So many things a girl can make,
I can not fathom why
So few can turn out a cake,
Or make an apple-pie.
Excuses they can make, galore,
Fair bouquets, wreaths, and ties;
But they delight in something more,
And that is "making eyes."

A girl can make a man a fool—
See history for that—
Can make a dress by Fashion's rule,
Or trim a dainty hat.
But oft—from gaping crowds apart—
I've pondered with surprise
On this: her rarest, dearest art,
You know, is "making eyes."

A woman makes the moments fly—
She makes the cash fly too;
For husbands say she makes them buy
Whatever comes in view.
But this I know, O Modern Belle!—
It is no vain surmise—
The art in which you most excel
Is that of "making eyes."



LATER MATRIMONIAL STAGE.
"I wish to goodness, Mary, you would take that child up stairs, or put it to sleep, or—something."



TON VERSUS HYGIENE.
BLANCHE (to Ethel, both just returned from their summering). "Why, how thin you look!"
ETHEL. "Of course, my dear: four toilettes a day, and the German four times a week, are not fattening. Besides, one doesn't wish to come back to society looking like a dairy-maid."



THE CEN-X-IAL.
LADY (in chair, languishingly, to propeller). "And of what nativity may you be?"
PROPELLER. "Oirish."