

FACETIÆ.

As unfortunate man in Indianapolis, who lost several toes by a car wheel, was consoled by an Irishman near by with, "Whisit, there! you're making more noise than many a man I've seen with his head off."

THE END OF BOOKWORM.—To be buried in a book.

An auctioneering firm announce their intention to dispose of "a useful brown tradesman's horse." The advertisers must have been the clever individuals who offered a reward for the recovery of a blue lady's parasol and a drab gentleman's coat.

Why is an I O U like a confirmed toper?—Invariably found in liquor.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed a lady in a witness-box, "how should I know any thing about any thing I don't know any thing about?"

A pompous philosopher extracted the following reply from an advanced free-school lad to the query, "How is the earth divided, my lad?" "By earthquakes, Sir."

In the advertisement of a ladies' school in Washington references are given to several defunct gentlemen and ladies, but no information is given through what medium the references may be heard from.

They have a new drink in Philadelphia called the Quaker cocktail. It is served in a broad-brimmed glass.

While a compositor on the Montreal Witness was setting up an advertisement for a lost canary, a few days ago, the bird flew in at the office window. This shows the value of advertising.

INK.

I'm tender-hearted, truly:
Destroy a worm? Not I!
I would not e'en unduly
Compel a flea to fly.
And yet, without compunction,
I could—I gravely think—
That man destroy, with union,
Who first invented ink!

It stains my weary fingers,
It spoils my Sunday clo's,
And through my dreams it lingers
To banish true repose.
Mandrags nor poppy
Can win for me a wink—
That man invented "copy"
Who first invented ink.

'Tis well for those at gray light
Who douse the midnight lie;
But I from dusk till daylight
Must shed ink's fluid vile.
I straight to bottom dive must:
They never quit the brink—
Not natch in heaven's thrice must
Who first invented ink.

And just when toil is over,
And on my sofa flat
I lie as if in clover
I hear the post's rat-tat.
And Jobbins sends me verses,
And Bobkins writes for chink—
On him then fall my curses
Who first invented ink.

The average inventor
Is mostly known to fame,
But Mauder (who's my Mentor)
Does not record *one* name—
And I'm, for one, contented
To see in Lethe sink
His name who first invented
That hateful fluid—ink!



NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

MRS. SPRATT (hearing that Leviathan Brown, the millionaire, will marry only an economical girl, thoroughly posted on housekeeping affairs, arranges matters with her daughters). "Come in, Mr. Brown, right into the Kitchen, and see my Darlings Mending and Dusting and Baking, just as they are. Ah! you won't find them Dressed, and Loitering about in the Drawing-Room! The Dear Girls find their Pleasure in the Kitchen."

THE LATEST KIND OF VERDICT.—"Decidedly guilty, though with some little doubt as to whether he is really the right man." They hanged him, anyhow.

A man referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high. "Well, I can't say he did," said Terence, "but he died high." Like the banks in these days, he was suspended.

A Scotchman thus recently addressed his daughter: "Fat's this I hear ye're gaun to dee, Jeannie?" "Weel, I'm just gaun to marry that farm ower by there, and live wi' the bit mannie on't."

Some Dutch officials have been assassinated at Benkoelen, near Laos. How they found the place on the map, and got there, does not appear.

In a certain greenroom a couple of actors the other day got warm in discussing the Reformation, and one of them wound up his argument with the words, "That's what Martin Luther does for you!" They were overheard, and the conversation was interrupted by an outsider, who wanted to know, "When's he coming down, and what line of business does he play?" He had mistaken the reformer for some new star.

The "cast of countenance" of an English tragedian at present in Paris is described by a French critic as that of "Don Quixote giving away tracts."

"What is love, Nanny?" asked a Scotch minister of one of his parishioners, alluding, of course, to the word in its Scriptural sense. "Hoot, Iye, Sir," answered the blate Nanny, blushing to the e'en-holes, "dinna ask me sic a daft-like question. I'm sure ye ken as weel as me that love's just next to cholera. Love is just the worst inside complaint for a lad or lassie to have."



EXPRESSION OF MR. BROWN'S FACE ON LEAVING THE HOUSE.

enough where it had been left, only there was a stout lady sitting on it.

"Madam," said he, "you are sitting on my hat." The lady blushed a little, turned round, and said, in the blindest manner, "Oh, I beg pardon! I'm sure I thought it was my husband's."

Smith has given out his latest bonbon poem. It is the following:

"Two places on the earth there be—
One where my girl is not, the other there is she."

The other day a Dublin tutor who had repeatedly to reprimand a youth for inability to find an article if it was the least out of its usual position, came out in a passion with the following: "I suppose if you found your head not on its usual place some day, you wouldn't know where to go and look for it."

In connection with the meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science, at Lyons, the story is told of a well-known Geneva professor, that, on the occasion of one of the expeditions of the association into the country, they were thrown upon the resources of a second-rate café for refreshment. The professor demanded of the garcon if they had any chicory.

"Yes," and a supply was brought.
"Have you any more?"
"Certainly," and some more made its appearance.
"Is this all?"
"Yes, monsieur, that is all our supply."
"Now, will you make us some coffee?"

EXTRACT OF MEAT—BONES, of course.

The other day, at a concert, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep a place, returned to claim it after a short absence. The hat he found sure

chap present, with a view to testing her faith and courage, followed her home, and in a lonely, secluded spot, crept up behind her and whispered, "I am the devil." But the good woman never heeded him, and again and again he introduced himself in the same style. Finally, finding the thing was getting monotonous, she turned to him with the ejaculation, "Well, nobody denies it." That young man don't follow the frightening business any more.

A RUMOR THAT QUICKLY SPREADS—A peacock's tail.

TEN GOLDEN RULES.

Never leave off wearing a coat unless you have another to take its place.

Never trouble another to eat a dinner you have ordered for yourself.

Never lend a quarter if you have only ten cents in your pocket.

Never buy a watch if you can get some one to give it to you.

Never ask your principal creditor the best way to go through the Bankruptcy Court.

Never attempt to eat soup with a tooth-pick when there is a spoon handy.

Never take your boots to be mended by a cobbler whom you have offended.

Never wear your old hat if you can borrow a new one.

Never ask a steak at a place where your credit is bad, and the waiter wears strong boots.

Never pay a bill unless you have sufficient money to spare.

A boy of sixteen, employed the other day in manipulating some old government stores, thought, from the smell, that two small pills which he found must be gunpowder. He tried with a match, and found that he was correct in his surmises. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death. This precious youth adds another to the long list of martyrs to science.

A certain army surgeon applied to the Sanitary Commission for "consecrated beef and desecrated vegetables."

Upon the marriage of Mrs. Wheat, of Virginia, the editor hopes that her path may be floury, and that she may never be thrashed by her husband.



AN INCOMPLETE EDUCATION.

"What! Shivering in the Middle of August! How's that?"
"Oh, Sir, please, Sir, we was only Taught 'ow to Beg in the W'inter-Time, Sir!"



ANY EXCUSE IN A STORM.

SWEET ENNELINE (to her love, who is enjoying a nice sail). "Do you feel Seasick, Richard dear?"
RICHARD (with wonderful bravery). "No, no. Umph! I think the Shrimps I had for Breakfast this Morning must have been Alive!"