

FACETIE.

An English journal gives the following statement of the measurement of an iron-clad's plate. A two-foot rule was given to a Sunderland dock-man to measure the plate. The "humper" not being well up to the use of the rule, after spending a considerable time, returned.

"Noo, Mick," asked the plater, "what size is the plate?"

"Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule, and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and this trifle of panicle, the breadth o' my hand, and my arm from here to there, bar a finger."

A SLIGHT "DELUGE"-ION.

TRACHER. "Who are the archangels?"

READY PUPIL. "Noah, his wife and family, with every bird, beast, and reptile saved in the ark."

MEDICAL REMUNERATION.

DOCTOR. "Um! most insolent!" (To his wife.)

"Listen to this, my dear?" (Reads letter aloud.)

"Sir,—I inclose a post-office order for two dollars and fifty cents, hoping it will do you as little good as your two very small bottles of 'physic' did me."

Some recently discovered inscriptions on burned bricks bring to light the astounding revelation that King Ahazuerus hanged Haman because he invented the accordion, and put the price down to \$1 75, so that every young man might have one.

What flies forever and rests never?—The whif.

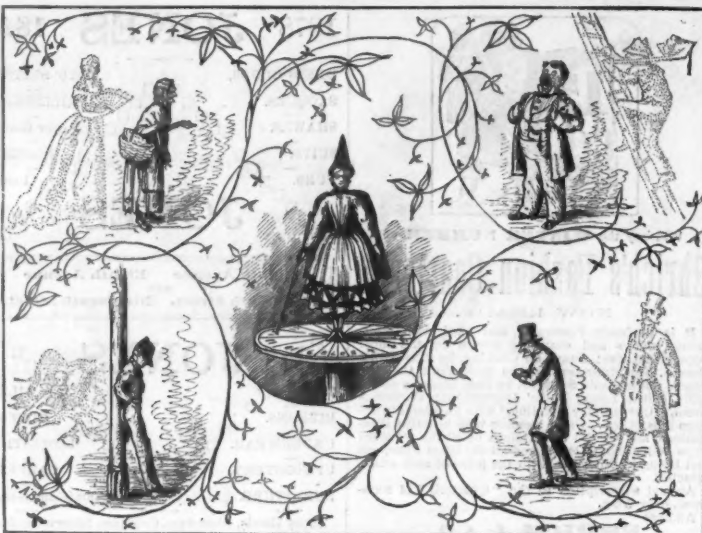
THE MAIN CHANCE.

WISTFUL MATERFAMILIAR (reading evening paper). "Here's another of those Allington girls married! And to that young Carew, of the Grange, of all people! How well those girls go off, to be sure!"

PATERFAMILIAR. "Ah, awfully good-looking girls, those Allingtons."

MATERFAMILIAR (secretly). "It's not the good looks. It's because they're so well brought up."

CHOIR OF DAUGHTERS. "Oh, do bring us up well, mamma dear!"



TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

By an accident an empty Champagne bottle was placed on a hotel dinner table the other day. After examining it carefully, turning it round and round and upside down, the diner turned to the waiter, and calmly remarked, "I did not order 'Extra Dry.'"

A Nebraska paper devoutly "thanks Heaven" that at least one paper has been found that has "the honest, old-fashioned good sense to say 'angler,' instead of 'votary of Terpsichore.'" It sounds old-fashioned, but—there's something wrong about it yet, we think.

A Scotch parson said, recently, somewhat sarcastically, of a toper, that he put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains, but that the enemy, after a thorough and protracted search, returned without any.

The following is a copy of an advertisement in a New Jersey journal: "To be sold, 180 suits in law, the property of an eminent lawyer about to retire from business. Note.—The clients are rich and obstinate."

FISH OUT OF SEASON.

We find from the papers that there is a close time for fish, and that it is illegal to catch and to sell certain kinds of fish during the close time aforesaid.

A crab has a close time, and we are not surprised to hear it. A crab has always seemed to us to be of a backward and retiring disposition. We believe any other fish might impart a secret to a crab and he would never divulge it, even if you put him on in cold water and tried to simmer the secret out of him.

An eel has a close time, in which most likely he mends the weak places in his skin, unless he moults.

We see nothing about a close time for oysters, so we suppose it's opening-day with them somewhere or other all the year round.

As to what a white-bait does when he is out of season we can't say. Probably he goes about playing at being a bioter, but nobody takes any notice of him, and he dries up thoroughly disgraced.

Some people are very fond of salmon, only it makes them ill. We have known a man to have salmon, haunch of venison, and six other dishes, besides sweets, and drink sherry, port, claret, Champagne, and punch, and next day feel quite ill in consequence of the salmon.

Cucumber, too, is a bad thing. We have known a man to go to Delmonico's and eat cucumber with his salmon, and then wander about Fifth Avenue looking for the elevated railway station.

My son, avoid cucumber and keep your feet. Salmon in this may be bought at any time, and a few reckless maniacs buy tinned oysters.

This is an age of tin! In time every thing will be tinned, and the seasons done away with.

There was once a man who conceived the notion of tinning young and beautiful girls, but the idea was not taken up.

He was, however, and hanged.



SCENE: GARDEN OF EDEN, 1878.

EVE. "Adam, love, I must come out in a new suit this Fall."

ADAM. "What! more dresses? Ever since the first Fall you have bothered me with the same demand."



PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

MRS. MULLOY. "Do I do flutin'? No, ma'am, I don't; and I've seen them as does, and I don't think much ov 'em."

His hair having been cut, and various offers of fancy soap, hair restorer, and so forth, having been declined, with and without thanks, the barber says unto him, "Will your hair do that way, Sir?"

The customer contemplates himself with care in the mirror, then returning to the sacrificial chair and enveloping himself in the calico wrapper, replies, solemnly, "Just a little longer."

A Sybarite is already ecstatic at Professor Edison's electric-divisibility discovery. He thinks cigars will be made with the spark in them. When you nip the point off, they will light.

When usefulness is considered, the man who smokes cigarettes dwindles into insignificance by the side of the individual who smokes hams.

A well-known popular preacher was accosted the other day in a railway car, by a gentleman who had just a nodding acquaintance, by the remark: "Do you believe all that about the prodigal son and the fatted calf?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, can you tell me whether the calf that was killed was a male or a female calf?"

"Yes; it was a female calf."

"How do you know that?"

"Because," looking the querist in the face, "I see the male is alive now."



"HA! HA!! BUCKWHEATS!!!"
(THE IDOL OF THE SEASON.)

"Yes," said a venerable and benevolent-looking old man, "I've always really enjoyed living in an unhealthy climate."

"That's queer," said a by-stander. "What's the reason?"

"I rather think," responded the venerable and benevolent-looking old man, "that it is because I am a physician."

Is it not strange that a man can be on fire, and yet at the same time very much put out?

What sort of consulting doctor ought a railway passengers' assurance company to have?—An accidental surgeon.

A smart scholar had this question put to him by an inspector: "Well, my boy, do you know what 'syntax' means?"

The child of a teetotaler answered: "Yes, Sir—the duty upon spirits."

She was a graduate of an Eastern seminary for young ladies, and two months after marrying a young farmer she suggested that he purchase a lot of Cashmere goats, in order that they might raise their own Cashmere shawls and Cashmere dresses.

A liquor-dealer applied to a customer for a letter of recommendation of a certain brand of whiskey he had already sold him. The customer wrote: "I have tried all sorts of insect poison, and find none equal to your Old Cabinet Whiskey."