



DIFFERENT VIEWS.

RICHARD (to his Mary). "With you by my Side, my very Own, with you, I could wander among these Heavenly Hills and Dales for ever!"
MARY (to her Richard). "And so could I with you, my veriest Own! for ever, and ever, and ever!"
RICHARD'S SISTER (to herself). "Oh, dear me! what a Trotting up and down it all is, to be sure!"

FACETIE.

THE epitaphs of Dakota papers are most pathetic. Jim Barret had been shoveling snow, from which he caught a bad cold, and died. He won't have to shovel snow in the country he has gone to.

When is a captain in his heaviest attire?—When he wears his ship.

"THE ROSY."

LITTLE GIRL. "Oh, Mr. Beeswing, is the paint you color your nose with the same as that mamma colors her cheeks with?"
(Mr. B. and mamma enjoy themselves.)

Why has a barber a more extensive business than any other man?—Because it extends from poll to poll.

The latest story of a brave though child-like form, faithful at the post of duty, comes from Ohio. He was the son of a village reporter, and having discovered a broken rail on the road just out of town, sat for five hours on a fence near by waiting for the train, so that he might carry the particulars of the accident to his father. Such devotion to the paternal interest is very affecting.

What is the greatest eye-sore in a farm-yard?—A (pig-)sty.

TO THE CARELESS.

This is an attractive advertisement:
MAN and WIFE.—Man thorough In-door Servant (understands hunting things).
Gentlemen, who "never know where they've put" whatever it may be would find this in-door servant invaluable.

An infant aged seventeen advertises "to be adopted—a comfortable home only required, and no salary."

WOMAN'S WORTH.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER (who thinks she has satisfactorily explained the doctrine of regeneration). "Now, my good boy, would not you like to be regenerated, or born again?"
GOOD BOY. "No-a!"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER. "No! Why not?"
GOOD BOY. "Fear'd a moight be born a girl!"

Though an honest merchant is a plain dealer, a carpenter is a deal plainer.

The editor of a Newark paper heard, the other day, that a new pass had been found in the Andes. He immediately wrote to a man in South America that the pass was his, and he would be much obliged if the man would forward it at once.

THE TARTAR WAR.—Brushing one's teeth.

As some lady visitors were recently going through a penitentiary, under the escort of the superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing.

"Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?"

"Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

HOT-AN'-OT MEN.—Tippers.

Why is a lady crossing the Atlantic like the foreman of a factory?—Because she is an over-sea-her.

A speaker before a temperance society one Sunday evening expressed the broad conviction that "next to Beelzebub himself, Bacchus, inventor of spirituous beverages, brought more sin and misery on the human race than any other individual of whom Scripture gives us any account.



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

USEFUL SISTER (to Ornamental Sister, who has been bewailing the dullness of her existence for the last hour). "Bella, you're the most Egotistical Creature I ever met in my Life!"
BELLA (who always gets out of every thing with a joke). "Well, Jane, if I am Egotistical, at all events it's only about myself!"

"ERIN-GO-BRAGH."

WEARY TRAVELER. "How far is it to Ballinacree, my friend?"
RAW NATIVE. "Shure, sor, av ye walk smart, it's not more than three moiles."

Why was last year like the one three years ago?—Because one was 1870, and the other was seventy-two.

Does a standing joke ever require a seat?

A TAKING PROSPECT.

OCCASIONAL VISITOR (calling to leave a card). "Family well, Jones? Ah! baby thriving, Jones?"

JONES. "Oh yes, mum—bless 'im, he's a-thrivin' bootiful. He's a-shed measles, the 'opin-coff, an' the scarlet fever, well; an' now he's jist a-comin' round of the small-pox, and a-thrivin' wonderfule!"
O. V. "Oh!—a—a! I don't think I'll come in, Jones, to-day! Good-morning!"

What best describes and most impedes a Christian Pilgrim's Progress?—A Bunyan (bunion).

What is the difference between the engine-driver and a passenger who has lost the train?—One is right in front, the other left behind.

When Blocky, in his song, wrote "List to the Convent Bells," it was not to be understood that they were muffled, you know.

There is a time for all things. The time to leave is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

"PREVENTION IS BETTER," ETC.

LARGE CAD. "I say, Kiddy, was you goin' to shy that stone at me?"

LITTLE CAD. "No."

LARGE CAD. "Then lend it us a bit, and I'll shy it at you."

[And he shied it.]

SHAKSPEAREAN COMMENTARIES.

"Mine host of the garter"—The landlady, of course.

"And thereby hangs a tale"—Darwinian theory.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet"—Properly classified.

"Thou hast damnable iteration"—The fellow that tells old jokes.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows"—The faro bank.

"Take, oh, take those lips away!"—Some very pretty women will eat onions.

"It hath an ancient and fish-like smell"—Codfish aristocracy and Credit Mobiliier.

"Is she not passing fair?"—Doubtless the lady engaged in passing the hat around at church sociables.

"If ladies be but young and fair, they have the gift to know it"—They are, indeed, remarkably conscious.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument"—The "heavy" editor.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!"—Good thought here. Use a man meanly, and he'll soon get the habit of kicking you.

"A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch"—The very picture of a modern interviewing reporter. Truly we can never do justice to the foresight of the immortal bard.

"It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love!"—This refers to the love of drink, and the beast is the imp that climbs bed-posts, and jumps all over a soakist who has pursued his love to excess.

The gardener who grafted a chestnut to a box tree found it only produced large trunks.

Lord Shaftesbury told at Glasgow of his having white-washed and painted one of the dark houses occupied by a family in one of the foul districts of London, and a short time after returning to find it worse than ever. He said, "What on earth is this?"

And the reply was, "Please your honor, the house looked so cold and uncomfortable that I sent for a sweep, and asked him to give us a few warm touches."



PAPA. "You must stop that noise, and obey me, Harry, or I shall have to Whip you! Solomon says, 'Spare the rod, and spoil the child!'"
HARRY. "Whip me if you must, Pa, but don't shift the responsibility on poor old Solomon!"



"PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES," ETC.

PRUDENT MAMMA. "My dear, the Grand Opera is no place for you. These Ex-pôts are Positively Shocking!"