

FACETIÆ.

ONE of the editors of the *Advance* having lost three umbrellas in three weeks—one of them taken from the church vestibule and another from his sanctum—begins to have “a lively conviction that the antiquity of man and the apostolic succession are not the only questions on which the world needs enlightenment.”

SAVING.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD. “I say, pa, you need not pay a lot of money for me to learn the piano.”  
PATER. “Why not, my boy?”  
FIVE-YEAR-OLD. “Because all you have got to do is to put a handle to it; then I can play all day long, like the men in the street.”

THE ADVANTAGES OF KEEPING GOOD COMPANY.

ELDERLY LADY. “Oh, Pat, Pat! where do you expect to go to when you die?”  
PAT (who has just come out of prison). “Faith, miss, an’ I expect to go to heaven, ay ye plaze.”  
LADY. “How ever can you expect that?”  
PAT. “Sure, miss, an’ it’s because I’ve conversed with angels.”

MALAPROPIANA.

Our esteemed friend Mrs. Malaprop has no patience with the people who want women to have votes. She declares that, for herself, her nerves would never bear the shock of having any thing to do with the electrical franchise.

A niece of Mrs. Malaprop, who is just now going through a course of mathematics, somewhat puzzled her good aunt the other day by asking her whether it was proper, among the comic sections, to make any allusion to the Puns Asinorum.

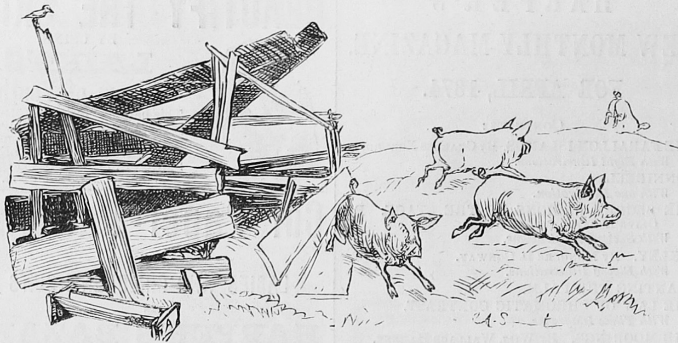
The following plan has been propounded for silencing that worst of social bores, the anecdote-monster: Cross-examine him on all the salient points of the anecdote. Demand the why, the how, and the when. Suggest that some other course than the one pursued ought certainly to have been taken, and sift the affair as if you were the sternest historical critic. If the relater and his friend Fred Cooper were thrown out of a dog-cart, inquire whether they were driving a horse or a mare; ask who made the dog-cart, and what was the height of the wheels; request him to draw a plan of the spot at which the upset occurred, and be particular in your curiosity as to the harness and the weather.

A new idea with regard to weddings has been invented in Connecticut. A citizen of that State announces that his golden wedding will come off just thirty years from now, and offers a liberal discount on any presents his friends design then to make him.

“Well, now,” said the wife of a *nouveau riche*, giving her opinion of the opera to an admiring circle of friends, “I like the acting so much! Nilsson is superb, but really, to my own mind, I think the singing is one of the very best parts of the opera.”

A Nevada judge, after the jury had been impaneled and when counsel were ready to proceed, pulled out a revolver and judicially remarked, “If any man goes to frolicking around in this court-room during the trial of this cause I shall interrupt him in his career.” The strictest decorum prevailed in that court-room.

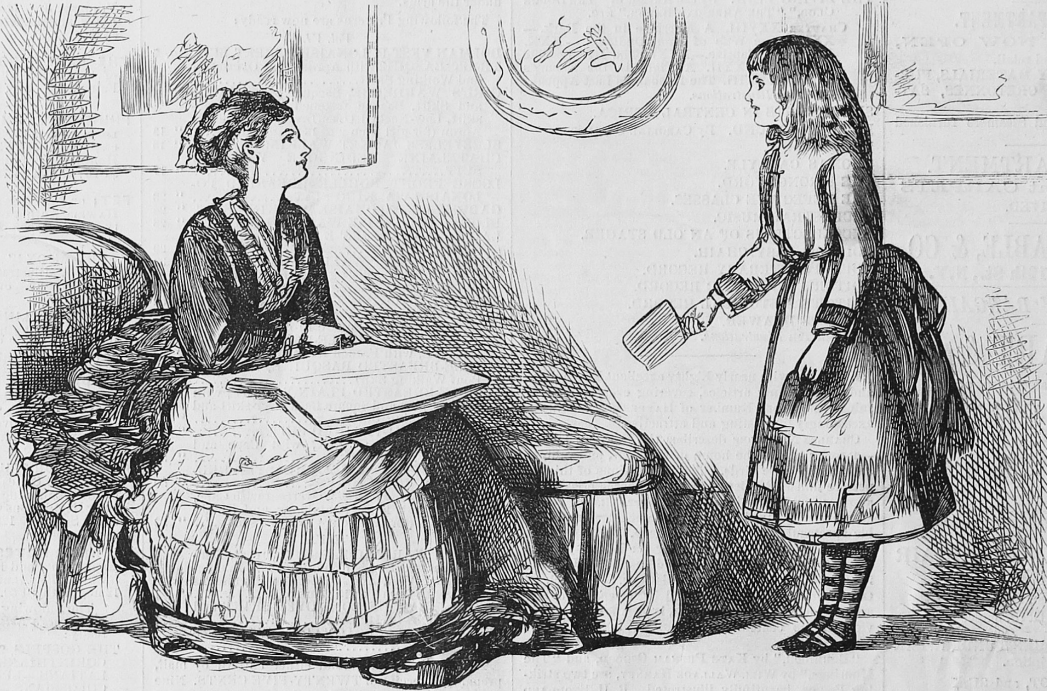
A Kansas gentleman has thoughtfully put his front gate in the parlor, so that his daughter and her young man can swing on it without taking cold during the cold weather. This is a humane suggestion to all fathers. A front gate in the parlor may save a good many dollars that would otherwise be paid out for cough syrup.



“Excuse Haste and a Bad Pen.”

A vain and frivolous authoress asked Dr. Johnson to give her his opinion of a work she had written, of which she handed him the manuscript for perusal, saying, at the same time, that she “had other irons in the fire.” After perusing a page or two the doctor returned it to her, saying that his candid opinion was that she had better put it where her other irons were.

Deacon C—had an Irish girl who was decidedly verdant. The deacon was building a wood-house on ground that inclosed a well. “An’ sure,” said the Milesian help, “are yez goin’ to move the well?” Observing a smile on the deacon’s face, she added, “Ah! what a big fool I am! Sure ivery drap o’ wather wud run out a-movin’ it!”



NEMESIS.

A REMINISCENCE OF ST. VALENTINE’S DAY.

“Oh, Mamma! Such a Shame! You know that lovely Valentine that Margaret Scott sent me, and that I afterward sent to Mary Wilcox?”  
“Yes, Well?”  
“Well, Mary Wilcox must have sent it to Grace Barnet, for Grace Barnet has just sent it back to me!”

“What’s hay?” asked a man of an honest granger the other morning. The P. of H. told him \$13 50, and followed the man around the wagon as he examined the hay very carefully. He expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the price, and liked the looks of the hay.  
“Shall I put it into your barn?” asked the granger.  
“Well, no,” the man said; “I have no barn; I only want a good clean straw to chew.”  
The hay merchant looked as if he would like to make him eat the whole load.

Most men like to see themselves in print. Ladies like to see themselves in silks and velvets.

An obituary notice of a much-respected lady concludes with, “In her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed, and her death—oh! how consoling to her friends.”

the new-born babe. Now I have made particular and I find that for some hours previous to his nativity nobody died.”

A marriage on a railway train may properly be termed a railroad tie.

ECHO ANSWERS.

Of what has Heaven given us an equal share?—Air.  
What does a rumor often do when it flies?—Lies.  
Which is the loveliest flower that grows?—Rose.  
Whose children are we apt to think the sweetest flowers?—Ours.  
What in manner is sure to please?—Ease.  
What will frequently overcome the most austere?—Tear.  
What loses its flavor when we borrow it?—Wit.  
What is it that wealth seldom extinguishes?—Wishes.  
What traits are difficult to exterminate?—Innate.  
What did Cleopatra to her bosom clasp?—Asp.

STREET ARAB. “Box o’ matches, Sir?”  
SWELL. “No; don’t smoke.”  
STREET ARAB. “Buy a box, and I’ll teach you.”

INES TO A YOUNG LADY.

Fair Dolly, who allows her skirt  
To trail behind her through the dirt,  
Forgets the nickname that prevailed  
Of Dorothy the Draggle-tailed.

CHEAP GENEROSITY—Presenting a check.

EVEN GREATNESS HAS ITS DRAWBACKS.  
Mrs. Dr. BILLYNOGART (who has unexpectedly come into a little property, and has been having some high words with an old friend). “Look you ’ere, young woman, if it wasn’t for me ’aving become a lady, I’d gi’ you sich a ’iding as you never ’ad in your life before!”

“Who goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing.” More often it is “the other way up.” Who goes a-lending too often goes a-sorrowing, while who goes a-borrowing not unfrequently goes on his way rejoicing at his dexterity.

As a traveling party were riding through Palestine the attention of a certain American was called to the reputed site of Moses’s tomb.

“Moses who?” says Jonathan.

“Why, the great Moses, who led the children of Israel through the desert for forty years.”

“How far is that?”

“Three hundred miles, maybe.”

Upon which the American remarked, “The Pacific and Chicago Railway would have taken ’em through, I guess, in eight hours.”

“Cut this out; it may save your life,” is the heading of a patent medicine puff in numerous country papers. A woman who has cut the paragraph out 223 times is still spared to record her testimonial as to the life-preserving virtues of the effort.

A city merchant invited several well-known literary characters to dinner some time ago, to meet a large party. Two of the “book-builders” arrived somewhat early, and began conversing together, when their host rushed up to them and exclaimed, “Not yet, gentlemen! not yet, if you please! Do wait till some more of the company have arrived!”

A stump orator on West, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, did it in this wise: “I have heard,” said he, “some persons hold to the opinion that, just at the precise instant after one human being dies, another is born, and that the soul of the deceased enters and animates the new-born babe. Now I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent that, and I find that for some hours previous to his nativity nobody died.”



MRS. S. (closing her book). “Oh, how delightful! After all their troubles they were married at last, and lived in perpetual bliss; so much like us, George dear.”  
[Unfortunately, George dear can not see the least resemblance.]



BITTER.

“Come under my Umbrella, Tilly, it’s beginning to Rain.”  
“Oh no! If some People can’t notice other People only when it suits some People to do so, then I think it’s time that some People should know that other People can be just as good as some People are!”