

FACETIÆ.

Mrs. PARTINGTON says she can never understand these 'ere market reports. She can understand how cheese can be lively, and pork can be active—that is, before it is dead—and feathers can be drooping—that is, if it's raining; but how whiskey can be steady, or hops quiet, or spirits dull, she can't see; neither how lard can be firm in warm weather, nor iron unsettled, nor potatoes depressed, nor flour rising, unless there's been yeast put into it.

"WHO BREAKS PAYS."

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

Break, break, break,  
My china and glass. Oh, she  
Wouldn't like to hear me utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.  
Oh, well for the lodging-house cat  
That at present it's out of the way!  
Oh, well for the plump page boy  
That he didn't take down that tray.  
And the breakages go down  
To their haven in the bin;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a rivet knocked in!  
Break, break, break,  
At the foot of the stairs. Oh, she  
Can't expect that the whole of her wages  
Will be paid this month by me!

LEAF-YEAR.—"I say, mother, that girl had the cheek to ask me to dance! Fortunately, I could tell her my card was full!"

NEMESIS OF HISTORY.—The children of Israel, under a Pharaoh, were oppressed with Egyptian bondage. Now, it seems, they are in a position to ask the Khedive twenty-two per cent. on Egyptian bonds. "Thus the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges."

A FEW WORDS ON WOPSIES.

BY AN UNLEARNED BEE.

The wop's name is derived from the Latin *respa*, or *resper*, which signifies even. This is odd, when you come to think of it. Perhaps you had better not, though. Why take the trouble? The wops has a disproportionately large face and a red nose—both the natural result of there being so little waste in the middle of the body. The character of the wops has been much maligned, and he has been represented as a nasty backbiting thing—an unwarrantable and wholly unscientific charge. In respect of its habitation, the wops is amphibious, that is, it lives in an underground nest. Here the wops keeps its grub. The habits of the insect are not overnice. A large comb is provided with each nest, and this all use indiscriminately. The training of the young wopsies is strict and admirable. There is an impartial distribution of wax made to the unruly juveniles. Wopsies are not so busy as bees, but then they seldom or never play. They do not make honey, as none of them care for it much, and it is found cheaper to steal it ready-made from the nearest bee-master. Taking wopsies' nests is an old English sport, and good for exercising the legs. The eggs are generally as many as might be expected, and all fresh laid. The female wops sits for a while, and then stands up. During the time she is thus occupied the male wops improves each shining hour, sometimes on a pleasure trip of stinging. A few words as to wopsies' stings and their remedy. The sting of the wops, which is situated in the extremity of the insect, is painful in the extreme. The old-fashioned cure was patience and a pair of tweezers. Nowadays people apply a blue pigment to the skin. I forget at the moment what it is made of. The ancient Britons took time by the forelock, and the wopsies at a disadvantage, by painting their bodies with woad at the beginning of every summer. This made the wopsies look blue too. In fact, 'first they woad, and then they woad not.' Soda is also a useful remedy, especially when taken with brandy. Tearing handfuls of one's hair out is a violent measure, and may be said to give only temporary relief. A few copies of the Vesper Hymn carried about the person is said to be an excellent charm against any ill effects from the sting.



LAMB.

"What is pleasanter," asks a Louisiana paper, "than getting up early on warm March mornings and going out to pick a rose in your front garden?" Well, we can think of nothing pleasanter, unless it is going to Pictou.

An ardent lover was once pressing his suit. The lady said, "I like you exceedingly, but I can not quit my home; I am a widow's only darling, and no husband could equal my parent in kindness."  
"She may be very kind," replied the wooer: "but be my wife; we will live together, and see if I don't beat your mother!"



MUTTON.

A Wisconsin editor illustrates the prevailing extravagance of the people of the present day by calling attention to the costly baby carriages in use now, while, when he was a baby, they hauled him around by the hair of the head.

When is a lady's dress like an unfortunate bull-fighter?—When it is gored. And when is it like a partisan?—When it is biased. And when is it like a toper?—When it is full. And when is it like the sails of a ship?—When it is trimmed. When is it like a season of the year?—When it is lent. When is it no longer fit for use?—After she has once worn it out.

When a woman perforates her bare foot with a crooked pin lying on the carpet, it should be regarded as a just retribution; but we can not conscientiously recommend any man to tell her so about the time she is pulling it out.

THE RAILWAY ALPHABET.

A is the addition to charges too high;  
B is the "block" that will come by-and-by;  
C is the cattle maltreated most sore;  
D is the damage the owners deplore;  
E is the ease with which mishaps befall;  
F is the food which "refreshments" they call,  
G is the goose who can stomach it all;  
H is the hurry when things are behind;  
I is the injury directors don't mind;  
J is the judge who the case has to take;  
K is the keen trick which the case is to shake;  
L is the lawyer, so clever and 'cute;  
M is the money he gets by the suit;  
N is the normal condition of things;  
O is the obstruction, collision that brings;  
P is the policeman, rotund and scold;  
Q is the query why trains are so late;  
R is the roundabout answer you get;  
S is the standing so long in the wet;  
T is the temper you're tempted to get in;  
U well, that's you, kept a-waiting and fretting;  
V is the valise that you left in the train,  
W is the worry to get it again (Moral: and most likely you never do get it again);  
X the 'xactness you'd like, but don't find;  
Y is the yawn to relieve your poor mind;  
Z is the zany the train left behind.

Richelieu's remark, "There's no such word as 'fail,'" should be modified to meet the present unpleasant times, so as to state about how many cents will be paid on the dollar.

MISTAKEN ZOOLOGY.

"And you are going out to the East Indies, my darling Mrs. Moroney," said an old Irish crone to the young wife of a soldier about to embark for Madras. "I've been in thin parts myself, and well do I remember the tortments I went through, night and day, with the muskeatoes. They have long suckers hanging down from their heads, and they'll draw the life-blood out of yees before yees can say sarys."  
This terrifying account lived in the memory of the young woman. The vessel making Madras Roads; the decks were soon crowded, and all hands delighted at the sight of land, Mrs. Moroney among the rest; but her joy was of short duration, for on the shore she perceived an elephant. Horror-struck at the sight, and in breathless agitation, she approached the mate, exclaiming, with uplifted hands, "Holy Mother! is that a muskeato?"

FUTURITY CLASSIFICATION.

- Sailors—Aloft.
- Milkmen—"Below."
- Book-makers—The Better Land.
- Politicians—The Majority.
- Wheelwrights—Eternity.
- Dumb Men—The Silent Land.
- Deaf Men—Ear-after.
- Ugly People—"The Great Plains."
- Distillers—Spirit Land.
- Artists—The Shades.
- Babies—The World to come.
- Perverters of Truth—Life everlasting.
- Chinese—The Celestial Kingdom.
- Frenchmen—Les Champs Elysees.
- Dutchmen—The Netherland.
- Men—Man-sions in the Skies.
- Women (logical sequence)—Heaven.



ALONE!

The spring style of hand-organ has only one stop. It begins in the morning and stops at night.

How it is.—Mr. William Crookes, a scientific gentleman who has a great reputation, has been weighing up the sun's rays, which have hitherto been supposed to weigh nothing at all. He informs us that the weight of the solar rays on each square mile is equal to fifty-seven tons, and that the aggregate weight of the sun's rays on the entire globe is equal to three thousand millions of tons! However it is that we are not all of us smashed flat under this enormous pressure, is hard to understand. No wonder so many people find it difficult to "get along."



ALONE!

Tom Thumb is going to Texas to live, and the Chicago Times thinks that some day we shall hear of Tom being waylaid and abducted by a Texas grasshopper.

"Marriage," says an unfortunate husband, "is the church-yard of love." "And you men are the grave-diggers," replied his wife.

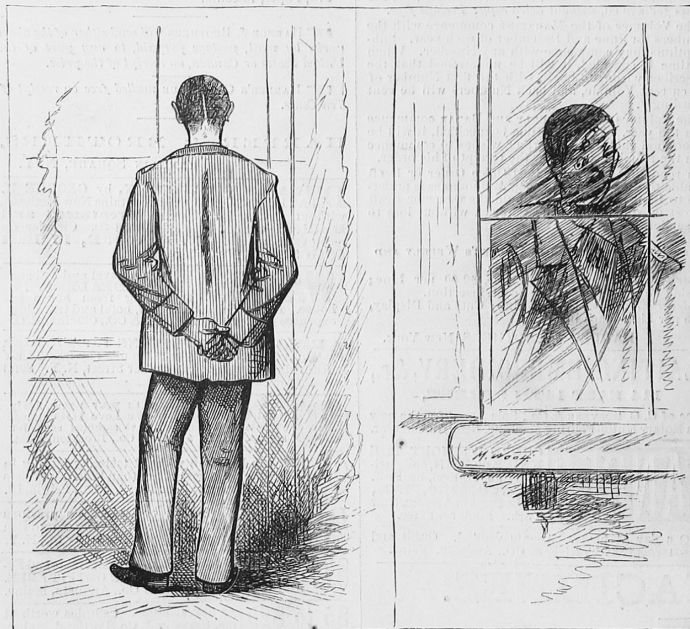
Why is your wife like dynamite?—Because she's apt to blow you up if harshly handled.

The man who ever attempted to put down twenty yards of carpet will have no sympathy for the Massachusetts tack factory, which was burned the other day.

A San Francisco paper, giving an account of a visit to Toland's dissecting-room in that city, and the arrangements for the supply of bodies thereto, naively observes, "The moment the breath has fairly left the body, the deceased takes no further interest in the proceedings."

THE PATH OF DUTY—Through the custom-house.

The clarinet is not a solo instrument. By an advertisement in a Belgian paper it is shown what it must accompany: "Wanted, in a mirror factory, a little clarinet player who would be able to act as second leader, conduct at the piano, drive the car of the firm, and take a hand in the out-door affairs."



SQUIBBS DISCOVERS A VERY PRETTY GIRL IN THE HOUSE IMMEDIATELY OPPOSITE, AND PUTS ON ONE OF HIS SWEETEST SMILES.

BUT IN CONSEQUENCE OF AN IMPERFECT WINDOW-PANE, HIS SMILE APPEARS MORE GHASTLY THAN AGREEABLE.



A STIRRING EVENT.