

QUESTIONABLE PROCEDURE.
JOHNNY (*reaching over table*). "I want a pear!"
FATHER. "Haven't I often told you never to ask for things?"
JOHNNY (*considering*). "Well, then, please, papa, may I have one without asking?"
[*Fond mamma thinks he should have two for that.*]

Recently an aged Texan, who had actually never seen a railroad before, rode on one to Houston to see the State fair. Having been asked his opinion about rail-ways, he replied, "Well, it did seem kinder to me as if it were a streak of lightning running away with a palace."

SOFA, so Good.—Mrs. Partington isn't at all sur- prised to hear as the Ottoman something is the set of dissatisfaction. Give her a good old-fashioned soy if you want to sit like a Christian.

If all the starch were to be taken out of the faces of some people and put into our shirts, how few rows there would be with the laundress!

A good deal of sectarian feeling has been excited in Cincinnati by a young girl being sent to the work- house for taking the veil. It was another woman's.

"Well, well, if the time has come when the 'fast males' must have a train of cars to themselves, I am glad I am an old woman and haven't long to stay in this sinful world;" and Aunt Betsey wiped the end of her nose with her best handkerchief.

HANDY-WORK.

MAN (*with hands in pockets*). "Seen any thing of a job o' work lately, John?"

OTHER MAN (*with hands in other pockets*). "Saw one t'other day, but didn't like to ask, 'cos they might 'a said Yes!"

AN ANOMALY.—The more careful sailors are, the more wreck-less they are!

Spinner had a rich but vulgar old uncle of his wife's, from whom he has expectations, to dinner the other day. During a pause in the conversation the *enfant terrible* of the family, after watching the guest intently, said, earnestly, "I wish I was you."
"Do you, my little boy? And why do you wish you were me?"
"Because you don't get sent out of the room when you eat with your knife."



A BLIGHTED BEING.

"Make it sharp, Mr. Scissors Man; I have nothing to live for now. Maria no longer corresponds with me, and I am prepared for the worst."

FACETIÆ.

A recently made Benedick writes as follows concern- ing his young wife's habits: "If there was a bed- room a mile long, and her entire wardrobe could be packed in a handbox, you'd find portions of that ward- robe scattered along the whole mile of dressing-room. She's a nice thing to look at when put together, but this wonderful creature is evolved from a chaos inter- minable of pins, ribbons, rags, powder, thread, brush- es, combs, and laces. If there were seven thousand drawers in your room, and you asked but for one to be kept sacred and inviolate for your own private use, that particular one would be full of hair-pins, ribbons, and soiled cuffs. Some provision, some protection in this matter, should be made by Congress during next session, if it gives such matters any consideration."

The other day a school-girl called to a companion, "Say, Nellie, did you know that Kitty Harper's pa has bought a house?"

"No; is that so? Is it a nice house?"

"Great big brick house, with the awfulest biggest panes of glass you ever saw!"

"And bay-windows?"

"No; just straight windows."

"Well, that settles it," said No. 2, as she turned away. "We have two bay-windows on our house, and though Kitty is a nice girl, she can't belong to our set."

"Is it possible, miss, that you don't know the names of some of your best friends?"

"Certainly; I do not even know what my own name may be in a year from this time."

A well-known physician says that no person should get out of bed as soon as waking, that is to say, we suppose, no man. He should lie there and speculate and theorize while his wife is getting breakfast ready.

"Talk about the extravagance in dress of women!" cries Martha Jane, exultingly. "What do you say to Tweed's six million suit, I'd like to know? He isn't a woman, I guess!"

THE LITTLE GAME OF PEEP-SHOW.

SWEET CHILD. "Are those peep-holes you are look- ing through, Mr. Spyer?"

SPYER. "No, my dear. Why?"

SWEET CHILD. "Oh, because ma says you're always peeping and prying about. Please do it now, Mr. Spyer."



MEDIEVAL SAINT AND MODERN SINNER.



EXIT!

We are so glad now we know what to call it when we talk foreign politics. "The Servian Skuptschina." It is easy to pronounce; we have a servant that scoops china.

HINTS ON HOUSE FURNISHING.

PAPER-HANGINGS.

The most important feature in this portion of deco- ration art is "the dado."

ORIGIN OF THE DADO.

It is supposed originally to have been the feminine of the now extinct *dado*. The *dodo* and the *dado* were formerly, of course a very long time ago, caught, stuffed, and kept in glass cases in the *atrium*, or hall of the house. In order to display the plumage, the wall forming the background to the *dado*, and visible through the glass, was colored plainly in paper, or, if the bird had not been in good health, in "distemper"—but, as the Latins said, *distemper mutatur*, and as we haven't now got the *dado*, and are forced to do without her, so we perpetuate the remembrance of her stuffed existence by coloring the wall of the hall to a height of three or four feet from the floor. Whatever color you choose, bear what I have told you in mind, and don't forget the *dado*.

Flock patterns are, as might be supposed, a sheepish sort of design, and I can not recommend them.

For the pavement of a hall—and by a hall I mean something more than a narrow passage between the front-door and the dining-room, lighted by an outside gas-lamp—tiles should be used.

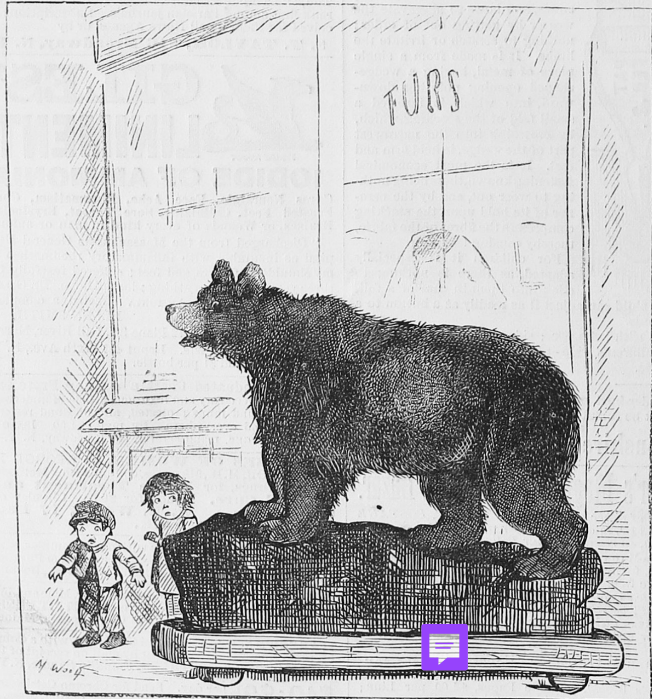
HOW TO COLLECT TILES.

Give several parties. At each party several guests will do what Bo-Peep's sheep did with their tails—and leave their "ties" behind them. These tiles can be easily arranged for the hall.

As for patterns in tiles, buy a kaleidoscope. It will supply you with an endless variety of patterns. But if you require real novelty, take my advice, and combine the useful and amusing with the ornamental. Make your hall a place where to spend happily a rainy day—every householder should make provision against a rainy day—and here you are; here is your *modus operandi*: Lay down a chess-board pattern in tiles. Have chess-men made as big as skittles. You can then walk about and play the game.

The same pattern forming a chess-board will also do, of course, for draughts. But as draughts should always be avoided in a house, specially in a hall, I will not be the first to introduce them.

A bowling-alley should form part of every well-reg- ulated hall.



HORRIBLE THOUGHT.

"Oh, Tommy, if he should only be makin' believe!"



A DAY WASTED.

ECONOMICAL MR. WARING. "Oh dear, you will have to send for a Stove Man. None of this Pipe will fit."