

FACETIE.

The women of Salt Lake City have petitioned for a prohibitory law. If a wife and six children may be made wretched by a drunken husband, how much greater must be the aggregate sufferings of six wives and thirty-six children, all belonging to one reckless reveler!

Boston girls amuse their beaux by pouring shoe-makers' wax into each other's mouths to see which girl has the longest month. Three quarts is the greatest quantity reached yet.

From the large reward asked for the return of the stolen child, it is probable that the abductors are laboring under the impression that it is a Rothschild instead of a Ross child they have in their power.

A good way for parents to discourage cremation, says a cynical person, is to leave the matches where the children can get at them.

The president of a cremation club in Iowa has named his last baby Cinder-ella. His next boy he intends to name after the great lawyer, Coke, and the next daughter Char-lotte.

Why is a beautiful girl like a locomotive?—Because she draws a train, scatters the sparks, transports the males, and says to the tender, "Pine not."



FIRST MARAUDER. "Hey, Sam, bully for us! There's the School-masters in swimmin'. Let's hook their Clothes, an' we won't have no School to-morrer!"

A newly converted reporter thus notices a minstrel troupe: "For those who do not consider it a sin to witness minstrel shows, this entertainment will furnish a pleasant relaxation from revival meetings."

A woman went into a Brooklyn store the other day and informed the clerk that she wanted "a rake to rake the hair with." A hay-rake and several other implements were shown her, none of which proved to be right. The clerk was about giving up in despair the idea of satisfying her wants, when by a happy thought he brings forth a comb, which was the "rake" required.

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY (to perfumer). "I don't think you forwarded the scent I meant; it seems entirely different from that I ordered."

PERFUMER (who is fond of punning). "Madam, I am sure that what you meant I sent. The scent I sent was the scent you meant, consequently we are both of one sentiment."

CRUEL.

OLD MAN (seductively). "Could you eat an apple, boy?"

BOY (hopelessly). "Yes, grandpa, forty."

OLD MAN (archly). "Give us yer money, then, and I'll get yer a good pennyworth."



THE PHILADELPHIA POLICE SEARCHING FOR LITTLE CHARLIE ROSS.



HIBERNIAN MAIDEN. "I'm afther lookin' for a place, Mum, where there is an ould couple wid Property, bud widout Childer, who would Look upon me as a Daughter."

BEGINNING AT THE BEGINNING.

"And what's your favorite study, missey?"

"Chronology."

"Oh, chronology, is it? Now what is the date of the creation of the world?"

"Oh, we haven't got so far as that, grandpa!"

A temperance writer rejoices that an Irish drayman, while at labor carrying a barrel of beer, was nearly killed by the explosion of the barrel. He heads the remarks, "Cause and Effect."

An Irish militia-man being told by a phrenologist that he had the organ of locality very large, innocently replied, "Very likely; I was five years in the local militia."

M-Brown dunned Smith for the amount due on account, and Smith wrote, saying M-Brown must let the amount stand a while longer. M-Brown, wrathfully replied that he would not. "Then let it run," retorted Smith, and M-Brown was madder than ever.

A certain "Uncle James" of our acquaintance, whose execution is not quite equal to his preference for the violin, was paid a delicate left-handed compliment the other night by his little niece, who, on being awakened some time in the small hours of the night by the hideous performances of two felines under the window, naively remarked, "Mamma, I don't like to hear Uncle James play on a violin."



NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

Augustus (ecstatically). "I can imagine no sensation more delightful than inhaling the delicious fragrance of the Rose. You don't know what a wonderful effect it has upon my—ah—"

[Sniffs.]



"ON HIS DIGNITY."

AFFABLE OLD GENTLEMAN (who has unintentionally entered a smoking car). "Dear me! How long is it since you learned to smoke, my boy?"

FREQUENT YOUNG GENTLEMAN. "Shan't condescend to gratify impertinent curiosity."

A New York baker advertises biscuits so exquisite that persons "sigh as their favor dies away upon their breath."

"THE LAST OF THE SEASON."

MADLINE. "Oh, ma, do look at this beautiful sunset!"

MATER. "Nonsense, Madeline, don't be absurd! We haven't time to look at any thing! We must just run through, and be able to say we have been here."

AMONG THE OLD MASTERS.

MASTER TOMMY. "I suppose that when this nice, bright, clean, new picture is finished, that nasty, dingy old one will be taken down, and this one put in its place."

A rather cool proposal was made to a gentleman by a seedy acquaintance: "Lend me five francs." Of course the sum was lent. "I want it, I ought to tell you, to buy some pale lavender kid gloves. Ah! you stare. Yes, pale lavender! I am going to have an interview with the proprietor of Theatre, for which I shall this day sign the contract, and become the sole director."

"Oh, my Dose!"