



THE LATEST POPULAR IDOL OF THE LADIES.
(The uglier he is, the better they like him.)



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

FACETIÆ.

A NEIGHBOR of Alphonse Karr, a professional gardener, called *le père Gérard*, and a country wag, recently brought to him a pinch of silk-worms' eggs, which he mistook for rare flower seeds, and sowed conscientiously, according to the recipe. When he discovered the hoax he said nothing, but, as a revenge, he caused a packet of herrings' eggs to be sent from Paris to *Père Gérard*, together with various real seeds. The cunning old peasant, who perceived the trick at first sight, pretended to be greatly obliged for the present, and to sow the new seeds. After a few days, however, he called upon the *littérateur*. "Monsieur Karr," said he, "I have sown those new varieties which you gave me, and want to show you the results." They went together to the garden, where Karr was shown a splendid bed of red herrings, head upward, emerging from the earth.

"Always try to hit the nail upon the head, my boy," said an uncle to his nephew; but the nephew's little cousin whispered to him, "Don't hit the nail on your finger, for it hurts awful."

A GRAVE ANSWER.

DOCTOR. "Thomas, did Mrs. Popjoy get the medicine I ordered yesterday?"

THOMAS. "I believe so, Sir; I see all the blinds down this morning."

MORE OF YOUNG AMERICA.

FOND MOTHER. "What would you do without a mother, Tom?"

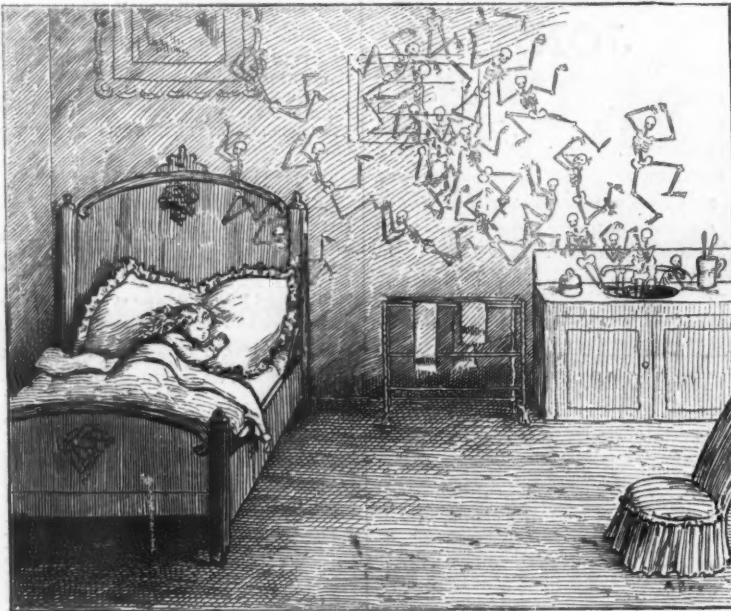
TOM. "Do as I liked, ma."

A bachelor says all he should ask for in a wife would be a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connection, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners, and money. He does not say what he has to give in exchange for all this.

An editor says he heard recently how a man of neighbor newspaper-borrower. It is told thus: Jones, father wants to borrow your paper; he only wants to read it.

"Well, go back and ask your father to lend me his supper; I only want to eat it."

The next evening the boy did not come.



CHILDHOOD'S SLUMBER.

"Honesty is the best policy," but some folks are satisfied with second best. It is hard to be honest on an empty stomach.

"Pay as you go." If you haven't any thing to pay with, don't go. If you are forced to go, record every indebtedness, and let your heirs settle the bills.

"Politeness costs nothing," but it is not expected that you will wake a man at midnight to ask permission to go through his hen-house. It is more courteous to let him enjoy his needed repose.

VERY COMMON AGILITY—Running up a "score."

A distressed mother writes to a newspaper for advice, which she gets thusly: "The only way to cure your son of staying out late o' nights is to break his legs."

THE FINISHING TOUCH.

"Oo, but ye are an angel, darlint!"

"Now get along wid yer blarney, Pat."

"Sure an' ye only want a kippie o' wings an' a bed-gown to be complete."

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS.

Filius (who has been to see a pantomime) ad Patrem loquutus.

You ask me what I fain would be,
When childhood's happy days are o'er,
When Dr. Birch and Mrs. B.

Shall see my winsome face no more.
Grim war's alarms delight me not,
A general I would not be;

And if your loving son were shot,
How very sad you all would be!

The Church! Well, yes, a bishop's see
I own would suit your darling boy;
But then he might a curate be

His whole life long, and that's not joy.

The Law! With all I'd wish to dwell
At peace. A lawyer lives by strife.

With grief and shame my heart would swell
Should I be doomed to such a life.

Forensic wig I will not don,
Nor soldier's coat, nor parson's gown:

But, since the subject we are on,
I think I'd like to be a clown!



POCKET.

MR. GREED (*owner*). "There, I have got that old ship well covered. If she makes a safe trip, why, all right; if she gets wrecked, why, all right again for me."



BUCKLING DOWN TO HIS WORK.

STRAPPING YOUNG MAN (*bracing his foot against a favorite corn*). "Now then, Sir, sit steady. One more pull, and in she goes."