



GALLANTRY AND ITS REWARD.
No. 1.

EMMA. "Oh dear! there goes my croquet ball under the Bee-Hive! Dare you get it, Alonzo?"
ALONZO (*proudly*). "I dare!"

FACETIE.

A **CLERGYMAN**, a widower, recently created quite a sensation in his household, which consisted of seven grown-up daughters. The reverend gentleman was absent from home for a number of days, visiting in an adjoining county. The daughters received a letter from their father which stated that he had "married a widow with six sprightly children," and that he might be expected home at a certain time. The effect of that news was a great shock to the happy family. The girls, noted for their meekness and amiable temperaments, seemed another set of beings; there were weeping and wailing and tearing of hair, and all manner of naughty things said. The tidy home was neglected, and when the day of arrival came, the house was anything but inviting. At last the Rev. Mr. X— came, but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual, and, as he viewed the neglected apartments, there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous and evidently anxious. At last the eldest mastered courage and asked, "Where is our mother?"
"In heaven," said the good man.
"But where is the widow with six children whom you wrote you had married?"
"Why, I married her to another man, my dears," he replied, delighted at the success of his joke.

A **COUNTER-TENTANT**—A shop-man who will insist on knowing if you want any other article to-day.

A gentleman at Long Branch, after waving his handkerchief for half an hour or more at an unknown lady whom he discovered at a distant point on the shore, was encouraged by a warm response to his signals to approach his charmer. Imagine his feelings when, on drawing nearer, he saw that it was his own dear wife, whom he had left at the hotel but a short time before.
"Why, how remarkable that we should have recognized each other at such a distance!" exclaimed both, in the same breath; and then they changed the subject.



ALONE AT THE RENDEZVOUS.



Miss Cross. "Yes, if our minister's wife would put fewer flounces on her little girl's frocks, she'd have more time to give the Sewing Society. And they do say that Elder Brewster's fine son has fallen into bad ways, and is like to be sent to prison; and every body knows that Deacon Jones's money wasn't honestly come by."

Mrs. Cross. "Du tell! I always thought there was something suspicious about them folks."

At an evening party a gentleman met a rising young author, whom he wished to compliment.

"Unfortunately," he remarked, "I have read but one of your books."

"Which was that?" eagerly demanded the author.

"The one which I believe passes for your masterpiece."

"Was it so-and-so?" asked the author, mentioning the title of one of his works.

"No."

"Was it so-and-so?" giving the title of another book.

"No."

The same answer was repeated several times, when the puzzled author exclaimed, "Are you sure it was none of these?"

"Sure of it."

"Well, those are all I've ever written."

There was a pause.

It is announced as a cheering sign of the progress of civilization among the Indians that the Cherokee nation has a debt, and is unable to pay the interest upon it.

TOTO CHEZ TATA.

"How you lag behind, Cissy!"

"Yes, mummy; my poor toe is so bad."

"Which toe is it?"

"My eldest, mummy."

A NON-CONDUCTOR.

"The investment of Kars continues."

"And not at all a bad investment, either," said old Mrs. Mullins. "Why, there's young Brown's got his money in 'em, and getting fifteen per cent. already. And when they get the conductors to work for nothing at all a week, besides depositing fifty dollars each security, Mullins'll be sorry enough he didn't take my advice and make his fortune, that he will."



"I'm jes awfu' glad ye're come, Doctor. De Chile's cuttin' a Toof or somefin'. I aint jes sleep' a wink all night. Don't yer tink de Chile looks drefful pale dis mornin'?"



A PRIVATE VIEW.