



"THE CHILD'S COMPANION."—ILLUSTRATED WITH CUTS.

FACETIE.

When a certain operatic company were performing at Liverpool, a sea-captain, just arrived in port, was presented with a ticket for the opera. When the performance was over, he was asked by a friend how he liked it. "Well," answered he, "I know very little about music, and can't pretend to be a judge. I liked some things pretty well, but I rather think that some of the singers didn't know their business. There was one woman who screeched and tore about, I thought, in an abominable way; and other folk thought so too, for they made her do it over a second time."

A spendthrift, who had wasted nearly all his patrimony, seeing an acquaintance in a coat not of the newest cut, told him he thought it had been his great-grandfather's coat. "So it was," said the gentleman; "and I have also my great-grandfather's land, which is more than you can say."

Two ragged little urchins were standing in the gutter looking at a lady who had just fallen down on the pavement. "It isn't so much that I like oranges," observed one of them, "but what a lot of people you can bring down with the peel!"

Why do the Russians wish to seize Turkey?—Because the *Ottomans* were made to be sat upon.

A Scotch father explained his principle of getting his girls off to an old friend whose daughters became rather old stock. He said, "I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand he isn't wanted. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have any thing to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan works. The young folks begin to pity each other, and the next thing I know they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry, I always give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it."

As oysters are not generally in when there is not an "r" in the month, so the best society in Fesjee never can be held missionary in a month without an "a" in its name.

A late book is entitled *Half Hours with Insects*. What a lively half hour one can have with a bee!



DAVID SLAYING GOLIATH.

His best.—Charles Lamb was once riding in a stage-coach in company with one of those sympathizing souls ever on the look-out for an opportunity to compassionate affliction. "What a bad cough you have, Sir!" said the sympathizing one, after Lamb had recovered from a violent fit of coughing. "I know it," replied Lamb, "but it's the best I can do."

The Crown Prince of Germany had a timid servant, who could not answer him without blushing and being confused. This conduct did not please the heir-apparent to the throne of Germany, who is far from being a tyrant in his own household, and he kindly advised one of his chamberlains to instruct the servant, so that he would not be so awkwardly respectful the next time. When the Crown Prince got home that evening he was surprised to find the bashful servant waiting for him with a broad and genial smile on his countenance. "Who is here?" asked the Prince.

"Only the old man," smilingly replied the valet. He referred to the Emperor of Germany.

"Great Moltke, he is drunk!" said the Crown Prince, starting back in astonishment.

"Lord, no! He isn't more'n half tight," remarked the servant, pleasantly. Apparently the chamberlain's lessons had borne fruit.

As the trial of a breach-of-promise suit was about to begin in San Francisco, a juror arose and asked to be excused because he was engaged to be married, and consequently his mind was not free from bias. He was excused.

METAPHOR.—Mr. Wise, of Virginia, in one of his speeches, is reported to have said, respecting that State, "She has an iron chain of mountains running through her centre, which nature has placed there to milk the clouds, and to be the source of her silver rivers."

The following *bonnet* is attributed to the Prince of Wales: On being asked what he thought of Lord—who always appears clothed in the height of fashion, however extravagant that fashion may be, his Royal Highness is reported to have said, "To my mind he dresses not wisely, but too well."

There will be a total eclipse of the moon in the year 1999. That's something like early intelligence, but may be useful.



A MOTHER'S KISS.

A youthful question to a parent at the Metropolitan Museum: "If all the mammas, when they die, turn into mummies, do all the papas turn into puppys?"

A sailor who has recently returned from Newfoundland says that the fog is so thick there that he used to drive a nail in it to hang his hat on.

The most original spelling we have ever seen is the following, which is taken from an old book: It beats modern phonetics: "so you be—a tub. so oh! pea—a top. Be so—bat. See so—cat. Pea so—pat. Are so—rat. See oh! double you—zow. See you be—cub. See a bee—cab. Be you double tea—butt. See a double ell—call."



A WIDOWER'S WOE.

ARTY. "You haven't grown as fat, my boy, as I expected you would, since your Wife's death."

WIDOWER. "You forget, old fellow, that her Mother is still at the house."



AT THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

FAIR CRITIC. "Oh, Cousin John, come and look at this sweet thing: it's just like a *chromo*!"