



OPENING THE BALL.

FACETIÆ.

A man was once walking along one road, and a woman along another. The roads finally united, and man and woman, reaching the junction at the same time, walked on from there together.

The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held by the legs a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep, dark ravine, the woman said to the man, "I am afraid to go through this ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force."

"If you were afraid of that," said the man, "you should not have walked with me at all. How can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand and a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot."

"Yes," replied the woman; "but if you should stick your cane into the ground and tie the goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom-side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance."

"Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself; "I should never have thought of such expedient."

And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane in the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying, "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then lowering the kettle from his shoulders, imprisoned the chicken under it, and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

Now is the time to buy thermometers—while they are down.

Railways are about to put a stop to passes, and have first seen the rights of the matter by consulting the Scriptures. In the office of a general passenger agent the following significant notice appears: "In those days there were no passes given."

"Search the Scriptures."
"Thou shalt not pass."—Numb. xx. 18.
"Suffer not a man to pass."—Judges, iii. 28.

"The wicked shall no more pass."—Nahum, i. 15.

"None shall pass."—Isaiah, xxxiv. 10.

"This generation shall not pass."—Mark, xiii. 30.

"Though they roar, yet can they not pass."—Jeremiah, v. 22.

"So he paid the fare thereof, and went."—Isaiah, l. 9.

THE THREE FISHES.
Three fishes were swimming far under the sea,
Far under the sea, where the ships go down;
And they talked about what they would have for tea,
And said they would buy something going through the town.

For soles must live, and fishes must feed,
And the less they're getting, the more they need—
The times, so hard, bemoaning!

Three comrades went into a club to dine,
To dine at their club as the sun went down;
They looked at the carte and the list of wine,
And ordered the best to be had in the town.

For men must live, and therefore must feed,
And then in the smoke-room light up a "weed"—
The times, so hard, bemoaning!

Three fried soles lay on the silver dish
In the evening light as the sun went down;
And the dinner was all that a man could wish,
And the soles were newly come up to town.
For fish must fry, and people must feed,
And that tea was the last those soles would need—
And good-by to hard times bemoaning!

A Presbyterian minister at San Francisco recently had to marry a couple—the one a Scotchman, the other a Tahitian woman—the former of whom had to say, "I, George, take thee, Tetuanieralaterulata Salmon Brander, to be," etc. Scotchmen are naturally brave, but even among them few would be found daring enough to marry a woman with a name like that.

There are two things that puzzle a contemporary. One is why a woman but half clothed is said to be in full dress, and the other is why a gentleman in full dress when he wears the same style of clothes as the waiter who attends him.

A retired army officer had not attended divine service for years. On his return to the fold, the first Sunday in church the first lesson for the day commenced thus: "And Joseph was brought down to Egypt; and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard," etc. "What!" exclaimed our military friend, "a captain still? Why, he was a captain when I last heard of him, years ago. I thought he'd surely have got his promotion before this."



A TURKEY GOBBLER.

The perennial stories of Edison's early experience with a telegraph line put up with the assistance of a fellow-workman when he had become a telegraph clerk, and of their attempt to generate a current by vigorously rubbing cats at each end of the wire, will furnish some amusing chapters for his biographer whenever that worthy takes up his pen.

A courtly negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he "regretted that circumstances repugnant to the acquiescence would prevent his acceptance to the invite."

A Virginia woman offers to sell her husband by auction, and apply the proceeds to the liquidation of the State debt. "I can recommend him to purchasers," she adds, "as a man possessing all the qualities a woman capable of controlling him could desire."

A sewing-machine agent who was very ill, being told that he must prepare to pay the debt of nature, wanted to know if it couldn't be paid on the monthly installment plan.

"My husband always tells me every thing that happens," said Mrs. Smith, in a delighted, happy tone.

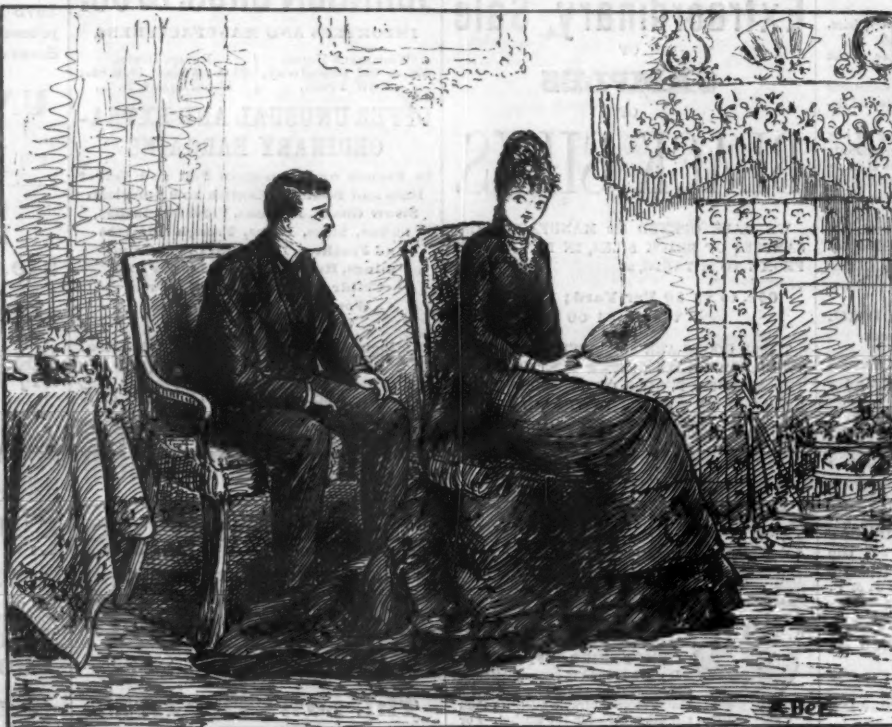
"That is nothing," said Mrs. Jones; "my husband tells me any number of things that don't happen."

At a recent marriage in a suburban town, the bridegroom, when asked the important question if he would take the lady for better or for worse, replied, in a hesitating manner, "Well, I think I will." Upon being told that he must be more positive in his declaration, he answered, "Well, I don't care if I do."

The medical students of Ohio have caused the post-mortem conversion of a materialist, who stoutly maintained before his death that there could be no resurrection of the body. He thinks differently now.

There is no prettier sight now than a school-girl picking her way abstractedly along the streets, coming her philosophy lesson, and ever and anon stopping to bury her little Grecian nose deep into a mammoth pickle she carries under her apron.

The politest man of the times lives in New Orleans. He went into a tobacconist's store, bought two cigars, and said courteously to the proprietor: "If you do not object to the smoke of tobacco, I will smoke one of these cigars here."



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A TALE OF WESTERN ADVENTURE—NOT TO BE CONTINUED.

GRIZZLY PARTY. "Ha! ha! The only thing about that young person I couldn't swallow was this paper which he had in his pocket."