

## FACETIE.

A REVENUE collector recently received information that a person "kept a trap without paying duty." The collector called, and began:

"You keep a trap, I understand."

"Yes."

"Have you a license for that trap?"

"No."

Down goes an entry of this candid admission in the note-book.

"Did you have a license last year?"

"No."

Another entry in the book.

"Why did you not take out a license?"

"I did not think it was necessary."

"How many wheels has it?"

"None."

"None! What sort of a trap is it?"

"A mouse-trap."

There have been 1100 marriages in Salt Lake City within the last three weeks.

The name of the happy bridegroom isn't mentioned.

A young lady sends us a poem entitled, "I can not make him smile." She ought to have shown him the poem.

Clergymen might be allowed to exercise some sort of censorship over the nomenclature of the lower classes, so as to refuse to baptize children by obviously ludicrous names. There is an instance of a child who was christened "Mabershallal-hah-bah," and there is now living at Canterbury a youth who rejoices in the name of "Acts-of-the-Apostles" Jones.

A violent altercation, also, took place in a parish church owing to the officiating clergyman refusing to christen a child "Boesiebus." These incidents are recalled by the perusal of the following extract of a letter which appeared the other day in a contemporary:

"A High-Church clergyman was asked to christen a child 'Venus,' or, as the sponsor, a laboring-man, pronounced it, 'Vanna.'"

"I will do nothing of the kind," said the clergyman. "In the first place, the child is a male, and Venus is the name of a woman; and in the second place, she was a very improper and abandoned character. How dare you wish this boy to be so called?"

"Well, Sir, I don't know," said the sponsor, scratching his head; "but grandfather's name was Vanna, and we thought—"

"Your grandfather's name Venus! Impossible. Where is he?"

"Grandfather" shuffled forward. He was eighty, and almost double. He certainly did not look much like the Paphian goddess.

"Do you mean to say, old man, that you were christened Venus?"

"Well, no, Sir; I was christened Silvanus, but they all call me Venus."



THE LATEST.

HAIR-DRESSER. "No, mees, we do not mooch curl ze hair now; ze fact is, we have ze misfortune, ze other day, to melt ze nose off one of our best customers."



"Hi, Netty, bring der baby here! yer can hear twiced as good, and see der music too!"

During a steam voyage, on a sudden stoppage of the machinery, a considerable alarm took place, especially among the female passengers.

"What is the matter—what is the matter? For goodness' sake, tell me the worst!" exclaimed one more anxious than the rest.

After a short pause a hoarse voice from the deck replied, "Nothing, madam, nothing; only the bottom of the vessel and top of the earth are stuck together."

This is not a bad story of what may happen if the corrections of the press are not attended to. Dr. M—, of Paris, recently sent to press a pamphlet on the causes, etc., of insanity.

At the end of the last sheet he noted, "Il faut guillotine les aliénés." (Quote the paragraph), which the unfortunate printer changed into "Il faut guillotine les aliénés" (Mad people should be guillotined), and the doctor's work went forth with this astounding recommendation.

CASE FOR SPELLING REFORMERS.—In a school one of the boys absented himself. In accordance with the regulations, his father was appointed to write, as follows:

"Kopathomtofetahahara."

And yet certain persons wish to remodel English orthography!

## MODERN AESTHETICS.

(Ineffable youth goes into ecstasies over an extremely old master—say, Fra Porcinello Babaragiano, A.D. 1266-1281?)

MATTER-OF-FACT PARTY. "But it's such a repulsive subject!"

INEFFABLE YOUTH. "Subject in art is of no moment. The picktchah is beautiful."

MATTER-OF-FACT PARTY. "But you'll own the drawing's vile and the color's beastly."

INEFFABLE YOUTH. "I'm callah-blind, and don't p'fess to understand drawing. The picktchah is beautiful."

MATTER-OF-FACT PARTY (getting warm). "But it's all out of perspective, hang it! and so abominably untrue to Nature."

INEFFABLE YOUTH. "I don't care about Natchah, and hate perspective. The picktchah is most beautiful."

MATTER-OF-FACT PARTY (losing all self-control). "But, dash it all, man! where the dickens is the beauty, the beauty, the beauty?"

INEFFABLE YOUTH (quietly). "In the Picketchah."

(Total defeat of Matter-of-fact Party.)

An Indian one day came to a missionary and told him he had been making some poetry, which he wished to show him.

It was found to be several verses in very common meter, and all exactly like the first verse, which ran as follows:

"Go on, go on, go on, go on,  
Go on, go on, go on, go on,  
Go on, go on, go on, go on,  
Says the horse."

The missionary used the rough liberty of a critic at the first error he found, and said it should have been the rider. The Indian supplied the missionary with tomahawk.

## ON HIS DIGNITY.

MAIDEN AUNT. "Who was that nasty little boy who just spoke to you, Johnny? And what did he say?"

JOHNNY (indignant). "He's not a little boy; he's an old school-feller o' mine—great hunting man! He said you was a pretty gal and I was a sly dang. And look here—if you keep calling me 'Johnny,' I won't take you out any more."

The following story is given in the biography of the late Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, vicar of Morwenston, Cornwall:

The vicar was generally required to read the peasantry's letters, and sometimes to write their answers. On one occasion he was reading a letter to an old woman of Wilcombe whose son was in Brazil. Part of the letter ran: "I can not tell you, dear mother, how the muskitties (mosquitoes) torment me. They never leave me alone, but pursue me every where."

"To think of that!" interrupted the old woman. "My Ezekiel must be a handsome lad. But I'm interrupting you; do go on, please, parson."

"Indeed, mother," continued the vicar, reading, "I shut my door and window of an evening to keep them out of my room."

"Dear life!" exclaimed the old woman, "what will the world come to next!"

"And yet," continued the vicar, "they do not leave me alone. I believe they come down the chimney to get at me."

"Well, well, parson," exclaimed the mother, holding up her hands, "to think how forward of them!"

"Of whom?"

"Why, the Miss Kitties, sure! When I was young, maidens would have blushed to do such a thing. And to come down the chimney, too!"

After a pause, the mother's pride prevailing, "But Ezekiel must be rare handsome, for the maidens to be after him so. And I reckon the Miss Kitties is quality folk, too."

A French paragraphist says, "I like a girl before she gets womanish, and a woman before she gets girlish."

The last capillary song is, "Only a girl, my darling." It will be followed by "My early wrinkle, my duck."



AND PRAY WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN? WHY, THE FACT IS THAT MRS. SHAKERAM'S LITTLE PET SPITZ DOG HAS GOT A FIT, AND IS CAREERING THROUGH THE HOUSE WITH HIS TONGUE HANGING OUT.



THE HOSPITAL OF THE FUTURE—ON THE BLUE GLASS PLAN.

## AN OPENING.

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" said a red-faced youth, with the cork of a bottle sticking out of his breast pocket.

The editor, with much dignity, took the man's intellect in, and said: "An opening? Yes, Sir. A kind and considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

## A VERY SENSIBLE VIEW OF THE QUESTION.

MISTRESS (to new servant). "You know, Mary, I don't allow any followers."

MARY. "Good graces, mum! then what's to become of all the cold meat and pies?"

Sixty thousand Philadelphia families, it is said, will soon break up housekeeping and return their Centennial visits.

Not long ago a clergyman was surprised to find a favorite sermon from his own basket printed in *extenso* in an ecclesiastical journal as having been delivered by another reverend clerk in holy orders at another church some distance off. Waiting upon the publisher, clergyman No. 1 made a few courteous inquiries as to whence the sermon was derived and how it came to be printed. The reply was that it was sent voluntarily, with a request that it might be inserted. "That's very strange," said the clergyman. "I've always thought that sermon was mine. I preached it many times, and so did my father before me. I got it from him, and always thought it original; but it seems now that he had no exclusive property in the discourse, and that therefore I could not have inherited. I won't preach it again." The candid confession of the reverend gentleman were perhaps more amusing than discreet, but one couldn't have a better illustration as to the certain return of the bread that one throws upon the water.

IN SOCIETY.—Persons "in the coal trade" are, of course, always in ton.

BEST WINTER-QUARTERS.—Between two fires.

LA MODE ILLUSTRÉE.

FOND MOTHER. "Why, what is the matter with my darling? Nurse tells me you don't want to get up yet. Has your last night's gayety made you ill, pet?"

PET (who has been to a child's dance the night before). "Oh no! not at all, mamma dear, but it's the proper thing. Every lady lies in bed late after a ball."

A lady ate oysters all through the month of August, when she could get them, under the supposition that there was an "R" in that month. "Organs" was the way she spelled it.