

FACETIÆ.

A FAMOUS AUCTIONEER, after exhausting the language of praise in extolling a certain gentleman's park which had to fall under his hammer, said he was bound, as an honest man, not to conceal the only drawbacks to the property, which were the litter made by the rose leaves and the perpetual din kept up by the nightingales.

VERY TELLING.—A Chicago man thinks that the Indians ought to be exterminated, because, after all William Penn's kindness to them, "they went and made him stand up one day, and shoot an apple off his little boy's head with an arrow."

INACCURATE EUPHEMISM.—Why are lodgings to let almost always advertised not as "Rooms," but "Apartments?" "Apartments?" for single gentlemen are all very well; but surely "Togetherness" would be more suitable to man and wife.

PROOF POSITIVE.

OLD LADY (who sleeps badly). "Now, Mary, if I should want to light my candle, are the matches there?"

MARY. "Yes, ma'am, there's wan."

OLD LADY. "One! Why, if it misses fire, or won't light—"

MARY. "Oh, divil a fear of it, ma'am. Sure I thried it!"

The manager of a theatre gave a splendid banquet to some artists and a few dramatic authors. One of the latter proposed the health of the manager who received them so splendidly, though he would not receive their pieces. "Gentlemen," replied the manager, "if I received your pieces, be assured I could not receive you as well as you say I do."

THE ONLY CONSOLATION.—A lady returning from an unprofitable visit to church, declared that "when she saw the shawls on those Smiths, and then thought of the things her own poor girls had to wear, if it wasn't for the consolation of religion she did not know what she should do."

A lady well known in Paris society lately cured her husband from stopping away from home at night. She wrote him an anonymous letter to this effect: "Coward! We have heard what you said of the Commune and the Republicans. We will not be insulted by such a fellow as you. And though we are at work till night, be sure that when we meet you we will be revenged. Long live the Republic.—A WORKMAN." The husband took no notice of the letter to his wife, but he is careful not to go out at night now, but remains at home, much to his wife's delight, who rejoices at the success of her stratagem.

A witty Frenchman defines indigestion as remorse of the stomach, and remorse as indigestion of the conscience.



FRITTERING AWAY HER TIME.

Many a pretty girl of humble extraction has risen far above her station in life. Why, even Venus herself came of the very scum of the ocean.

"Letter go!" as the boy said when he lamp-posted his letter at the street corner.

FEARFUL OUTRAGE.—A young English lady residing in Paris has received over fifty lashes. She was born with them—on her eyelids.

When may a chair be said to dislike you?—When it can't bear you.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.
"How would you feel, my dear, if we were to meet a wolf?" asked an old lady of her little grandchild, with whom she was walking along a lonely country road.
"Oh, grandmamma, I should be so frightened!" was the reply.
"But I should stand in front of you and protect you," said the old lady.
"Would you, grannie?" cried the child, with delight. "That would be nice. While the wolf was eating you, I should have time to run away."

SELFISH TO THE LAST.

A French dramatic author was remarkable for selfishness. Calling upon a friend, whose opinion he wished to have on a new comedy, he found him in his last moments, but, notwithstanding, proposed to him to read it.

"Consider," said the dying man, "I have not above an hour to live."
"Ah," replied the author, "but this will occupy only half the time."

The head waiter in one of our hotels was a few days since made the recipient of a young pig. Never having had a "party" of that sort to take care of before, he was at a loss to know how to feed it, but finally concluded that the leavings of the table would answer the contract. These he supplied in liberal quantity, and, as a consequence, piggy soon got very sick. One day, after having served to it the usual collation, the colored geman was observed filling a large can with ice-cream, and on being told that that was no food for a pig, replied, "Golly! he's jes got to learn to eat desert, or die!"

A teetotaler has been accused of suffering from hard drink. He is a great joker, as all teetotalers are, and therefore can not grumble at one at his own expense. The hard drink he was suffering from was ice, on which he had a severe fall.

FASHIONABLE INDUSTRY.—A young lady who had no time to spare for making garments for the poor has been engaged three weeks embroidering a blanket for her poodle dog.

What may any man pen who is unable to write?—Sheep.

Which possesses the most cheerful disposition—gas or candles?—Why, you often hear of laughing-gas, but the best candles are always waxy!

A young school-boy was asked for an apt quotation in Latin to show off the progress he had made to a friend of the proud father. After a moment's consideration the boy said he had got it.

"What is it, my boy?"
"Why, father, you know our Latin master's name is Cave, so I think 'cave canem' would best express the state of affairs and manner of progress in the class."



CHILDREN OF 1775.

STUDYING NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Old Keyser found Cooley's boy standing in a very suspicious position under his best apple-tree, with a stick in his hand, and a certain bulgy appearance about his pockets. Having secured him firmly by the collar, Keyser shook him up a bit, and then asked him sternly what he was doing there.

"Ain't-a-doin' nothin'," said Cooley. "I came over yer to study."

"That's entirely 'too thin,'" exclaimed Keyser.

"Yes, I did; I come over yer to study about Sir Isaac. We had it in our lesson. He was in an orchard and saw an apple fall, and that made him invent the 'traction of gravitation; and I come yer to see if it was so."

"It won't do, sonny," said Keyser. "You're too enthusiastic about Sir Isaac; and, besides, what were you going to do with that stick?"

"With this stick! This yer stick! What was I goin' to do with this stick! Why, a boy gave me this stick to hold for him while he went on an errand for his aunt."

"And where did that apple core come from there on the ground?"

"That apple core! That one lying there! The birds is awful on apples this season. I saw a blackbird drop that there, an' I says to myself, them birds are just ruin' Mr. Keyser's apples."

UNEALTHY TABLES.—According to the Herald of Health, marble-top tables are unhealthy, though we never heard one complain of feeling unwell. They look just as healthy and strong as the other kind.

The mayor of a Western city, on returning thanks for his election, said that in the discharge of his official duties he should be "neither partial nor impartial."

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

MISTRESS (sorrowfully). "Ah, Bridget, I remember the time when I could sit on my hair!"
BARONET. "Sure, m'm, it ud be aisy enough for you to do so now."



ANXIOUS LADY. "Oh, I am so glad you have come! I can't shut my Trunk. Do try and see if you can close it, William."



CHILDREN OF 1875.

THE FIRST SERMON.

AUNT. "Well, Daisy, how did you like 'church' yesterday?"
DAISY. "Oh, aunt, they were all so quiet and looked so cross, I thought I must 'a screamed!"

If you don't bridle your tongue, saddle be your fate.

YOUTHFUL BENEVOLENCE.

"Well, my boy," said a father to his eight-year-old son the other night, "what have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?"

"I gave a poor boy a penny," replied young Hopeful.

"Aha, that was charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?"

"I didn't stop to ask," replied the son; "I gave him the money for licking a boy who called me names."

A woman called at a bookstore the other day, and said she would like to take a look at some "chromos," as she wanted to find something to please Harvey, who had worked on the farm all the summer, and should be rewarded.

"Anything religious?" asked the clerk, as he ran over a lot of chromos and engravings.

"Wa'al, no, not exactly religious," she answered. "Some of it might be solemn like, but down in a corner there ought to be a dog-fight, or a man falling off a barn, or something to kinder interest the young mind."

An Irish peer traveling in France with a negro servant, directed him, if questioned on the subject, always to say that his master was a Frenchman. The man was punctiliously faithful to his orders; but whenever he said, "My massa am a Frenchman," he always added, "And so am I."

Why is the success of the arctic expedition certain?—Because it can not get into hot water.

Why is an old coat like an iron kettle?—Because it represents hard ware.



WILLIAM SUCCEEDS IN CLOSING IT VERY EFFECTUALLY.
LADY. "Oh, my new Summer Bonnet! Oh dear! Oh dear!"