



A BIT OF PARDONABLE SLANG.

FACETIE.

MARK TWAIN'S description of the happiest boy in the village: "Huckleberry was always dressed in the cast-off clothes of full-grown men, and they were in perennial bloom and fluttering with rags. His hat was a vast ruin, with a crescent looped out of its brim; his coat, when he wore one, hung nearly to his heels, and had the rearward buttons far down the back; but one suspender supported his trowsers; the seat of his trowsers bagged low and contained nothing; the fringed legs dragged in the dirt when not rolled up. Huckleberry came and went at his own free will. He slept on door-steps in fine weather, and in empty hog-heads in wet; he did not have to go to school or to church, or call any being master, or obey any body; he could go fishing or swimming when or where he chose, and stay as long as it suited him; nobody forbade him to fight; he could sit up as late as he pleased; he was always the first boy that went barefoot in the spring and the last to resume leather in the fall; he never had to wash, or put on clean clothes; he could swear wonderfully. In a word, every thing that goes to make life precious, that boy had."

PRACTICAL PIETY.—A gentleman invited a friend the other evening to go into the nursery and hear the children say their prayers. They stopped a moment on the stairs, however, and when they reached the room, the little prattlers had just sung their evening hymn, and were trying to drown the kitten in the wash-bowl. The visitor appeared to be deeply moved.

SAGEY.—Man does not want to be an angel until he has failed at every thing else.

There is one thing on which a husband and wife never have agreed and never can agree, and that is on what constitutes a well-beaten carpet. When the article is clean, it's a man's impression that it should be removed, and he be allowed to wash up and quietly retire. But a woman's appetite for carpet-beating is never appeased while a man has a whole muscle in his body, and if he waited until she voluntarily gave the signal to stop, he might beat away until he dropped down dead. It is directly owing to his superior strength of mind that the civilized world is not a widow this day.

Professor Smythe was lecturing in Ossipee on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced one of Carrington's most powerful magnets, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" the lecturer demanded.

"I ken," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural, terrestrial object, I opine?"

"Yaas, Sir."

The professor challenged the man who had spoken to name the thing.

Then up rose old Seth Wimlet. He was a genius in his way, and original. Said he: "I ken give ye the facts, squire, an' ye ken judge for yerself. When I were a young man, thar were a little piece o' maternal magnet, done up in kaliker an' dimity, as was called Betsy Jane. She could draw me fourteen miles every Sunday. Snakes alive! it were jest as maternal as slidin' down hill. Thar wa'n't no resistin' her. That ere magnet o' yourn is poorty good, but 'tain't a circumstance to the one 'at draw'd me. No, Sir."

AN APPEAL.

Gracie, though your little form
Makes me bless my humble lot,
Sunny smiles I find too warm,
Now the weather is so hot.

Therefore, love, when I appear
At your mother's leddy cot,
Can't you chill me with a sneer,
Now the weather is so hot?

Greet me with a freezing air—
Joy tones you have, I wot—
Coldly frigid manners wear,
Now the weather is so hot.

If my pleasure you'd enhance—
Little Gracie, would you not?—
Darling, freeze me with a glance,
Now the weather is so hot.

"What does 'Good-Friday' mean?" asked one school-boy of another.

"You had better go home and read your *Robinson Crusoe*," was the withering reply.

A man who has evidently been victimized writes, "Fifteen thousand dollars in gold will now buy an American lady a decent outfit to be married in, and there's no use talking about prices going any lower."

At this season the question which interests a boy is not so much whether his life will be crowned with glory and honor as whether his new summer's vest is going to be made of his father's old trowsers.



ENCOURAGEMENT.

Boy (behind fence). "Grab the ball, Jimmy! I'll wait here while you do it."

The honor of the best Centennial joke is accorded to the Emperor of Brazil. On learning the number of revolutions per minute of the great Corliss engine at the Philadelphia Exhibition, he said, "That beats our South American republics."

"SHAVER."—The most trying moment in the life of a youth is when he slips for the first time into a barber's shop to be shaved, and meets his father there on the same errand. Somehow it takes some time for the paternal mind to become reconciled to the fact of his hopeful's pin-feathers.

A merchant went home the other night and said, cheerfully, to his wife, "Well, my dear, I have failed at last."

"Oh, that's good!" exclaimed the wife, with a radiant face. "Now we can go to the Centennial, sure."

A Worcester mother having occasion to reprove her seven-year-old daughter for playing with some rude children, received in reply, "Well, ma, some folks don't like bad company, but I always did."

A correspondent wishes to know, if proposals of marriage he written in the key of "Be mine, ah!" would the answers to them be written in the key of "Be sharp."

"Ah!" said a young lady, "tis sweet to be watched over by a brother—of one's dearest friend."

"Are you going to make a flower bed here, Judkins?" asked a young lady of the gardener.

"Yes, miss, them's the orders," answered the gardener.

"Why, it will quite spoil our croquet ground."

"Can't help it, miss; them's your pa's orders. He says he'll have it laid out for horticulture, not for husbandry."

An Eastern young lady lately received the following note, accompanied by a "bucket of flours":

"I send you bi the boy a bucket of flours. This is like mi luv for u. The nite shade means keep dark; the dog fevil means I am your slave; rosis red posis pail, my luv for u shall never fade."



LITTLE CITY GIRL. "I don't mind 'em when zay's in ze stores hangin' up, but when zay's alive and runnin' round—oh, roosteys is just awful!"



THE CENTENNIAL SUN-DIALS.—A FACT.

ABSENT-MINDED PARTY (comparing his watch with the sun-dials). "Well, I can't make head or tail of them sun-dials. They don't keep no kind of time 'longside of my watch, anyhow."

[N.B.—He has completely shadowed the sun-dials with his umbrella.]



PHILADELPHIA MATHEMATICS.

NEW YORKER (to Philadelphia friend). "But here is a street only one square long, and only fifty houses in it, yet it is numbered up to 1250. Now where are the other 1200 houses situated?"

PHILADELPHIA FRIEND (desperate). "Why, I have explained it to you three times. Simplest thing in the world. See here—"

[But it was of no use; he said he was not good at conundrums.]