

GIRAFFE IN THE PARK (top). "Look Grumpy, do I? Well, I guess if you had six foot and a half of Sore Throat you'd look Grumpy too."

FACETIE.

INSURRECTION IN EGYPT—The rising of the Nile.

Mr. Jones, of Vermont, said on his dying bed that he had never written a line which he cared to erase. The whole State was proud of him till it was found out that he could not even write his own name.

THOUGHTS ON RETURNING TO TOWN.

Will all have gone right at the office, or will there be something uncomfortable awaiting me on my return?
Will the back garden be a complete wilderness, requiring the immediate attention of one of Messrs. Grasthorpe's leisurely assistants at two dollars per diem?
Will the papering and painting have been executed in a satisfactory manner, and will the estimate be exceeded or not?
Will all the cleaning be over?
Will postal accumulations yield any thing more inviting than circulars, begging letters, and prospectuses of schools?
Will there be a jury summons?
Will there be any bills?
Will the drawing-room continue to smoke?
Will there be any coal?
Will the rain have come in through the roof of the back kitchen?
Will there be any diminution in the black beetles?
Will the dog at No. 6 be in his usual force?
Will there have been great destruction among the kitchen crockery?
Will the Ringwoods have called?
Will the servants be all right?

A SANITARY QUESTION.—Mrs. Malaprop wishes to know if the typhoon at Hong-Kong is supposed to have been caused by bad drainage. Also whether that typhoon was worse than the Typhoon of Japan. She says she has been led to make these inquiries by some unanimous letters.

It may not be true, but it is said that an Irishman, after seeing the numerous hills and mountain ranges of New Hampshire, exclaimed, "Rehah, I never was in a country before where they had so much land they had to stack it."

The statistical editor of the *Times*, Grand Island, Nebraska, says, "90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 grasshoppers, at least, passed over here yesterday. There might have been a few more or less, as we did not count very closely."



MUSH-ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

JONES (reading bill of fare). "Ris-de-veau aux champignons. Here, Brown, you've been to Boulogne! What does it mean?"

BROWN. "Ris-de-veau—that's Veal. Aux champignons! Let me see—er—er—oh! Veal and Champagne. Order some of That!"



SON RISE IN THE TROPICS.

"I fear," said a minister to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say specie, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will now prove, I hope, by your contribution, that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

A SERVICE OF DANGER—The service of a railway company.

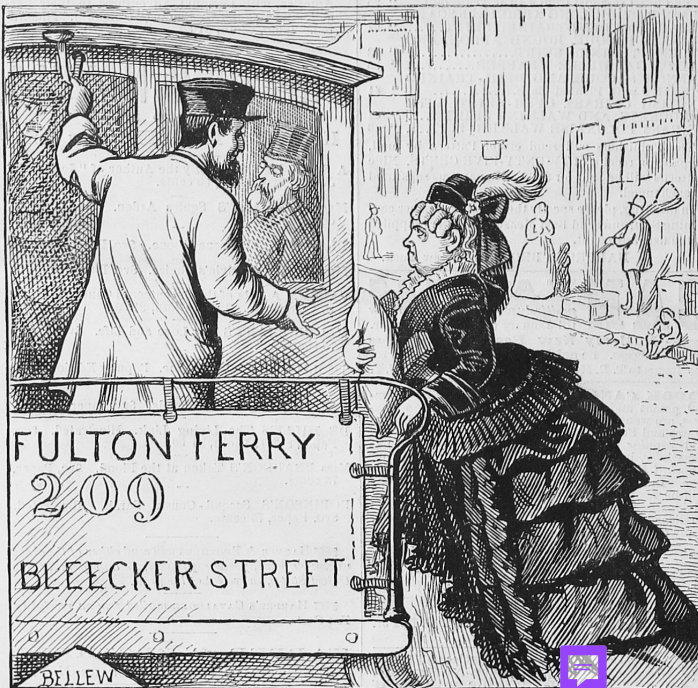
An old bachelor thus impeaches woman: "I impeach her in the name of the great whale of the ocean, whose bones are torn asunder to enable her to keep straight. I impeach her in the name of the peacock, whose strut, without his permission, she has stealthily and without honor assumed. I impeach her in the name of the horse, whose tail she has perverted from its use to the making of wavy tresses to decorate the back of the head and neck. I impeach her in the name of the Kangaroo, whose beautiful figure she, in taking upon her the Grecian bend, has brought into ill favor and disrepute."

A farmer took his wife to a grand concert, and, after listening with apparent enjoyment, the pair became suddenly interested in one of the grand choruses, "All we like sheep have gone astray." First a sharp soprano voice exclaimed, "All we like sheep;" next a deep voice uttered, in the most earnest tone, "All we like sheep;" then all the singers at once assented, "All we like sheep—" "Well, I don't," exclaimed old Rusticus to his partner; "I like beef and bacon, but I can't bear sheep meat."

A worthy man, imperfectly literate, thought to clinch a flattering speech with a text of Scripture. He was selected as the spokesman who, in the name of the parishioners, was to present some gift to the parish clergyman. He made a little speech at a meeting held for that ceremony. He spoke warmly of all the parson's merits, his diligence and eloquence, and finally rose to a climax. "In fact, Sir, to use the words of Paul, you are just a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal!"

A Detroit young woman tried to be aristocratic, and did not look at the money that she gave to the horse-car conductor, but he meekly gave her back the lozenge, on which was written, "I'll never cease to love thee," and said he was an orphan with five little brothers to support, and must be excused.

Harry, after looking on while his new little sister cried at being washed and dressed, turned away, saying, "If she screamed like that up in heaven, I don't wonder they sent her off."



LADY. "For Pitt's sake, how often do these Cars run? I've been waiting here a Week."
SATIRICAL CONDUCTOR. "Have you, ma'am? That's strange; I was by here Three Days ago, and never noticed you!"



A SURE CURE.

LADY PHYSICIAN. "H'm—he's very low. Who's your Family Physician?"
PATIENT'S WIFE. "Oh, Family Physician he's hanged! Jes you hold on. He won't die so long's there's a Young Woman foolin' round him!"