

## FACETIÆ.

A young escapee who had spent a fortune and fallen into bad habits took up his residence in a country village, pretending to be an author. His shabby appearance was therefore accounted for; and as his address was good, and marks of personal beauty remained, many a romantic village maid sighed over the "cruel fate of genius." Sighs would not pay his landlord's bill; and when a month had expired he was dunned in good earnest. At length the landlord told him that he never saw any of his productions, and wished to know of what work he had been the author. Being thus pushed, he replied: "Why, Sir, I call myself an author, and so I am—the author of my own misfortune."

Some curious pictorial effects are occasionally exhibited in the shop windows. There was on view a few days ago a picture of a water-fall, not the work of an Academician. "What's that, honey?" asked an elderly lady, whose sight was somewhat defective. "Is't a guse hingin' up?" she inquired, as she saw the mass of very white paper. Now a picture which can serve the twofold purpose of representing a water-fall and a "guse hingin' up" must be a work of art indeed.

## A FEATHERED FRAUD—The gull.

A CAREFUL MOTHER.—A lady, having heard that her son had gained in school, as a prize, a year's subscription to a popular youth's magazine, wrote an anxious letter to the publishers. She had never allowed her boy to read one sentence that was not absolutely true; it was the object of her life to keep him from fiction and falacy, and she wanted to know if the magazine was free from these objectionable features. The answer was this: "DEAR MADAM,—If your notion is carried out strictly, there is but one publication we can recommend, and, on second thought, we doubt even as to that. We were going to suggest the New Testament, until we happened to recollect that our Saviour therein is mentioned as speaking in parables."

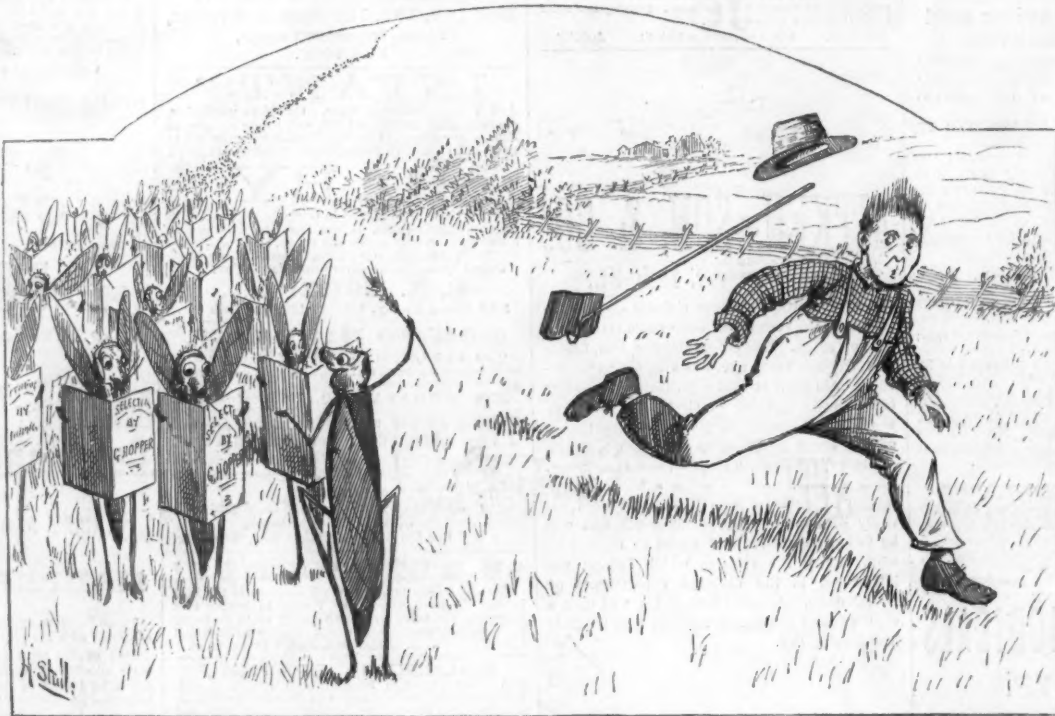
"What makes that noise?" asked a little boy in a train the other day.  
 "The cars," answered the mother.  
 "What for?"  
 "Because they are moving."  
 "What are they moving for?"  
 "The engine makes them."  
 "What engine?"  
 "The engine in front."  
 "What's it in front for?"  
 "To pull the train."  
 "What train?"  
 "This one."  
 "This car?" pursued the youngster, pointing to the one in which they sat.  
 "Yes."  
 "What does it pull it for?"  
 "The engine makes it."  
 "What engine?"  
 "The man on the engine."  
 "What engine?"  
 "The one in front."  
 "What's it in front for?"  
 "I told you that before."  
 "Told who what?"  
 "Told you."  
 "What for?"  
 "Oh, be still! You are a nuisance."  
 "What's a nuisance?"  
 "A boy who asks too many questions."  
 "Whose boy?"  
 "My boy."  
 "What questions?"  
 At this point the train pulled up at a station. The last that was heard, as the lady led the youngster along the platform, was, "What tickets?"

A scholar, starting up with an idea, exclaimed: "Sir, you have often told us of our forefathers. Now I know of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, but who was the fourth?"

A man was killed by a circular saw, and in his obituary notice it was stated that he was "a good citizen, an upright man, and an ardent patriot, but of limited information with regard to circular saws."



BLACK-FISHING.



## INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

CHORUS OF INQUIRING INSECTS. "What will the Harvest be?"

A Minnesota father who has five grown-up daughters has sued the county. He claims that his residence has been used as a court-house for the past two years.

The divorce market must be still easy in Indiana. A county paper in that State heads the list of marriages, "Limited Partnerships."

Why ought poultry-keeping to be a most profitable business?—Because for every grain you give a fowl it gives a peck.

When does a brass door-knob put you in mind of two eminent musical composers and a famous prima donna?—When it has a Verdi-Grisi Handel.

London actress, who makes up skillfully, her age. Her reply was frank. "I have four ages," she replied, with animation; "the family archives unfortunately proclaim that I am fifty; by daylight I pass for thirty-six; by gas-light not more than thirty; and with all my war-paint on, in a soft light, and no rude glare, I pass for five-and-twenty."

Madame asked her husband for a new outfit.

"My darling," he replied, "that would make the third in two months, and times are so hard that—"

"You will kill me!" exclaimed the lady, bursting into tears, "and my funeral expenses will cost you more than a new dress."

"Ah, but I should have to bury you only once," was the comforting rejoinder.

## ODE TO SUMMER.

BY A CITY CLERK.

I want my leave to see a leaf;  
 I'd lief as soon now die  
 As pass the spring without a view  
 Of budding tree and sky.

Of course I bow to fate's decree;  
 I twig I can not start;  
 Still boughs and twigs are helping now  
 To burst my breaking heart.

My doctor he's prescribed me bark  
 To mould my frame anew;  
 But could I see the bark and mould,  
 I'm sure they'd pull me through.

## HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

Friendly calls should always be made when least wished for.

It is looked upon as a delicate act of attention during a call of condolence for the caller to offer his pocket-pistol to the afflicted. A very intimate friend may bring in a pot of porter.

A visit after a party should be made before breakfast next morning. Inclose your card in your hat, and bring it up at your friend's bedroom window. If he does not wake, leave the card at the nearest lamp-post.

If you think a friend's servants are indolent, it is a kindness to him to give a runaway ring every time you pass his house.

Keep your hat on your head in a drawing-room until you are requested to take it off.

In that case, do as you please. When a lady enters a drawing-room, the gentlemen present should rise and play leap-frog.

Never enter a drawing-room on a bicycle.

The last arrival, if no other seat be vacant, must place himself upon the mantelpiece.

A lady is not required to kiss any gentleman visitor above the age of sixty.

When your visitor retires, ring the bell for the servant, and bid him look after the spoons.

When you introduce a person, say whatever you can to make the introduction agreeable; such as, "An old school-fellow of ours—don't you remember?—who says you're still the biggest muff out."

When you have a diffident visitor, put him at his ease by inviting your other friends to assist you in making him feel himself at home.

A lady need not state on her visiting-card how many children she has, and whether they have been vaccinated.

It is not usual for gentlemen to take off their boots in company.

RUSSIAN "HIDES"—The secret clauses of the San Stefano Treaty.

An old Highland clergyman, who had received several calls to parishes, asked his servant where he should go. The servant said, "Go where there is most sin, Sir." The preacher concluded that was good advice, and went where there was most money.

Howard Paul relates that in a moment of wild forgetfulness he asked a well-known London actress, who makes up skillfully, her age. Her reply was frank. "I have four ages," she replied, with animation; "the family archives unfortunately proclaim that I am fifty; by daylight I pass for thirty-six; by gas-light not more than thirty; and with all my war-paint on, in a soft light, and no rude glare, I pass for five-and-twenty."



A CORN-CRIB, ACCORDING TO A CITY LADY'S IDEA OF IT.



STEWART'S HOTEL VICE WOMEN'S HOTEL.

"Doesn't a Meeting like this make amends?"