



A TALE OF A DOG-IN FOUR WAGS.

WHEN THE LEAVES OF SUMMER WERE GREEN  
UPON THE TREES, HE PROMISED HER  
A PUP.

WHEN THE SNOWS OF WINTER LIE WHITE UPON  
THE GROUND, HE RENEWS THE VOW, FOR  
IT HAS NOT BEEN FULFILLED.

SHE BELIEVES AND DREAMS.

THE DREAD REALITY.

### FACETIE.

Or all bores the most hateful are those who drive you into a corner by the chimney-piece, and having got you there at their mercy, without hope of escape, they torment you with perplexing questions, almost as obnoxious asiddles. One such has discovered some curiosities in relationship which appear at the first inexplicable, impossible. Two mothers, each with her daughter, entered a *salon*, yet they were but three, and these three were three generations. The grandmother took her daughter's arm, who gave her hand to her own little girl; therefore each mother had her daughter with her, and yet they were but three. Then we were told of a boy who was own brother, as they say at Tattersall's, to a wife and her husband. A widower had a son who married a widow's daughter. The widower later, regardless of all old Weller's warnings, married the widow, who bore to him a son, and the boy, therefore, became brother to each of the young married couple.

ON BONNETS.—With a white chip bonnet, paper of pine, and box of miscellaneous feathers, lace, ribbons, and flowers, any girl of the period, with a small stock of ingenuity, can convey the impression to the public at large that she has half a dozen bonnets this season. A very fashionable shape is that made by sitting down or stamping on an ordinary frame, and then putting in some large roses.

When is a photographic album like an old-fashioned china shop?—When it is full of ugly mugs.

A young man in Kansas, who is particular about his washing, the other day wrote a note to his washer-woman and one to his girl, and, by a strange fatality, put the wrong address on each envelope and sent them off. The washer-woman was well pleased at an invitation to take a ride the next day, but when the young lady read, "If you tumble up my shirt bosoms any more as you did the last time, I will go somewhere else," she cried all the evening, and declares that she will never speak to him again.

At a collection made at a charity fair, a lady offered the plate to a rich man well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was the curt reply. "Then take something, Sir," said the lady; "you know I am begging for the poor."

Won't Go.—One morning a little four-year-old boy lay awake in his crib. His head seemed to be stopped with a cold. After vainly struggling for a while to clear it, he exclaimed, "Mamma, what is the matter with one side of my nose? It won't go."

PREPARING IN TIME.—Profiting by the lesson taught by the great fire at Boston, a man living near Springfield, Massachusetts, has made up his mind that he won't be burned alive. Once every week he gives the alarm of fire at midnight, at which his wife and children instantly arise and dress. He takes out a window-sash, puts a rope round his wife, and lowers her to the ground, and then throws into her arms one child at a time. He next puts his furniture into the street, and removes it to a place of safety. The whole time occupied is less than fifteen minutes, and he hopes to do it in ten. He broke the arm of his second eldest child the first time, and his wife says the piano is rather out of tune in consequence of its numerous and hurried removals, but otherwise he is quite satisfied with the excellence of his plan.

No boy has fulfilled his earthly mission who has given some one a Cayenne lozenge in church.

A worn-out parent in Chicago has named his baby Macbeth, because he has murdered sleep.

The difference between a Christian and a cannibal has been described by a popular dean in these terms: "One enjoys his self, and 'tother enjoys other people."

CRUEL KINDNESS.—A cat is popularly supposed to be fond of her offspring. A popular delusion! She is constantly licking them.

NAUTICAL MEM.—It is not generally known that when the captain of a ship orders "Silence, fore and aft," even the vessel is not allowed to answer her helm.

Why is a dyer's life an enigma?—Because he lives when he dyes, and dyes when he lives.

While a minister was in the midst of his discourse, a young man opened the church door, and stood there casting furtive glances over the congregation. The clergyman paused, gave the youth a withering glance, and remarked, "Go out, young man; she's not here." He went out. Such thoughtfulness on the part of clergymen would save young men much trouble and anxiety.



BROWN, who lives in a very retired manner in a rather secluded neighborhood, ordered a pair of dress pants from a popular tailor, and had the extreme satisfaction of witnessing their delivery from the parlor window (a fact).

If there is any thing calculated to make even a young swell of the most rugged constitution nervous, it is to have two or three children standing around eating bread and jam when he has called in his evening things, radiant in black and *crêpe-cœur*, just before making a later call on—her.

If you were to see the moon surrounded by a color slightly resembling yellow, what animal would you say it was like?—A bull-aloo.

What is the easiest way for a bad rider to show himself off?—To get on a spirited horse.



A DANGEROUS ANIMAL.

"Hi, Tom, come and chain up the Dog; he's broke loose again."



STYLE BEFORE NATURE.

MISS CIPHER. "Ah, do look at that Girl—what a dreadfully unfashionable Neck!"