



THE REAL SONG OF A SHIRT, BY A SUFFERING BACHELOR.

FACILE.

We like fine writing when it is properly applied, so we appreciate the following burst of eloquence: "As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her rear—as the winged lightnings leap from the heavens when the thunder-bolts are loosed—so does a little boy run when a big dog is after him."

**DOCILE DOG.**—A man tamed a dog that somebody sent him, until the docile little creature would eat off his hand. At least it ate off about three-quarters of his thumb, but died of concussion of the brain before it could finish the hand.

A lady living in Milwaukee has a piece of soap in the house supposed to be a hundred years old, and she says, "None of our family ever felt the slightest temptation to use it."

**ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF MATRIMONY.**—He used to cramp his feet up in little boots, and limp painfully to her residence every Sunday evening; but the morning after his marriage he went into a shoe-maker's, drew a chalk mark around his foot, and about an inch distant from it on both sides and at the heel and toe, and ordered the man to make him a pair of boots after that pattern. Oh! there's sweet liberty, there's balmy, boundless freedom, in the marriage state, of which sore-heeled and distorted bachelors have no conception.

"What is conscience?" asked a school-master.  
"An inward monitor," replied a bright little fellow.  
"And what's a monitor?"  
"One of the iron-clads."

ABOUT PORK.

Mr. Sayre, of Lexington, lisp a little, and a good story is told of him, the better for its truth. Some years since an overseer on one of his farms told him he needed some hogs. Says Mr. Sayre, "Very well; go and buy four or five thowth and pigth right away, and put them on the farm."

The man, accustomed to obey, and that without questioning, asked, "Shall I take the money with me to purchase them?"

"No, Thir. They all know me. Thend them here—I'll pay for them, or give you money to pay when you get them."

The overseer went his way, and in two weeks returned, when the following conversation took place:

"Well, Mr. Sayre, I can't get many pigs. I have ridden all over the country all about, and can buy only between eight and nine hundred."

"Eight or nine hundred what?"

"Eight or nine hundred pigs."

"Eight or nine hundred pigth! Who told you to buy that many pigth? Are you a fool?"

"You told me to buy them, two weeks since. I have tried to do it."

"Eight or nine hundred pigth! I never told you any thuch thing."

"But you did—you told me to go and buy four or five thousand pigs."

"I did no thuch thing! I told you to go and buy four or five thowth and their little pigth, and you have done it, I should think!"

Mr. Sayre had pork to sell in the autumn.

**A PUZZLER.**—What is that which has three feet but no legs, is all body but no limbs, has no toes on its feet, no head, moves a great deal and never uses its feet for that purpose, has one foot at each end and the other in the centre of its body? This is a queer creature in some respects, and is very popular among the ladies and some men. It never walks out, but goes with one foot where its head might be, dragging the other foot behind. These feet have nails, but no toes, no heels, and no bones in the foot.—A yard measure.

**WOMAN.**—"Woman," an imaginative writer says, "is compounded of three articles—sugar, because of her sweetness apparent in all women, though it has become acidulated to domestic vinegar; arnica, because of the healing and soothing women yield to men after the trials of life; and soft soap, for reasons too obvious to need specification."

FLOATING CAPITAL.—Venice.

**A WRONG READING.**—A young woman looking for a situation was attracted by an advertisement for some one to do "light house-work." She called at the address given, and inquired where the light-house was, and if there was any way of getting on shore on Sundays.

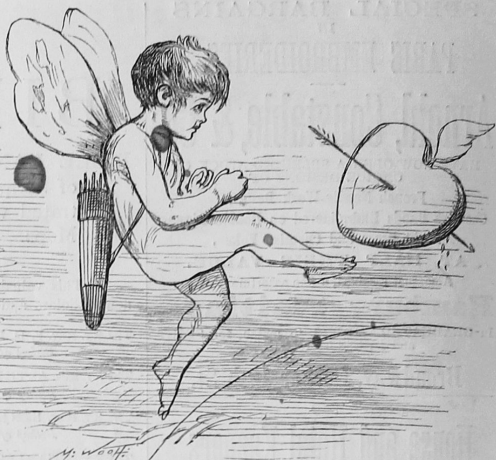
"Jennie, you're my sweetheart," said a nine-year-old outor, as he sat alone with his heart's idol the other evening.

"How can I be your sweetheart," asked the little miss, "when I am thirteen years old, and you are only nine?"

"Are you thirteen?"

"Of course I am."

"Well," observed the juvenile beau, after reflecting a little, "I'd a been thirteen too if I hadn't been so delicate and ill when I was little."



CUPID'S ANNUAL GAME OF FOOT-BALL.

**A VALID EXCUSE.**—An unwilling jurymen recently excused himself from serving by a letter, of which the following is a literal copy:

"Sir,—As I am a Fauriner and my lengwich Danich I am not ettal comptit of the English lengwich to be a jewry man and my contious du not allow me to geive my openian en wat I du not understan—An answer vel obligit."

When does the captain of a steamer become a medical man?—When he's docked her.

"A LITTLE MORE OF IT."

**LADY.** "What two nice little girls! Are you twins?"  
**LITTLE GIRLS (both together).** "No, ma'am, we are sisters."

**ORNITHOLOGICAL.**—The picture-books for the young, of which we see such an elegant profusion at this time of the year, are full of pictorial pity for the dicky-birds, which have to put up with the winter's cold. But, after all, when you come to think of it, they are not so badly off, for they all sleep in feather-beds.

A MAN WHO WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU.—A blind man.

The owner of a pair of bright eyes assures us that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her for a moment, inquired, naively, "Are your eyes new ones?"

When Dickens was the lion of the day at Montreal, there lived there a young man fond of collecting autographs. He had a desire to procure one from Dickens. This was no easy matter, as multitudes bored him for his writing, and he had to refuse with some sternness or wholly to ignore the application, and poor Dickens was rather sold. The writer tried the pathetic-illiterate dodge. Thus:

"Mr. Dickens:

"Scr,—Me and my wife's got a boy, and wee've a-hear tell a great deal about the beautiful books you've a-writ, and the good you've a-tryed to do for us pore folk. Now we has a-note that it might so be that you mite let we giv your name to our boy. Us is no scollards, but we hope that, as wages is good and learning is plenty, that he will some day read what you've a-writ. An' so, Sir, we askes yur pardon, and wishes yu prosperity an' good lunk. If so be as you rite, direc Andrew H—, Montreal Post-offs. So no more at present, from your humble servants to commend,

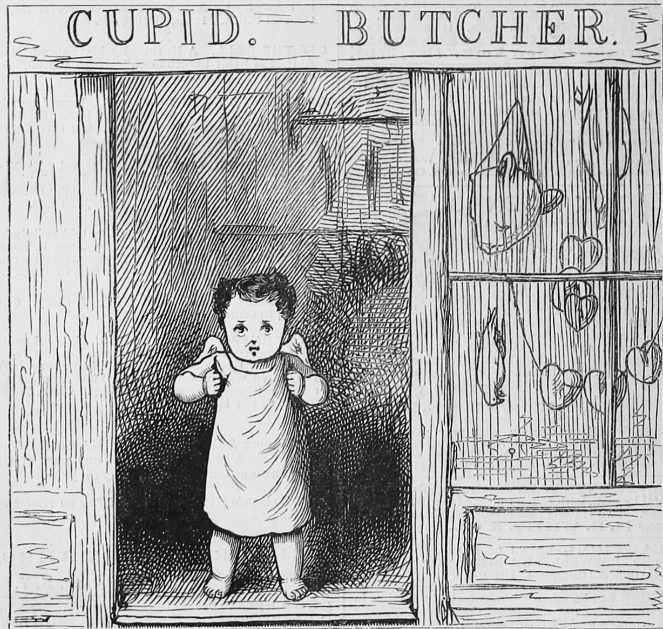
"There XX marks

This missive elicited the following reply:

"DEAR SIR,—I am much indebted to you for your gratifying and welcome letter, and am proud to know that you have conferred my name on your child in recollection of my writings. That he may become all you wish him to be, and that he may in his time derive some entertainment and instruction from my poor endeavors to beguile the leisure time of children of a larger growth, is my sincere and earnest wish. If I could ever learn that I had happily been the means of awakening within him any new love of his fellow-creatures, and desire to help and assist them with his sympathy, I should feel much pleasure from the knowledge. Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS."



A SERIOUS AFFAIR.  
THE FIRST VALENTINE.



A CARD.

We are about to re-open our store with an entirely new stock of Calves' Heads, Sheep's Ears, Sweet-hearts, Doves, Ducks, and all other Game of the Season. The business will be conducted upon the same principles as heretofore, and we hope to receive the custom of our former patrons.



A SURPRISE VISIT.

"Why, bless me! I haven't seen you these Twenty Years!"