



"Hi, Frank, come along! I've got my kite fixed."

UP AT LAST.

THE KITE SEASON.

A LITTLE DIFFICULTY.

BUSTED.

FACETIE.

When the English fleet under Lord Nelson was bearing down upon the French ships anchored in Aboukir Bay, just before the ever-memorable battle of the Nile, the captain of one of the British vessels addressed his crew at considerable length, and having exhorted them to remember their duty, and what their country required at their hands, he turned to the captain of marines, and said, "Now, Sir, you have heard what I have said to the ship's company; it may be as well for you to say something to the men more particularly under you." Upon which the marine officer commanded "Attention!" and addressed them in the following pithy and laconic manner: "My lads, do you see that land?" pointing to the shores which they were rapidly nearing. "That," said he, "is the land of Egypt; and if you don't fight like the deuce, you'll soon be in the house of bondage." The effect was electrical.

Master Frank was in a "brown-study." He had been taken up stairs into the drawing-room to see his new aunt, that is to say, the wife of his uncle William, who was only recently married, and this was her first visit after the wedding tour. Master Frank had behaved with great propriety during the interview, but had gone away so grave and thoughtful that his nurse was a little disturbed by such an unusual state of affairs. "Why, Frankie, what are you thinking about?" said she. "Don't you like your new auntie?" "Not much," replied Master-of-fact Frankie. "And why not, Frankie?" "Because she is not pretty, like mamma." "Oh, but, my dear, you ought not to dislike your auntie for that. I'm sure your aunt was very good to you, and it is better to be good than pretty any day." "Is it?" asked Frank, wonderingly. "Certainly, dearie, for one may be pretty outside and ugly inside; one may have a pretty face and an ugly temper." "Well, but," said Frankie, slowly, "is auntie pretty inside, do you think? Because—" Here Frankie stopped. "Of course she is, dear. But 'because' what?" "Why, because—" and here an intelligent look darted into the boy's blue eyes—"why don't they turn her inside out, then?"

The following conundrum gained the first prize at the charity ball at Toledo: Why is a lady at our ball like an arrow?—Because she can't go off without a bean, and is in a quiver till she gets one.

It is impossible to have the last word with a chemist, because he always has a retort.

How to keep the flies off the sugar in summer—Eat it all in the spring.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Every thing comes to the man who can wait, but he generally has to hand it round.

Little minds are caught with trifles, but they're bad things for children's supper parties.

There is no fence against fortune, but a great deal of railing.

The best news is no news, but eight pages of advertisements are dear at a penny.

Once a knave, always a knave; but the greatest knaves are often kings.

The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of a purse; but the more she smiles, the sooner its grief is over.

Some clever men change their opinions oftener than their shirts.

A great deal has been said lately about the frail constitutions of the women of the present day. For this reason we ought to take great care of our grandmothers, as we shall never get any more.

MEM. FOR THE WET WEATHER (against it comes again).—Coachmen and clouds are alike in one respect—they both hold the reins.

A man said his son had a well-stored mind, but the neighbors never could find where he stored it.

Mark Twain, apropos of a new portable mosquito net, writes that the day is coming "when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully, while the discomfited flies club together and take it out of the minister."



THREE GRACES.

There has been a brigand condemned to death in Italy. He had only been convicted of twelve willful murders, seven cases of manslaughter, four attempted murders, where he lamed a few people, nineteen cases of wounding, such as cutting off ears and noses, three cases of highway robbery, and some other trifles not worth mentioning, and that man, just for this, is to be cut off in the very prime of his life!

A man left a bony steed in the street, and on coming back discovered that a wag had placed a card against the fleshless ribs, bearing the notice: "Oats wanted. Inquire within."

The most popular summer resort is not the sea-side, but the shady side. In the winter-time the most popular resort is the inside.

Never say that the soul of the Illinois farmer is unlighted by the true poetic fire. One of this class was appealed to by an editor for news, and he responded, "And now the reaper reapeth, the mower moweth, and the little bumble-bee getteth up the busy granger's trousers leg and bumbleth."

"THE WAY WE LIVE NOW."

MAMMA (to her eldest son). "My dear George, where are your manners? You should always say 'Thank you!' when any thing is handed to you." GEORGE. "Oh, bother having to say 'Thanks' every time, ma. Can't a fellow have a season ticket?"

A POSER.

MATERFAMILIAS. "Algernon dear, do explain to the man. You can do it so much better than I can."

PATERFAMILIAS. "All right, my love." (To attendant.) "Ecce, amon mee—I want you to teach my petty onafons to swim—apropd a jelly, you know. And look here—you mustn't keep them in the water more than fifteen seconds by the watch! Par ploo ker kangs secong dong to. Compreppy?"

SEA-SIDE EPITAPHS.

Here lies the body of Jonathan Stout, Who went in the water and never came out. Supposed to be floating about.

Beneath this stone reposes one Whom, when his task of life was done, We buried by the salt, salt sea, Which thoroughly had pickled he.

The lady who lies here asleep Was drowned in the briny deep; She went a-bathing, but the damp Produced in her a sort of cramp.

Little Billy Kember, Boating in a gale; Midland County member Managing the sail. Midland County member Didn't look alive, 2d of September, 1875.

Good Mr. Bloomer—seeds and flowers, Penge— Took to the water out of sheer revenge, Because he'd quarreled with the missus. Stark Naked, he dived into the hungry—shark! They caught that creature at the turn of tide, And laid him here with Mr. B. inside.

How sad, alas! to think that Mrs. Nancy Was lighter in the feet than she did fancy! Down plumped her head, and in the wave she strangled. Her winding-sheet was linen, nicely mangled.

Poor Jack (stretched here his corpus is) Went out in Harry's smack, And Jack he fished for porpoises— Then Harry fished for Jack!

During the session of a county court in the interior a witness was asked if he was not a husbandman, when he coolly replied, amidst the laughter of the court, "No, Sir, I'm not married."

We suspect that what most grieved the young lady who represented Katie King in Philadelphia was the fact that she was popularly supposed to be more than two hundred years old.



ABEJA

MISS MACSCRAWNY. "Dear me, Nelly, how we have grown! Why, when I first knew you, I hadn't put on Long Dresses." NELLY. "Yes, dear, and I hadn't left them off."



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

LADY OF THE HOUSE (to tramp). "Leave the House this instant, Sir, or I'll set my Dog on you!"