



THE SWEET BOY AND BOY.



"PLEASE TAKE MY HAND."

FACETIE.

One of the most promising Salt Lake murderers has just been sentenced to death. The accommodating judge begged him to say how he would like to be obliterated, as is the usual custom in that section of the country, where they will oblige a man with a whiskey cocktail or sixteen wives just for the asking. "Wilkinson," said the judge, "you've got to die. Now how would you like to lighten it? I have a good assortment of ropes, and some excellent rifles, or I can accommodate you with strychnine, and the local chloroform is an excellent article. If you prefer being asphyxiated with charcoal, Wilkinson, you have only to say the word; while if you would sooner be let down into Salt Lake, fastened to a first-class anchor, Wilkinson, it shall be done."

But Wilkinson had lots of grit, so he helped himself to a chew of the judge's tobacco, and remarked, very emphatically: "Judge, I guess you're most too kind. You bewilder me with the magnitude of your liberal offers, and puzzles me with the various and beautiful things as you offers. But as I object to poison, have a horror of water and suffocation, and am not partial to a sore throat caused by a rope, I elect to be shot, and you will add to your many favors by fixing the date of the shooting-match as far off as possible, so as to give the boys a chance to get ready and come and see the fun. Judge, please order me roast chicken for dinner during the few moments I have to live, and give me another chew."

His honor was deeply affected, and fixed the festival for the 1st of March.

Put it down to Pat.—An Irishman who wants to know, you know, writes to ask, if a miss is as good as a mile, how many misses are as good as a Milesian? We have heard that one "misses" was sometimes the better half even of a Milesian, and could always give him his answer pat.

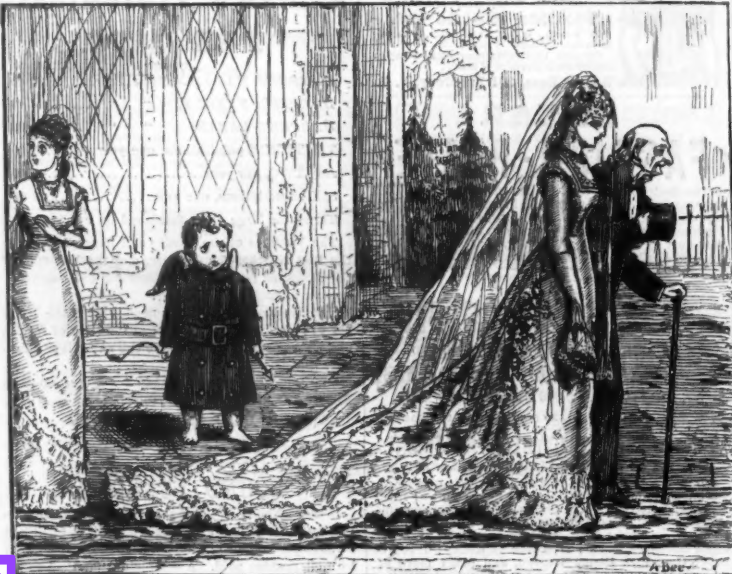
EDWIN AND ANGELINA IN PARIS.

ANGELINA. "Do you like this style of mural decoration, Edwin?"

EDWIN. "Yes, love. It enables me to see on every wall the face and form I love best in the world."

ANGELINA. "Oh, Edwin! darling! You make me blush."

EDWIN. "I didn't mean yours, love; I meant mine."



GOING BACK ON THE LITTLE BOY.

CUPID. "All right for you, Missie. So you've married old Moneybags, after all! Well, you'll want me some day, and then perhaps I'll go back on you."

A gentleman well known for his parsimonious habits, having billeted himself on his acquaintance in Edinburgh during some royal visit, was talking to a friend, on his return, of the great expense of living. "How much do you think I spent in Edinburgh?"

"I don't know," replied his friend; "I should suppose about a fortnight."

A self-asserting parishioner, who was trying to browbeat his pastor, said, "You can't make twice three seven, not by a good deal, great as you may think yourself."

"I can come within one of it," quietly replied the clergyman.

At an auction of miscellaneous articles out-of-doors it began to sprinkle with rain, when a by-stander advised the auctioneer that the next article he had better put up was an umbrella.

"When is the best time to pick apples?" This is a very simple question. The best time for such work is when the farmer is not looking, and there is no big dog in the orchard.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A crow having secured a piece of cheese, flew with its prize to a lofty tree, and was preparing to devour it, when a crafty fox, halting at the foot of the tree, began to cast about how to obtain it.

"How tasteful," he cried, in well-feigned ecstasy, "is your dress; it can not surely be that your musical education has been neglected. Will you not oblige—"

"I have a horrid cold," replied the crow, "and never sing without my music, but since you press me— At the same time I should add that I have read *Æsop*, and have been there before."

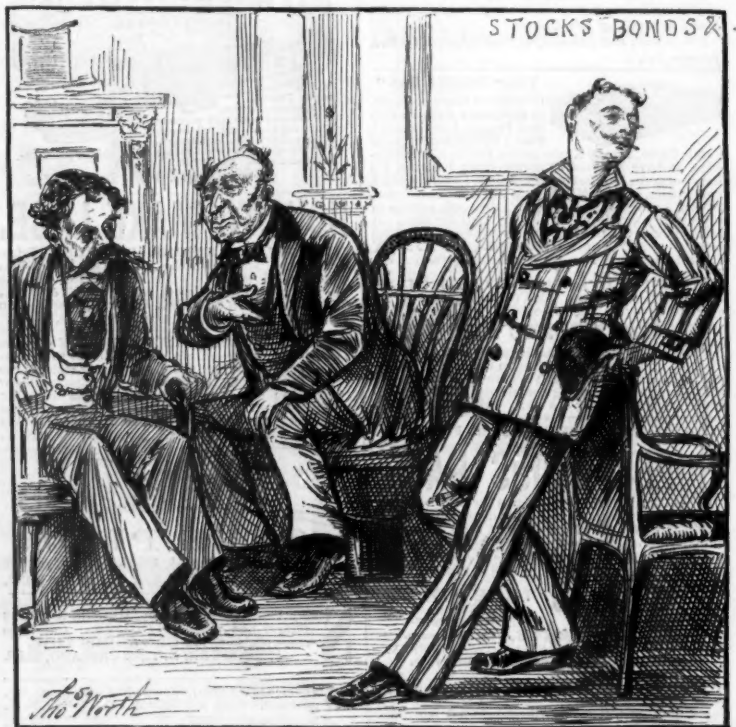
So saying, she deposited the cheese in a safe place on the limb of the tree, and favored him with a song.

"Thank you," exclaimed the fox, and trotted away, with the remark that Welsh rabbits never agreed with him, and were far inferior in quality to the animated variety.

MORAL.—The foregoing fable is supported by a whole battery of morals. We are taught (1) that it pays to take the papers; (2) that imitation is not always the sincerest flattery; (3) that a staid rabbit with contentment is better than no bread; and (4) that the aim of art is to conceal disappointment.



TOMKINS, RETURNING HOME LATE, RINGS THE BELL FOR ONE HOUR BEFORE HE DISCOVERS THAT IT IS THE EMPTY HOUSE NEXT DOOR.
[Result: Complimentary remarks from several neighbors on his superior intelligence; also, a very mad man.]



THE LAST RESORT.

"Here's this boy of mine; he don't seem to be good for any thing; tried him in trades and professions, and he don't amount to a row of pins; yet I know he's smart—real smart. You take him and make a broker of him."