

FACETIE.

STRANGE that game should be so dear when the efforts of every sportsman are directed to "bring it down!"

HINTS FOR SPORTSMEN.

Always lay in a good stock of ammunition, as some birds take a deal of killing.

When you discover your bird, approach him gently on tiptoe, looking as pleasant as possible, and you will find the bird become most friendly, for then the poor thing knows very well you wouldn't hit it.

If there are two or more, always all fire at once, as the bird may get confused, and you then stand a better chance. (N.B.—Mix a little salt with your powder if you aim at the tail of the bird.)

Should you both happen to hit a bird of course you would not, because it's very cowardly to hit any thing that isn't your own size, and any dispute arises, always tear the bird in half, which is by far the fairest way.

You will find clay soil very invigorating. By-the-way, always get a good thick coating on your boots: it looks business-like.

Of course, being game, you will find them very plucky and playful. Always encourage them.

Above all, never return empty-handed.

A Western paper says that the first duty of the Grangers is to extinguish every orator who begins his speech with "I have not the good fortune to be a farmer, but I have always felt the most profound interest in the truly noble and predominant pursuit of agriculture, and never was that interest greater than now."

THE TESTOTALER'S GROC.—Animal spirits and water.

An oyster leads a placid life until he gets into a stew.

NEW BOOKS.

*How to Dress on a Hundred Dollars a Year as a Lady.* By a Lady.  
In press, shortly to be published, uniform with the above, *How to Dress on Nothing a Year as a Calfre.* By a Calfre.



SHAMEFUL NEGLIGENCE.

YOUNG SPROUTS (in dismay). "I say: look here. Hang me if you haven't Shaved One Side of my Mustache off!"  
BARBER. "I beg your pardon, Sir; but when I was a-taking off your Whisker I must have done it without noticing."  
(Not that he could see, even now, that there was any mustache on the other side, but it wouldn't have done to say so, you know.)

A correspondent wants to know who wrote the poem commencing "Our country's lyres are mute." We do not know, but that line suggests the thought that if our country's lyres were also mute, it would be a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

A LABORING BARK.—An Esquiman dog (in a sledge).

Another paper has felt itself called upon to correct an error of the types. It says, "For one of the worst of men, read one of the wisest."

A man who rode in the same railway carriage with a bridal couple fifty miles heard her call him "dear Charles" just five hundred and eighteen times.

A bridal procession was four hours passing a given point. The point was a breakfast-table.

The first postal card received in Aberdeen was marked private.

MARINE UNDERTAKERS.—Sharks.

At what season did Eve eat the apple?—Early in the fall.

Lightning recently struck a telegraph pole, and ran along the wire into the office at Coatsville, Indiana, when the operator, seated at the instrument, excitedly telegraphed back, "Don't send so fast!"

citizen, a friend went to old Crossbones, and asked him to go to the house and take dimensions for a coffin.  
"No need of it, no need of it," remarked the undertaker; "I's down there 't'other day, and kinder eyed him over."  
"The same man last winter had a large stock of coffins on hand, and on being asked if they would all be needed that winter, he replied, with glistening eye, "I hope so, I hope so."

When is a baby not a baby?—When it's a tea-thing.

A Waterbury man has christened his daughter Glycerine. He says it will be easy to prefix "Nitro," if her temper resembles her mother's.



TURNING WATER INTO MILK, ORANGE COUNTY FASHION.



TURNING A MAN INTO A STONE JUG, POLICE FASHION.



HOW TO TAKE STARCH OUT OF A BOY.



AND FINALLY, HOW TO TURN YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW INTO A LOT OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

BY THE SEA-SIDE.

By the sad sea-shore at eve I stand,  
Holding on to my hat with one hand.  
The sun has sunk 'neath the silvery sea;  
The autumn breeze blows a cold to me.  
Why do I linger so late alone?—  
There's a charm for me in yon wave-washed stone.  
Long years ago, when my life was young,  
In the golden time that poets have sung,  
Together we sat on that stone so wet—  
How sharp it was I remember yet!  
I asked her, "Lucy, you'll be my wife?  
Darling, I love you far more than life."  
And then she answered, "I am so vexed,  
But I'm to be married, this month or next."  
"I should have told you.... Always a friend....  
I'd no idea...." So on to the end.  
Soon were you married, my love, my dear;  
And soon your husband found out, I hear,  
That you had a temper; and he—ah, well,  
How much you try him no words can tell.  
No wonder I love, by the sounding sea,  
The place where Lucy said "No" to me.

TO HUNTING MEN.—Look well before you leap, and as well as you can after.

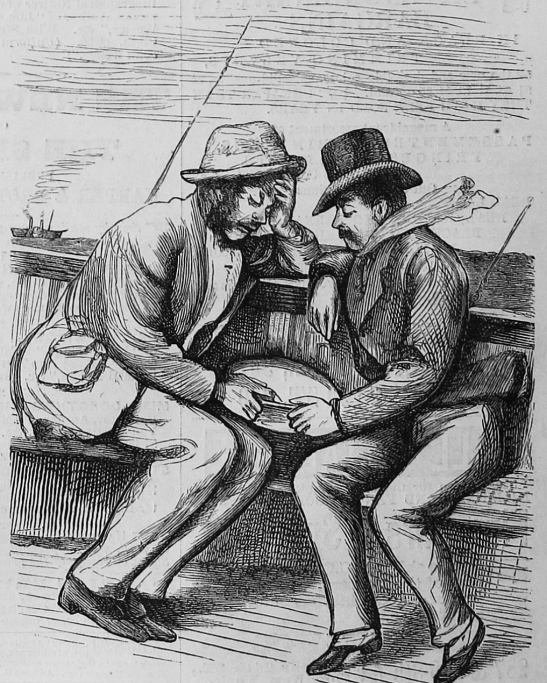
PUZZLE FOR FOREIGNERS STUDYING ENGLISH.—Ever take the orphans' part—never touch their portion.

"On one occasion," says a correspondent, "we were entering the tunnel of a railway. The lamps were not trimmed and burning, and when in the tunnel we were as much in the dark as an ignorant newsboy attempting to read a page of Sanscrit. In front of me was a young couple; and by their devoted attention to each other I concluded that they were not married, or if married, were wedded to somebody else than themselves. The gentleman was reading a newspaper; the lady was busy with a novel, and giving an occasional glance out of the window. As soon as the train entered the tunnel it was so dark that you could not see any thing. I heard a struggle. There seemed to be a dislocation of hair, accompanied by a shower of hair-pins. The gentleman's hat fell to the floor, and I heard his paper crash. You would have imagined that a whole flock of school-girls had met another flock of school-girls from whom they had been separated at least six months. By-and-by the train came out of the tunnel. The gentleman was reading his newspaper; the lady was reading her book; all was tranquillity. Will any body explain this extraordinary phenomenon? I am inclined to think it was connected with spiritualism and the dark séance business."



STRINGENCY OF THE MONEY MARKET.

WAITER. "Stop a minute, Boss, you Forgot to Pay for your Dinner."  
MR. PILGRIM. "No, no, my Friend, I didn't Forget. Fact is, I've been from one end of Wall Street to the other, and can't raise a Cent."



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN."

A HEAVY SEA—STUDY OF A FRENCHMAN AND A GERMAN.