

FACETIÆ.

THE habit people have of beginning to converse the moment a singer sits down to the piano is often objected to by foreigners, but even abroad there are some people who do not care about music. "She is charming," said the old Marquis de B—, the other day, speaking of La Patti. "But she has one defect—she sings."

THE POPULAR AIR.

"I'm so glad you've come, Charley; we want to hear one of your songs." "All right; I've only brought one, though—'Nancy Lee.'" "Oh dear! how unfortunate! We've had that twice already, and all the other gentlemen have brought it."

An old housekeeper in an English castle, while doing the honors of the picture-gallery to some visitors, heard one of them remark that, judging by her portrait, "Marie de Medicis must have been exceedingly plain." "Not at all," said the old lady, indignantly, "I have been told that she was nearly related to the Venus of that name, and the family were all handsome."

A SLIGHT DISTINCTION.—"No," replied Mrs. Malaprop, slowly, "I can't say that I ever was in Dublin, but my mother has a second cousin called Irish, who dealt in Cork; so there!"

A lawyer once asked a judge to charge the jury that "it is better that ninety-and-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be punished." "Yes," said the witty judge, "I will give that charge, but in the opinion of the Court the ninety-and-nine guilty men have already escaped in this country."



CURIOSITY EXCITED.

A New Orleans lawyer was the other day defending a case against a railroad company for running over and maiming a child. He gravely told the jury that if they awarded damages, the people of New Orleans would eternally be sending their children into the streets to be run over.



CURIOSITY GRATIFIED.

Oh, he an ardent lover was; He worshipped every inch of ground Whereon the maiden trod, because She never walked except around The place whereof he knew that she Would certainly the helress be.

SERVANTGIRLISM.

MISTRESS. "But I thought you were very comfortable, Mary." MARY. "Yes, mem, but the young man as keeps company with me thinks there's too many gentlemen visitors comes here, and they might wear me from his young affections; so, with your permission, I will not be a medium for contention."

SWEET THING IN COMES—HONEY.

"Can that horse run fast?" asked a boy of a milkman, the other morning. "No, sonny," replied the purveyor of aqueous lactical fluid, "he can't run very fast, but he can stand the fastest of any horse you ever saw."

Lord Guillamore could tell a story with inimitable humor. Very droll was his mimicry of a dialogue between the guard of the mail and a mischievous old lady with whom he once travelled from Cork to Dublin in the old coaching days.

"Guard!" whispered the old lady. "Well, ma'am, what can I do for you?" "Could you," in a faint voice—"could you get me a glass of water?" "To be sure, ma'am; with all the pleasure in life." "And, guard"—still fainter—"I'd—hom—I'd—a—like it hot."

"Hot water? Oh, all right, ma'am! Why not, if it's plain to you?" "With a lump of sugar, guard, if you please." "By all manner of means, ma'am." "And—and—guard dear"—as the man was turning to go away—"a small squeeze of lemon, and a little—just a thimbleful—of spirits through it."

"Och, isn't that punch?" shouted the guard. "Where was the use of beatin' about the bush? Couldn't you have asked for a tumbler of punch at once, ma'am, like a man?"



PRYING INTO THE FUTURE.—TELLING FORTUNES WITH CANARIES.—A LIFE SKETCH IN THE METROPOLIS.

There are only three hundred shades of blue. We sometimes feel as though there were twice as many.

A young and pretty girl stepped into a shop where a spruce young man, who had long been enamored but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling drapery. In order to remain as long as possible she cheapened every thing, and at last she said, "I believe you think I am cheating you."

"Oh so," said the youngster; "to me you are always fair." "Well," whispered the lady, blushing, as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so dear."

Don't collect the "bits" of a woman's mind.

"Is your master at home?" inquired a gentleman of the servant of the house at which he was calling.

"No, Sir," replied the man.

"When will he be back?" asked the visitor.

"Can't say, Sir," said the man.

"When he sends me down to say he's out, I can never be sure."

IMPARTIAL.

NEW MINISTER (who wishes to know all about his parishioners). "Then do I understand you that your aunt is on your father's side, or your mother's?"

COUNTRY LAD. "Sometimes one, an' sometimes the other; 'ceptin' when father whacks 'em both, Sir."

HYGIENIC EXCESSSES.

SMITH. "So you've given up wine and becca, Brown?"

BROWN. "Yes. Horses and dogs do very well without stimulants, and why shouldn't we?"

JONES (fat man). "Ah! I go farther. I've given up every thing but rice. Look at the hippopotamus! How healthy it is, in spite of its size."

ROBINSON. "Matter of taste. Lions and tigers are more in my line. I've given up every thing but raw meat once every twenty-four hours, and kill it myself. I'm going to give up clothes next month—so's my wife."

SARV. "Toll you what it is, Brown. I've a good mind to go in for that kind of thing myself, and give up every thing but shillies."

In "missing in society," put in the hot water last.

A WARNING.—A man who jumped overboard and was drowned, left a memorandum, saying, "Whiskey did this." The coroner said that water did it, and that if he had stuck to whiskey he might have been alive now.

FREE SIMPLE.—The money given by credulous young ladies to fortune-telling impostors.

A NEVER-FAILING REVOLVER.—The earth.

Don't laugh too much; it's only the cog-wheel that can always afford to show its teeth.

Old stories, like old clothes, put carefully away, come out again, after a time, nearly as good as new.

As, at a wedding the other evening, they were gathered around the happy couple (the bride was a widow) congratulating them, an oversensitive friend burst into tears, and sobbed: "How glad I am her poor dear Arthur is not alive to see this day! It would have broken his heart to see his wife married to some one else." Then she went into hysterics and was removed, having cast a gloom all over the community.

Talk Italian to an organ-grinder, and he will soon move on.

AN ACCOMPLISHED MUSICIAN.

SIR CHARLES (an eligible bachelor, who is passionately fond of music, and evidently admires Miss Madeline). "Those are awfully difficult pieces you're playing, Miss Madeline. I suppose you've practiced them no end."

MISS MADELINE (ingeniously gazing at Sir Charles, and continuing to play with great brilliancy and precision). "Oh dear, no, Sir Charles. I never saw them before; indeed, I never even heard the composer's name until Mrs. Blenkinsop asked me to play them for the young ones to dance to. It's so nice to be able to make one's self useful. Don't you think so?" etc., etc.

(Sir Charles's admiration for a young lady who can thus play difficult music at sight, while she looks softly at him and talks so pleasantly, knows no bounds.)

NEW READINGS OF OLD FABLES.

THE KIND-HEARTED SHE-ELEPHANT.

A kind-hearted she-elephant, while walking through the jungle, where the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, heedlessly set foot upon a partridge, which she crushed to death within a few inches of the nest containing its callow brood. "Poor little things!" said the generous mammoth. "I have been a mother myself, and my affection shall atone for the fatal consequences of my neglect." So saying, she sat down upon the orphaned brood.

MORAL.—The above teaches us what home is without a mother; also, that it is not every person who should be intrusted with the care of an orphan asylum.



THE TERROR OF THE HOUSEHOLD.