



THE LADY WHO IS SO AFRAID OF COWS.

COW-ARDICE.

THE LADY WHO ISN'T.

FACETIE.

One day Dr. McKenzie, well-known in the region of Clydesdale, was dining with a large party, among whom were the Hon. Henry Erskine and other legal magnates. Toward the close of the meal a large dish of cress was placed upon the table, and Dr. McKenzie, who was exceedingly fond of the excellent grass, helped himself largely; and not only so, but he ate with a keen relish, if not voraciously, carrying the food to his mouth with his fingers. Mr. Erskine watched for a time, and being struck with the oddity and grossness of the proceeding, he resolved to give the clergyman a hint for the better regulation of his conduct. Said the wit: "Dr. McKenzie, are you aware that you put me in mind of King Nebuchadnezzar while in his state of condemnation?"

The company smiled, and looked to see the cross-eater abashed; but not a bit of it.

Replied Dr. McKenzie, with a twinkle of humor: "Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I'm eating among the brutes."

An English doctor says that a strong, passionate love will bring on heart-disease, and it therefore stands us all in hand to love mildly and with a good deal of lethargy.

"ALL FOR LOVE!"

PAT. "Shure, ye'll marry me now, Bridget, and there sha'n't be a shebeen in the whole parish I won't drink yer health at ivery night of me life, nor a boy in the place as won't get a crack on the head wi' me shillally for yer sake. And I'd like to see Phil Rooney do the likes o' that for ye—the mane spalpane as niver got drunk to yer honor in his life, and takes no delight in himself at all at all."

WOMAN'S GLORY.—A contemporary tells young ladies how to arrange their hair in a fashionable style. "Let it all down," it says, "and comb it out. Then go up on the roof, and stand still while the wind plays (whatever is appropriate) with it. Then catch up the back with a bow of ribbon, and allow the front to stay as it is."

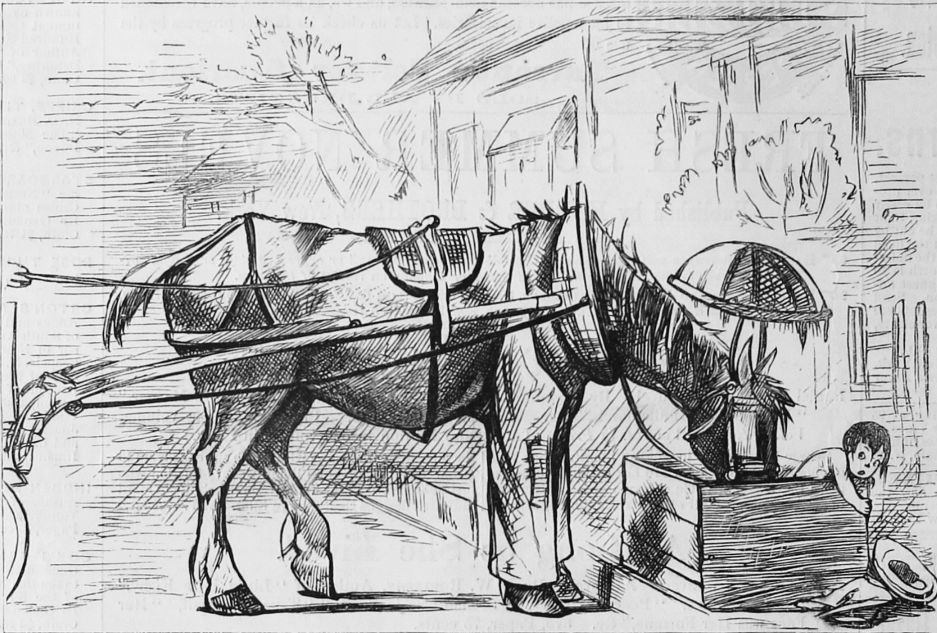
There are some science, a little mystery, and a good deal of uncertainty about the game of croquet. The other day, when a clergyman made an evening call on one of his congregation, and was invited to play a game, he said that he was only too glad, remarking that such social games served sometimes to place pastor and parishioner on a more friendly footing. Before the first game was over, a young lady hit him in the back with her mallet, he fell over a hoop, and two of the players decided never to darken his church again, on account of his cheating.

The other day a minister offered a prayer at the laying of a first stone. A young reporter bustled up, and said, "I wish you would give me the manuscript of that prayer."

"I never wrote out my prayers," said the preacher.

"Well," said the reporter, "I couldn't hear a word you said."

"I wasn't praying to you, Sir," quickly responded the parson.



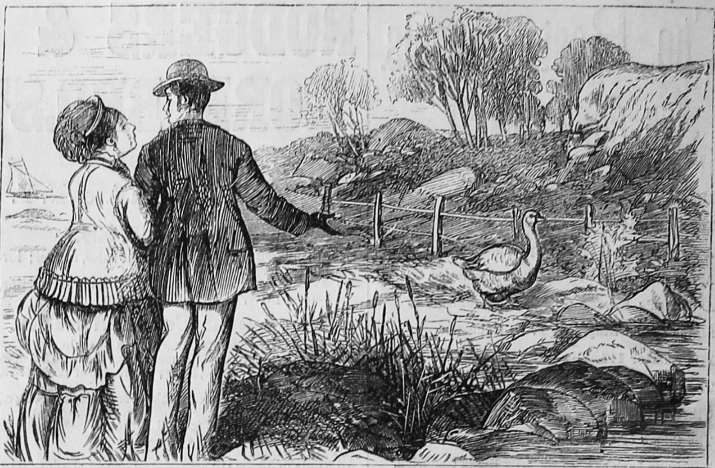
A SKETCH TAKEN DURING THE LATE WARM SPELL.

"And you think, darling, you could be content to share my humble lot, and live in a quiet way with love and me?" queried the blissful lover, as he looked fondly into her translucent blue eyes.

"Why, yes, precious; you have no idea how economical I am. Pa gave me a hundred dollars last week to buy a new silk, and I saved enough of it to purchase two pairs of six-buttoned kids."

Why should doctors be less liable than others to be sick on the ocean?—Because they are more used to see sickness.

Coleridge tells us that the German writer Hans Sachs, in attempting to describe the period of chaos, speaks of it as being so pitchy dark that the very cats ran against each other.



MAURICE (a bachelor, to Sophia). "How solitary that Bird looks without its Mate! don't you think so?"

SOPHIA (a maiden, to Maurice). "Yes; but if it were any thing but a Goose it might soon find one."

[No cards.

"If there's no moonlight, will you meet me by gas-light, dearest Juliana?"

"No, Augustus, I won't; I'm no gas meter."

VAIN OF HER AGE.—Old people are notoriously vain of their age. There is a story of a very venerable crone, the inmate of a poor-house in Scotland, who, being asked how old she was, exclaimed, with evident feeling, "I dinna ken, but I'm a thoosan' at ony rate."

An Irish agricultural journal advertises a new washing-machine under the heading, "Every Man his own Washer-Woman," and in its culinary department says that "potatoes should be boiled in cold water."

A correspondent of a paper wants ladies to take off their hats in church; but as long as half the ladies go to church for the purpose of displaying their hats, it is hardly possible that the suggestion will be adopted, unless a glass case is placed alongside of the pulpit for their accommodation, and the name of the owner is prominently affixed to each hat.

"Whatever will happen to us," said a languid young man at a club the other day, as he vainly endeavored to find a cool corner, "if the temperature goes on rising like this?"

"I am sure I don't know," said a friend, also languid, "and I don't see how we can prevent it."

"Oh yes, we can," said a third: "tell the waiter to ice the thermometers."

"Where is the east?" inquired a tutor one day of a very little pupil.

"Where the morning comes from," was the prompt and pleasant answer.

GEOGRAPHY AND FINANCE.

LADY VISITOR (examining the school). "What's the capital of Turkey?"

BRIGHT LITTLE SCHOLAR. "Please, 'm, it ain't got none—it's bankrupt!"

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

(Thermometer 95° in the shade on the pier.)

SEA-SIDIST (already very much sun-burned). "Why am I like an English poet?"

CHARLES (his friend). "Too hot for guessing. Give 't up."

SEA-SIDIST (slowly). "Because I'm Browning."

CHARLES (his friend—up till that moment). "Oh!"

(Retires under an umbrella, and dozes. Curtain.

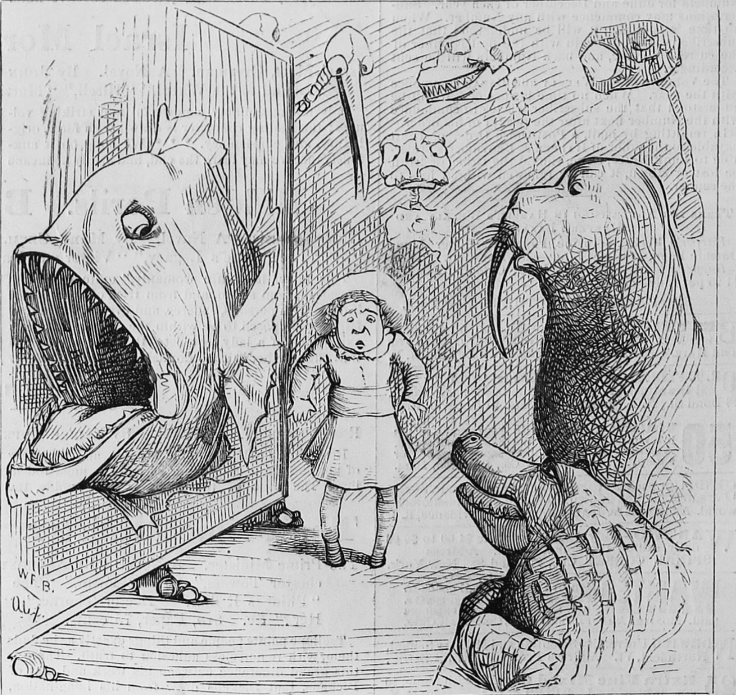
SAGEY.—Railways are aristocrats. They teach every man to know his own station and to stop there.

PEOPLE WHO ARE ALWAYS OPEN TO CONVICTION.—Law-breakers.

A worthy missionary clergyman from the North found his colored brethren and sisters quite forgetful of the moral law, and began to give them a series of courses against lying and stealing. The congregation stood it for a Sunday or two, and then they revolted, one of the deacons being their spokesman, and addressing their preacher thus: "We like you very much, and want to make it comf'ble for you; but de fac' is, you see, we don't like dis preachin' about lyin' an' stealin'—we mus' hab our Sundays for 'ligion."



TO THE FISHING BANKS.—SEASICKNESS AT FIFTY CENTS PER HEAD.



LOST CHILD AT THE CENTENNIAL.