

## FACETIÆ.

**JUST THE DIFFERENCE.**—When a man leaves our side and goes to the other side, he is a traitor, and we always felt that there was a subtle something wrong about him. But when a man leaves the other side, and comes over to us, then he is a man of great moral courage, and we always felt that there was some good stuff in him.

An English vicar was standing, on a Monday morning, at his gate, when one of his parishioners arrived with a basket of potatoes. "What's this?" said the vicar. "Please, sir," replied the man, "its some of our very best tatures—a very rare kind, sir. My wife said you should have some of them, as she heard you say in your sermon, that the *common tatures* didn't agree with you."

A timid girl came in last week and laid the following poem on our desk, and as she said it was the effort of her life we give it a place:

How dear to my heart is the goat of my  
childhood,  
When fond recollection presents him to me;  
The beautiful beast which whene'er he was  
riled would  
Make everything fly from the presence of  
he.  
My mischievous Nan was the frowlest but-  
ter  
That ever did but a stone fence till it fell;  
He'd see it a coming—a scream he would  
utter,  
Then brace his four legs and go at it pell-  
mell.  
O, how he would buck it! An iron bound  
bucket,  
He once tried to buck it, and died in the  
well.

The wife of a small farmer in Aberdeenshire, having been confined to her bed before the time when her last approached, the husband, who was of a very niggardly disposition, at length grudged to let her have even so much as a light by the side of her bed. One night, when in this dark condition, she exclaimed: "Oh isna this an inco thing, that a pair body can get nae licht to see to die wi'?" The husband instantly rose lighted a candle, and bringing it forward hastily to the bottom of the bed, said: "There! Dee noo!"

What the milkman said when they found a fish in the lacteal fluid: "Good heavens the brindle cow has been in swimming again."

The following is a San Francisco Advertisement: "Correspondence is solicited from bearded ladies, Circassians, or other female curiosities who, in return for a true heart and a devoted husband, would travel during the summer months, and allow him to take the money at the door."

"I suppose you miss your husband very much" he remarked to the charming young relict. "Miss him! of course I do. He was very useful in attending to the fire, winding up the clock, and turning out the gas."

Incredible obstinacy: Well, Johnny, where is your copy? Johnny—Got no ink; swallowed the ink? Governess—Swallowed the ink? what in the world did you do that for? Johnny—Well you see, I wasn't going to let it master me altogether.

A little six-year-old boy was watching the sunbeams as they shot through a window and danced diagonally across the room. "Mamma," said he, "what are those streaks?" "Those my son," she replied "are sunbeams from Heaven." "Oh, I know what they are for, mamma," said the little fellow, who had been sliding down beams in the barn-loft, "they are what God slides the babies down on when he sends 'em to folks."

**SHE DIDN'T SCARE.**—A boy who was disappointed the other day in making a sale of tinware to a woman on Park street, Detroit, muttered something which excited her indignation, and she gave him a great big piece of her mind. In "jawing back" he said: "Your husband ought to be arrested for working on Sunday!" "Working on Sunday—come here, bub! Now, bub, if you'll prove that my husband ever worked on Sunday, or any other day in the week, I'll give you a dollar! I've lived with him for twenty years, and have always had to buy even his whiskey and tobacco and now if he's gone to work I want to know it!" The boy backed off without another word.