



LATEST FROM THE CAPITAL.

CARLING AND TILLEY—(in the same breath)—WHAT'R YOU LOOKING FOR, SIR JOHN? LOST ANYTHING?
SIR JOHN—HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF A DOMINION TEMPERANCE ACT ANYWHERE?

poor fellow), and immediately put it into practice. He procured a flexible tube which he inserted into the first bullet hole on the star-board side, and, withdrawing several of the corks from the other holes, he blew, and lo! as he placed his fingers upon the holes, or lifted them, he found he could discourse most wondrous music, headifying, capital.

And the last state of that youth was fifty per cent. better than the first, for he resigned his position in the Civil Service, Postal Department, and went forth and became rich: and what is the most wonderful story of all about the who'e affair is that a man who had ever been in the Civil Service, should ever make a vast fortune by his head.

Where this all took place will never, never be revealed.

The latest puzzle is this:

Hard Eggs
Boiled Man.

The trick is to get the eggs inside the man without breaking the shells.

A clergyman in a sermon on "Courtship" says: "Flirtations are frequent, and prolonged even in the glare of the lights and before the gaze of the throng." "Well, what of it? If the glare were shut off and no throng present, there would be more occasion for gossip, but then some parsons will talk, you know."

The Scotch joke is usually dry: in this it is wet. An Aberdeen wit had a large handsome gold-edged card placed on his high door; in the centre of the card something was written in very small characters. The object naturally attracted the attention of the curious and the near-sighted had to get very close up to it. Afterward they found the value of the advice it contained, which was, "Beware of the Paint."



The original version of "Muldoon's Picnic" will be presented at the Grand Opera House on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next. No lovers of racy humor and droll situations should miss seeing the "Picnic," which is a great attraction in itself, and one to which the performances of a strong specialty company are added.

The concerts to be given at the Pavilion on the 17th and 18th inst. by the Philharmonic Society, under the conductorship of Mr. F. H. Torrington, will doubtless meet with the patronage they deserve. It is needless to say that a treat is in store for all who can appreciate true music when such names as those of Miss McManus, Mrs. Baxter, Messrs. Coleman, Taylor and Warrington appear on the programme. Piano, violin and vocal solos by distinguished performers will be rendered, in addition to the beautiful Cantata, "Rose Maiden," the whole making an especially brilliant and interesting programme.

When the dentists of this country can discover a way to extract teeth without making a man wish he had been born a hen, life will have twice as much brightness.

"Yes," said the gentleman from Maine, who had visited Washington, "I think I must have acted like the very devil while I was there, for I was twice mistaken for a Congressman."

GRIP'S FABLES.

THE TWO SOLDIERS.

As two Young Soldiers, one of whom was Wild and Reckless, whilst his Comrade was very Pious and Good, were about to March forth to War with their Regiment, their Friends pressed round them to bid them Farewell: to one of them (the Good one) they gave a Beautiful Hymn Book and to the other a stout Metal Flask of Whiskey; and the warriors marched away and were soon Engaged in a Desperate Battle with the Foe. And the Good Young Warrior to whom had been given the Hymn Book wore it in his Hip Pocket, whilst the other young man placed his Flask inside the Breast of his coat where it was Handy. And when the Battle was over it was found that the Good young man had been Shot, but the Bullet, having passed through the Hymnbook, had only slightly wounded him. And he was Very Joyful, and said to the other Young Soldier, "Behold: if I had not had this Good Book in my Pocket I should now be a Corp. Glory, glory." And the other replied, "Lo! I also was struck by a Bullet but it was Flattened against my Flask in my Breast, and would have Inevitably Slain me had not my Flask been there: but it puzzles me to think how you, who are always Wishing for Death and the Bright Celestial Regions, came to get Wounded in so Inglorious a Spot; nor am I aware that any Very Vital Organs are located beneath the Hip Pocket." And there was much Merriment among the Comrades of the young Men.

MORAL.

A FELLOW FEELING.

A gentleman was arraigned before an Arkansas justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. He had entered a store, pretending to be a customer, but proved to be a thief.

"Your name is Jim Lickmore?" said the justice.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are charged with a crime that merits a long term in the penitentiary?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are guilty of the crime?"

"I am."

"And you ask for mercy!"

"No, sir."

"You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?"

"Yes, sir I have."

"You have often wished that you were dead?"

"I have, please your honor."

"You want to steal money enough to take you away from Arkansas?"

"You are right, judge."

"If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store you would have said, 'Thank you, sir?'"

"Yes, sir, I would. But, judge, how did you find out so much about me?"

"Some time ago," said the judge, with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly afterwards you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this \$50 bill. You have suffered enough."—Little Rock Gazette.

A Troy man had his ear ripped off with a buzz saw. An excited young doctor, who had been starving for seven months for his first case, stuck it on backwards, sewed it fast and it grew. And now that man looks like a crack trotter waiting to get the word, and he can hear half way round the square in both directions.