

F A C T I Æ.

About the guiltiest looking people in the world are a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent, and a new married couple trying to pass for veterans.

Martin F. Tupper asks, "Where are the pure, the noble and the meek?" Don't know where they are in England; but in this country they are running for office.

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

A college student, in rendering to his father an account of his term-expenses, inserted: "To charity thirty dollars." His father wrote back: "I fear, charity covers a multitude of sins."

"My brethren," said Swift in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

Snodgrass says that two young ladies kissing each other are like an emblem of Christianity, because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

Somebody who appears to know how fashionable schools are managed says: "To educate young ladies to let them know all about the ogies, the omenies, the ifies, the ties, and the mistics; but nothing about the ings, such as sewing, darning, washing, baking, and making pudding."

A gentleman from the provinces went into the shop of a Parisian tailor to order some clothes. While his measure was being taken, he said to the sartorial Aristarchus, "You must find that I am very badly dressed?" "Oh, no," replied the artist, "you are not dressed at all; you are simply covered."

"Peter what are you doing to that boy?" asked a schoolmaster. "He wanted to know if you take ten from seventeen, how many will remain: I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants me to give 'em back." "Well, why don't you do it?"—"Coz, sir, he would forget how many are left."

"I should just like to see somebody abduct me," said Mrs. Smith at the breakfast table, the other morning. "H'm! so should I, my dear—so should I," said Mr. Smith with exceeding earnestness.

A New York pickpocket, taken with his hands in some one's else's pocket, endeavoured to invent all manner of possible explanations of the phenomenon. "What's the use of your trying to lie about it so clumsily?" said the judge benevolently. "Haven't you a lawyer?"

"Aw, it is not to be wondered at," remarked Mr. Toplofty, as he adjusted his eye glass, "sea-bathing has grown unpopuh; because, you see--aw--the vulgah herd took to the watah, and it has become vewy much soiled."

A day or two ago a motherly-looking woman entered a Woodward avenue clothing store, having a man's linen duster on her arm, and when approached by a salesman she said, "Some one in here sold this duster to my son yesterday?" "Yes ma'am, I sold it myself," replied the clerk, as he looked at the garment. "Did you tell my son this duster could be worn either to a picnic, funeral, bridal party or quarterly meeting?" "I did, madam, and so it can." "Did you tell him it made a good fly blanket when not otherwise needed?" "I did." That it could be used as a boat sail, a stretcher, a strawbed, and a bed-spread?" "Yes, ma'am, I did." "And that many people used them as table-covers?" "I did." "And that they would last for years and then would make excellent stuff for rag carpet?" "I did." "And you only charged a dollar?" "Only a dollar ma'am." "Well, when John came home last night and brought the duster, and told me all you said, I made up my mind that he must have been drunk, and I was a leetle afraid that he stole the garment. I'm glad it's all right." "It certainly is all right, ma'am, and since he was here yesterday we have discovered that the duster is a great conductor of sound, a preventive of sunstroke, and that no man with one on his back ever dropped dead of heart disease." "Land save us!" she gasped as she waited for the bundle; "but who knows they won't fix 'em fore long that they raise a mortgage off the farm?"