

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A BAD egg is not a choice egg, but is hard to beat.

ROBB & Steel is the suggestive name of a firm in Chicago.

FELT slippers.—Those felt by children in their rude young days.

A YOUNG man in Ashtabula sought to secure his sweetheart by strategy, so he took her out for a boat-ride, and threatened to jump overboard into the lake if she didn't consent to marry him. But it did not work. She offered to bet him a dollar that he daren't dive in.

THERE is a story of Judge Grier, which everybody delights in, how he set aside the unjust verdict of a jury against an unpopular man, with this remark: "Enter the verdict, Mr. Clerk. Enter, also, 'Set aside by the court.' I want it to be understood that it takes thirteen men to steal a man's farm in this court."

"DOES your arm pain you?" asked a lady of a gentleman who, at a party, had thrown his arm across the back of her chair, so that it touched her shoulder.—"No, madam, it doesn't pain me; but why do you ask?"—"Oh, I noticed that it was out of place, sir; that's all." The arm was removed.

A LECTURER on optics, in explaining the mechanism of the organ of vision, remarked: "Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye, and he will see himself looking so exceedingly small that—" here the lecturer's voice was drowned by the shouts of laughter and applause which greeted his scientific remark.

AN Irishman, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

RESERVING A SEAT.—The other day, at a concert, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep a place, returned to claim it after a short absence. The hat he found, sure enough, where it had been left, only there was a stout lady sitting on it. "Madam," said he, "you are sitting on my hat." The lady blushed a little, turned round, and said, in the blindest manner, "O, I beg your pardon. I'm sure I thought it was my husband's."

A CERTAIN old lady, who had been famed for sour looks and not very sweet words, touching the various accidents of life, was observed to have suddenly become very amiable. "What happy change has come over you?" said a neighbor.—"Why," said the transformed, "to tell you the truth, I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, I have finally made up my mind to sit down contented without it."

WHEN a man (says a New York journal) comes home and tries to bolt his door with a sweet potato, pokes the fire with the spout of a coffee-pot, attempts to wind up the clock with a boot-jack, tries to cut wood for his morning fire with a pen-knife, takes a cold potato in hand to light him to bed, and prefers sleeping in his hat and boots, you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly people.

THE WAY 'T WAS DONE.—The following dialogue between a lawyer and a plain witness is a good hit as the fashion of using big crooked words:—"Did the defendant knock the plaintiff down with malice prepense?"—"No, sir; he knocked him down with a flat-iron."—"You misunderstand me, my friend; I wish to know whether he attacked him with any intent?"—"Oh, no, sir, it was outside of the tent."—"No, no, I wish to know if it was a preconcerted affair."—"No, sir it was not a free concert affair, it was at adreus."

THE LAWYER'S PORTRAIT.—A certain New York lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, "O, how like it's the very picture of him." An old farmer only dissented—"Tain't like!" Exclaimed everybody. "Just show us where 'tain't like."—"Tain't, no, 'tain't!" responded the farmer. Don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket; 'twould be as like again if he had it in somebody else's."

JOHN VARNUM is a practical joker. A few Sundays ago, in returning from church, he was conversing with his wife on the subject of the sermon, and remarked that he couldn't believe saint and sinner ever dwell so near together as the sermon represented. His wife intimated that they could, and instanced the following case:—"Haven't you and I dwelt in the same house for several years?" This was a head hit on John, but he wormed out of it, and closed the case with the following argument: "Yes, to be sure; but did I ever call you a sinner?" Judgment for John, and no appeal.

SHERIDAN applied to Burke one day for a loan; the request was granted. "Ah, Sheridan!" exclaimed the great orator, "I wish I could make you understand the real difference between a man of good principles and an unprincipled man."—"What is it?" asked Sheridan, pocketing the notes.—"Only this," answered Burke; "the latter lives on his principal, the former lives on his interest."—"In that case, my dear Burke," rejoined the wit, "you must acknowledge that the unprincipled man is the more disinterested of the two." The readiness of this reply fired Burke with the idea of introducing Sheridan into Parliament.

OUR PUZZLER.

50. ENIGMA.

I am often seen when children play
Upon a village green;
And with me many a pleasant day
Some folks have passed, I ween.
At a christening I'm circumspect;
I'm also at a wedding;
Without my presence, the bride-elect
Tears surely would be shedding.

51. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A and B are two cisterns. A can be filled in 2, and emptied in 1 1/2 hours. B can be filled in 3, and emptied in 2 hours. Both cisterns being full, all the pipes are opened simultaneously. At the end of two hours, B is found to contain 1,600 gallons more than A. B's inlet is then stopped; and, at the end of another hour, A contains 1,200 gallons more than B. Required the capacity of each.

52. EXTRACTION.

1. A son of Mars and Callirhoe.
2. An animal this one will show.
3. In music and philosophy, Renowned in classic history.

53. LOGOGRIPH.

Complete, I am a lady's name;
Either way no difference claim;
But if of two letters I am plunder'd,
I then shall name the sum 500.

54. DECAPITATION.

Tall and straight, we grow in the forest—
Warm and kindly we're often pressed;
Yet, when beheaded the meanest and poorest
Are happy to share in our slight bequest.

55. CHARADE.

Of the feminine gender my first and my second
Have, thro' all time, been invariably reckon'd;
But if from my second you take the hind
Quarter,
A son takes the place of your beautiful daughter.
My whole by physicians has often been cured.
When this was not done, the complaint was en-
dured.

56. ENIGMA.

Without me you would surely die;
I'm apt to keep you warm and dry;
In every vessel on the blue
And bounding sea I'm fixed, 'tis true;
And many a time, in Nelson's day,
He showed his sailors brave the way
To do me, rushing sword in hand—
Nor idle was his glittering brand.

57. DECAPITATION.

A kind of bolt I am, you'll find;
Behold, I am of roguish kind;
Behold again, and when 'tis done,
You will detect a piece of fun.

58. PUZZLE.

Just take one third of a man's Christian name;
Three sevenths of another now join;
And now the half of a female's add;
My whole is clearly shown.
Now, reader, do not show surprise;
There's some of us now before your eyes.

ANSWERS.

43. TITLES OF BOOKS.—1. Napoleon's Life of Cæsar. 2. The Waverley Novels. 4. History of England. 5. Too Much Alone. 6. Lady Audley's Secret. 7. One against the World. 8. A Soldier of Fortune. 9. The Last Days of Pompeii. 10. Shakspeare's Plays. 11. Japhet in Search of a Father.

44.—CHARADES.—1. With bread. 2. Bracket. 3. All-lighter (great, etc.) Alligator.

45.—FLORAL ANAGRAMS.—1. Chrysanthemum. 2. Calceolaria. 3. Magnolia Kobus. 4. Russian Violet. 5. Camellia.

46.—ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—7 eggs.

47.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—1. Butler. 2. ArnO. 3. NaboB. 4. NiobE. 5. OrdeR. 6. CalmeT. 7. KnoB. 8. Barbour. 9. Usun KoprU. 10. Relic. 11. NIE.—Bannockburn, Robert Bruce.

48.—BIBLICAL QUESTIONS.—1. II Corinthians, iii, 18. 2. Acts xiv, 25. Josephus Rosenmuller, and Calmet state that Drusilla lost her life at a sudden eruption of Mount Vesuvius. 3. Joshua ix, 5.

49.—AGE.

FABLES.

THE MOLE-HILL AND THE MOUNTAIN.

A towering mountain reared its head to the skies, on one side of a wide and deep valley; on the other a little mole-hill lay basking in the sun. As it contemplated the distant mountain, shooting its snow-capped brow into the regions of boundless space, far above the clouds, and beheld the gilded glories of its distant summit, the mole-hill became discontented and unhappy. It contrasted its own insignificance with the awful and majestic outlines of its mighty neighbor; it wished a thousand times it could raise its head above the clouds; it sighed at the thought that it could never become a mountain, and impeached the justice of the gods, for having made it only a mole-hill, to be trodden upon by man, and crawled over by the most contemptible insects. In short, it pined itself into wretchedness, and sacrificed all the comforts of its own littleness to the desire of becoming great.

As it one day lay gazing upward at the distant object of its envy, a storm suddenly gathered around the summit of the mountain; the lightning leaped with forked tongues, the thunder rolled, the tempest lashed its lofty sides, and the torrents poured down, tearing their way, and ploughing deep ravines in their course, while all beneath remained perfectly quiet, and the little mole-hill lay basking in the sunbeams of a summer morning. Scarcely had the storm passed away, when the earth began to rock and tremble, as with an ague; a rumbling and appalling noise raged in the bowels of the mountain, which suddenly burst, throwing volumes of smoke and showers of fire into the peaceful skies, that turned from blue to glowing red. Rivers of burning lava gushed out from its sides, coursing their way towards the valley, and scathing the verdure and the woods into black, smoking ruins. In a few hours the majestic mountain seemed as it were disembowelled, and, having nothing to sustain it, fell in with a crash that shook the surrounding world, and hid the ambient skies in a chaos of dust and ashes. The mole-hill had all this time remained quiet and safe in its lowly retreat, and when the obscurity had become dissipated, and it beheld the great object of its envy crumbled into a mass of smoking ruins, it became all of a sudden the happiest of mole-hills.

"Body o' me!" it cried; "but it is a great blessing to be little. Oh, terra! I thank thee that thou didst not make me a mountain!"

THE REVENGE OF THE BEASTS.

One day a number of animals that had been nightly aggrieved by the tyranny and injustice of man, resolved to petition Jupiter for satisfaction. "Oh, Jupiter!" exclaimed the camel, "revenge me on this indolent tyrant, who instead of carrying his own burthens, elaps them on my back, and drives me into the desert, where I travel whole days without a drop of water."—"Oh, Jupiter!" cried a great fat green turtle, "revenge me on this glutton, who kidnaps me while I am sleeping in the sun—starves me for weeks on board of a ship, and eats me afterwards."—"Oh, Jupiter!" squeaked the pig, "he stuffs me first, and then stuffs himself with me after wards!"—"Oh, Jupiter!" brayed the ass, "he loads me with panniers of liquor and delicious fruits, and gives me nothing but water and thistles: I beseech thee to revenge us!"—"Behold," answered Jupiter, "thou art revenged already! Dost see that turbaned wretch yonder, chewing opium, and dosing away a miserable existence? And dost thou see yonder Christian, in his nightgown and slippers, taking doses of physic, and making wry faces? And dost thou see that wretch, reeling along, with his blood-red face, and carbuncled nose? The one is a martyr to indolence; he is thy victim, oh, humpbacked camel; he is reaping the fruits of making thee bear his burthens, instead of carrying them himself. The physio-taking mortal is paying the forfeit of your wrongs, oh, pig and turtle! And the reeling wretch is securing to himself a life of guilt, misery, and disgrace, by means of the liquor thou carriest on thy back, oh, most unreasonable donkey! Go thy way in quiet, for again I say thou art amply revenged."

The petitioners departed; but the camel, being a quadruped of great gravity, and somewhat of a philosopher, could not help thinking to himself, neither he nor the rest of the beasts were much the better for this species of vengeance. It is thus with man. He persuades himself that revenge will redress his wrongs and assuage his sorrows, and when he hugs it to his heart, finds only the fangs of the serpents distilling venom into his wounds.

TIN or block plates are now being manufactured in England by a new process, consisting in the preparation of the iron used in their manufacture. A number of refining furnaces are employed, into the first of which the pig or cast iron is submitted to the melting process, and from thence run into other "lumping" refineries. Instead of using charcoal, as is commonly the case, the fires are fed with tan. This process has proved very satisfactory, and is meeting with popular favor by those engaged in this branch of industry.

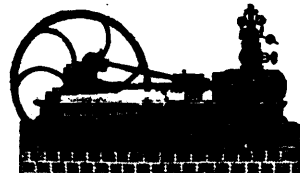
A CHAT ABOUT CORSETS.

We suppose that women will wear corsets as long as the world lasts. The wearing of a corset does not, however, necessarily involve tight lacing, so that a good deal of the well-meaning censure which is applied to corsets in the abstract, may be spared. To denounce excessively tight-lacing, is one thing. To anathematize the wearing of corsets, at all, is quite another.

We find the corset mentioned in "Homer," or at least an article which answered the same purpose. The Circassian women, from time immemorial, have used a corset made of morocco, and furnished with two plates of wood placed on the chest—a much more clumsy article, as well as a cruel one, than that used by fashionable ladies of modern days. In the old Roman times, a broad bandage, or swath, was used, which answered the purpose of stays. After the fall of the empire, through the invasion of the Goths, the art of making these corsets was lost; but soon after, indeed, as early as the ninth century, the French women began to wear another style of corset, which is described as being exceedingly stiff. From that period down to the present time, a corset, in some shape or other, has been worn among all civilized people.

At constantly recurring epochs, during this interval, tight-lacing has also prevailed. Neither the censures of religion, nor the penalties of the law, nor common sense, have been able to prevent this absurd and dangerous practice. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, not only the ladies, but gentlemen also laced tightly. It seems curious to know that Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and others of that stamp, heroes and men of genius, laced; yet such is the fact. In our day, the only men who lace are the second-rate dandies of Paris. Among the other classical revivals of the French revolutionary period, was an attempt to copy the costume of ancient Greece, whose main features were loose bodies, long trains, and short waists, unlaced. This did not last long, however, and in 1810 the practice of lacing was resumed with all its former rigor. "The span" was re-established as the standard of fashionable measurement, and female chests again had to suffer the evil consequences. So extensive is the use of stays in England, that it is estimated the annual expenditure for these articles is not less than one million sterling.

Tight-lacing, however, has been out of fashion for many years. The corset, during the past generation, has been only moderately laced, and has not been, in that way, injurious; while, on the contrary, it has been of positive benefit, by taking a part of the weight of the skirts off the hips. Both crinoline and corsets have been very absurdly abused; for it is well known that if properly worn, they prevent serious diseases, which otherwise, the great weight of petticoats might bring on. It is said that the edict has gone forth, from the rulers of fashion, to lace tightly again. But, if so, we hope the edict will be disregarded. An excessively small waist, instead of being a beauty is really a deformity.



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