

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

AIR of importance.—One's first breath.
POWER OF EVIL.—A power of attorney.
PAWNBROKER'S MOTTO.—Always keep advancing.
THE way to make a fire quite hot, is to keep it thoroughly cooled.
APPROPRIATE.—Very blonde hair is known as the "light fantastic tow."
THE colour of the wind was discovered by the man who went out and found it blew.
WHY is Hymen represented with a torch?—To throw a light upon those little imperfections love is blind to.
COOLING is well enough before marriage, but the billing doesn't come till after; and then it comes from tradesmen.
How to become practically acquainted with the "Rule of Three"—Live with your wife, mother, and mother-in-law.
A MAN out West who has married and buried three sisters, now comes up smiling at the altar, having begun on a new family.
"Molly," said a farmer to his dairymaid, as she was about to commence cheese-making, "you'll never be able to proceed if you don't see your whey clear."
A CURIOUS FACT.—Two Dublin sisters, who are twins, have to be told everything together, for the young ladies are so alike that they couldn't be told apart.
AN embryo poet, who is certainly a close observer of human nature, remarks, "Time marches on with the slow, measured tread of a man working by the day."
AN old toper who had joined a temperance society said he was at a loss what to drink—he couldn't have anything to do with water because it is so constantly drunk now-a-days.
BOX FOR A CENTENARIAN.—Sir George Rose's doctor once gravely assured him that he would live to be a hundred; whereupon the baronet promptly remarked, "Then I suppose my coffin may be called a 'cent'ry box."
A MODERN philosopher thinks it a mistake to suppose women have stronger attachments than men. A man is often attached to an old hat; but he asks, "who ever heard of a woman being attached to an old bonnet?"
ONE evening, at a Paris café, a group of idlers were discussing politics and people who change their opinions. "Well," said one, "I've never cried 'Long life anybody!'" "Quite so," remarked another; "but then you're a doctor."
THE following epitaph, on a tombstone in a



MADDENING.

Husband. "If, as I said before, MATILDA, YOU STILL CHERISHED THAT FEELING OF AFFECTION FOR ME WHICH YOU ONCE PROFFERED, MY WISH WOULD BE LAW TO YOU. I REPEAT IT, MATILDA—LAW!" *Matilda.* "LOR'!"

graveyard on the eastern shore of Maryland, touchingly commemorates the sad fate of a husband and the sorrow of his afflicted widow:—
 "Almira, sorrowing, rears this marble slab
 To her dear Ike, who died of eating crab."
RESPECT old age. If you have a maiden aunt forty years old, and she is passing herself off for a girl of twenty-three, there is no need for you to expose her. The more you respect her age,

and keep quiet about it, the more she will respect you.
A LITTLE Aberdeen boy, who had been taught that time is money, appeared at the bank the other day, and remarked that he had an hour given him, and he would like to spend a quarter of an hour, and would take the change for the other three-quarters.
 "Does your arm pain you?" asked a witty

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—that's all."
COURT NEWS.—A well-known lord was attached to a certain princess some time before he ventured to propose. This became known to her royal mother, and she invited him to dinner.



GEOGRAPHY.

"THE DUTCH COME FROM RUSSIA, DON'T THEY, MAUD?"
 "NO, DEAR! ONLY THE DUCHESSES!"

During dessert she handed him a very fine pear, with the simple words, "Marie Louise." He took the hint.
"WHERE'S that twelfth juror?" exclaimed an Idaho judge, on the Court's resuming business after a recess, scowling as he spoke at the eleven jurors in the box, one of whom rose and said, "Please, judge, it's Ike Simmons as is gone. He had to go on private business; but he's left his vuddick with me!"
A YOUNG BLACKSMITH wrote his advertisement, stating that all orders in his business would be promptly executed; but it came out,

"All others in this business will be promptly executed." On seeing this fearful notice, an old blacksmith threw up his hands, and exclaimed, "Has it come to this, after thirty years of honest toil?"
THOSE PRINTERS AGAIN!—A poet who wrote a flaming poem on martyrdom, in which occurred the line—
 "See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire,"
 was out to the heart when he saw it come out in the village paper—
 "See the tall martyr with his shirt on fire."
A GENTLEMAN brought home some pâté

guilmauve for his wife the other evening. His wife wears false teeth. The lady booped herself generously to the sticky sweetmeat, and planted both rows of teeth in it. There they remained. Strenuous were her efforts to release them, but she was not successful. She wanted her mouth free that she might say something to him. She wanted to say something to him that the gum not only prevented, but the tone of which from its prominent quality it thickened. But she could not get her jaws apart. Then she went to her bedroom, and dropped the whole mass, teeth and gum, into a basin. Again she looked

at him as if she was on the point of saying something he would be interested in, but every effort was broken up and destroyed by the orphaned jaws. Imagine a woman—a direct descendant of Eve—in such a fix. Think of the mighty thoughts surging and battling through her brain; think of the torrent of eloquence bursting from her throat, and striking out into the air a vapor; think of the blazing eyes, the distended nostrils, the trembling frame, the nervous hands. Picture her thus, and go and marry a girl with a set of false teeth; but if you do, don't bring home pâté guilmauve.



TRUE LOVE—AT HER MAJESTY'S.

Leonora. Oh, CHARLES! DO PRAY LOOK AT THE STAGE AND LISTEN TO THE MUSIC.
Charles (not married yet, but in hopes). Oh, LEONORA! I SEEM TO FEEL THE MUSIC SO MUCH BETTER LOOKING AT YOU.