

F A C E T I Æ.

If your son has no brains don't send him to college. You cannot make a palace out of a shanty by putting a French roof on it.

"The devil is said to be the father of tobacco," said a minister to the local punster, who was smoking too vigorously. "And that accounts for it containing so much Nicotine," was the punster's reply.

Customer—"Waiter, I can't get on with this lobster: it's as hard as flint."

Waiter—"Beg pardon, Sir; a slight mistake. That's the imitation lobster out of the show-case. Shall I change it."

"Suppose we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughter, "that no girl eighteen years old who can't cook a good meal shall get married till she learns how to do it?" "Why, then, we'd all get married at seventeen," responded the girls in sweet chorus.

TONALT (who has just been reading the newspaper): Asia Minor! Asia Minor! "Whaur's the Major when they kick up sic a dust about the Minor?" Tugalt (not over well versed in the subject): "In the Army, nae doubt." TONALT (who has gained his point): "Hout aye, to be surely."

"CAPERS" CUT.—Scene—Poop of an American liner. The Captain is pacing up and down; to him enter second engineer. Engineer: "I've tae complean, Captain, about the cook. He dis ony thing he likes wi' us. I noticed yesterday that the cabin folk got soor peas tae their biled mutton; noo he gies me nae soor peas tae mine."

It is not always a safe matter to hazard remarks upon the personal appearance of those with whom we come in contact. The writer once saw a specimen of the travelling Englishman completely sat upon for venturing on an impertinence of this kind. It was at a table d'hote at Boulogne. The Englishman in question, a very bumptious individual, was accompanied by a lady, and sitting opposite to them was a young German, on whose fingers were a number of massive rings. After gaz-

ing in a most persistent manner at him, the Englishman, addressing his companion in a loud tone, said—

"I hate to see a man with rings on his fingers!"

The German replied to this with a supercilious sort of sneer; so the Englishman "went for" him again, and said, in a still louder tone—

"Do you know what I would do with a ring if I had one?"

Before the lady could reply, and to the great amusement of all who heard it, the German, in a sulky growl, broke in—

"Vare it in your nose!"

"Have you 'Blasted Hopes'?" asked a young lady of a librarian with a handkerchief tied over his jaw. "No, madam," said he, "it's only a blasted toothache."

A little boy asked his mother to talk to him, and says something funny. "How can I?" she asked; "don't you see I am busy baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charlie, won't you have a pie?' "That would be funny for you."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.—Cultivate self-control until it becomes natural to you. Self-repression isn't self-control. One time I knew one of these men who are accustomed to self-repression. He was a quiet, soft spoken man, with the most ungovernable temper that ever tore a human passion into rags. But he rarely showed it. One day, in the Autumn he was trying to make a joint of six-inch stove-pipe fit into the end of a five and one-half inch length. And during the struggle he smote his thumb, about midway between the nail and the joint, with a round backed hammer. He arose with a sad, sweet smile, laid the hammer down softly on the carpet, changed the lengths of pipe, fitted them and put the pipe up, and never said a word. But he was pale, and there was a glowing light in his eyes. And the next day about three o'clock in the afternoon, that man walked out of town up the B. and M. grade, and stood in the woods and foamed at the mouth and howled and raved about stove-pipes and people who make them until he frightened a thirty-ton engine off the track. Self-repression isn't self-control, my son—*Burlington Hawkeye*.