

SLIVERS.



HE teacher had told the class that the mouth was the window of the intellect; when the boy in the corner, who never knows his lessons, asked if toothache was the window pane?

Unpopular sheet music—snoring.

Tennyson compares some men to trees. We allow that he is right in doing so; but where are those who are all limbs; whose boughs are awkward, and whose general reputation somewhat shady?

Why do the American girls not care for the English swells? Because the Yankee dude 'll do.

The chief sport of the youth trying to grow a moustache, is hair-hunting.

Wanted—a hinge from the gait of a horse.

Don't run against a chimney sweep. He is liable to bring soot against you.

We have sent some of our heavier contributions out to Colorado, to be used for quartz-crushers.

The lay of the hen is the most popular thing in the music line, just now.

"Owed to CHIPS," by our late treasurer, is the title of a touching little ballad. It goes to the tune of "Fifteen Dollars, etc."

A time-honored court room—the parlor.

Why are our jokes like windows? Because you can see through them? No; because they are paneled.

While people are digesting the lays of the hens, let them read and digest the lays of our local bards.

A man committed suicide in a well lately, because, as he afterwards explained (?), he thought it the best place to kick the bucket.

A pin may be driven, but a pencil does best when it is lead.

A novelist speaks of "a cloak of darkness." Does this come after the "clothes of day"?

There is said to be new trouble with dogs in the west. The old trouble still exists here of making them occupy but one seat in a street car.

A medical journal tells of a young man, whose brains have dried up until they have rattled like shot in a tin can, every time he shakes his head. Since his case became known, he has received many offers of a position as an editor, but his friends think he is not suited to the position as long as he has enough brains to rattle!

"That's the word with the bark on," said Tommy to his big sister.

"You mean, my dear Tommy, that that is the exogenous combination of articulate and vocal sounds," she returned.

"I guess that's it; but will you always talk like that in the sweet by-and-by?"

"Certainly, I will retain my elevated conversational expression in the *saccharine* subsequently."

"Gosh! But you're the girl that rules the roost for talk," continued the saucy brother.

"Tommy Slider! You ought to be ashamed of your self. Why don't you say that I'm the young lady that governs the horizontal perch on which the fowl reposes?"

"Rats!" said Tommy, "Aunt Mary says whenever she hears you talk she feels like kickin' the bucket."

"I just wish the mean old thing would propel her pedal extremities with violence against that familiar utensil used for the transportation of water and other fluids," sobbed the poor girl.

A contributor made a slight mistake in his mechanical work, perhaps unconsciously. In copying out his MS. he wrote his *essay* in the form of poetry. If he imagined it *was* poetry, and intends it for such, will he kindly let us know at once, that our readers may enjoy his unique rhyme and rhythm.

The Tell-Tale Sister, a Severe Chastisement and An Awful Revenge.

