

F A C E T I Æ .

A worn-out parent has named his first baby Macbeth, because he has "murdered sleep."

A musician wants to know how to strike a bee flat, and at the same time avoid being stung by its demisemiquaver

Mrs. Brown says her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot into it.

An advocate of cremation urged as one great point in its favor "that it would save a dead person from being buried alive."

Wanted, a barber who will admit that he ever cut a man while shaving him, and a bachelor who is not looking for a rich widow.

A western editor says one hug is worth a dozen love-letters, and they cannot be introduced as evidence in a breach of promise suit either.

Said he, as he stole one, "I seal my love with a kiss." And she, suiting the action to the word, replied, "I seal mine with whacks."

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as "her treasurer."

"Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest," said Mrs. Partington; "it seems to be an occurrence every night for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

"Charles, dear," she murmured, as they strolled along the other evening, and gazed upward at the bejewelled firmament, "which is Venus and which is Adonis?"

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the patient.

Young farmer: "Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusherton? Miss Gusherton: "Oh! really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean that as a declaration, you must speak to mamma!

There is one thing which can always be found, and that is—fault.

A very brilliant piano player can work up "Home Sweet Home," so artistically that in the bang and confusion of the playing it cannot be distinguished from "Moses in Egypt."

A good joke is told at the expense of a Jamaica Plains (Mass.) sexton who procured the communion wine for his church. When he made his last purchase he also bought some whiskey for himself. The two demijohns got mixed and on the following Sunday the communicants received whiskey instead of wine, some of the sisters being considerably choked by the strong liquid.

When General Hancock takes up the *Cincinnati Commercial* and reads the following from the Rev. Joseph Cook, he will wish that he had never been born:— "He is one of those ungettable preponderosities of luminiferous political firmament that causes the homogeneity of infinitudinal bioplasticity to yield before the cachination of the imperishable portion of the palpable corporosity at its prototype."

There was once two rival storekeepers in Lincolnshire, England, one of whom had the store of the place and whose establishment was of earlier origin than that of his competitor. When the latter arrived on the scene, the first man put up a sign announcing his as the original store. Not to be outdone the other announced his as the old original store. Then a brisk competition sprang up in the way of signs addressed to passers-by. At length, weary of the constant warfare, which involved time and thought, the more reasonable man of the two returned to his old quiet ways, and, in explanation of the cessation of hostilities, inserted in his window a card bearing the latin words: "*Mens conscia recti*" (a mind conscious of being right.) This was too much for his neighbor. He regarded it as another blow of the adversary, but said to himself, "I can beat that," and the next day in his window appeared a sign in bolder letters than those used by his competitor, bearing the announcement:—"*Men's and women's conscia recti for sale.*" That was the last of the warfare.