

## FACETIÆ.

When a man is getting married in church he takes a bold place in front of the altar. After that he must take a back seat.

A little boy when asked the other day if he knew where the wicked finally went to. He answered: "They practice law a spell here and then go to the Legislature."

Boiling hair in a solution of tea will darken it. It also gives a peculiar flavor to the tea, which those who board in a house where the women wear switches may have noticed.

A youth refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon secretly placed the pill in a preserved pear and gave it to him. Presently she asked: "Tom, have you eaten the pear?" He replied: "Yes, mother, all but the seed."

An agent soliciting subscription to a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who, after reading "One dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep," declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand when called upon for payment.

Drive out with a horse and he will switch his tail 150 times to force away troublesome flies; but let him once get his tail over a line, and the old quadruped will wander on for miles without thinking of the flies which revel unmolested in his living gore. What a horse loves best above all things is to do the driving himself.

Before she could utter the "Where have you been till this hour of the morning, anyhow?" which was trembling on her lips, he said: "Been t'hr mind-reading; bet yer seven dollars I kin read yer mind in a minit." "Well, you old fool, what am I thinking of now?" she said in a tone of sadness. "Thinkin' of? Why, I kin read yer mind like ther open pages of 'er book; yer thinkin' I'm drunker'n a biled owl, but yer never was fooled worse in yer life." She only said that there must be something in mindreading after all, for he had hit the nail right square on the head.

"Unto the good little boy shall be given the picnic ticket, but the wicked son shall recline on his mother's knee. Verily, in the day when she waxeth it to him with her slipper, his heart will be full of repentance, and his howling will disturb the neighbors."

London paper.—Benevolent clergyman to Joe: "Why are you standing there, little man?" "Cause I've nowheres to go to." "Where are your father and mother?" "Dunno! Gone away this ever so long!" "Poor little fellow. Well, well, can you answer me this question: When your father and mother forsake you who is it that will take you up?" "The perliceman!"

He had been to a revival meeting, he said. At all events, when he came home at half-past twelve that night, he fumbled up stairs in the dark, and went head first over a scuttleful of coal that the girl had carelessly left on the landing, and sang "Let the lower lights be burning" with a fervency that melted all the "mad" out of his better half.

A man noted for his close-fisted propensities was showing an old coin to a neighbor, when the latter asked, "Where did you get it?" "I dug it out of my garden," was the reply. "It is a pity you didn't find it in the cemetery," said the neighbor. "Why so?" asked the coin owner. "Because you could have saved the hole to be buried in."

"You cannot, O day-star of my life," he pleaded, throwing himself at her feet, "you cannot refuse the rich exhaustless mine of love I pour out at your feet—you cannot turn away from the rare treasures of my heart's devotion that I cast before you—you cannot turn away from all this lavish wealth of heart and hand that is yours to take, and say me nay!" She couldn't, and she didn't. It sounded too wealthy. That was eighteen months ago. Last Saturday he gave her three dollars and eighty-five cents to run the house a week, and when she said she would have to have a new pair of shoes he raised the appropriation to an even dollar, and then started for the corner groggery, grumbling about woman's extravagance till he was out of hearing.