

ONLY WAITING.

Mr. Saxtonbury has money in the savings bank, and the wife generally has charge of the check-book. She happened to open it the other day, and was surprised to find that he had got hold of the book and drawn fifty dollars only the day before without having said anything to her. When he came home to supper, she asked him if he couldn't spare ten dollars.

"Can't spare a shilling," he replied; "never so hard up in my life."

"What has become of the fifty dollars you drew from the bank the other day?" she demanded, trying to catch his eye.

"That money—fifty—dollars—ahem! That money I bet on Indiana," he hesitatingly replied.

"And you lost it!"

"No, my dear, I won a hundred dollars with it. I didn't want you to know anything about it until I brought home the seal-skin jacket, but as you have found out, why I must explain."

"When do you get the money?" she anxiously asked.

"O, it won't be long. The official count has been made, and as soon as the returns are sent to the Secretary of State he will forward the official majority to Washington and the Secretary of the Navy will telegraph me the result. Do you prefer brown or black seal?"

"I'll take brown, my dear," she smilingly answered, "and I do hope the returns will be here by Saturday."

Days will pass, weeks will glide away, and along next May, after that good woman is almost worn out with anxiety, Mr. Saxtonbury will suddenly ascertain that he lost his fifty dollars instead of winning a hundred, and promise to get her a silk dress in the fall.

The *Citizen* announces that quite a number of outsiders who came in to attend the Conservative Banquet will remain over for St. Andrew's Society Ball. They had a real good time at the banquet, and some of them are supposed to have practiced reels—on the way home.

Lady (to married friend, who has been telling her all about their travels:) "Well, my dear, what struck you most during your trip?"

Married Friend "My husband!"

A rich but irascible old gentleman who is passionately devoted to whist is reported to have cut off his son with a shilling for putting "No cards" after his announcement of his marriage.

There is a Spanish proverb which says: "When you choose a wife, shut your eyes and commend your soul to God."

FUN.

The fact that "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" is a standard song, does not prove that there are no brunettes in the other world. Time enough to worry about complexions when you get there.

No, George Augustus—"trousseau" is not the French for trousers. It is the French for more things than you could learn the names of in a month. Get married and you will know more about it.

"Prisoner, were you not afraid to take that money from your employer's till—you, a mere child in years." "O, yes, sir; I was afraid I'd be cotched."

"I think it's time to be going," said young Skinner, after boring his betrothed till a late hour one night. "Yes," said she, "this is a go-as-you-please match."

Miserly old gentleman (who is about to give a dinner party):—"With the roast we'll give them some of our Pomard."

His Wife: "On, that'll never do! It's turned as sour as vinegar."

Old Gentleman: "Oh, they'll never notice it!" When the banquet-hall is deserted, "What did I tell you, eh? They've never noticed it—not one of them ever said a word about it."

A little girl who was sent out to look for eggs came back unsuccessful, and complained that "there were lots of hens wandering around doing nothing."

The following advertisement appeared in an Edinburgh paper: For sale, a handsome piano, the property of a young lady who is leaving Scotland in a walnut case with turned legs.

A little boy came to his mother recently and said: "Mamma, I should think that if I was made of dust I should get muddy inside when I went to drink."

When a Chicago girl received a despatch from Wisconsin, announcing that her lover was going off with consumption, she telegraphed to his friend: "Has poor Jeffrey kept up his life insurance?" The friend telegraphed back, "Policy for \$10,000 in your favor is paid up till May 9, 1877. Poor Jeffrey cannot last after the first cold snap." The young lady then wondered philosophically how she would look in black, and telegraphed to Jeffrey: "Darling, I will be with you on Tuesday, never to quit you during life. LURLINE." "It will be a sad loss to you, my love," said her mother. "Yes, ma," sobbed the girl, "but the loss is fully covered by insurance."

SQUIBS.

A pretty widow, whose husband has been dead several years, received a beautiful bouquet the other day. The man who had sent it had been flying around her with an earnestness worthy of a dry goods clerk, and it was with extra delight he saw her pass his store that evening with the bouquet in her hand.

"Am so pleased to see you with it," said he, and a thousand little cupids dimpled in his smile.

"Yes," she replied, "it was very kind of you; I always knew you liked him; I am taking it to his grave."

THAT PIE.

A Ludlow street woman bought a pie at a baker's on Monday night, to give her husband an agreeable surprise. When they came to sit down to the evening meal the pie had disappeared. William, their beloved son, was softly seated at his father's left hand, and the blush on his youthful cheek proved his guilt.

"Bill, where's that pie?" demanded the old man.

"Pie" queried the boy.

"Yes, pie."

"Was it kinder round and kinder flat?"

"Yes, sir."

"And kinder brown?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, if I don't believe I lent it to Johnny Slade, to use it for a wheel for his cart! I thought it was kinder soft; but I don't think much of Johnny, and I wanted to see his cart break down and kill a man."

"Bill, you scoundrel, you are lying!" exclaimed the old man. "Own up now or I'll flog ye!"

"Well—you see—well, father, if I ate that pie up, it was because a feller was upstairs here looking for you, and saying that you were to have a thousand-dollar office this year in this ward, and I was all confused to pieces."

That was another but he stuck to it, and "father" waited at home all day Tuesday for the man to call again. Wednesday settled it.

"You'll never marry again, Susie, you grieve so arter Izick. Was it twice't you fainted, or three times, at the grave?"

"Bless my soul, Sarv, it was free times I fainted, and the last time I nebber like to kum to."

"O, Susie, you'll nebber marry again, will yer?"

"Bless your soul, Frank Dunn axt me 'bout dis before my husband died, and I promised him if he died, I'd have him, an' I b'longs to de church, an' I won't tell a lie."