

TIT-BITS.

A lady had in her employment an excellent girl, who had one fault—her face was always grimy. Mrs. X, wishing to tell her to wash her face without offending her, at last resorted to strategy. "Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "that if you wash your face every day with hot soap and water that it will make you beautiful?" "Will it?" answered the wily Bridget. "Sure, its a wonder ye never tried it, ma'am!"

YOUNG MISTRESS—"Mary, what do you mean by chalking the soles of my boots?" Mary—"Well, ma'am, the fact is I have a pair of boots exactly the same as yours, and I like mine best, and I chalked yours so that I know the difference between yours and mine."

"THE BILLS OF MORTALITY."—Kirk Elder (after a look at his morning paper): "Poor McStagger deid! Et's vera sad to think o' the great number o' Dostengwerhed men that's lately been ta'en! Deed—I no feel vera weel mysel!"—*Punch.*

Why does your youthful olive-branch, Tommy, resemble (now don't get cross!) your stair-carpet?—Wh., because (and you know it well enough) neither can be kept in order without the rod.

Birds, we know, are more sensible than many men, for they all well know how to "feather their nests," but which are the more sensible of all birds?—Why, rooks, to be sure, for they never quarrel without—*caws.*

"Mr. Jones," said little Johnnie to the gentleman who was making an afternoon call, "can whiskey talk?" "No, my child; however can you ask such a question?" "Oh, nothing, only ma said whiskey was beginning to tell on you."

Waking the Echoes.—"Paul," said his mamma, "will you go softly into the parlor and see if grandpa is asleep?"

"Yes, mamma," whispered Paul, on his return, "he is all asleep but his nose."

Only a question of time.—"Doctor, how is Banker Jones! I heard that he was very sick."

"He has joined the innumerable caravan," said the physician solemnly. "What, you don't mean to say that Jones has skipped to Canada? Well! well!"

A Gentle Hint.—"I understand, Clara," he said, as he sat in the twilight, "that there is a coolness existing between Birdie Simpson and George Hendricks."

"Is that so," replied Clara, fanning herself languidly. "Do you know what ice cream saloon they're at?"

First Dude—"Ole fellah, what do you think of Miss Commonsense?"

Second Dude—"Well, ma deah boy, me opinion of her is not vewy swatting."

First Dude—"Thath bad. Wit's the reason you don't wike her?"

Second Dude—"Too duced' saheastic, don't ye know. Why, the other day we were out wiking, she and I, and we passed by one of these donkeys, a miswable animal, you unnerstan', and I asked her the difference between that beast and myself. I thought she would say she didn't know, and I would tell her that the donkey drew loads, and I drew pictures. Ye know I am a sawt of an artist, and that would be a swine joke, bah Jove."

First Dude—"And what did she say?"

Second Dude—"She said the onwi diffwnce she could see was in the length of the ears."

It was thus that we learned it was a change of 'coons. A negro, with an axe in his hands, stood beside the highway skirting a Mississippi swamp, and as we came up, he said:

"Gem'len, he run'd right up dat 'ar gum tree."

"What did?"

"A 'coon, sah. If you has got pistols mebbe you kin fotch him down fur me. De family am powerful hard up fur meat jist now."

"We dismounted and took a survey. An animal of some sort could be dimly made out hugging a limb high up. We popped away, but without doing any damage, and as it moved along the limb the Colonel observed.

"That may be a 'coon, but I don't believe it. I'd sooner think it was a possum."

"He! but if dat ain't a 'coon you can call dis chile crazy!"

We rode away leaving him to chop the tree down. It was about three hours before we returned, and then we found him seated on the fallen trunk. Beginning at the top of his head and extending to his ankle bones were bloody scratches. His garments were rent and tattered, his hands were covered with blood, and he was trying to bind some leaves on a bad wound on his left arm.

"For the land's sake, did the tree fall on you," exclaimed the Colonel.

"No, sah, I war fell on by de anamile."

"Which was it—a 'coon or a possum?"

"Neither one, sah; it happened to be a wildcat!"

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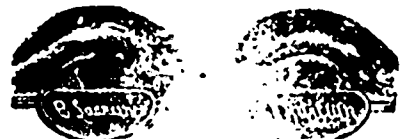
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