

F A C E T I Æ .

A Western paper says: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old, and cross-eyed, with panelets on, which never spoke afterwards."

On the marriage of Miss Wheat, it was hoped that her path would be flowery, and that she would never be thrashed.

Charitable lady:—"Poor man! If it were possible to procure work, what situation would suit you best?" Tramp—"Lady's companion, mum."

An old lady being asked to subscribe for a newspaper, declined, on the ground when she wanted news she manufactured it herself.

"Dipped into a weak solution of accomplishments," is the term now applied to those of our girls professing to be so highly educated.

A bankrupt was consoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he, "it is my creditors that are embarrassed."

Foots, the celebrated comic actor, said to a woman who had been scolding him, "I have heard of tartar and of brimstone—you are the cream of the one, and the flower of the other."

A gentleman lately wrote to a Dumfriesshire laird of the old school, requesting leave for a friend to shoot and course over a portion of the estate. The laird replied that he was sorry he could not allow any "cursing" or "shouting" on his property.

"I am convinced that the world is daily growing better," remarked a reverend gentleman to a brother minister; "my congregation is continually increasing." "Curious," replied the other, who happened to be a penitentiary chaplain, "for so is mine."

Or any other Woman's!—A gossiping woman intent on slander went into a neighbor's and exclaimed, as she threw herself into a chair, "One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives!" "That isn't your fault," quietly responded the neighbor.

When the regulations of West Boston Bridge were drawn up by two famous lawyers, one section, it is said, was written, accepted, and now stands thus: "And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the first Tuesday in June, provided the same does not fall on Sunday."

"Did you say I was the biggest liar you ever knew?" fiercely asked a ruffian of a counsel, who had been skinning him in his address to the jury. "Yes, I did," replied the counsel, and the crowd eagerly watched for the expected fight. "Well then," said the ruffian, "all I've got to say is that you could 'a never knowed my brother Jim."

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "good evening," if it would be agreeable to the company. But they wouldn't let him.

"You doan' nebber hear of nobody failing on me, does ye?" "Not as I remember on." "In course you doan'. Why? 'Cause I has bin right down fine on business principles ebber since de crash of '57. Now, Misser White, look me in de eye while I tell you dat de proper way is to keep your eyes rollin' around de business horizon. If you owes a firm, and dat firm is shaky, doan' pay de debt, but wait till dey fail. If a firm is shaky and owes you, sit on the doah-step till yo get de money. Now go 'long wid your whitewash,"

Dean Swift's barber one day told him that he had taken a public-house. "And what's your sign?" said the dean. "Oh, the pole and basin; and if your worship would just write me a few lines to put on it, I have no doubt but it would draw me plenty of customers." The dean took out his pencil and wrote the following couplet:

Move not from pole to pole; but step in here;
Where nought excels the shaving but the beer!