

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

"GOOD-BYE."

We say it for an hour or for years:
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this—
"Good-bye."

We have no dearer words for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And scars our soul with going; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way—
"Good-bye."

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate
To him who passeth out beyond earth's sight,
We cry, as to the wanderer for a night—
"Good-bye."

BESIDE HIMSELF.—Cora—John, you must be beside yourself this evening.
John (eagerly)—I would be beside myself, darling—my better self—were the ceremony performed!

It is a curious fact in literary history that the books which have been vigorously and profoundly moral have uniformly been attacked as profoundly immoral, while more conventional books which have been simply saturated with moral sewer gas have been allowed to pass unnoticed. Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* was pronounced too immoral to be ranked as decent literature; George Eliot's *Adam Bede* was damned by book reviewers as the "vile outpourings of a low woman's mind," and Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* was described as the "hystorical indecencies of an erotic mind."

"I was walking along Union square, New York, one evening last summer," says Col. Fred. Mussey, in the *Boston Herald*, "and a photographer attracted my attention by placing his camera almost in front of me. I stopped and asked him what he was doing there at night with a photographic outfit, and he surprised me by saying: 'Do you see those shadows there, on the pavement? the electric light paints them on the asphalt, and I take photographs of them for a big wall paper company. They thus get the exact shape of the leaf of every kind of tree, and the engravers have nature right under their eyes. Nothing could be so perfect as the leaves which are made by our firm. In the daytime I photograph flowers and grasses for designs in the factory, but at night, you see, the electric light gives me the perfect form of the leaves.'"

EDISON'S STORY.—Edison's accomplishments are not all in the electric line. He can tell a story capitably. He told one the other day about an experience he had recently in an up-country town in Pennsylvania one Sunday morning. He had been out to see some iron works. A cold rain had been falling, and he got soaked through. When he reached his hotel the first thing he did was to order a hot Scotch.

"Can't give it to you," said the clerk.

"Eh? Can't give it to me? Why not?"

"Because it's Sunday. We can't sell anything to drink on Sunday."

"Well, but I'm wet through," said Edison, "and cold. I want a drink."

"Well, I'll tell you what we can do," replied the clerk; "we can give you a kodak."

"What's a kodak?" asked Edison.

"You just go up to your room and press the button. We do the rest." Edison got the drink.

"Like 'em" said Mrs. Slick, "why o' course, Sam hailed from the New England States, and mighty proud he were on it too. Every third person you meet now on the streets is a Yankee man or woman and they just know what livin' is. They don't sleep away their hollerday like the bluenoses would; no sir! they're right up and at it and no waste of time about it neither. Let me think, yes, it was about two weeks ago that a smart lookin' man called at my house, and says he, 'have you any umbrells to resitute?' Says I, 'Yes sir.' Says he, 'I'm takin' my hollerday, and its sich weather that I'm lonesome like and I'm just lookin' about for seasonable occupation.' Says I, 'young man I reckon you're from the States and I'm a relative by marriage of you American folks and I just admire the push of your people.' 'Well,' says he, 'that's queer, ain't bluenoses hustlers? they are round Boston?' 'Yes,' said I 'I know that, but round here they're too proud to do the work that lays to their hand, and when they can't get a soft job that is genteel-like they up and off to the States, and soon necessity makes men of 'em. Yes that's the umberil, there's two ribs gone. I broke them adrivin' out of a strange cat. Yes it has seen its best day but its a sight better than some of the umberils they make now a days which turn in side out without givin' any warnin'. Twenty five cents, there it is and the umberil as good as new, and your out ten minutes in time and is twenty five cents in pocket. Young man I like yer style, and if you'll call round to tea to-night, I'll be right glad to welcome you and see you eat hearty."

THE BEAUTY STANDARD.

The standard of female loveliness varies greatly in different countries and with individual tastes. Some prefer the plump and buxom type, some admire the slender and sylph-like, and some the tall and queenly maiden. But among all people of the Caucasian race, one point of beauty is always admired—a pure, clear and spotless complexion—whether the female be of the blonde, brunette or hazel-eyed type. This first great requisite of loveliness can be assured only by a pure state of the blood, active liver, good appetite and digestion, all of which are secured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is guaranteed to accomplish all that is claimed for it, or money refunded. If you would have a clear, lovely complexion, free from eruptions, moth patches, spots and blemishes, use the "Golden Medical Discovery."

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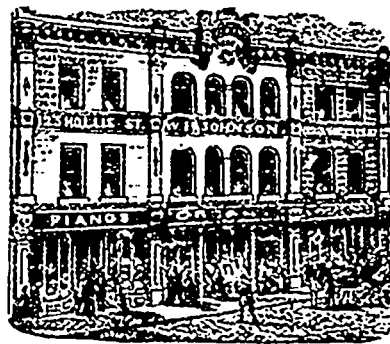
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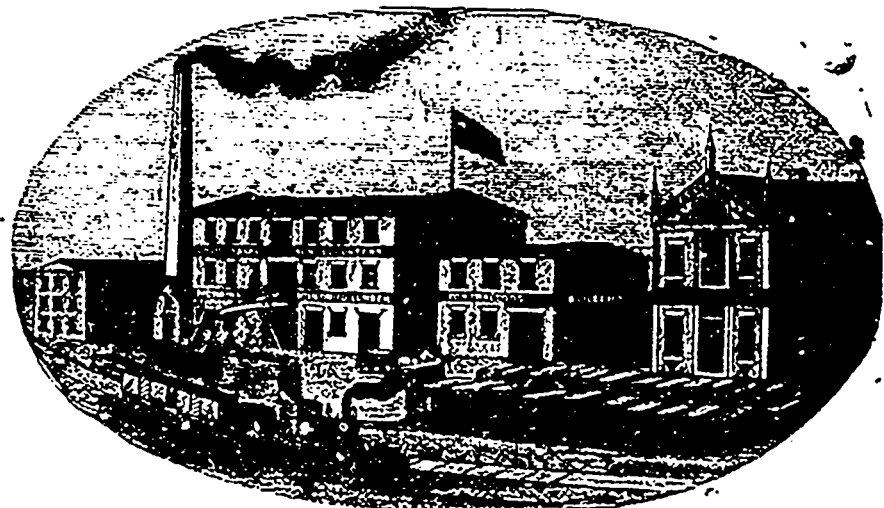
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