

**CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.**

A New York waiter says his work reminds him of a vory large eagle. It is so long from tip to tip.

Miss Hangan—My best friend wears his hair pompadour. Drivol—Ah! then it is not always true that the best of friends must part?

Ninety barrels of the yolks of eggs were an odd importation from Syria to Paris. The yolks are to be used in the preparation of leather of very fine quality.

Farmer Haighcedo (warningly)—“There be a hornets’ nest in that tree, young ladies!” Miss Motropole (just arrived from New York)—Oh, we won’t disturb it; we both love birds.”

“I wish I was a minister,” said Bobby, one Sunday afternoon. “Why, dear?” “Because he is the only one who can speak out loud in church without going to the bad place for it.”

“Mrs. Wickwire—“If you go first, you will wait for me on the other shore, won’t you, dear?” Mr. Wickwire—“I suppose so. I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you.”

A famous song runs, “I owed ten dollars,” etc. This shows the difference in natures. Most people don’t find owing money a thing to sing about. A commoner plan is to let the other fellow whistle for it.

Is Was His Duty.—A Scottish minister innocently announced from his pulpit, “During the week I shall visit all members of the congregation at the North end of the town, embracing also the servaut girls.”

“Where are you going, my lusty man,  
With the bucket of chalk and the big tin can,  
Down the path that leads to the brook-swept glade?”  
“I’m going a-milkin’, sir,” he said.

A Boston boatman, who received a fifty-cent piece as a reward for saving four men from drowning, has had the coin engraved: “Reward of merit—For rescuing four men from drowning; 12½ cents a piece.” He will wear the coin as a medal.

Herr Goldmark (to fair fellow-traveller:): “I suppose, Madame, you do not know who I am?” *She*: “No, Sir, I do not.” *He*: “Well, then, I am Carl Goldmark, the composer of the ‘Queen of Sheba.’” *She*: “Oh, indeed! and is that a good situation?”

**MODESTY.**

“What hundred books are best, think you?” I said,  
Addressing one devoted to the pen.  
He thought a moment, then he raised his head:  
“I hardly know—I’ve written only ten.”  
—John Kendrick Bann, in the *Central for August.*

There is no sorrow under Heaven which is, or ought to be, endless, says Miss Mulock. To believe or to make it so, is an insult to Heaven itself. Each of us must have known more than one instance when a saintly or heroic life has been developed from what at first seemed a stroke like death itself; a life full of the calmest and truest happiness, because it has bent itself to the Divine will, and learned the best of all lessons—to endure. But how that lesson is learnt, through what bitter teaching, hard to be understood or obeyed, till the hand of the Great Teacher is recognized clearly through it all, is a subject too sacred to be entered upon here.

A PRETTY SHARP TIT FOR TAT.—She was an old lady from the country, with an eye like an eagle and a nose vory much like the beak of that glorious bird of liberty. She has been brought into court as a witness, and a sharp little lawyer had her in hand, and was trying his level best to upset the old lady in a legal way, and at the same time air his knowledge before the crowd of spectators in the room. But the old lady from the start seemed to have the best of it. She was much his superior at Yankee wit and repartee. This at last nettled the little disciple of Blackstone, and he exclaimed angrily: “Madam, you have brass enough in your face to make a large sized kettle.” “Quite likely,” said the old lady, while her wonderful eyes fairly blazed with wrath: “and it comforts me somewhat to know that you have sap enough in your head to fill it.”

The pumpkin that all summer long  
Has hidden the corn,  
Unto the annual country fair  
In triumph now is borne.  
And while we like it all the more  
Because it takes the prize,  
We like it most of all when it  
Is made up into pies.

We like the sweet and gentle spring  
And summer’s golden sun,  
We’re fond of autumn’s luscious fruits,  
And winter’s jolly fun  
But most of all the year we like  
That welcome golden stripe  
Between the summer and the fall  
When pumpkin pies get ripe.

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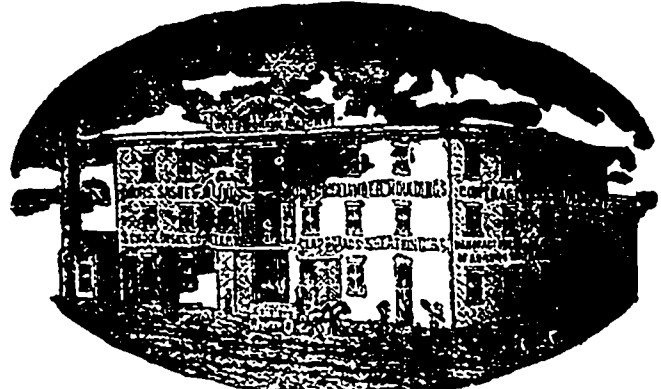
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