

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

ODD THINGS.

Fishes are weighed in their scales,
And an elephant packs his own trunk.
But rats never tell their own tales,
And one seldom gets chink in a chunk.

Sick ducks never go to the quack;
A horse cannot plow its own mane;
A ship is not hurt by a tack,
And a window never suffers from pane.

Dogs seldom wear their own pants,
Which fact lays them open to scorn;
No nephew or niece fancies ants,
And a cow never blows its own horn.

A cat cannot parse its own claws,
No porcupine nibs its own quill;
Though orphan bears still have their paws,
A bird will not pay its own bill.

No Blots on the Escutcheon.—“But you have no ancestors, ye know,” said his lordship. “No,” replied Miss Lakeview, “we have the advantage of you there.”—*Puck.*

The valentine I'd send thee, dear,
Not only now, but all the year
Is, that thy life may ne'er be troubled,
And all thy choicest blessings doubled.

Lady (engaging servant)—“Tell me, have you a sweetheart?” Servant—“No, not at present; but don't trouble yourself about that, I'll soon find one!”—*Pick Me Up.*

A correspondent wants to know if “fits are hereditary.” Any small boy compelled to wear out his father's old clothes could tell him they are not.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

EMMA ABBOT.

A kindly woman, “nobly planned”
Straightforward, staunch and true;
We need more fingers like her, and
More women like her too.

ON HIS HONEYMOON. “Larry, my wife and I have both noticed that the town people stare at us very hard. I hope you haven't been telling anybody that we are newly married?” Larry (the faithful factum). “No, no, no, sir. Is it likely o'd go agin ordhers? Why whinover anybody thryed to pump me, sur, o'v'e towid 'em you wasn't married at all.”

Clergymen who make wholesale onslaughts on the stage, condemning it for its immoral influence, forget that such bright and honorable names as Emma Abbott, Mary Anderson, Mme. Modjeska, Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, and Edwin Booth—names potent with moral power—honor the world and society with the virtues of their life and character.—*Duluth News.*

DID SHE MEAN REFUSAL? “George,” she said, as she met him at the door of the parlor, “something tells me that you mean to propose marriage to me to-night.”

“You have guessed my purpose in coming here,” he replied.

“Would you mind standing in the hall a few moments,” she rejoined gently, “until the servant can search you for concealed weapons?”

“You claim that you were insane when you proposed to her?”

“Yes sir.”

“Can you prove it?”

“Yes, sir.”

“How?”

“By producing the plaintiff in court and letting the jury look at her.”—*Exchange.*

LAY OF THE CANADIAN CAPTAIN.

I love to steal on the sleeping seal,
And gig him with my harpoon;
Then crack on sail in a reefing gale,
And whistle an English tune,
And if it's a brush with the cutter Rush,
I've rifled cannon galore;
So I love to steal on the pensive seal
And hustle his pelt ashore.

St Paul Pioneer Press.

Emily—Did George propose last night as you thought he would?

Rose (without much enthusiasm)—Yes, he proposed.

Emily—Did you accept him?

Rose—Of course.

Emily—But you don't appear to be very happy over it.

Rose—I am not. There is a gathering doubt about George in my mind.

Emily—You surprise me. On what account, Rose?

Rose—He didn't appear to be sufficiently nervous over it. (Throwing herself into her friend's arms and bursting in a flood of tears.) Oh, Emily, I'm afraid George has proposed to some girl before!

The people at the World's Dispensary of Buffalo, N. Y., have a stock-taking time once a year and what do you think they do? Count the number of bottles that've been returned by the men and women who say that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery or Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription didn't do what it said it would do.

And how many do you think they have to count. One in ten? Not one in five hundred!

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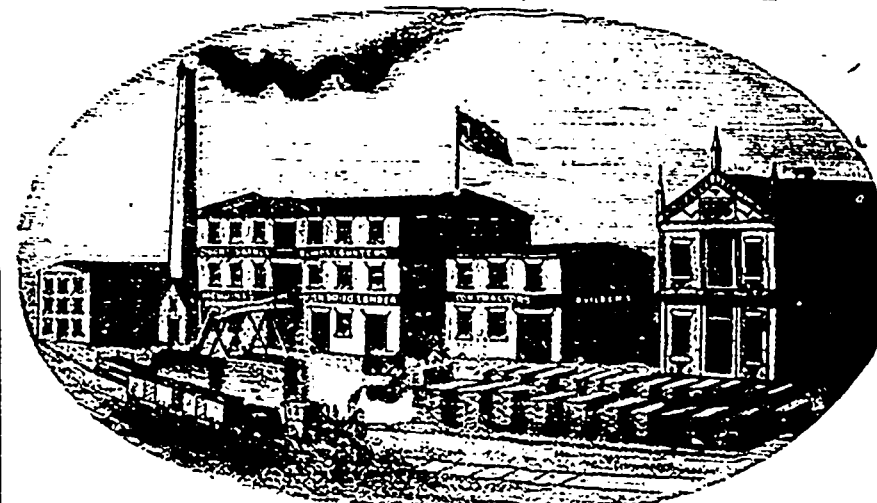
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