

CHUCKLES.

"What is the best way to manage a man?" asks a feminine correspondent. Marry him.

Carlyle says: "Laughter means sympathy." This will bring comfort to the man who has inadvertently trodden on an orange peel.

"What I'd like to know," said a pious old lady, "is how we're ever going to get back the forty days that are Lent every spring?"

A great modiste issued the following directions for wearing a new style of headgear: "With this bonnet the mouth is worn slightly open."

"Pa, do 'pro' and 'con' mean opposite things?" "Yes, son. 'Is that the reason they speak of 'progress' and 'Congress'?" "N-u-u—yes, son."—*Chicago News*.

"Does your husband still call you by pet names?" one married lady asked another.

"Well, not quite. When we were first married he used to call me a kitten, now he calls me an old cat."

A Sunday-school teacher reading the words "The fowls of the air" to her class, proceeded to ask them "What are the fowls of the air?" After a pause, one little girl solved the problem by replying, "Please, miss, it's the bad smells."

It is estimated that if a man lives to be seventy years old he passes at least twenty-four years in sleep. So you see a man is a pretty good sort of a fellow one-third of the time, bad as he may be the remaining two-thirds. Let us be charitable.

A DEAD SHOT.—Amateur Sportsman—"What did I bring down, Pat?"

Pat—"Your own dog, sur; blew his head all off."

Amateur Sportsman—"Where's the bird?"

Pat—"Picking at the dog, sur."—*Life*.

"By-the-way, are you dining with the Montmorency Browns to-night?" "Oh heavens! Now I remember, they did ask me to dine there to-night." "What—and you forgot to answer!" "Oh, I answered fast enough; but I've clean forgotten whether I accepted or declined."

THE VOWELS.—A holiday was once offered to the boys at Eton on condition that they could discover an English word containing all the vowels in regular order. In a very little while one of them shouted out, "Abstemiously," and another, "Facetiously," amidst the shouts of their companions.

Little Paul, clambering on his father's knee: "Pa, what is 'humbug'?" Father: "Why, what on earth do you want to know for?" Paul: "I heard you say it to ma a minute ago." Father: "Yes, my son. Humbug is when your ma pretends to love me, and there are no buttons on the neck of my shirt."

"The great trouble with you, John, is," said a lady to her husband, who was suffering from the effects of the night before, "you cannot say 'No.' Learn to say 'No,' John, and you will have fewer headaches. Can you let me have a little money this morning?" "No," said John, with apparent ease.—*Puck*.

On opening the will of a gentleman who had expended a handsome fortune, among other articles it contained the following: "If I had died possessed of twenty thousand dollars, I would have left it to my dear friend, Mr. Timothy Taylor, but as I have not twenty cents he must accept the will for the deed."

Magistrate: "The young lady says that your continued staring at her annoyed her excessively." Prisoner: "I never intentionally annoyed a woman in my life, your honor." Magistrate: "Then why did you stare at her so persistently?" Prisoner: "Because she is pretty and I couldn't help it." Young woman: "Let him go, judge."

A Series of Disasters.—Tramp: "Won't you help a poor man that lost his family by the Charleston earthquake?" Housekeeper: "Why, you are the same man that lost his family last year by the Ohio River floods." Tramp: "I know it, mum. I am one of the most unfortunate gentlemen on the face of the earth."—*Chicago Rambler*.

Hearing a noise at night, Jones descends with a lighted candle, and discovers a burglar escaping with a full sack. "Hallo!" he cries, "come back you!" "Eh, wna?" returns the burglar. "Ah, yes, the candlestick. Permit me." He takes it from the hand of the astonished Jones. "Ten thousand thanks! Have I forgotten anything else?"

He took her hand in his and poured into her ear the soft, sweet story, told over and over again since the world was young. "Do you love me?" he inquired. "Don't ask me such conundrums," she replied. "But I love you, darling," he went on; "and I have given you my whole heart. I have kept none of it back. It is all yours, all yours." "Mine to do just what I please with?" she asked, in the sweet simplicity of girl womanhood. "Yes, darling." "Then I shall give it to Mary Martin. She wants it, I know, and I haven't any use for yours and Bob Brown's, too, and Bob gave me his last night. You are too late."

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