

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

DESTINY.

With patient toil I spun myself a web,
And when its meshes sparkled in the sun
And caught each fleeting vision as it passed,
I looked upon it with delight and cried:
"Ah! this is love and life!"

One day the master hand of Destiny
Swept down my web, and left me crouching there,
A helpless spider that had spun its life
Away. Then, in despair, I understood
That this was love and life!

If some men could only be convinced that it paysto be good, they could'nt be kept out of church with a gun.

AND MAY GROANED.—"So near and yet so-fa," said Arthur as he sat beside May on a comfortable lounge, and took a fresh grip on her slender waist with his good strong right arm.

You must idealize. Humanity is never fiendish. It loves and sympathizes only with the good and true. True culture is the culture of strength, not weakness. The strength of a man is in his sympathies.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Sacred have I kept, God knoweth,
Love's last words between us twain;
"Hold by our past, my only love, my lover;
Fall not, but rise by loss of me!"

THE DOCTOR UNBENDS A LITTLE.—Parishioner—"Doctor, that sermon of yours on the existence of the devil was a most timely and appropriate one."
The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—"Yes, I think I reached it just in the Old Nick of time."

AN AMAZONIAN MOUTH.—"She is a perfect Amazon."
"Why do you say that? She is not at all like the Amazons of old."
"Oh, no; I mean like the river. She has a large mouth and babbles on forever."

Couldn't Get the Best of Him.—It takes a Georgia editor to get the better of a soulless corporation. One of them who recently moved to another town boycotted a railroad which refused to give him a pass. He shipped his hand-press by another road, and walked the whole distance, seventy-five miles.

AND IT WAS VERY LATE WHEN HE DID GO.

'Twas 11 o'clock. He had started to go,
And his hat he nervously fingered,
And they stood in the hall—Mary Jane and her beau,
And he lingered, and lingered, and lingered,
And he lingered, and lingered, and lingered,
And lingered,
And lingered, and lingered, and lingered,
And lingered, and lingered, and lingered,
While his hat he nervously fingered.

HER BREATHLESS INTEREST.—Bingo—"While I was matching that ribbon for you to-day in a dry goods store, a man came in, threw down a bomb; there was a terrible explosion, several people were killed, and I barely escaped with my life."

Mrs. Bingo (anxiously)—"You didn't lose that piece of ribbon did you?"

A FREE TRANSLATION.—The Sergeant: "Jack, what does *fin de siècle*, that the papers are always mentioning, mean?" Up-to-date Private: "Guard, turn out." The Sergeant: "That's curious, now. How did you make it out?" Up-to-date Private: "My girl knows French, and she told me it was 'End of the Sentry.'"

THE DIFFERENCE EXPLAINED.—"I have just learned the difference between a vase, a vabs and a vauzs.

"How do you distinguish them.?"

"Anything that costs less than 50 cents is a vase; between 50 cents and \$7 is a vabs; over \$7 is a vauz."

They may talk about the editors
And say that they are poor,
With very few good creditors
And little earthly store.
But there is one thing certain:
You cannot keep them down,
For when they can't support themselves,
They still support the town.

The Composer's Dilemma.—Sad Eyed Composer—Wot genelman can spare me a few quotes?

Foreman—See here, slug 13, that's the sixth time you've asked for quotes in five minutes. Whatcber setting, anyhow?

Slug 13—Wel., the rules of the paper say quote all slang, and I've got a take of the base ball editor's copy.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Your face is like a drooping flower,
Sweetheart!
I see you fading, hour by hour,
Sweetheart!
Your rounded outlines waste away,
In vain I weep, in vain I pray.
What power Death's cruel hand can stay?
Sweetheart, Sweetheart!

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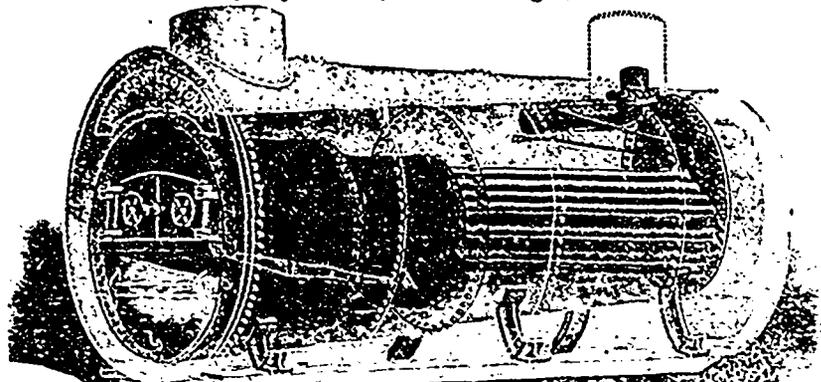
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