

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

TIMES CHANGES.

THEN.

In gushing days, when love was green and young,
I strove to write a tender valentine,
But all my thoughts to one idea clung—
And I could write but just, "Be mine, be mine!"

AND NOW.

But, now that love's fond ecstasies are past,
Were I again to write a valentine,
Between the lines I would contrive to cast
This gentle hint, and say, "Decline, decline!"

SOFT AND SWEET.—He—I wish I could say things as sweet as the strains of that waltz.

She—Well, you seem to have no difficulty in saying things as soft as the sweet strains of the waltz.

A woman will eat anything without complaining, while a man will begin to backslide whenever the cooking goes wrong; but when it comes to the fit of a garment that doesn't suit her, she has opinions that can no more be held in check than you can put mittens on a landslide.

THE DIFFERENCE.

This difference twist the optimist
And pessimist you find:
One notes the clouds, the other talks
About the light behind.

AN ENVIED LOT.—A number of children were talking about what they would like to be when they were men and women. One little girl wanted to be a teacher. "Oh, my!" said little Mary, who lived on a farm, "I don't want to be a teacher. I'd rather be a summer boarder than anything else."

ACCOUNTED FOR.—"Papa, do you know what Mr. Spatts' business is?"
He is a wheelwright.
Then that accounts for it.
For what?
He tires me.

MARTHA ONLY HUMAN.—Crusty Old Parent—It seems to me the height of folly, Martha, for a girl to leave her home, with all its cheerful surroundings, to take a sleigh-ride on a bitter night like this.

Martha (putting on her wraps)—Yes, papa, but there are cheerful-er—surroundings in taking a sleigh ride.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

A quiet hour, secure from the bother
And worry of life, the evening grants
When the boys have been put to bed and their mother
In patching the knees of their little pants.

Then I sit by her side and read the paper,
Which tells of the world and its busy life,
And I'm pretty sure that's the proper caper
For husband who truly loves his wife.

"The Dunhams haven't been able to go to a summer resort for two years, and the girls haven't had a decent gown to their back lately, but I guess they'll begin to put on style now."

"How is that?"

"Old Dunham has just failed."

THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR.

None but the brave deserve the fair;
'Tis the brave who win them everywhere.
It seems to be the design of fate
That sweetness and strength should together mate.

The siege of the heart by the brave begun
The fair doesn't long withstand,
And thus the girl with the sugar is won
By the youth who has got the sand.

He Could be Useful.—"You must stay at home to-day," said the humorist's wife on the day before Thanksgiving.

"Why?"

"I am going to stuff the turkey for to-morrow, and I expect you to furnish the chestnuts."

WHAT A WOMAN MAY DO.—There is really no reason why women should complain of their restrictions and envy men their liberty. There are lots of things women do every day of their lives for which men would be arrested and charged with disorderly conduct. Take the hats they wear, for instance: Fancy a man walking up Fifth avenue with a headgear composed of green velvet, pink roses, brown mink tails and black lace; this fastened to his head by big silver pins with enameled butterflies, and having velvet strings crossed under his chin and fastened to his back hair with a gold iris and the whole structure held steady by a carved tortoise shell comb. He would not be permitted to go a block in such a costume, now would he?

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