CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

TIME'S 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 valentino, Between the lines 1 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 cosking goes wrong ; but when it comes to the fit of a garment that doesn't suit her, she has opinions that cau no more be held in check than you can put mittens on a landslide.

THE DIFFERENCE.

This difference twixt 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 toscher. "Oh, my !" seid little Mary, who lived on a farm, "I don't want to be a teacher. I d rather be a summer boorder than anything elso."

Accounted FOR .- " Paps, do you know what Mr. Spatte' business is ?" He is a wheelwright.

Then that accounts for it. For what?

Ho tires me.

MARTHA ONLY HUMAN .- Crusty Old Parent-It seems to me the height of foliy, Martha, for a girl to loave her home, with all its cheerful surround-ings, 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 knews 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.

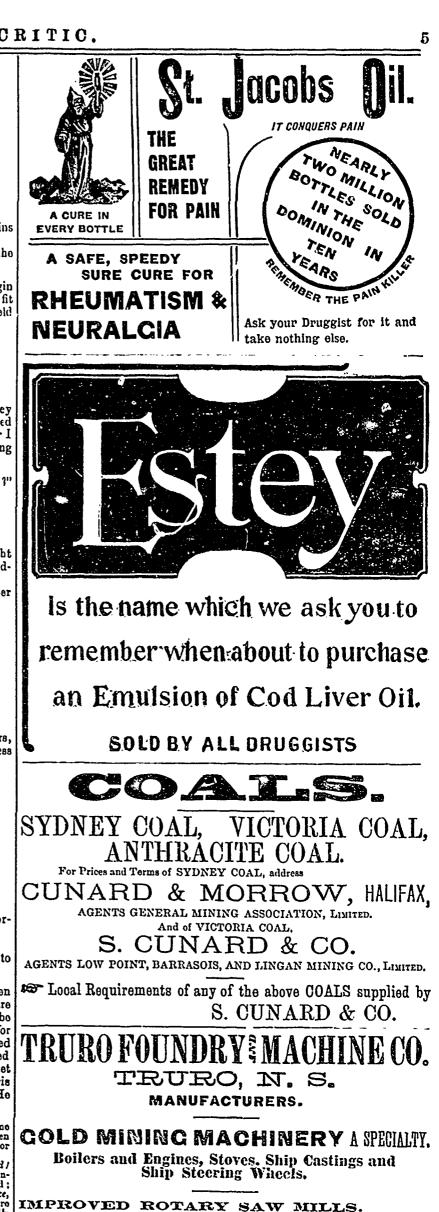
None but the brave deserve the fair ; "I'is the brave who win them everywhere. It seems to be the design of fate That sweetness and strength should together mate. The siege of the heart by the brave begun The fair doesn't long withstand, And thus the girl with the sugar is won By the youth who has got 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 vy men their liberty. There are lots of things women do every day of the r 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 ?

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'so been returned by the men and women who say that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery or Favorite l'rescription didn't do what they said it would do. And how many do you think they have to count. One in ten? Not one in five hundred / Here are two remedics—one the "Golden Medical Discovery," for regulating and in-vigorating the liver and purifying the blood; the other, the hope of weakly womanhood; they've been sold for years, sold by the million bottles; sold under a positive guarantee, and not one in five hundred can say; "It was not the medicine for me;" And—is there any reason why you should be the one? And—supposing you are, what do you less? Ab-solutely nothing /



SHINGLE and LATH MACHINES,