

## CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

## MY AIN JOE.

The Laird an' Laddy o' the ha'  
Hae flunkoys at their feet,  
They bask in silks an' satins braw,  
And dazzle a' the street.  
The Laddy she's a stately queen:  
Her son a gallant fine,  
But there's nae Joe like my Ain Joe,  
An' there's nae love like mine.

The Laird's son lo'es a guid Scotch reel,  
An' I lo'e ane myself,  
He vowed 'twad please him unca weel,  
Gin I wad be his belle.  
Hoo ilk ane stared as han' in han'  
We caftered down the line,  
Yet, there's nae Joe like my ain Joe,  
An' there's nae love like mine.

The Laird made bauld a kias to try  
Afore the gentles a',  
There's ane before ye, laird, quo' I,  
An' he's worth ony twa.  
I no'er kenned ony guid to come  
Frae mixing o' the wine,  
An' ne'er a Joe but my ain Joe  
Cau has a kias o' mine.

Loafers are as a rule so good natured, and busy people so cross, it seems to prove that the Lord never intended people to work so hard.

THE CHICAGO EYE.—Goodun.—“A Yale professor argues that the millennium will begin within eight years.” Chicagoan.—“I wonder if we can arrange to have it begin with the opening of the World's Fair.”

RATHER EMBARRASSING.—A little Washington boy, who keeps his eyes and ears open constantly, recently succeeded in rather embarrassing his father. He had been amusing himself by pretending to transact business “like papa,” and insisted on being shown the respect due a full grown citizen. But he wanted a pair of roller skates, and when he got them spent a good deal of time on the pavement. One evening his father came from the office, and for the sake of teasing the little man, said:

“That's nice, isn't it. The idea of a man playing like that. What would you think of papa were he to come home on skates?”

“Well,” said the youngster after a thoughtful silence, “mamma says you do.”

Shakespeare did not attempt to describe the Ages of Woman. He knew (Eliza) better! Modern experience makes it stand somewhere thus:—The First Age of Woman is Want-age, when she is only just born. The second is Sauce-age (Little Impudence!) which makes her almost Bagg-age. Then she passes to Dote-age, which leads to Marri-age, and for that she has so much Lugg-age, she at once reaches Cabb-age. All this has been to her advant-age. But the coming-of-age is hateful to her. So is the Spin-age. She can not carri-age, that is how it is, and she wants to r'op-age, but has to pass into the Salve-age and the Epy-on-age usual to a Sex-age-anarian. All through she has been fond of Post-age. She was Past your-age, however, so you may take Cour-age. Ar.d, after all, a Surplus age is not bad!

SUSPICION UNANIMOUSLY CONFESSED.—The visitor from Hawcreek had been invited to address the Sunday school.

“I have been reminded children,” he said, “of the career of a boy who was once no larger than some of the little fellows I see here before me. He played truant when he was sent to school, went fishing every Sunday, ran away from home before he was ten years old, learned to smoke, drink, chew tobacco, play cards, and slip in under the canvas when the circus came round. He went into bad company, frequented livery stables and low bar-rooms, finally he became a pick-pocket, then a forger, then a horse thief, and one day, in a fit of drunken madness, he committed a very cowardly murder. Children,” he continued, impressively, “where do you think that boy is now?”

“He stands before us!” guessed the children, with one voice.

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM MYTHOLOGY.—The Greeks had a fable concerning the island of the sirens. They located it near the south-western coast of Italy. There were two or three female musicians upon it, whose strains enchanted all who came by, and when allured to land they were at once made victims. When Ulysses went by he filled the ears of his argonauts with wax and lashed himself to the mast. He heard the music and wished to land, but could not. The rest heard not, and so passed on. When Orpheus went by, the music of whose lyre enchanted not only beasts, but rocks and trees, he produced so much better music than the sirens that no one desired to land. They had better music on board. Ulysses is the moralist lashed to the post of duty by the thongs of a strong resolution. He hears the music of worldly temptations and wants to yield, but his resolution holds him. Orpheus is the christian with better music in his soul. The love of Christ constraineth him. The first has a name to live while he is dead. The second has Christ formed in his heart, “the hope of glory.” “For me to live is Christ.”

## OUR OLD FIRE COMPANY.

“That was a gay old company that we belonged to, Joe; away back in '68, when you and I ran with the machine.” Do you remember that big fire in Hotel Row, one freezing night, when fifteen people were pulled out of their burning rooms and came down the ladder in their night-clothes; and how Dick Greene brought down two kids at once—one in his arms, the other slung to his back? Poor Dick! He got the catarrh dreadfully, from so much exposure, and suffered from it five years or more. We thought once he was going in consumption, sure. But, finally he heard of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and tried it, and it cured him up as sound as a flint. I tell you, Joe, that catarrh remedy is a great thing. It saved as good a man and as brave a fireman as ever trod shoe leather.

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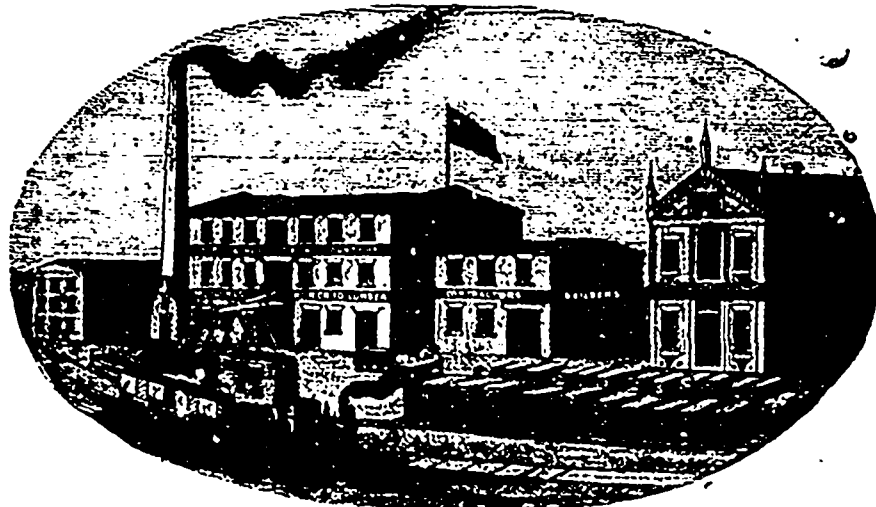
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