

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE SILENT LUTE.

It were well for the silent lute if mending its broken strings  
Could wake again its tuneful voice, in the halls where music rings,  
As when the master-hand of him, who loved its music well  
Touched all its trembling chords with joy, when the calm evening fell.

The lute will never sound again, for stilled is the master's hand,  
And the sweet music all is mute, that awoke at his command.  
The weeks and months may come and go, the years away may roll,  
But strange hands can never wake the music of its soul.

A maid to a clerk in a grocery store said, "saigh,  
How much will you charge to give me a weigh?"  
The clerk gazed at the maid so killing and gaigh,  
With eyes as bright as a morning in Maigh,  
And said: "If you re to be given aveigh,  
Rather than see you marry some jaigh,  
I'll take you myself; just name the daigh."

*Treats Sitings.*

Dignity, my son, is a very proper sort of thing; but don't put on too much of it or you may be takou for a footman.

"Had you a good view on the Rigi, Herr Lieutenant?" "Yes, magnificent! Had three splendid girls sitting opposite me at the dinner table."

"I hear some hard words passed between you?" "Yes; he called me a megalophonous megalasaurus. To which I retorted, that in comparison with him, the antediluvian cycleptoridæ would not have been in it."

"Next to a pretty woman, I love a fast horse."—Sam Jones. We don't. When we are next to a pretty woman we want one of those kind of horses that you would have to build a fire under to get him out of a small trot.

Hath any wounded thee with injuries? meet them with patience. Hasty words rankle the wound, soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion takes away the scar. It is more noble by silence to avoid an injury than by argument to overcome it.

There was a feud between the four year old young lady and her aunt, which came at last to declared hostilities. But the little lady knelt down at night and said her prayers. "Bless papa and mama, and"—there came an omnious pause—"bless auntie, but if you can't bless her it doesn't matter."

Age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another dress;  
And as the evening twilight fades away  
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

*—Longfellow.*

"Bridget," said the head of the house arrayed in evening dress, "I am unexpectedly called out for the evening, and I want you to see that your mistress gets this note as soon as she comes in, without fail."

"Yis, sorr," responded Bridget; I'll lave it in the pocket of the trousers ye've just taken off."

Dark meat of cold roast chicken is the coolest lunch on a hot day, says a New York epicure, and gravely adds a word of commendation for the drumsticks, in order to quote the comment of an irate restaurant cook who had just received an order for three chicken legs. "I can't help that," snapped the cook. "I can't cut more than two legs off one chicken. Ask them do they want the earth. Do they think fowls are centipedes?"

CAREFULLY REARED.—Fond Mamma—"I am glad you had such a nice time at Mrs. Tiptop's, and I hope she noticed how carefully you were brought up. You did not ask twice for des-ort, did you?"

Small son—"No, indeed; ma, I didn't have to, every time I finished a dish and began scraping the saucer with a spoon and smacking my lips, the waiter came and brought me some without saying a word."

TAKEN AT HER WORD.—Her girl chum (sweetly)—"What did John get you for a birthday present?" Mrs. Youngwife (mournfully)—"Not a thing." H. G. C. (emphatically)—"Why, how did that happen?" Mrs. Y. (weeping)—"Well, you see, he asked me (sobs) what he should get for me, and—and—I (more sobs) told him I'd love him just as—just as well (sobs) if he didn't get me anything, and—he—he—didn't."

A Serious Question.—Mrs. Wellesley Vassar—"Why are you so dejected, Miranda? You have every reason to be elated after having taken the senior prize in classics; and your essay on deductive philosophy won the admiration of all the faculty. So well equipped a girl should be—"Miranda Vassar—"That's just the trouble. How—how can I find a husband who is able to sew buttons on, and cook, and mind the—the—oh!" —[Weeps.]

Times Change.—Trembling Attendant (Eighteenth Century)—Your Majesty, I somehow got a little scratch on your third best crown.  
The Czar (furiously)—Off with his head.

Careless Attendant (Nineteenth century)—Your majesty, I fell and broke your majesty's magnificent gold and diamond crown all to pieces.

Trembling Czar—Oh! Is that all? I feared from the noise it was another bomb.

Queer world! Queer people! Here are men and women by thousands suffering from all sorts of diseases, bearing all manners of pain, spending their all on physicians and "getting no better, but rather worse," when right at hand there's a remedy which says it can help them because it's helped thousands like them. "Another patent-medicine advertisement," you say. Yes—but not of the ordinary sort. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and it's different from the ordinary nostrums in use:—

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The way is this: You pay your druggist \$1.00 for a bottle. You read the directions, and you follow them. You get better, or you don't. If you do, you buy another bottle and perhaps another. If you don't get better, you get your money back. And the queer thing is that so many people are willing to be sick when the remedy's so near at hand.

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