

when he is again delivered over to his employer. His wages are given to his wife. If he won't work he is taken to gaol, where he has to work harder than outside. The more one studies this plan the more sensible it seems.

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MAMMA: "What are you and Freddy quarreling about?"

"We were playing keep house, and Freddy came home and found dinner wasn't ready."

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A WOMAN'S prospect of marriage is distinctly affected by age. The statistics of all centuries show that the great majority of women marry between the ages of twenty and thirty. Before reaching twenty a woman has, of course, a chance of matrimony, but the objections raised by parents or friends to marriage at a tender age frequently outweigh the desire of the young woman to acquire a husband, and lead her to defer the wedding day.

All statistics that have been gathered bear out the statement that a woman's best chance to marry is at the age of twenty-five, that over six-tenths of the marriages take place between twenty and thirty, and consequently that a woman's chance increases up to twenty-five, and steadily decreases after that age until it reaches the vanishing point somewhere about sixty. Out of 1,000 married women 149 marry before the age of twenty, 680 between twenty and thirty, 111 between thirty and forty, the woman in the thirties having not so good a chance as the girl in her teens; between the ages of forty and fifty the

falling-off is enormous, only 41 in 1,000 contracting an alliance in that decade; while past fifty the chances still further diminish, for the woman who has celebrated the semi-centennial of her birth has only 19 chances in 1,000.

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THE farmer is "a country jake,"
When snow lies deep on wintry hills,
When flowers their vacation take,
And hushed the song of murmuring rills;
And many a quip behind his back,
The city relative doth crack,
But when the warm sun starts the grass,
A mighty change doth come to pass;
The "country jake" becomes a king,
The relative his praise doth sing,
And out upon the farm ere long
He comes a hundred thousand strong.

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I CONSIDER the following specimen of a little English girl's powers of composition worthy of a place in Chit-Chat. The young essayist had been given the task of writing about 100 words on "Boys."

"Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by and bye.

"Men was made before women. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and then he made Eve.

"God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men ever since.

"Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half of the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy."

Little Sweetheart.

LITTLE Sweetheart, how I miss you
When each hard day's work is done—
How I miss your fond caresses,
At the setting of the sun!
For your sweet red lips will linger
Never more upon my brow—
Little Sweetheart! Little Sweetheart!
I am very lonely now!

Little Sweetheart, how I loved you
In the days that have gone by!
Oh, my child—my little daughter—
It was hard for you to die!
It is hard for me at evening,
Never more to see you wait,
Little Sweetheart! Little Sweetheart!
With your kisses at the gate!

Little Sweetheart, I am weary
Of the fret and toil of life.
Only Death will bring the dark rest,
And the solemn rest from strife.
Will you meet me at God's gate way,
When my last day's work is done—
Little Sweetheart! Little Sweetheart! —
At the setting of the sun?