

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

UNFAIR.

When I was a babe and sucked a ring  
And held no views on anything,  
Except, of course, the lacteal spring  
Which kept me occupied.  
It seemed to be the girls' delight  
To kiss me morning, noon and night;  
My nose they made a perfect fright,  
And how I howled and cried!

Now I have grown to man's estate,  
Behold the irony of fate!  
No maiden tries to discolate  
That Roman nose again;  
And strangely shy is every miss,  
Though I do appreciate the kiss  
And value every hearty kiss  
They wasted on me then!

Confession of inability could not go further than in the prayer of a good brother more used to dry goods than leading camp meetings—"O Lord, we are as weak—as weak as No. 60 basting thread."

Mistress—"Where have you been? I've scoured the whole house for you."

Bridget—"Is that so, mum? An'th' tinware in th' kitchen too mum?"

If you can only restrain a child from wrong conduct by hurting it, I fear you have little to hope for in its future. At first it should be good from love for you. It should obey because you have proved yourself wise and loving in its eyes. After, because you have taught it to be honorable.

"John," said Mrs. Billus, affectionately, "I wish I could do something to relieve your toothache, or, at least, help you to forget it. Shall I sing for you?" And she seated herself at the piano.

"I—I guess I can stand it, Maria," moaned Mr. Billus, bracing himself in his chair; "go ahead."

A Mortar-mixer was observed to be heating his kettle of coffee yesterday in a way which was no novelty to him but seemed strange to a reporter. He dug a hole in a pile of sand, placed a lump of lime in it, sprinkled some water on the lime, placed his kettle on it, and banked sand up around it. When 12 o'clock struck he shouted, "Come to tay; your coffee's a bilin."

Druggist's Clerk—"Here's a prescription so illegibly written I can't make it out."

Druggist (in the back room)—"Who brings it?"

Clerk—"Mr. Rambo."

Druggist (testily)—"Why didn't you say so? Whisky four parts; water one part."

Escort (To Miss Penelope Waldo of Boston, on the lawn)—"Don't be frightened, Miss Penelope, but there's a big green worm on your skirt!"

Miss Penelope—"Oh, don't disturb it, Mr. Wabash. I should like to take it home with me. It belongs to the species known as the capillus capillary capil, and is very rare in these parts. Dear little fellow, I shall prize it so highly. Would you mind, Mr. Wabash, putting it in your hat?"

The extraordinary force exerted by growing fungi has been shown in a New Hampshire village. It was noticed that a cone about seven inches in diameter was rising in the middle of an asphalt walk. Beneath it a mushroom was discovered, which had cracked and raised a solid stretch of asphalt two inches in thickness. Those who relish mushrooms must reflect upon the power they introduce into themselves. Keely's motor is scarcely a rival.

A Scotch country lad went up to a man who was ploughing in a field near the highway, and said, "I say, mon, I've coupit ma cairt." "Coupit your cairt! that's a pity; where is it and what was on it?" "It's down on the road yonner, an' it was a cart o' hay. Div ye think ye can come and help me to lift it?" "Oh, I'll come as soon as I can, but I canna leave my horses here in the middle o' the field; as soon as I can get to the head rig, I'll come and help you." "Div ye no think ye can come the noo?" he said, scratching his head. "No, I'm sorry, but I'll come as soon as I can." "Aweel," he said, in a tone of resignation, "I maun just wait then, but I wad hae likit that ye could hae come the noo, for the hanged thing is that ma father's below't!"

An Irishman once got a job from an undertaker to make a coffin, the job to include painting the inscription on the lid. This he was too ignorant to do, but did not like to confess it. By dint of following the written copy given him, he managed to get as far as "Michael O'Kasferty, aged —," but, try as he would, he could not imitate the "28." At last he remembered that he could write "7," and that four 7's made 28. So he finished the inscription, "aged 7777." When they came to bury Michael, the coffin stood at the grave side, and the priest spoke somewhat as follows: "Ah, he was a fine lad, and he's lying there so still, taken away in the very prime of loife. Young, too, he was only, —" and here the priest looked down at the coffin plate to see how old Michael was. "He was only," said his reverence again, and putting his glasses on he went nearer to see how old he really was. "He was only —" he continued, "he was seven thousand seven hundred and seventy seven. Tare and ages! how did he escape the flood?"

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SHIRTS, HO!

When Lazarus lay at the gate quite alone,  
Bewailing his sores, rags and dirt;  
Fine linen was dear, and white muslin unknown,  
And no one could spare him a shirt.

But things in our day are better by far,  
And we live in more genial times;  
For we, notwithstanding the rumors of war,  
Are giving fine shirts for THE DIMMS!

Of choicest material, and value most rare,  
With fine work from wristband to collar,  
And the best in the land such a garment might wear,  
Though the price of it's ONLY A DOLLAR!

Fine white shirts for a dollar!  
I heard some folk holler  
Or was it the voice of the scoffer?  
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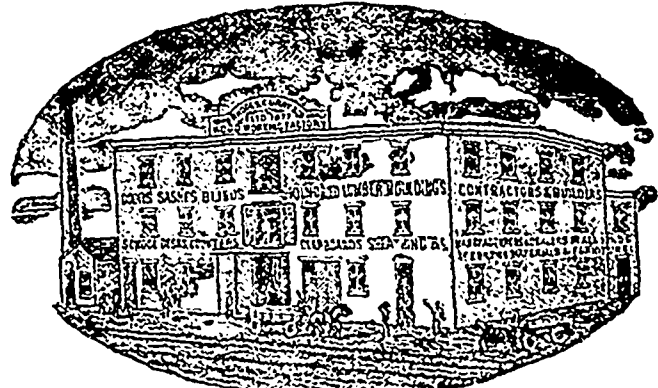
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