

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

SHE SHOOK HER CURLS.

I sat beside her on the beach,  
And as I saw the fancy cloaks  
Upon her hose, I asked her why it was  
That stockings cost much more than socks.

She shook her curls at me and said;  
"No doubt you think you're very 'spry,'  
But the reason socks come lower is—  
Because they don't come near so high."

A Light Breakfast.—Weary Watkins—Hello, comrade! Had anything for breakfast? Hungry Higgins—Yes; an appetite.

A BASE INSINUATION.—Foreman (to editor)—You'd better look out! Old Jones is red hot.

Editor (calmly)—When did he die?

UNDECEIVED.—Farmer Closefist—I see you advertise nickel watches. Are they worth much? Jeweller—I can sell you one of the best for \$100. Farmer Closefist (restoring a five-cent piece to his pocket)—Great Scott!

"I don't think I care for an engagement ring right off, George."

"I insist that you shall wear one. Just look at last year, you didn't have anything on your finger, and I couldn't get near you for the other men!"

HER MISTAKE.—"I have been requested to lay the corner-stone of the new chicken-house," said the hen, proudly.

"Pshaw!" replied the rooster; "what do you take yourself for—a Plymouth Rock?"

IN OLD AGE.

How gracefully the year grows old!  
See, she has doffed and laid away  
Her draperies of red and gold  
To don the garb of brown and gray.

And yet, like some superb old dame,  
The year sweeps on; and ermine rare  
Fringes her sad-toned robes, and gems,  
Like diamonds, deck her snow-white hair.

—Virginia B. Harrison.

A BOY'S CHANCES SPOILED.—Farmer's Boy—Father, why cannot I rise in the world the same as other men? For instance, why cannot I some day become Secretary of Agriculture?

Old Farmer—Too late, too late, my son; you know too much about farmin'!

There is a story that some children had a discussion concerning the services in one of our fashionable temples. One youngster, who had reached the mature age of seven, said, "I'd just like to know what preaching is for." "Oh, don't you know?" enquired his five year-old sister; "It's to give the singers a rest, of course."

MISANTHROPIC.—Jones—I take no more pleasure in life. The world is full of thieves and rascals. I don't really believe there is an honest man left in the world.

Smith—Cheer up. When a man acknowledges his own frailties he has already taken a step in the direction of reform.

At the Ladies' New York Club.—Mrs. A.—Here comes the man who has caused me more hours of misery and unhappiness than any other living being. I grow faint at the very sight of him. Mrs. B. (scenting a confidence)—Do not agitate yourself, my love. Take my salts. (After a long look.) What eyes! Who is he? Mrs. A.—My dentist.

NOT EXACTLY WHAT SHE MEANT.—The idioms of the English language add not a little to its beauty and usefulness, but they are sometimes capable of an interpretation quite different from the one intended.

A lady famed for her skill in cooking was entertaining a number of friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired, but the sponge cake was especially the subject of remark.

"O!" exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light. Do tell me where you got the recipe?"

"I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light. I made it out of my own head."

PERILS OF NEW FASHIONS.—Little Son—"Pa, you'd better not disturb ma."

Pa—"Why not?"

"She's in an awful temper."

"What about?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your ma?"

"Up stairs in the room."

"How does she act?"

"Oh, awful. 'She's ravin' 'round, turning over chairs and moving furniture, and banging things about awful, and she keeps saying, 'Boshrow it,' 'Consume it,' and 'Electrocute it,' in the awfulest maddest voice I ever heard, only it ain't loud."

"Poor dear! She must have lost her collar button again."

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Of a kiss, at love's beginning,"—

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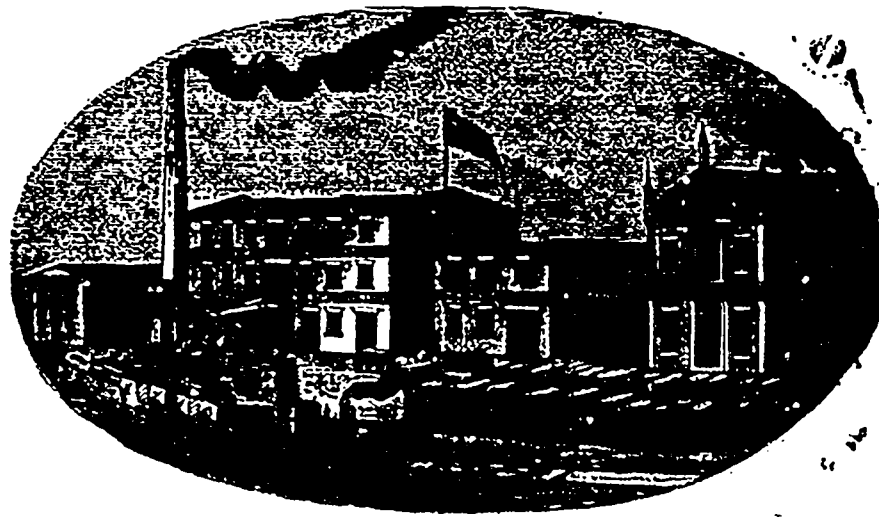
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