

CHUCKLES.

The dude is going into the dictionary, but there's very little of the dictionary in the dude.

The rooster arranges his notes in order of the crow-matic scale.—*Merchant Truceller.*

"I know every rock on the coast," said an Irish pilot, when the ship then bumped—"and that's one of them."

A man by the name of Fortune in Columbus, Wisconsin, was presented by his wife with three girls at one birth. Truly, Miss-Fortunes do not come singly.

Watching the Old Year Out.—Sexton: "I beg your pardon, sir, but the services are over." Sleeper: "I youll build it this morning, Maria, I won't ask you ag'in all winter."—*Tid-Bits.*

Rev. Highflyer—"I delivered that sermon off-hand. I hadn't given it a moment's thought. How did you like it?" Frank Hoarer—"I can't say. You see I didn't give it a moment's thought either."

Love.—At three years of age we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty, our sweetheart; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty, ourselves.

Mamma—"Do you know the Ten Commandments, my dear?" Little Bee—"Yes, mamma." "Well, repeat them." I can't, mamma. I don't know them by heart; I only know them when I see them."

A little child every night used to say in her prayers, "O Lord, give me a new heart." One night her mother noticed that she did not say this, and asked why she had omitted it. The little child replied, "Recco, mamma, I dot it."

Artist: "Have you taken my picture to the exhibition?" Porter: "You, sir; it seemed to please the gentlemen very much." Artist: "What did they say?" Porter: "Oh, they didn't say anything; they only aughed."

Our artist (fishing for compliments): "Well, I can't do much more to it, and now I don't quite like it!" Friend (unartistical): "Neither do I, old fellow! But" (encouragingly) "won't the same bit of what's-its-name—canvas—do for another?"—*Fvn.*

An author was boasting of a comedy he had written, and appealed to a friend to confirm his own estimate of its excellence. The friend gravely said, "Your comedy is a great work—a very important work—a work that is by no means to be laughed at."

"Mary Jane Berke!" "What, ma'am?" "What be you a-doin'?" "Eatin' pie, ma'am." "What be you a eatin it with?" "Knife." "So you be! Now what have I told you about eatin' pie with your knife, Mary Jane? Take that pie up in your hand and eat it as you ought to!"

MILITARY ITEM.—Corporal to soldier: "Why is the blade of the sabre curved instead of straight?" Soldier: "It is curved in order to give more power to the blow." Corporal: "Humbug! The sabre is curved so it will fit the scabbard. If it was straight, how would it get into the crooked scabbard, blockhead?"—*From the German.*

"There's a sad case," said old Mrs. Squaggs, as she laid the paper on her knees, and wiped her spectacles; "a bride struck dumb after leaving the altar, and at last accounts she hadn't recovered her speech." "It's the way of the world, my dear," said old Mr. Squaggs with a sigh. "It's the way of the world; some men have all the luck."

A Quaker and a Methodist happened to stop once at the same inn, and were compelled, through the inn being so crowded, to sleep in the same room. The Quaker retired early to bed, and, according to their custom, said a short prayer to himself. Soon after the Methodist came, and in his way prayed long and fervently, confessing his sins with many a groan. When he had finished he found the Quaker up again and dressing himself. The Methodist being surprised asked him what he was doing that for. The Quaker answered, "Friend, if thou art half so bad as thou makest thyself out to be, I would rather not sleep in the same room with thee."

Mr. Labouchere in *Truth* relates the following story in referring to the late Sir Alexander Malet: "When at Frankfort I had the honor of serving under him, and certainly a more kindly chief was not to be found in the service. His Legation was accredited to several of the minor Courts, and at one of them I was even more appreciated than my chief. This was why. Occasionally there was a ball at the Court, which we were expected to attend. At my first ball supper I found myself next to a grande gorgeous in stars and ribbons. The servant came to pour out champagne. Now I detect this wine, so I shook my head. The grande nudged me and said, 'Let him pour it out.' This I did, and he explained to me that the potentate whose hospitality we were enjoying never gave his guests more than one glass, 'so you see, if I drink yours I shall have two,' and he suited the action to the word. After this there used to be quite a struggle to sit near me at Court dinners."

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