

CHUCKLES.

Pencils are sometimes lead, but the pen has to be driven.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mark Twain says it is a blessed thing to live in a land of plenty when you have plenty of land.

A Spaniard in the first pages of his English grammar, desiring one evening at table to be helped to some boiled tongue, said, "I will thank you, miss, to pass me the language."

"Why is a small boy like a woman?" said a New Hartford man to his troublesome wife. No response. "Because he will make a man frown," said the conundrumist.

A notorious miser having heard a very eloquent sermon, exclaimed: "This sermon strongly proves the necessity of alms. I have almost a mind to turn beggar."

"The absurdities of English pronunciation," says a German critic, "are well exhibited in the case of the word 'Box,' which is pronounced 'Dickens'."

"Chestnut!" yelled several persons in the gallery at the minstrel show. "That's right, gentlemen," responded Bones. "If you don't get what you want, ask for it."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Grocer—"I've called with that little bill, Mrs. Short."
Mrs. Short—"Oh, I'm so sorry; my husband has gone to Coney Island, and won't return for a week." (Hoarse whisper from beneath the table)—
"Make it a month, Sarah, make it a month."—*Tid Bits.*

"Yes, Nellie, dear, I am going to the Montreal Carnival. I don't care a bit for snowshoes, toboggans, and all that sort of thing, don't yer know; but that horrid old company is going to look over Charlie's books, and the dear boy says we must go. Companies are so mean!"—*Harper's Bazaar.*

A TRULY GREAT MAN.—Mrs. Kemble told J. C. Young of an excellent remark made to her by Washington Irving. The merits of a certain diplomatist being on the tapis, he said, in allusion to his pomposity, "Ah, he is a great man; and, in his own estimation, a very great man—a man of great weight. When he goes to the West, the East tips up."

SOLD.—When Rev. Sam Jones, in Omaha, Nebraska, asked any man present who had never spoken a cross word to his wife to stand up, a round-faced, good-natured-looking individual, with a beard, stood up. "Thank heaven, there's one man who never said a cross word to his wife," said Rev. Sam. "I'm a bachelor!" shouted the round-faced man.

Mrs. Vulgargrand: "Who is this James Russell Lowell the papers are making such a fuss over?" Mrs. Bongtong: "Oh! he's a New England literary man. He wrote the 'Bigelow Papers' and——" "What! Them! Why I made Gwendolen stop reading them only this morning because they was so vulgar. He don't even know how to spell."

"What was that crash of pottery I heard just now, Sally? What did you break?" "A vase, mum." "Which one?" "That square one on the library table, mum." "Oh, Sally! That was the very oldest and rarest vase in the entire house." "Is that so, mum? An' it's plazed I am to hear ye say that same, intirely. I was afraid at first it moight be new."—*Detroit Mercury.*

A Highlander, who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Tippence," said the Highlander. "No, no," says the shaver, "I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you take the broom again." The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. "A penny," says Strap. "I'll gie ye a baubee," says Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye pit on my beard again."

A ROUNDABOUT ROUTE.—Some ministers from Chicago called upon Lincoln, in September 1862 to discuss the slavery question, and before leaving one of them made the following personal appeal:—"What you have said to us, Mr. President, compels me to say to you in reply that it is a message to you from our Divine Master, through me, commanding you, sir, to open the doors of bondage that the slave may go free!" Mr. Lincoln replied instantly:—"That may be, sir, for I have studied this question by night and by day, for weeks and for months; but if it is, as you say, a message from your Divine Master, is it not odd that the only channel He could send it by was that roundabout route by that awfully wicked city of Chicago?"

"Grover, dear."
"Yes, Frankie."
"Please, give Cousin Ben a nice little position?"
"Can't think of it, my dear. Think what the bad and wicked newspapers would say."
"Grover, give Cousin Ben an office."
"I would do almost anything to please you, dear, but that would be nepotism, and it would never do."
"Grover, I want an office for Cousin Ben."
"Please don't insist, Frankie; anything but that."

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