CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

WOULD I WERE A WIDOW.

Young maids, you know, are voted slow,
And set aside completely,
While sprightly dames assert their claims,
And smile on men too sweetly.
Who cares for youth and beauty blended?
This is the married woman's day:
The "bud's" bright reign, alas, is ended,
And only matrons hold full sway.

The married belle is versed quite well
In what we term flirtation;
Her honoyed smiles and artless wiles
Drive girls to desperation!
No wall flower is she, nowadays,
Nor treads the sober lancers,
But joins the waltzer's giddy maze,
The merriest of the dancers.

A maid may be most fair to see,
And robed in daintiest dresses,
Know how to talk and dance the York,
Yet failure she confesses,
She murnurs:—"Would I were a widow,
How delightful I would be:
In widow's weed there's many a bidder
Would surely bid on me."

A machine has been invented which will fling a men 15,000 feet in the air. Every newspaper office should have one.

A clergyman said to a drunken man who had fallen do 1 on the icy pavement:—'The wicked stand on slippery places.' 'Do, they?' answered the drunkard. 'It's more than I can do.'

Much too Diffident to Please.—Shy, but well-meaning youth (to elderly young lady): "Er—will you—er—give me a dance? I wouldn't venture to ask you, but there's nobody else not dancing!" Punch.

Miss De Bange—" * * No; I don't chow gum any more. The doctor said if I didn't give it up I would become silly."

Miss Sharp—" What a pity you didn't consult him sooner."

"Father to the Man."—Fond Parent: "No, darling, Bobby is getting better. What should you have done if he had died?" Darling (after a pause): "I should have had his Noah's Ark, shouldn't I?" (Gets spanked).—Fun.

The Rival Sports.—Huntsman (exercising hounds, to non-fox-preserving keeper): "Um! You call pheasant-shooting sport, do you! Why, what is it! Up gets a guinea—off go-s a penny farthing—and if you're luckly, down comes two-and-six! Bah!"—Punch.

Solomon Iskenstein (reading)—'And Joseph ront his clothes, and—'Ikey Iskenstein—'Vait a minute, fader.' Solomon—'Yes, Ikey; vat is it Ikey—'Vy didn't Joseph sell his glothes, instead of only renting dem?' Somonon—'Ikey, Joseph vas not so smart as you, ain't id?'

An old bachelor, through no fault of his, was looking at a little baby, and was expected to admire it, of course. "Well, Mr. Blinkins," said the proud young mother, expectantly, "is it not very lovely?" "Yes-or—that is to say —or-um—about how old must such a baby be, Mrs. Tompkins, before it begins to look like a human being.

"You are letting your beard grow again?" "Yes, old fellow, you see my wife can't endure a full beard for me because it is so deucedly unbecoming. Her birthday is in six weeks, and nothing will please her so much for a present as to have me have my beard shaved off, and that costs me only fifteen cents—the cheapest way I can get out of it, you see. I do it every year."

He (about to ask for a kiss)—I have an important question to ask you She (playfully)—I know what it is, Charlie. You want me be your wife; I dreamed it. Well, take me. He (rather taken back)—You dreamed it? She—Yes. I dreamed it last night, and I answered you as I am answering you now, and you took me in your arms and kissed me. What could Charlie do?

Speaking of his father's physical recreations, Mr. Herbert Gladstone says:—"He used to be chiefly fond of rowing, riding and shooting, but during the last twenty or twenty-five years, he has had to give up these forms of exercise, and as iz well known, to confine himself mainly to cutting down trees, which he does habitually. He also was a great walker, and not more than fifteen years ago he walked thirty five miles over the hills in Scotland. In my opinion, he is still good for a twenty mile tramp. He always attached tha greatest importance to physical recreations, and he lost no opportunity of encouraging us in them. He has proved their benefits, and I think is not a bad specimen of their value.

In a crowded street car a well-dressed, rather foppish-appearing young man sat beside a very shabbily dressed, tired-looking workingman. Every seat in the car was taken. A woman got in. "Now," whispered a moralizer to his small son, "we shall find out who is the true gentleman." The pour workingman and the richly dressed fop both saw the woman, and the latter hastening to rise, lifted his silk hat with his gloved hand and politely requested the woman to take his seat. This fable teaches that a man may occasionally be a gentleman to the infinite confusion of moralizers, even though he be a well-dressed dude. It also teaches that the tired workingman did quite right to keep his sont.

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