

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

COMPENSATION.

When Eve her paradise forsook,
She cast a swift despairing look
At Eden in its loveliness;
Then, conscious of her sad distress,
From heaven she stole a bit of sky
To beam forever in her eye.
A star that circled in a dance
She seized to radiate her glance:
A tiny rose that blossomed there
She plucked to make her cheeks as fair,
And snatched a trembling drop of dew
To purify her heart anew;
And so, amid all hopes and fears,
A bit of Eden woman bears.

ABRAM. S. ISAAC.

Proud Father: "Charles, why don't you study at school? What will become of you when you grow up?" Boy: "Oh, I'll be a grandfather, I'll just sit about and do nothing, and tell stories of what I used to do when I was a boy."

Mathematicians have calculated that a man who has attained the age of 60 has spent three years buttoning his collar. We should like to know how much time a lady of 45 summers has spent in adjusting her bonnet or six buttoned glove.

Lives there the man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, "I'll pay before I go to bed, the debt I owe the printer." Yes, there are some we know full well, who never such a tale would tell, but they, we fear, will go to—, well, the place where there's no winter.

Both Sides.—Mrs. Trotter to Mrs. Barlow—Since the first of the year my dear husband has turned over a new leaf. He walks down town every morning now to save car fare.

Trotter to Barlow—Hullo, old man! You ought to try my scheme of walking down town every day. It gives you a chance to smoke two cigars before you get to the office.

From a Man's Standpoint.—This is the way a reporter, who wrote up a recent party, described a lady's toilet: Miss X—wore a red bombazine dress ruched with point alpeca and an overskirt of rose gingham with a border of parsley blossom. Her tournure was particularly noticeable from the fact that her hair was so deliciously scrambled in front. She also wore No. 9 lilac double buttoned gloves, No. 6 shoes, slashed at the heels, and pompadour socks.

WE DON'T ADVERTISE.

There is a land of bitter tears and wailings—
A land most like that drear one Dante knew,
Where wan-faced Niobe, with dark robes trailing,
In sad procession moves crowned with rue.

It is a land peopled with witless mortals—
Compared with them the Virgins five were wise.
And it is writ above its gloomy portals:
"We did not think it paid to advertise."

TWO OCCUPATIONS.—"What is Mamie doing?"

"She is a saleslady."

"Does she earn much?"

"Hardly enough to keep her soul and body together, but her sister helps her a little."

"What does her sister do?"

"She's a servant girl."

A Lively Scrimmage.—Imp—You look all broke up. What happened to you down on earth?

Satan—A fellow named Parkhurst came at me with hammer and tongs and hurt me terribly, and a fellow named De Costa threw a prayer book at me.

Imp—Did the prayer book hit you?

Satan—No; it missed me and hit Parkhurst.

BACHELOR REBUKED.

"'Marriage a failure,' did you say,
As if it settled it for aye?
You count by the romancer's tomes
And not the millions' happy homes:
You count the few within the courts,
And not the outer vast cohorts."

THE INNOCENT.—She stood looking up at him so innocently from under that sprig of mistletoe that still hung in the parlor as a reminder of the Christmas season; she was so pretty and she was under the mistletoe, and he couldn't help it—he had kissed her.

It was an ungentlemanly and unmanly thing to do. He knew that now, as he remembered her frightened, startled look, and the miserable excuses he had tried to stammer out; yes, and the tears in her eyes and the little choking sob with which she had received his stammering apology.

"Who could think she would feel like that about it!" he thought; "dear little innocent!"

And she—after he was gone she lay down on the sofa and cried. "I like him—so much, and now—to think that he should kiss me at last—and then say he didn't mean anything by it. What does he think I stood there for?—the little idiot!"

"I think you are lucky, Agnes. Short hours, light work, and a good salary."

"There is no luck about it, Alice. You have a good education, take lessons in shorthand by mail, study evenings as I did and you will soon be in as good a position." Write now.

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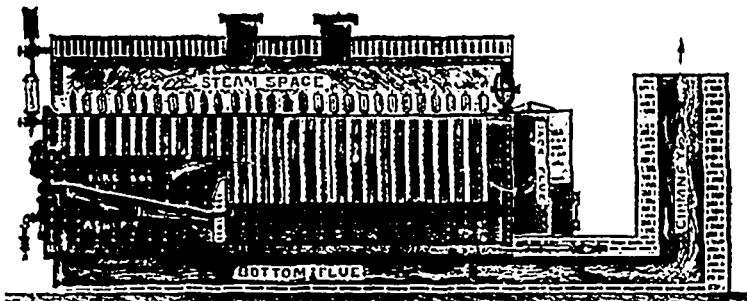
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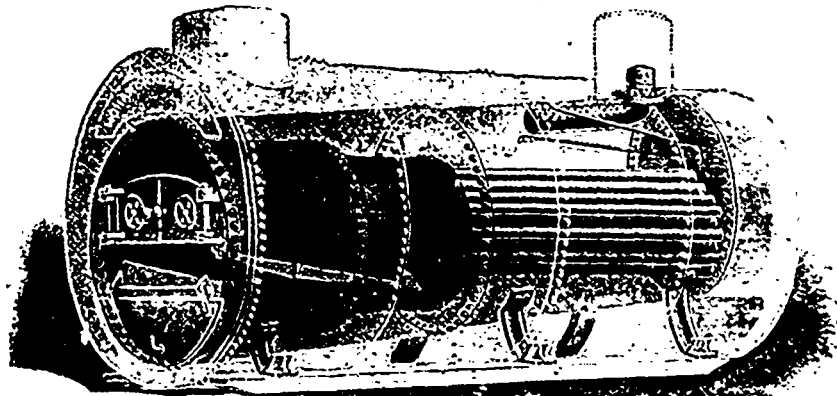
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