

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

"THESE GIRLS."

"These girls, these girls," said the tired professor,
Shutting his desk at the set of sun,
"How they perplex and distress one's spirit,
Thinking of nothing but dress and fun."

"Boys are straightforward and easy to fathom;
Everyone knows that boys will be boys;
Girls are deceitful and hard to manage,
Their tongues are restless—artful decoys."

"These girls, these girls, who could understand them?
When bent on mischief grave as the sphinx;
I asked to-day who found work for the idle?
One cried out, 'You, sir,' the saucy minx."

"I am quite weary and more than discouraged,
Trying to teach them geometry;
Well, I'll forget them until to-morrow,
Forget my troubles and go to tea?"

Then he went home, the poor tired professor,
His little girl met him with a kiss,
Another daughter put on his slippers,
A third had tea made, like liquid bliss.

"These girls, these girls," said the thoughtful professor,
Placing his hand on his daughter's curls:
"Now that I come to think upon it,
How would we manage without these girls?"

—By Mary West.

An innocent amusement.—Deacon Dry-bones (at a meeting to protest against inauguration balls)—Dancing, my brethren and sisters, is simply hugging to music. Unsophisticated sister—Is that all it is? I got an idea somehow that dancing was something wicked.

"Chicago Criticium—Miss Bunkor Hill—"I understand that you belong to a Browning society in Chicago, Miss Wabash? What is your opinion of this great poet?" Miss Wabash—"In metaphysical subtleties he is no slouch, but there is no more lyrical slapdash about him than there is in a cold sausage.

Farmer (to Dakota emigration commissioner)—"I'd think you'd be ashamed to ask people to go to Dakota, when so many have been frozen to death there lately." Commissioner—"Oh, my dear sir, you don't understand. It is true people have been frozen to death in Dakota, but then the cold is so very dry and bracing that they never mind a little thing like that."

It would never do—A contemporary asks why, if men are employed in dry goods stores where the buying is done mostly by women, they are not also employed in the millinery stores? We would say it is because men could never learn the mysteries of women's headgear. Fancy a lady going into a millinery store and saying: "I want to get a bonnet," to the man clerk, and his replying, "Yes, ma'am. What size do you wear."

"Only think of it, George, the Niagara Falls are fast wearing away." "Yes, so I've heard." "George, isn't it at the Niagara Falls where people—that is, newly married people—generally go on their wedding tour?" "I believe so." "George, wouldn't it be awful if the falls should disappear before somebody who is dying to go there should—should be able to go there, George?" A fond embrace, whispered words and the customary impediments—all of which tend to show that she and George will get there long before the falls take their final departure.

A little girl, aged three, informed her mother that she knew a beautiful story about a giant. "Would you like to hear about it, mamma?" asked she. "Well, then," she continued, "once there was a great, big, ugly giant, and he was very fond of eating little girls. One day as he was walking through the woods, he met two little girls—one very good little girl, and one very naughty one. First he took a bite out of the good little girl, and he made up a horrid face, and said she tasted awful nasty; then he took a taste of the bad little girl, and he smacked his lips and said she tasted dreadful nice, 'cause you see, mamma, she had eaten nuts, and raisins, and candy, when her mother told her not to, and that made her taste sweet. Then the old giant said: 'I'll never again eat a good little girl. I'll always eat the bad ones.'" This is how it comes to pass that there are no grown-up naughty girls; they are all eaten up young by the discriminating giant.

This is rather a pretty story of the poor Empress Eugenie, who, tho' she set a not overgood example in the way of extravagance, had a kindly heart, and a thoroughly graceful way of doing her kindnesses. One day in 1865, Rosa Bonheur was surprised while working in her studio to receive a visit from the Empress Eugenie, who entered unannounced.

The Empress kissed the artist as she rose to receive her royal visitor, and, after a few minutes' conversation, departed as unceremoniously as she had entered.

The woman artist discovered that the woman Sovereign had pinned upon her working blouse the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The Emperor who had hesitated to confer the decoration on the artist because she was a woman, had left the Empress Regent during his absence from France. One of her first acts was to drive over from Fontainebleau, and decorate Rosa Bonheur with her own hand.

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SONGS OF THE SHIRT.

(Paddy in full dress meets a friend.)—"Where did I get this shirt? Bedad I got it where they can be had By any decent caller, I was; At Clayton & Sons on Jacob Strate,— Now 'int it lilligant and nate, And only costs a dollar!" "A Dollar!" "Yes, bedad its thrue; And Barney dear! if I was you, I'd go and git another." "I'll do it Pat—I will me friend— Wan for meself—and I will kind Wan to our Mick, me brother."

(Sandy at market.)—"I guess this is a I want the non, And glad I am at bein' throo, & So I'll be toddlin' ben;— By George! I heana finished yet,— To-morrow's Sabba—I maun get Ane o' thae shirts ye ken. 'Tis but a step to Clayton's place— There's no necessity to race And I'll be hame in time; And Janet lass—the scoldin' jade Seein' the bargain I hae made For ance will hush her chime!"



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