

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES

I.—ADORATION.

She's sweet, she's young, she's gay, she's pretty,
She's fond, she's true, she's bright, she's witty;
'There's no other girl in the whole big city
So wholly divine as she.

II.—HESITATION.

She's rich, she's fair, she's shy, she's winning,
Her soul is so pure that a thought of sinning
Would fill her with grief, and I'm beginning
'To fear she's too good for me.

III.—DETERMINATION.

But still around her I daily hover,
She knows no goddess I place above her,
And when I have shown her how much I love her
I'll win her—just wait and see!

IV.—

What's this in the paper? Am I alive, or
Have I gone mad? How can I survive her?
She's gone and eloped with a horse-car driver!
What a fool a man can be!

—Summerville Journal.

General von Caprivi, the new Chancellor of the German Empire is unmarried to the regret of Berlin society.

The \$20,000 expended by the Duke of Bedford to popularize cremation may be considered a sort of burnt offering.

NEXT GENTLEMAN!—Cannibal (to newly arrived missionary)—“Step right dis way, sah—fust come, fust served.”

“Why do we call a handcuff a bracelet?” asked the commissioner of an Irish recruit at a recent police examination. “Faith, bekase it is intended for arrist,” replied the applicant, and he got the position at once.

A BETTER WAY TO CURE HIM.—Mr. Tootles (who has been scolded by his wife for being out late)—“If you don't like it, my dear, why don't you strike, as factory employes sometimes do?” Mrs. Tootles—“No; I won't strike, but you'll find there'll be a lockout some night.”

Andrew Smith, of Salt Lake City, is a Mormon elder who has had eight wives, and still believes in Mormonism. He says that he is an expert in choosing a wife. His idea is that a wife should do and think as her husband wants her to, and under this arrangement marriage is not a failure.

A suspicious subscriber, who found a spider in his paper, wants to know if it is considered a bad omen. Nothing of the kind. The spider was merely looking over the column of the paper to see what merchant was not advertising, so that it could spin its web across his store door and be free from disturbances.

From the wallet of a murderer, robber and burglar recently captured in New York was taken a slip of paper on which was written: “Keep good company or none.” “Honesty is the best policy.” “Drink leads to ruin.” “Honor thy father and thy mother.” “Civility costs nothing.” “Do not mock at sacred things.”

There is a Boston artist who, on his return from Rome a few months ago, brought with him a dog of a species peculiar to Italy. It is not a little singular that the mosaic representations of dogs at the doors of the Pompeian houses are almost identical in form, size and color with this Roman dog. He is a remarkable bright and intelligent animal.

The British Museum possesses a collection of old Greek advertisements printed on leaden plates. The Egyptians were great advertisers. Papyrus leaves, more than 3,000 years old, have been found at Thebes, describing runaway slaves and offering a reward for their capture; and at Pompeii ancient advertisements have been deciphered on the walls.

Railway Official.—“Is this the man that has just saved the train from destruction?” Several Bystanders—“Yes, this is the man.” Railway Official (with emotion)—“My friend, you have saved a hundred human lives and many thousand dollars' worth of property. I will see that you are rewarded. (to subordinate): Wilkins, take up a collection among the passengers.”

RUN IN FOR ASSAULT.—“I saw that 'ere mon settin' on Sam Randall's stips when I wuz a walkin' by his house. 'You are settin' on Sam Randall's stips, be jabera,' sez I. 'Phat uv that,' sez he. 'Is his stips any better than no ayther mon's?' 'Hey,' sez I, 'phat's that ye be afther sayin'. Git off uv Sam Randall's stips,' sez I, and when he sez he'll not, I fetched him a clip over the ear wid me club and runned him in.” “But how about the assault?” the judge asked. “Sure, yer honor, and that wuz it. He insulted Sam Randall and I runned him in, yer honor.”

Romantic Miss—Do you love me well enough to do battle for me?
Ardent Suitor—Ay, against a thousand.

“Well, Mr. Bigfish is paying me a good deal of attention. Would you fight him for me?”

“Yes I would.”

“Could you defeat him?”

“N-o, he'd probably thrash the life out of me.”

“Well, never mind. I'll take you without any fighting; and, oh, do please remember, my darling, promise me on your honor, that if you ever see Mr. Bigfish coming, you'll run.”

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