

## CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

## HIS LIGHT PUT OUT.

He had worn a colored blazer on the Nile;  
 He had sported spats in Persia, just for style;  
 With a neck-tie quite too utter, in the streets of Calcutta, he had stirred up quite  
 a flutter for awhile.  
 The maids of Java thronged before his door;  
 Attracted by the trousers that he wore.  
 And his vest—a bosom venter—shook Fortinosa to its centre. And they hailed  
 him as a mentor by the score.  
 On his own ground, as a “masher” on the street—  
 He outdid a Turkish pasha—who stood treat.  
 He gave Shanghai girls the jumps, and their cheeks stood out like mumps, at the  
 patent leather pumps on his feet.  
 But he called upon a Boston girl one night:  
 With a neck-tie ready made—which wasn't right;  
 And she looked at him, this maid did, and he faded and he faded, and he faded  
 and he faded out of sight.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his web twenty times,  
 twenty times will he mend it. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you  
 will do it.

A SURE SIGN.—Sharp—“Nohouse is going to move again.”  
 Flat—“How do you know?”  
 Sharp—“He's using up the back steps for kindling.”

Mamma (after the elderly visitor had gone away)—“You shouldn't have  
 run out of the room when Miss Oldsby tried to take you on her lap, Willie.  
 She was not going to harm you.” Willie—“She wasn't, hey? She had her  
 mouth puckered all ready for it, anyhow.”

WISDOM.—Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wisest  
 man upon earth is ignorant of many things, insomuch that what he knows is  
 a mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know. There cannot be  
 a greater folly in the world than to suppose that we know everything.

As the tree takes in the air, and the elements and particles which float in  
 the air, so the soul drinks in knowledge, and, by a divine alchemy, changes  
 what it learns into its own substance, and from within outwardly develops  
 itself and grows with an inherent force and power like that which lies hid in  
 the grain of wheat.

“Isn't that beautiful?” said a young travelling man to Mrs. De Porque,  
 as the orchestra finished playing the “Marseillaise.” “There is something  
 sublime and soul-stirring in that grand old air.”

“Yes,” responded Mrs. De Porque languidly. “But you should have  
 been with me to Paris and heard it played in French.”

The Mexican wasp is built entirely for business. He is over two inches  
 long when he is of age, and is about the color of a bay horse. His plunger  
 is a full inch long, and as fine as a spider's web. Unlike the stinger of a  
 common bee, the stinger of the Mexican wasp is non-forfeitable. He does  
 not give up after one lunge, but has it always ready for an all-day job if  
 necessary. The mission of the Mexican wasp seems to be merely to hunt up  
 people and run that stinger of his into them. The natives say that he will  
 go ten miles out of his way to get a whack at a person. The natives seem to  
 get fat on snake bites, centipede bites and scorpion stings, but if they dis-  
 cover one of these wasps in their neighborhood they hunt for cover without  
 delay.

HIS LITTLE SNACK.—It is perhaps because there are exceptions to all  
 rules that some persons seem to be able to bid defiance to many of the  
 recognized laws of health.

“Wouldn't you like a little something to eat before you go to bed?” said  
 an old farmer to a guest who was about retiring for the night.

“No, thank you,” was the reply. “I never eat anything after supper.”

“You don't? Well, I couldn't sleep if I didn't have a little snack of  
 some sort 'fore I went to bed. Of course I don't eat a reg'lar meal, but I  
 feel all the better for a piece of pie and two or three doughnuts with some  
 cheese and a pickle and a bite of cold pork—some light refreshment, you  
 know, just to stay the stomach.”

WOLF FIGHT, A LA KILKENNY.—A Mill Creek miner thus winds up the  
 story of a fight between a thousand wolves that besieged his cabin one night  
 recently in the mountains of that region, incited to frenzy by the notes of  
 the aforesaid miner's fiddle.

“I fiddled and they fit and ate each other, till the band began to thin out.  
 Every time I gave an extra rasp on the E string, they howled louder and  
 pitched in afresh. They kept it up for three hours, when there wasn't more  
 than forty or fifty left, and they so blamed full they could hardly waddle.”

“But I fiddled and they fit for a second wind. When one threw up  
 the sponge the others bolted him in a twinkling. By and by there wasn't  
 more than a dozen left. But I fiddled and they fit and feasted.”

“When they got down to three, each one laid hold of another's tail and  
 chewed for glory. The ring kept getting smaller, but I fiddled and they  
 chewed until there was only a bunch of hair left, and that blowed away down  
 hill. The snow was all red with blood and trampled down ten feet. Heads  
 and bones were strung all down the canyon, and there was fur enough to  
 stuff a circus tent. It was the dandiest dog fight I ever saw.”

When you're languid and dull in the spring of the year,  
 When stomach and liver are all out of gear,  
 When you're stupid at morn and feverish at night,  
 And nothing gives relish and nothing goes right,  
 Don't try any nostrum, elixir, or pill,—  
 “Golden Medical Discovery” just fills the bill,  
 The surest and best of all remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach and blood, is  
 Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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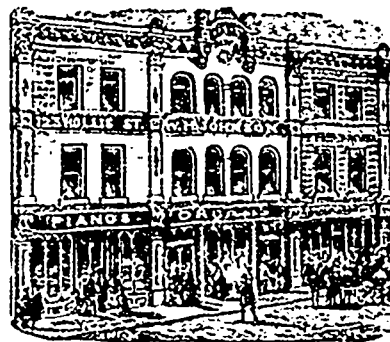
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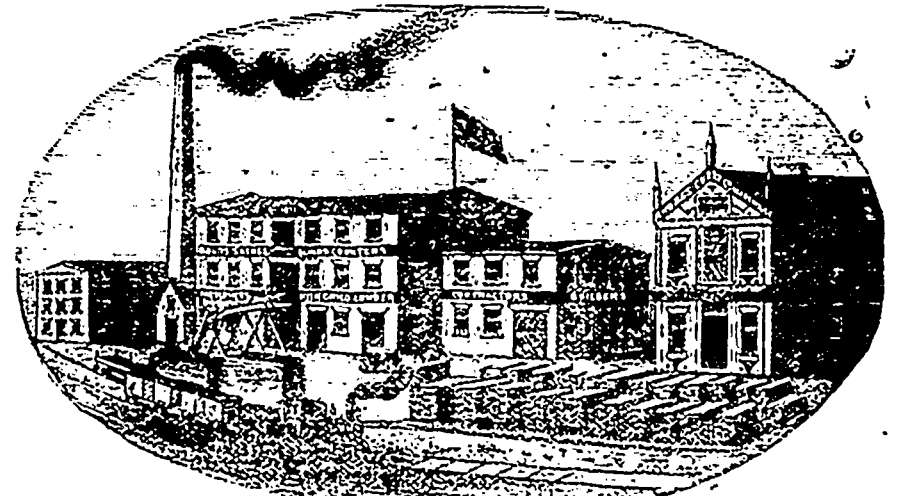
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