

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

LOVELINESS.

Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try to curl her hair,
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blushed, and sought repose;
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent;
So full many a beautiful thing
In her young soul blossoming
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Loveller grew;
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul's reflected light
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth;
And this beauty not of earth
Will endure.

Not alarmed: Romantic Miss (addicted to poetry)—Oh, I'm just in love with Edgar Allen Poe. Practical adorer—Well, that's all right: he's dead.

MONEY.—Money has no heart; it bears no relation to anything else in the world. The interest, like a perpetual stream, is always flowing onward and compounding until it eats up the principal.

A REFORM—Biglets—Is it true that Littlewate, the coal dealer, has got religion and joined the church?
Wiglets—Yes, he has at last come to see the error of his weigh.

AT THE WRONG CELL. Visitor (at the jail)—“Poor, poor man! May I offer you this bunch of flowers?”

Man behind the Bars—“You've made a mistake, miss. The feller that killed his wife and children is in the next cell. I'm yere fur stealing a cow.”

BEFORE THE CURTAIN WENT UP. Miss McTagg (leading lady in the amateur theatricals)—“Anybody can see that your mustache is a false one.”

Mr. Dylless (leading gentleman)—“It's no more false than your complexion. In point of naturalness I'll put it against your blooming cheek any day.”

Miss McTagg—“No, you won't, sir! The idea!”

SANITARY ITEM. Tramp.—Please give me something to eat. I've not had a warm mouthful in a week.

Mr. Manhattan—My good man, I'll give you a ticket, and you can get a plate of nice hot soup.

“Hot soup” he howled. “Haven't you got anything else! This makes the fifth plate of hot soup I've had in the last hour. It is not healthy to put so much soup into an empty stomach.”

“Good Robin,” said the mother, “will go to church to-day?”
“Ay,” promptly answered Robin; “I will not tell thee nay.”

“Dost love to hear the preacher when he speaketh words of grace?”
“Ay,” promptly answered Robin, “and to see his daughter's face.”

Sure churches are the fairer to young men nowadays
That bouny maids are often there, to join the songs of praise.

And many a mother owneth, with half regretful sighs,
That her son goes to worship some lovely maiden's eyes.

IN THE GREEN ROOM.—First chorus girl—You sweet thing! how well you're looking! I haven't seen you for—well, for several years.

Second chorus girl—No, the last time we met was in Brussels. That awful night when the news of Waterloo came!

First C. G.—Do you remember the time we had escaping from Pompeii when the ashes began to fall?

Second C. G.—Distinctly. And will you ever forget the lovely time we had during the festivities connected with the laying of the corner stone of the biggest pyramid?

First C. G.—That was a jolly time! and do you recall the compliment you got from Chris Columbus the night of 'he fete in honor of his return?

Second C. G.—Yes, indeed! And I'm sure you will never forget how surprised that dear old man Noah was when ... found us hidden in his ark!

First C. G.—Was't that funny? And shall I ever be too old to think of the day when Cain came rushing to us, complaining of his brother, and how—

(Interruption by the call boy.)

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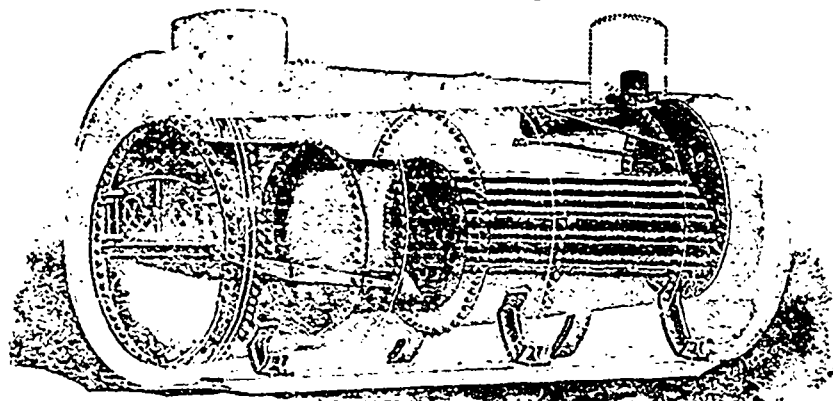
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