

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

A SEQUENCE.

We were married. She and I
In the spring;
Said she, as we settled down
In our cottage in the town,
"Love, we now begin our life's reign,
And of this our small domain
You are king."

And a happier man than I
Ne'er was seen,
And the future seemed to be
Ever full of bliss for me,
As I told my fairy wife,
"Of my fortune and my life
You are queen."

Then her mother in our home
Took her place,
And this life became to me
Full of woe and misery,
Though I dared not raise a fuss,
For the day she came to us
She was ace.

Natural History.—Teacher—Hans, name three beasts of prey. Hans—
Two lions and a tiger.

An Evasive Answer.—He—Would you marry again if I were dead?
She (reproachfully)—You would not have me thinking about such a subject
as that while you are alive, would you?

A PITY QUOTATION.—Young Hostess—"Now, doctor, what do you
think causes the great amount of misery there is in our poorer districts?"
Dr. Grimcoff—"In the words of Wordsworth, I should say, 'Drink, pretty
creature, drink!'"

As She Expected.—"When do you expect those seeds to come up?"
asked Mrs. Bleecker of Mrs. Emerson of Boston.

"I do not expect the seeds to come up. My expectation is that the
seeds will produce plants, and that they will emerge from the soil in two
weeks."

A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION.—Native—Well, mister, how are ye gettin'
along with yer pictur'? Artist—Oh, pretty badly. You see the effect
changes so rapidly that I have to work very fast to get anything at all; and
I haven't done much this evening. Native—Yes, sir, the light do fail pretty
fast, but why don't two or three of yez go at it at once?

Playing to Win.—Husband and wife are playing cards.

Wife—Let us play for something.

Husband—Well, what shal' it be?

Wife—Let us play for a silk dress. If you lose I'll pick out the dress,
and if I lose you can pick it out; but it mustn't cost less than \$100.

The Best Man—Going.—He (at 11.30 p.m.)—All the girls tell me I am
the best young man going.

She (with a yawn)—Yes; much better than than at any other time.

And he meandered out into the black night.

A Narrow Escape.—"Don't be afraid to eat some of this angel food,
Mr. Smith. I made it with my own hands."

"Miss Daisy, I don't think there is a man living worthy to eat angel
food—especially when it is made by one so angelic as yourself. Please pass
the bread"; and the perfidious wretch got away and lived to eat another day.

A Small Boy's View.—Small Boy—The cat is eatin' one of her kittens.
Mother—Oh, I guess not.

"She's got it by the neck, and is bitin' it hard."

"That is the way that a cat carries her kittens."

"Hum! Mothers never care whether they hurt their children or not, do
they?"

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as a curiosity of advertising:

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