

CHIT CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THREE MAIDENS.

Three maidens went shopping out in the West—  
West Twenty-Third—when the sun went down;  
Each thought of the color that suited her best  
For a new spring hat or a dancing gown,  
And had it sent home on the morrow,  
And each for the man she loved did buy  
A wild and a terrible patterned tie  
That each man wore in sorrow.  
For women must buy and men must wear,  
Though the style is enough to curl one's hair,  
Or troubles dire to borrow.

There is a strange scientific fact about the colors in goods The faster they are the less liable they are to run.

The man who sat out in the wood-pile and told funny stories, expecting the wood would split, evidently did not strike a "responsive chord."

WOMAN'S WORK.—"The idea of a woman trying to collect bills!"  
"Women is successful in other branches of business; why not in that?"  
"Because woman's work is never dun?"

NOBODY OF COURSE.

Oh, who would woe when the hoopskirt craze  
Fills the country with distress?  
When they block the cars and the broad highways,  
And it's forty yards to a dress!

A PRESCRIPTION.—"I'm feeling very much run down," said the twenty-sixth spring poet who had called that day on the editor. "Could you recommend anything I could take for it?"

"Yes," said the editor wearily, yet strong enough to seize this opportunity. "Take two ounces of prussic acid, or a twenty years' trip to Central Africa."

SHE SMILED.—She—I see there is a great deal of striking for shorter hours.

He—Yes, but I know how to make the hours shorter without striking.

She—Indeed! How?

He—Simply by calling on you. The hours go like minutes while I am here.

THE TABLES TURNED.—A story is told of a well-known English bishop and his bright boy, that is not devoid of instructiveness.

The father had a way of saying to his son when leaving home, "remember whose boy you are."

The lad one day turned the tables by calling out to his father, "good bye papa; remember whose father you are."

THE DREAMING BARD.

While upon a bank he's lying on a balmy day in spring,  
With the swallows 'round him flying here and there on noiseless wing,  
Listening to the cheerful robin as upon a twig he sings,  
He is catching if he know it—and he'll find it out by jinks!  
Chills, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, and such things!

THE MODERN CRAZE.—Father (to son)—Understand, Charles, that I have no sympathy with the sporting proclivities your college career has developed, and I sincerely hope that at the dinner to which you are going to-night, should your hostess venture any statement which does not entirely accord with your undoubted superior knowledge, you will refrain from offering to bet her ten to one that she is dead wrong.

SHE WAS A HUMORIST.

He courted her for twenty years,  
And they had had but few dissensions;  
But many hopes and many fears  
She had concerning his intentions.

At length he popped; of color red  
Her cheeks there was an instant flood in  
As she replied, with drooping head  
And downcast eyes, "This is so sudden."

"INVITED GUESTS."—Mrs. Popenjoy—"I am preparing the list of invited guests to your approaching wedding, Louisa, and if it doesn't completely eclipse that pretentious Snorton-Rockford affair of last week, and turn them perfectly green with envy, I shall be much surprised. Listen. (Reads) 'Her Majesty Queen Victoria, The Prince and Princess of Wales, Emperor William of Germany, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, the Marquis of Queensbury, President and Mrs. Cleveland, Hon. Hoke Smith, Ward McAllister, Mrs. Paran Stevens, Carlyle W. Harris—'"

Miss Popenjoy—"Oh, but mamma, that's absurd. They won't any of them come, you know."

Mrs. Popenjoy—"Come! Of course not! What has that to do with it? But if we send them invitations they are invited guests, are they not? And their names can be published in the newspapers just as the Snorton-Rockford 'guests' were, though some of them were thousands of miles away."

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