

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

WOMAN.

She is a contradiction strange  
Capricious, wayward, fond of change,  
As fickle as the winds that blow,  
And much man's patience tries.  
And yet she is, whene'er she wills,  
As constant as th' eternal hills,  
And makes this scene of care below  
A blooming paradise.

To endeavor to forget anyone is the certain way to think of nothing else.  
There is no time in life when books do not influence a man.

The Czar is called his August majesty because he reigns in a summary manner.

Little minds are too much wounded by little things; great minds see all and are not even hurt.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.

The man who has one of those calendars with a leaf to tear off every day has one thing to live for anyway.

'Who wrote the Psalms?' asked the superintendent, severely. And then a little girl in the infant class began to cry. 'It wasn't me, sir,' she said.

Ah soon the season will be here  
Of which swains often dream,  
When it's 'most too warm for oysters  
And 'most too cold for cream.

"Yes," said young Rudgkins, who sat in calm disregard of the clock, "I may say that I am a fixture in our office now." "I know, Mr. Rudgkins," she answered gently, "but this isn't your office, you know."

A newspaper writer asks the question, "Why is it that a young man will sit beside a young lady for hours and yet say hardly anything to her all the time?" We venture the suggestion that perhaps he is too polite to interrupt her.

Fangle—"How did you happen to tell Mrs. Fangle that you go to Europe twelve times a year, when you never crossed the ocean at all?"  
Cumso:—"She must have misunderstood me. I merely told her that I go over the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Getting Their Instructions.—The flames were burning fiercely, and the firemen were directing one stream of water on the piano in the parlor.  
"Look here," called out the chief, "this is no time to play on the piano. Turn your hose on the house itself."

ON THE BIAS.

"Adam," said Eve,  
As they went out of the gate  
When ordered to leave,  
"Is my hat on straight?"

THAT SETTLED IT.—Amy—George, dear, what do you think of my new reformed gown?  
Mr. Dolley (surveying it critically)—There's something in it I like.  
Amy—What?  
Mr. Dolley—You.

THE ACME.

There's joy in the smile of an artless child,  
There's joy in a maiden's eye,  
There's joy in the spring when the song birds sing,  
There's joy in a lover's sigh.  
But such joys all pale and easily fail  
To compare with the joyous thrill  
Of the woman who knows that her new spring clothes  
Give her rivals an envious chill.

About the Right Ratio.—The little girl sounded her father on the financial situation.

"Papa," she said, "I want \$5."  
"Great Scott, child," the father exclaimed, "what do you want with that much money?"  
"I want to buy me a doll."  
"But a doll doesn't cost \$5!"  
"Oh, no, the doll only costs five cents, but it takes the rest to buy her clothes."  
The father rubbed his chin thoughtfully for a minute.  
"My dear," he said soberly, "you have the ratio about right, but I haven't the \$5. Here's a dime."

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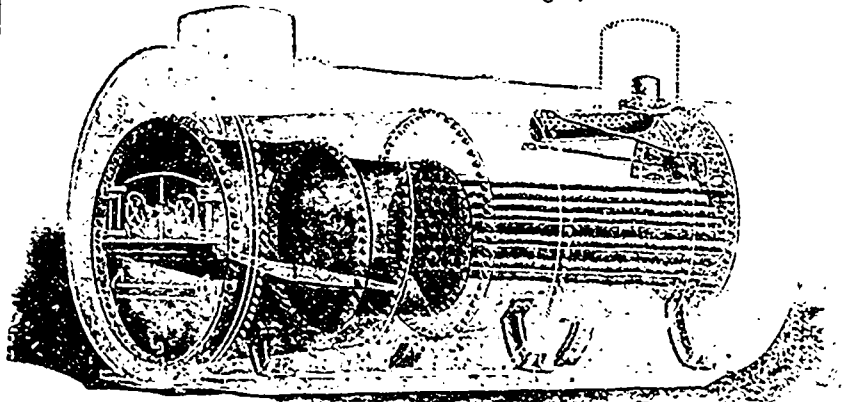
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