

OHIT CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

The husband had gone out boating, and the wind a great noise made
And the anxious wife for his safety dropped down on her knees and prayed.
And she put up a wild petition that the danger he might pass through.
If anything happened to him, she sobbed, it would certainly kill her too.
But when he returned at evening, of his narrow escape to tell,
With a frown on her face she met him, and she scolded him right well.

The man who erects a large building on a very small lot does so because he is short-sited.

It is remarkable how virtuous and generously disposed everyone is at a play. We uniformly applaud what is right, and condemn what is wrong, when it costs us nothing but the sentiment.

"When a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that bores responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

Speaking of lions, that was quite an idea of the hard-shell preacher, who was discoursing of Daniel in the den of lions: "There he sat all night locking at the show for nothing; it didn't cost him a cent."

Irate parent (who has been vainly trying to satisfy Johnny's curiosity on every known subject under the sun)—"Now, Johnny, if you ask me another question, I'll whip you on the spot."

Johnny (whose undying curiosity overcomes even the dread of punishment). "Wh-what spot, papa?"

WILLING TO CONDENSE.—"I—I must not listen to you, Mr. Caphhead," protested the blushing girl, with eyes downcast. "You are only trifling, and—besides it is getting late."

"Please hear me out, Miss Helen!" pleaded the infatuated young reporter. "I'll cut it down to 250 words!"

The longer I live the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and powerful, the great and insignificant, is energy—invisible determination—a purpose once formed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything that is to be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man without it.

A NATURAL ERROR.—Hustlem—Wiggler made a great mistake last week.

Hustlem—How?

Hustlem—He advertised that the Infanta Eulalia was being brought up on his patent baby food, and when he found out she was a married woman he was mad enough to kick himself around the block.

A BOSTON MAID'S LAMENT.

Out in the wood a knowing old owl
Sat on the bough of a venerable yew,
With never a smile and never a scowl,
Contentedly hooting, "To-who! To-who!"

But a Boston maid who was passing through
The wood at twilight amid the gloom,
Cried out in despair, "Oh I beg of you,
Mister Owl, don't say 'To-who!' say 'To-whom!'"

To MAKE SURE.—Baron Franchetti sent his servant Theodore to the railway station to find out at what time the last train for Naples departed. "You've been away a half generation," said the baron. "What has detained you?"

"It has taken some time," said Theodore. "I could not believe those people at the station, so I waited to see for myself at what time the train left!"

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.—"It seems to me said Uncle Silas Sassafras, as he read the rules and regulations tacked on the door of his room at the Hypriso Hotel, "that these hotel people just systematically try to bleed people."

"What is it, father?" asked his wife.

"Why, one of these dinzed rules says, 'Don't blow out the gas, and another says, 'Gas burned all night will be charged extra.' Now, what's a fellow to do?"

He was a chatty kind of a conjurer, and wished to open the evening's entertainment merrily. So he stepped forward to the front of the stage and said: "Ladies and gentlemen,—If there is in this audience any young man who would like to know the name of his future wife, if that young man will kindly stand up I will undertake to tell him, and this is no guessing competition. Now, will any single young man kindly stand up?" Up jumped a young man in the centre of the room. "Thank you," said the conjurer. "Now, do you wish to know the name of your future wife?" "I do," said the young man. "Well," said the man of magic, "I always like to do things in a proper business fashion. Will you kindly give me your name?" "Yes, certainly," said the young man; "my name is James Jackson." "Thank you," replied the conjurer; "then the name of your wife will be Mrs. Jackson."

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