

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

HER WEDDING PRESENTS.

She smiled like a beautiful flower
In the sunny breeze a-bloom,
As she looked at her wedding presents
That almost filled a room.

She dwelt on the dainty etching
On the carved salad bowl;
On editions de luxe in vellum
And music thrilled her soul.

As the wild rose burns in the twilight,
This thought in her bosom burned:
"They are mostly from married people,
And won't have to be returned."

—Puck.

A musician recently submitted a song to a publisher entitled, "Why Do I Live?" After reading a small portion of it the publisher wrote the composer as follows: "Because you sent it by a messenger-boy."

"It is useless to strugg'o against fate, Iphigenia. Your own heart draws you to me irresistibly, my proud darling."

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the high spirited Boston girl. "Have I ever given you the right to address me in this over-bearingly familiar manner?"

"Not to speak of the ardent devotion I have long felt for you, Iphigenia Boehn," replied the young man with a tenderness not unminged with sternness, "I am to umpire the next game between the Bostons and the Detroits."

"O, George!" said she wildly, "yes! yes! I am yours! And we'll win, won't we, George?"

"Well! well!" said Mrs. Slick, as she laid away her shawl and poke bonnet, "I am downright distressed about my gals and their clothin'. Now-a-days folks put on so much style that abody's purse needs to be full as an egg. My gals are dead on fashuns, fust they went wild on pletin', and what with a knifin and a boxin they took double as much stuff for a gown as was wanted, and that weren't calico neither. Then they went mad over that rumpling style they calls ashirrin', which to my mind is wilful wastin' of good material. Then they got struck on pannels and tailor frocks with shirt fronts like the men; but their last craze is the queerest of 'em all." "Samuel," said Mrs. Slick, closing the door, "it is your duty to stop this work, or I won't be responsible for results. Fashuns is all well enough as long as they is respectable, but my gals sha'n't, if I know, go in in for this shockin' style, that's what they call it, Samuel, and its no wonder you larf, they haven't even taken the trouble to give it a decent name, but my gals are modest and I wont have them shockin'."

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much farther than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypathia of ancient times; she may have all accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth may procure, and yet if she lack a low, sweet voice she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy, as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates a genuine refinement. In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful temper and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly such evidences float through the sick chamber, and around the dying bed; with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul!—*Woman's World.*

"Make my own mince-meat, to be sure I do," said Mrs. Slick, as she helped her friend to a liberal slice of savory smelling mince-pie, "why you don't think I'd be arter temptin' of providence and ruinin' my dergestin and everybody else's with that stuff they sell for mince-meat? I like to know my pie-stuff, that's a fact, and don't believe in chokin' my visitors with mince-meat as is out and out pison, and is enough to make a respectable dog smell on it twice afore tastin' on it. Yes, I'll give you my receipy fur it, and you can give them Critic folk the benefit of it. It's worth a dollar, that's a fact, but I haint goin' to hide my light under a bushel just for the sake of that, so here it is: Take a cupple o' galleus of chopped raw apples, fore the're cooked, and one gallon o' fine cut beef—not the head or tail, but the shoulder of a good fat critter. Then add four cups of stringed suet, and mix 'em for all you're worth. Then for spicin', griu' three or four nutmegs, and grate a cupple o' table spoonfulls o' cinnomen, and the same o' cloves. Mix 'em up with the rest of the mince and pake 'em in a big stone crock, or a big flower pot with a cork in its bottom. Then salt it all down mild like, and you are ready for the liquor. This can be made by boilin' one quart o' molasses and two quarts o' vingegar 'till they gets frothy, and then porin' this over the mince-meat. This receipy is specific, and will be understood by those who foller it closely. N. B.—as they say in writin', the beef must be baked, and no whiskey or brandy is wanted in it.

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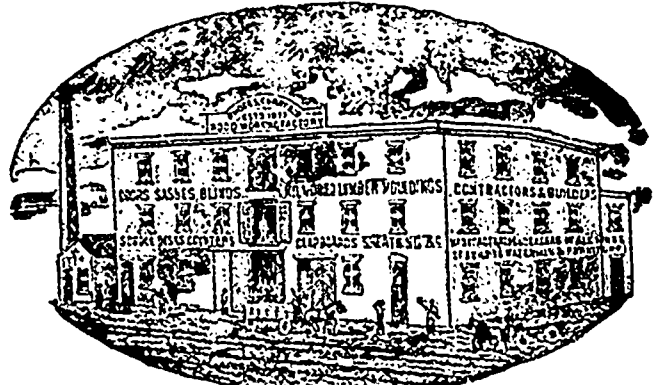
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