CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE RISING OF THE SON.

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother, dear, For if you don't the chances are I won't get up this year, Be were and keep on calling me, say fifty times or more. And when I rise I'll kick because I wasn't waked before."

Three things I ask for Christmas day:
To wit: a heavy fall of snow,
My Phyllis with me in a sleigh,
And then a bunch of mistletoe.

LYNCHED.

The tramp of horse adown a sullen glen : Dark forms of stern, unmerciful, musked men.

A clash of arms, a cloven prison door And a man's cry for mercy! * * Then high o'er

The barren fields, dim outlined in the storm, The swaying of a lifeless human form.

And close beside, in horror and affright, A widowed woman wailing to the night.

F. L. STANTON, in Atlanta Constitution.

"A stitch in the side" makes one feel sew badly.

After one girl has given you the sack and another the mitten, it is time to give up trying to gain your suit on the installment plan.

Commuter tells me he has named all his hens Mucduff."

"How assinine! But why?"

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"In hopes that they'll 'lay on.'"

The housewife who covers her beds with white spreads during the day and romoves them at night, to keep them from getting mussed, is a blood relation of the woman who shrouds her parlor furniture in brown linen.

He (wondering if that Williams has been accepted)—"Are both your rings heir-looms?" She (concealing the hand)—"Oh, dear; yes! One has been in the family since the time of Alfred, but the other is newer, and (blushing) only dates from the conquest."

Tings hab changed pow'rfully sence de wah," remarked Uncle Rastus to Aunt Becca, as he laid asido the newspaper and polished his spectacles. "Befo' the wah hit was only de slaves dat war sold, but hear dis papah states dat an 'old mastah' war sold at auction in New York for a 'normous 'mount er money. Tings hab changed, I tole you."

It is related of Queen Elizabeth that it was her delight to tantalize her courtiers during the Christmas season by donning an unusually stiff and wide roff and standing under the mistletoe. It was upon one of these occasions that, Becon having remarked that it was a pretty ruff on the Queen, Shakespeare replied that it was "also pretty rough on the court."

A NEW WAY TO LOOK AT IT.

"Tis better to have loved and lost,"
The poet sings in plaintive rhyme.
Of course it is; for then you can
Make love again some other time.

THE RICH UNCLE.—He (desperately)—"Tell me the truth. Is it not my poverty that stands between us?" Sho (sadly)—"Y-o s." He (with a He (with a ray of hope)—"I admit that I am poor, and so, unfortunately, is my father; but I have an aged uncle who is very rich, and a bachelor. He is an invarid, and cannot long survive." She (delightedly)—"How kind and thoughtful you are! Will you introduce me to him?"

REV PLINK PUNK ON HONESTY .- "Honesty, my dear breddern, am de bes' policy, especially of you am in danger ob bein' foun' out. In conneckshun wif my tex' I want to say dat ef do pusson wot put a bad nicklo in do box las' Suuday an' took four good pennies in change doan put dem pennies back whar da belong to day, his name will be ernounced so loud from dis yar pulpit dat the kinky ha'r on his brack head will stan' out as straight as a revengin' remusis."

What Sarah Said to Mary.—It was on a Midison avenue car at 6 o'clock. Among those who had seats were eight men. Among those stando'clock. Among those who had seats were eight men. Among those standing up were two shop girls. After waiting for a reasonable time for someone to offer them seats one of the girls said; "Mary, it's too bad, isn't it?" "What, Sarah?" asked the other. "That they are all bow-legged." "Who?" "These eight gentlemen. I have patronized this line for five years, and I never saw a bow-legged man give himself away by standing up in the car. It wouldn't be reasonable to expect it." "Of course not." In just five seconds eight men were on their feet, bowing and smiling and asking Sarah and Mary if they wouldn't be so everlastingly kind and obliging as to take seats-take half the car, in fact, and they took it.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Your face is like a drooping flower, Sweetheart!

1 see you fading, hour by hour,
Sweetheart!

Your rounded outlines waste away,
In vain I weep, in vain I pray,
What power Death's cruel hand can stay?
Sweetheart, Sweetheart!

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