

CHIT CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

AN UNHAPPY EXCEPTION.

The world is full of changes; there is nothing here abiding.
All things are overcast, fleeting, transitory, ebbing.
The earth, the sea, the sky, the stars, where'er the fancy ranges,
The tooth of time forever wears, all life is full of changes.

Like the sands upon the ocean's shore are forever drifting,
So all the fading scenes of earth incessantly are shifting.
Change rules the mighty universe; there is no power to block it,
There's change in everything, alas! except a fellow's pocket.

"I find it always best to keep cool!" said the snow.
"Exactly," replied the side-walk; "I catch your drift."

"Jennie, do you know what a miracle is!"
"Yes'm. My says if you don't marry our new parson it will be a miracle."

The Bishopful Lover—"Miss Emily, I—er—hem!"
She (sweetly)—"Do you, Mr. Mamma's dear? Now wouldn't you like to join our sewing circle?"

Literary Note.—Kato—"Who was the wittiest poet?"
Fanny—"Sam Jones says Tom Hood."
Kato—"Not at all. There was one Whittier."

A Chicago literary club recently debated the question: "Was the inventor of the barbed-wire fence a barbarian?" It is safe to say that everybody took sides and nobody got on the fence.

A distinguished Philadelphia lawyer asked by his wife in company when the question was going round "Who would you rather be if not yourself?" made the gallant reply. "Your second husband, dear."

He had brought her a chair, then a fan, then an ice, and as he went after a shawl her friend remarked, "You seem to think a great deal of Mr. Simmins!" "Yes," was the reply, "I like him for his fetching way."

"Bezooks is bound to be famous before long. I expect to see his picture in the papers any day." "Why, I didn't know he was specially talented." "He isn't, but he's a regular fiend for taking patent medicines."

Every man should always write as plainly as he can. Once upon a time a young man wrote to a girl: "Your loveliness has inspired me to ask you to become my wife," she read it "loneliness," and got so overlastingly mad that she refused him by return mail.

THE MILKY WAY.

"Can you sell me some milk?" the maiden asked
Of the canned milk factory man.
"I cannot," he sighed with a shake of his head;
"I cannot because I can."

Little Mabel—"If you don't stop I'll tell mamma, and she'll tell papa, and then papa will whip you."

Little Johnny—"Then I'll cry, and then grandma will give me some candy and I won't give you any."

Daughter—"There is only one thing more astonishing than the readiness with which Ned gave up tobacco when we became engaged."

Mother—"What is that astonishing thing?"

Daughter—"The rapidity with which he took it up again after we were married."

Mrs G—met a beggar in the street and was moved to help him. "Here's my card," she said, "if you call at my house I'll give you some clothes." He failed to put in an appearance; but a day or two later she chanced to see him again and asked: "Why didn't you call?" "Indeed mum, but your card do say Thursdays!"

NOT TACTFUL.

Who is the belle to-night? asked she,
As they stood on the ballroom floor.
He looked around the room to see.
And she speaks to him no more.

THE HUNGRY LITTLE BOY.—Mother (severely)—"Johnny, where is that piece of cake I left here when I went out?"

Johnny—"I gave it to a hungry little boy, mamma, and, oh, he was so glad to get it."

Mother—"Come to my arms, you dear, dear angel. Who was the little boy?"

Johnny—"Me."

A HARD ONE TO ANSWER.—The long-haired caller in the editorial room was indignant.

"Poets are born, sir," he said to the eminently practical editor.

"Of course they are," responded the editor suavely; "you didn't imagine I thought they were hatched, did you?"

"I mean, sir, they are born; born, sir, do you understand?"

"I think I do," and the editor rubbed his chin reflectively; "but why are they?"

This was the last straw, and the poet stalked out.

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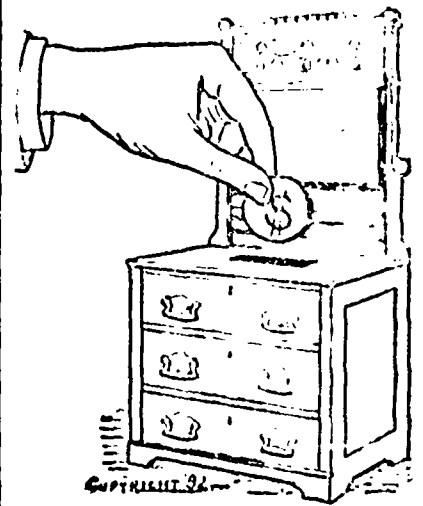
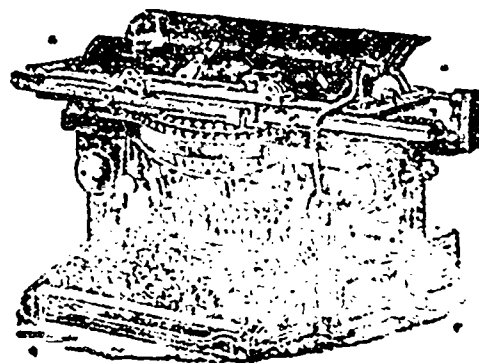
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