CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

DE MINIMIS.

So small are her feet the glassy shoe Of Cinderella would hold the two.

So light are her hands, they could untie The spiders tremulous topestry.

And her heart is both so light and small That it is hardly a heart at all.

REFINED BOSTON ENGLISH. A young Boston schoolgirl who wanted to say that the family's dog was panting exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! See how Fido is trousering l'

Employer—"James, here is a letter for you, from the dead letter office." James (in agony)—"Then it's from my son. He's bin sick for weeks, and I've been expectin' this every day."

A Sad View of It.—Gilhooly—"This world is full of misery. The happiest man is the one that is never born." Hostetter McGinnis—"Yes, but there isn't one in a million that has such streak of luck."

Some people never will be rich, Because they're always stewing And fusing over something which Some other fellow's doing.

" 1)o brutes have a language?" asked the president of the Midville Liter-

ary Circle at a recent meeting.
"Do they?" replied the secretary: " you ought to hear my husband when he loses his collar button."

WILLING TO OBLIGE.—Mr. John E. Gett (at an amateur musicale)-

What's he singing?
Miss Van Clef—"Let Me Like a Soldier Die."

Mr. Gett-Af I had my gun with me, he should be gratified.

The Squire—"It's no use for you to deny your guilt, Johnson. The

chickens were actually found in your coat tail pockets."

Br'er Johnsing (stoutly)—"I kain't help dat, sar. Hain't it pooty tough to hold a poo' niggah responsible fo' what's goin' on behind his back.

Too Kind.—Mrs. Fairweather (to Mr. Newcomer): "Dear Mr. Newcomer, we hearso much of the beauty of your daughter Gwendelin. When is she to make her debut, and dazzle society?" Mr. Newcomer (whose classical memories are somewhat confused): "Now, Mrs. Fairweather, you are really too kind. Gwendolin is a pretty girl, but she is not an Adonis."

- "Do you think. Meissonier," said Corot one day, "that Millet has gone to heaven?"
 - "No, Mon Dieu, no.'
 - " And why not, pray?"
- "If Millet were in heaven the coloring of the skies would not so frequently be atrocious."
- "That new reporter spells 'victuals' 'v-i t-a-l-s,'" said the intelligent compositor. "Yes, he's fresh; make'r right and dump'r in here—want to get to press in just three minutes," responded the foreman. And this was what the public read when the paper was issued: "The Verdict of the Coroner's Jury was that the deceased came to his death from the effect of a gunshot wound in the victuals."

A Share in a Jewel.—There is a story told of a French savant who was shown a priceless jewel by a great duke.

"Thank you, my lord duke," said the man of science, " for allowing me to share with you the possession of so great a treasure."

"In what way?" said the duke.

"Why, your grace can do no more than look at it, and you have allowed me to do the same.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT!

If I lay wasto and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;
Orif I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone?

The collections of beetles, butterflies and other animals made by Emin Pasha in Central Africa, continue to form the subject of papers and articles published by various specialists in the London serials. Among them is one by Mr. Butler, giving a list of eighty butterflies collected by Emin in the interior of Africa. It appears that most of them are identical with forms previously known from South Africa, only very few seeming to occur on the eastern coast of the continent.

There are some patent medicines that are more marvelous than a dozen doctor's prescriptions, but they're not those that profess to cure excrything.

Everybody, now and then, feels "run down, "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They re not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a vatent medicine comes in, and does for a dol lar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten. We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

We claim it to be an unequalied remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver We claim it to be lasting in its effects, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Billious, Typhold and Malarial fovers if taken in time. The time to take it is when you first feel the signs of accuraces and accakness. The time to take it, on general principles, is NOW.

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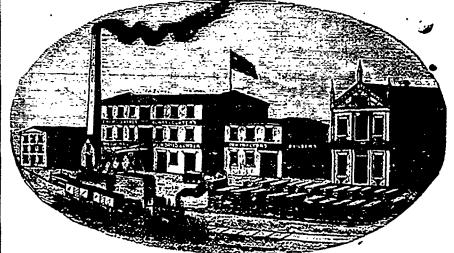
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