

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

APRIL.

Bright, jocund April comes to us to-day,
Laden with flower-bell, bursts of songs and showers;
A violet fragrance hovers o'er the way,
While children frolic in her golden hours;
Brooks, too, glance by, all sparkling in the sun,
Glad that ice fetters to the wings are flung.

The violet loves her, and the bloodroot white
With pink arbutus soon will be ablow,
Then youths and maidens in intense delight,
Will linger 'neath the moonlight's witching glow:
While Boreas slinks away, with sullen sigh,
As lovely, flower-crowned April passes by.

—The Ladies' Home Journal.

Old tomato cans look best in your neighbor's back-yard.

A grain of common sense may be of more value than a scruple of conscience.

"Sad is my lot," remarked Mrs. L. as she found herself turned into a pillar of salt.

It takes almost superhuman strength to hang on when you begin at the top of the ladder.

If trees have soles, as some people claim, then cork trees must be furnished with cork soles.

An evening call is generally productive of pleasure—if not when you come at least when you go.

If marriage is a failure, why do widows now and then,
When through with one disaster, set about to fall again?
And widowers whose married lives were full of bleak distress
Wed just as often as they can, if it isn't a success?

GUILTY CONSCIENCES.—Waiter (at the club)—There is a lady outside who says that her husband promised to be home early to-night. All (rising)—Excuse me a moment.

One of the sad things connected with the hard times in Persia is the fact that many men with from fifteen to twenty-five wives have had to reduce the number to three or four.

In the English Literature Class—Mabel—"Hogg wrote pastoral poetry about lambs and sheep." Young Miss Wagg—"And Lamb got even with him by writing an essay on 'Roast Pig.'"

Mr. Jason—"I wonder if animals really think?"

Mrs. Jason—"If they think at all, they really think. They don't sit around and pretend to think, like some old fools I know."

HER REGULAR HABIT.—Agitated young bridegroom (immediately after ceremony)—"Serena, shall—shall I—shall we—shall we kiss?" Self-possessed bride (her third experience)—"It is my usual custom, William."

Carrie—"Kate, do you believe in cases of love at first sight?" Kate—"No, I don't." Carrie—"But in a case where a man is in very, very easy circumstances?" Kate—"Oh, well, you know that circumstances alter cases."

A pompous fellow was dining with a country family, when the lady of the house desired the servant to take away the dish containing the fowl, which word she pronounced "fool," as is common in Scotland. "I presume, madam, you mean fowl," said the prig in a reproving tone. "Very well," said the lady, a little nettled, "be it so; take away the fowl and let the fool remain."

"Oh, I think it's lovely to be married," said young Mrs. Tocker to the lady on whom she was calling, "especially when you have a husband who is not afraid to compliment you." "What does your husband say?" "He said yesterday that I was getting to be a perfect Xantippe." "A Xantippe! Do you know who she was?" "Oh, yes; I asked Charley afterward, and he told me she was the goddess of youth and beauty."

From the shores of Youth, with its banks so green,
Where the tints of morning are ever seen,
To the shore of Age, with its hills of snow,
Where the hues of sunset ever glow,
There are barges passing, day by day;
And Father Time, with his mantle gray,
Is leading them on from shore to shore,
And they shall return—ah! nevermore!

There is, it seems, a distinct and well-defined movement on foot in Great Britain against women who wish to ride man-fashion to hounds. Yet there seems to be every reason to believe that a large body of women exist in Great Britain who have this ambition, and certain fashionable tailors are advertising a divided skirt riding-habit designed for these enthusiasts. The voice of the British maiden is heard in shrill protest over the innovation, but the chances seem to be in favor of the "hunting women" carrying the day.

A monkey recently brought a criminal to justice at Singapore. A native, with a little boy, a bear and a monkey, travelled through the Strait's Settlements, and made a goodly sum of money by his animals' tricks. One day he was found with his throat cut, the boy and the bear lying dead close by, while the monkey had escaped up a tree. The bodies, with the monkey, were being taken to the police station, when the monkey suddenly rushed at a man in the crowd, seized his leg and would not let go. The man proved to be one of the murderers.

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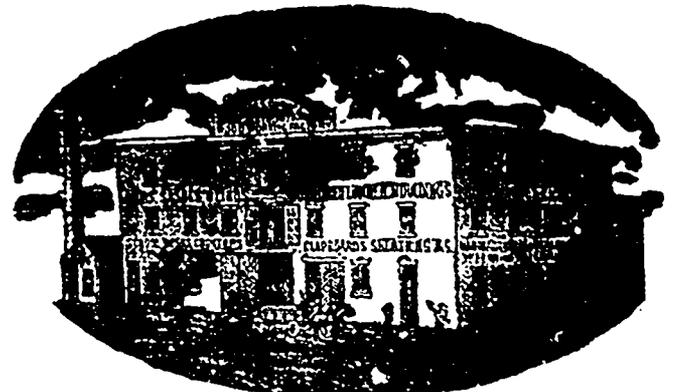
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