## CHIT-CIIAT AND CHUCKI-ES.

## AN AUTUMN IDYL.

The drowseful dream of the sweet autumn time With its mildew, mould, and mellow, Comes glimmering on with show sublime, In robes of russet and yellow. The maples are dreased in their glided gowns; The mountains are clad in splendow; The dissonant dirge of the lazy lowns And the recollections tender, Of the lowing kine and the squealful swine And the boy with one suspervier, Come broodlugly back to the bulging brain In the mazy, mild Septomber. And the soft sunlight is screme delight To your good old Uncle Davy. As he saunters swingingly up the lane For his buckwheat cakes and gravy. The glareful glume of the golden-rod glows From fence-corrers, field, and fallow, And clingically close the wild sater grows With the Marguerite and mallow. The gamblecome goose by the fruit-field fence: The guinca-cow back of the barn; The kitten that plays with a glee intense While grandmother winds the yarn; The kitten that plays with a glee intense While grandmother winds the yarn; The plump pussy-cat by the back yard pump Sits languidly, larily purring, And Clarissa Jane, by the old pine stump, The apple-butter is stirring. Oh, these arn the sights and the soulful scones That trippingly troop before us, With the walful winds and shimmering sheens And the chirpful crickets chorus.

Two KINDS OF WIND .- Winding up makes a clock go, but it has an opposite effect upon an insolvent concern.

"Oh, isn't that a lovely rainbow ?" "I-I hardly know," answered the sosthetic girl. "That may be machine-made rain."

JEALOUS, OF COURSE.-Bella.-Estelle is such a lucky girl. She was born with a gold spoon in her mouth.

Nell-Yes, and it must have been a tablespoon, too, I should judge.

LIMITATION OF A THEORY.-Ethel-"After marriage we two shall be one, shan't we, George ?" George-" Theoretically, though 1 doubt if they will make out the board

bill that way."

MIXED .- A man went to a certain railway station in America to buy a ticket for a small village named Morrow, where a station has been opened only a few days previously. "Does this train go to Morrow ?" asked the man, coming up to the ticket office in a great hurry, and pointing to a train on the line with steam up and every indication of speedy departure. "No; it goes to day," replied the clerk curtly. He thought the man was "try-ing to be funny," as the saying goes. "But," rejoined the man, who was in a great hurry, "does it go to Morrow to day " "No, it goes yesterday, the week after next," said the other, sarcastically. "You don't understand me," cried the man, getting very much excited, as the engine gave the warn-ing toot; "I want to go to Morrow." "Well, then," said the clerk sternly, "why don't you go to-morrow, and not come bothering here to-day ? Step aside, please, and let that lady approach the window." "But, my dear sir," exclaimed the bewildered inquirer, "it is important I should be in Morrow to-day-" At this critical juncture, when there was some danger that the misunderstanding would drive both men frantic, an old official happened to appear, and straightened matters in less than a minute. The clerk apologised, the man got his ticket, and the train started for Morrow that day.

A LAWYER BAFFIED.—Jim Webster was being tried for trying to bribe a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely. "You say this defendant offered you a bribe of \$50 to testify in his be-

half," said Lawyer Gouge to Sam Johnsing. "Yes, sab."

"Now repeat precisely what he said, using his own words." He said he would git me \$50 if I..."

"He oan't have used those words. He didn't speak as a third person."

"No, sab; he tuck good keer dat dar was no third pusson present. Dar was only two-us two. De defendant am too smart for hab anybody lis-tenin' when he was talking about his own reskelity."

"I know that well enough, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he !"

"I was de fust pusson myself."

"You don't understand me. words, 'I will pay you \$50 ?" When he was talking to you did he use the

"No, boss ; he didn': say nuffin about you payin' me \$50. Yore name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin' dat he tole me ef eber 1 got into a scrape dat you was de best lawyer in Sin Antonio to fool de judge and jury. In fac' you was de best lawyer in de town for coverin' up any kind of reskility." "You can step down."

Our dear little daughter was terribly sick, Her bowels were bloated as hard as a brick, We feared she would die Till we happened to try

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