

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE MAN THE PRINTER LOVES.

There is a man the printer loves,
And he is wondrous wise;
Whenever he writes to the printer man,
He dotteth all his r's.

And when he's dotted all of them
With carefulness and ease,
He punctuates each paragraph,
And crosses all his t's.

Upon one side alone he writes,
And never rolls his leaves;
And from the man of ink a smile
And mark "insert" receives.

And when a question he doth ask—
"Taught wisely he has been—
He doth a goodly stamp,
"or postage back put in.

He gives the place from which he writes—
His address the printer needs—
And plainly writes his honored name,
So he that runneth reads.

He writes, revises, reads, corrects,
Rewrites it all again,
And keeps one copy safe and sends
One to the printer man.

And thus by taking little pains,
At trifling care and cost,
Assures himself his manuscript
Will not be burned or lost.

So let all those who long to write
"Take pattern by this man:
With jet black ink and paper white,
Do just the best they can.

And then the printer man will know
And bless them as his friends
All through life's journey as they go,
Until that journey ends.

Anything to Oblige.—Hostess—Are you fond of Kipling?
Mr. Grimes (of Chicago)—Never played it; but I'd just as soon take a hand as not—I s'pose I could pick it up easy enough?

Rare Chance.—"Mrs. Binks—"The paper says a Western woman has a baby that has never cried in its life."
Mr. Binks—"By Jove! I wonder how she'll trade."

A Perfect Dare-Devil.—"Have a cigawetto, Cholly, ol' fol'?"
"Nevah use them, dean boy; and I'm wolly supwised that you have that weakness."
"Weakness? I'll have you to know, then, that it takes a pwetty stwong chap to stand cigawettes!"

Beaconfield's Bon Mot.—Disraeli was unrivalled in the art of compliment. When the Chinese ambassador conveyed to him through an interpreter his regret that he could not speak English, Disraeli replied:
"Pray tell His Excellency that I hope he will remain in this country until I can speak Chinese."

"Do you make any reduction to 'a minister'?" said a young lady the other week to a salesman. "Always! Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh, no, I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.

Guest—"So you are hard at work studying French? What is the object of that?" Waiter—"I've been offered a steady job, at big pay, over in Paris, if I learn French before going there." Guest—"Humph! There are plenty of French waiters in Paris." Waiter—"Y-e-s, but you see, they can't understand French as English tourists speak it."

Still another terror is added to existence. Many of the beautiful ivory, tortoise-shell and bone buttons which adorn the fair sex are now found to be made of the useful but dangerous celluloid. But the other day, a lady standing where she received the pleasant warmth of an open fire was suddenly enveloped in flames—all the fault of the inflammable button. Ladies, beware!

His Chances.—"If I had half a chance I'd marry," remarked a handsome millionaire bachelor to a good-looking girl.
"But you never will have," she asserted.
"Why not?" he asked, somewhat taken aback.
"Because," and she smiled in a way that fascinated him, "every chance in your case is a whole one."
It was the merest chance she took, but it notted her a million and a man.

What is lacking is truth and confidence. It there were absolute truth on the one hand, and absolute confidence on the other, it would be necessary for the makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy to back up a plain statement of fact by a \$500 guarantee. They say—"If we can't cure you (make it personal, please) of catarrh in the head, in any form or stage, we'll pay you \$500 for your troubles in making the trial." "An advertising fake," you say. Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee absolute. Wise men don't put money back of "fakes." And "faking" doesn't pay.

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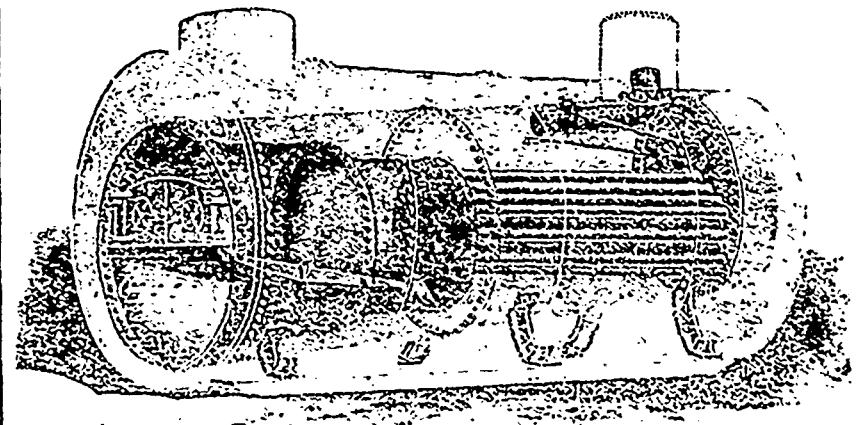
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