

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

"You'll grow up very ugly, Daisy, if you make faces."—"Shall I aunto? Did you make faces when you were a little girl?"

The world has hitherto been agitated over the questions, "Who killed cock robin?" and "Who killed Tecumseh?" Now it is puzzled with "Who killed Emperor Frederick?"

"I would like my bill paid" said a tailor to an impecunious customer—"Do you not owe any one anything" asked the debtor—"No sir, I am thankful to say I do not"—"Then you can afford to wait," was the answer of the customer as he walked away.

An American Professor attempting to explain to a little girl the manner in which the lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, remarked: "What do you do when you get too big for your clothes? You throw them aside don't you?"—"O no: we let out the tucks."

The best toast of the season was, we think given by a printer, replying to "The Ladies," viz: "Woman the fairest work in all creation. The edition in large, and no man should be without a copy." As pithy was a shoemaker, "May we have all the women to shoe and all the men to boot."

Fenelon, who often bothered Richelieu for subscriptions to charitable purposes without any success, was one day telling him that he had just seen a capital portrait of him. "And I suppose you would ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu with a sneer—"Oh no: I saw there was no chance—it was too like you."

Blinks—"Hold on! What's your hurry?" Jinks—"Nearly driven to death. Half a bushel letters to answer this morning and no one to help do it." "What has become of that pretty girl typewriter you had?" "She's no use any more. She went and got married." "You don't say so. Whom did she marry?" "Me."

Having purchased some butter of an Irish woman, the merchant on weighing the lumps found them all light weight, and challenged her with trying to cheat him.—"Shure, its your own fault if they are light sir," said Bidy: for wasn't it a pound of soap I bought here that I had in the other end o' the scales when I weighed 'em?"

First baggageman—I say, Mike, all av these trunks belong to the wan woman. What d'ye s'pose is in them? Second baggageman—Suro, Jerry, an' it's her wardrobe. She's a celebrated actress. First baggageman—And what's in the small hand bag that goes wid 'em? Second baggageman—Bo gobbs, Jerry, oim thinkin' that's what holds her janius.

A minister once told Wendell Phillips that if his business in life was to save negroes he ought to go South, where they were and do it.

"That's worth thinking of," replied Phillips, "and what is your business in life?"

"To save men from hell," replied the minister.

"Then go there and attend to your business," said Phillips.

An Irish servant was complimented by her mistress before company on the elaborate ornamentation of a large pie at dinner. "Why Bridget you are quite an artist. How did you manage to do this so beautifully?" she inquired, thinking to rally her for the company's amusement.—"Indade and it was meself that did it, mum," said Bidy with a malicious grin, "Isn't it purty? I did it with your false teeth, mum!" Tableau.

As I and my wife, at the window one day,  
Stood watching a man with a monkey,  
A cart came along with a "broth of a boy,"  
Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke by way of a joke;  
There's a relation of yours in that carriage!  
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied:  
Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage.

One bright afternoon last week a tiny specimen of boyhood accosted a lapper young man who was just leaving the Bijou Theatre, "I thay mither, be you the preth agent of the Bithou Theatre?" "I am," responded the young man, looking down upon his small questioner. "Can I do anything for you?" "Do you path the profethion?" and the little one straightened up. The young man hesitated, and then asked him, "Why, do you belong to the profession?" "I do thir," was the reply; "I am the Thomath Cat in the 'Quisthal Slipper.'" The Thomath Cat was passed.

"As you can only be a sister to me," he said, in broken tones, "will you let me kiss you good night?"

She shyly said she would.

Then he folded her in his strong arms, and gently placing her head against his manly breast, he kissed her passionately.

"Mr. Sampson," she said, softly, "this is all so new to me, so—so different from what I thought it to be, that if you will give me a little time to—to think it over, I—I may—"

But let us withdraw from the sacred scene.

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