

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

She's fairer than a lily,
And she's sweeter than a rose,
And she knocks the neighbors silly
When she wields the garden hose.

She lifts her skirts from danger
With her left hand, while her right
Grasps the nozzle, and the stranger
Gets a very pleasant sight.

The neighbors' eyes all twinkle
And their interest daily grows,
For they like to see her sprinkle,
And they like to see the hose.

—Sourville Journal.

The hair around a lion's neck is his mane protection.

A man never becomes so homely that he is not handsome to the woman he is good to.

Burdette says:—Our preachers do not write so many or so wise proverbs as did Solomon, but they have fewer wives and better children.

A Texas debating society is struggling with the question; "Is there a future life for giraffes?" They seem to be constructed with special reference to the necks world.

"Fred, do you remember that in our courtship days you used to say that another woman only reminded you of me?" "Yes; and now you remind me of other women. Odd isn't it?"

Persons who are wont to boast of their family greatness should remember that their first care should be to build up a good reputation for the party who comes in between their ancestors and their descendants.

An Indifferent Dog.—Father: "Have you named your dog yet, Johnny?" Son: "Yoth, thir; I'm going to call him after you." Father: "That's not very complimentary, my son." Son: "I'th all right, he won't know enough to care."

Henry.—"Dearest, I love you better and better every moment, and I long for the time to come when you shall be my own dear wife." Dearest—"Oh, well, Harry, there's plenty of time, and as you say your love's increasing all the time, it would be foolish to marry before it became wholly ripe."

Practical Christianity.—He—would you care much if I should steal a kiss? She (strictly Puritanic)—I should. I could not bear to look at you again, should I know you to be guilty of violating, in the smallest degree, one of the commandments. If you must have a kiss, occasionally, ask me for it, but you must not steal it.

A contemporary poet begins some verses for music—

I stood alone by the silv'ry sea,
And saw the sun in the distant West.

Joshua's feat is nothing to this.

It is "ripe meat" you must ask for now, if you wish to stamp yourself as a true disciple of epicureanism, says the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser. "Ripe meat" is meat that has been killed and kept from three to four months in an oven temperature just above freezing. This softens the fibres and makes the coarse part luscious because of the absence of "full blood." Meat subjected to such a process is so tender that it melts in your mouth as easily as charlotte russe; so tender, in fact, that the fastidious epicuro will eat no other kind.

THE CHINESE COMPOSITOR.—About once a month we register a blood-curdling vow on the accumulated files of the Telegraph, to the effect that the very next time our compositorial staff exasperate us by their inconceivably idiotic style of spelling we will appeal to our readers by publishing the paper with all its errors on its head. We don't know that we shan't do it, some day, but in the meantime we will "make even," to some extent by re-producing, *literatim*, a portion of a familiar recitation, as "set up" the other day by a natural idiot with a queue and a composing-stick. The public will see what we have to put up with in the following;—"The Burial of Sir John Moore.—Not a drum was heard not a funeral note as his corse to the ramparts. We hired not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the gram when our Hero we buried. We buried him doubly at dead of night. The soda with our bayonets turning. By thugging moonbeams mirty light and the lantern dimly burning. No melen coffin enclosed his breast not in shut nor in shorsed we would him. But he lay like a warrior taking his rest. Wilt his martial clock around him. Few and short were the papers and, we spoke not a word of sorrow. But we steadfastly galed on the fall that was dead and we bitterly thought of the mortar."—Hong Kong Telegraph.

Don't read! Don't think! Don't believe! Now, are you better? You women who think that patent medicines are a humbug, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the biggest humbug of the whole (because it's the best known of all)—does your lack-of-faith cure come?

It is very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—never made a sick woman well—and the "Favorite Prescription" has cured thousands of delicate, weak women, which makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your "don't believe." We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented, you get your money again.

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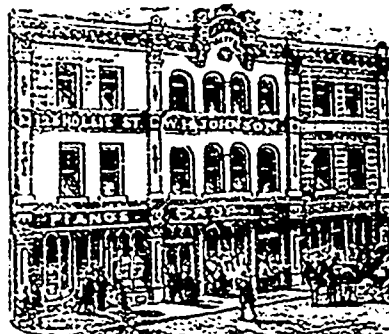
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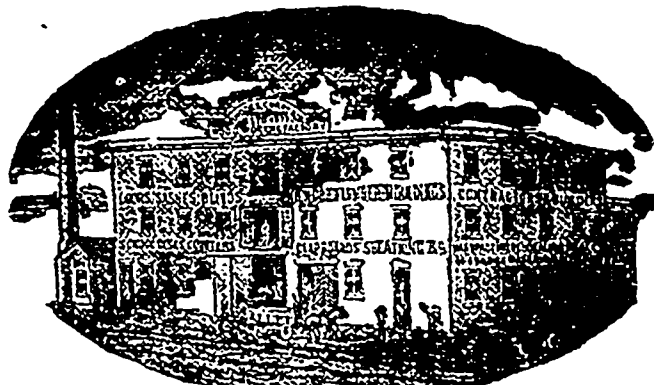
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