

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

HE READS ON THE STREET.

The woman with the parasol is difficult to pass;
The baby buggy's hard to get around;
While the fellow who forever turns toward the left, alas,
Awakens in us hatred most profound,
But there's another fruitful source of weariness and woe
Which every now and then we're forced to meet,
You're apt to run across him anywhere you chance to go—
The man who reads his paper on the street.
He boldly stalks ahead, the while his eyes are quite intent
Upon the paper laid before his gaze,
While those who chance by accident to jostle him are sent
With thoughts inelegant upon their ways,
If we by fate were called upon to make a sacrifice,
The edict we would very gladly meet.
'Tis safe to say that afterward there'll never greet your eyes
The man who reads his paper on the street.

Grammatically speaking, a kiss is a noun; technically speaking a conjunction, and generally speaking, a first-class article.

A Silver Lining.—Wife—"Horror! Husband, I've just heard there is a case of small-pox in that flat above us." Husband—"Yes, I know about it. That's all right. It's the young man who plays the flute."

He (just introduced)—"What a very homely man that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Hobson." She—"Isn't he? That is Mr. Hobson." He (equal to the occasion)—"Oh, indeed! How true it is, Mrs. Hobson; that the homely men always get the prettiest wives."

A FADING FLOWER.

Just she and I alone were there beneath the stars so calm and bright,
I told her that to me her cheeks were like twin lilies, pure and white;
But in the morning as I brushed my powdered vest for half an hour
I realized the lilies must have been some other kind of flour.

Taken on Trust.—Viscount Conamorey (whose recollections of the antique are somewhat hazy)—"Aw—a—what beautiful arms and hands you've got, Mrs. Bunder! They remind me of the Venus of Milo's." Mrs. B. (who has never even seen the Venus of Milo)—"Oh! you flatter!"

Everybody Must Learn.—The button-behind-shirt was a purely American invention, and less than three months ago, when a lot of them were shipped to Paris and retailed from the shops, nearly every purchaser put them on the wrong way, and came back to know what in Texas a man wanted a shirt bosom on his back for.

Scientific parent (on a stroll)—"You see out there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with that cart pushes it in front of him. Can you guess why? Probably not. I will ask him. Note his answer, my son." (To banana peddler)—"My good man, why do you push that cart instead of pulling it?" Banana peddler—"Cause I ain't a boss."

A WOMAN'S REASON.

I love you well, my sweetheart shy;
I'm true.
The maiden blushing answer, I
Love you.
Why do you love, me, my adored?
A pause.
And then she answered with a word.
"Because."

Dr. Regnard has raised the question in one of the medical journals as to whether a corpse which sinks to a very great depth is preserved indefinitely or otherwise from putrefaction. According to his researches, which have been published at some length in the archives of the Biological Society of Paris, putrefaction is not found to take place in decomposable substances submitted to a pressure of 600 to 700 atmospheres; these figures corresponding to a depth of 6,000 or 7,000 meters at sea. From these experiments it must be concluded, according to Dr. Regnard, that there is a total absence of putrefaction in the greater depths of the sea.

A JOKE WITH VARIATIONS.—"You ought to get five cents worth of chloride of lime."

"What for?"

"For a nickel."

The above was passed around freely among a number of St. Paul citizens and was in each case recognized as a practical joke of considerable merit. Acting upon the suggestion, a prominent merchant of this city determined to work it off on his bookkeeper with an original variation. So he said:

"You ought to get five cents worth of potash."

Contrary to the merchant's expectations the taciturn bookkeeper meekly bowed his head and went on footing his trial balance, while his employer retired discomfited at the affair. The next morning he received a note from his bookkeeper to this effect:—

"I took the five cents worth of potash and I am as sick as a horse."

It was Mr. Emerson who said "the first wealth is health," and it was a wiser than the modern philosopher who said that "the blood is the life." The system, like the clock, runs down. It needs winding up. The blood gets poor and scores of diseases result. It needs a tonic to enrich it.

A certain wise doctor, after years of patient study, discovered a medicine which purified the blood, gave tone to the system, and made men—tired, nervous, brain-wasting men—feel like new. He called it his "Golden Medical Discovery." It has been sold for years, sold by the million of bottles, and people found such satisfaction in it that Dr. Pierce, who discovered it, now feels warranted in selling it under a positive guarantee of its doing good in all cases.

Perhaps it's the medicine for you. Yours wouldn't be the first case of scrofula or salt-rheum, skin disease, or lung disease, it has cured when nothing else would. The trial's worth making, and costs nothing. Money refunded if it don't do you good.

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