

CHIT CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

WHEN IT'S SPRING.

When the snow and ice are going,
And the streets with slush are flowing;
When the brook becomes a river,
When the south wind makes us shiver;
When the sportsman goes a-fowling;
When the cats all night are howling;
When the birds are gayly singing;
When the corks our heads are ringing;
When the buds each day are swelling;
When the alleys loud are smelling;
When the frogs begin their croaking,
And pedestrians get their soaking;
When the grass from earth is coming;
When the tramps resume their "bumming";
When the humming bees are busy;
When we sneeze until we're dizzy;
When the rain is always falling,
And the weather most appalling—
Then it's spring, capricious season,
Like the poets, without reason.

"Health is wealth," but not from a physician's standpoint.

If a great lawyer is a legal light, is a great electrician an electric light?

Making love is a game that two can play at. When there are three it is work.

A burning question:—Will the coal last until time to take down the stove?

"Now," said the nervous man, as he took out the clock's striking apparatus, "we'll have a nice quiet time."

Young man—I wish your opinion, sir, as to whether your daughter would make me a good wife?

Lawyer—No, sir. She would not. Five dollars, please.

AN EXCEPTION.

When men possess one secret or one creed,
Or love one land or struggle for one need,
They draw together brotherly and human;
They only fly apart who love one woman.

"Poor Jack! he never could spell, and it ruined him." "How?" "He wrote a verse to an heiress he was in love with, and he wrote bonny for bonny."

The two most absent-minded men on record, are the fellow who thought he had left his watch at home, and then took it out to see if he had time to go back and get it; and the other who put on his office door a card, saying: "Out; will be back soon," and on his return sat down on a stair step to wait for himself.

"I don't like your milk," said the mistress of the house.

"What's wrong with it, mum?"

"It's dreadfully thin, and there's no cream on it."

"After you've lived in the city awhile, mum," said the milkman encouragingly, "you'll git over them rooral ideas o' yours."

HOOP-LA!

Oh, who would care to ride on the cars
If the crinoline should come?
Where is the man who'd want to be crushed
By hoops like a big bass drum?
And this is what we may hear, perhaps,
In the cars all over the town:—
"Will three or four gentlemen please get up
To let this lady sit down?"

TAKING HIM DOWN.—"I don't see what business it is of yours," said the ill-looking youth, hotly, "whether I come here with a dirty face. You ain't my dad!"

"No," said the old elevator man with dignity, "but to a certain extent, young fellow," he added, kicking him out on the top floor, "I am responsible for your bringing up."

AND THE NEXT DAY IT RAINED.

We say that spring is here—we say
The same thing every pleasant day;
We turn to thoughts of new spring clothes.
And then—it snows
Disheartened now, our hopes give way
Till sun shines, then again we cry
The spring is here—when, as before,
It snows some more!

A WARNING VOICE.—"Claribel," called out the old gentleman in a loud, rasping and emphatic voice from the head of the stairway at 11.30 p. m., "you 'oll that slick-haired, tallow faced, spider-legged dade in there to take his No. 6 hat and walk off, and if he ever comes here again, by jocks, I'll kick him clear up through his necktie!"

"Alfred," murmured the young woman, pensively, "something seems to tell me we had better part!"

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