

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

The buncoman is not fastidious. He lives on the simplest things he can find.

Jeweler—"This clock will go 12 months without winding."
Oldboy—"Well, how long would it go if it should be wound?"

Of whispers of a Christmas tree the air's at present full,
And the small boy loves his teacher and his pleasant Sunday school.

A MERE QUESTION OF SEX:—"Well, Willie, did you master your lesson to-day?"

"No'm; I missed it."

Teacher—"What did Columbus do when he first put his foot on dry land?"

Scholar—"Followed it up with the other, I guess."

Mistress—"Bridget, where are the oyster crackers that I ordered?"

Bridget—"Faith, mum, an' I broke ivery one av t'raim, an' divil of an oyster could I find in one, an' I sint them straight back."

"I asked papa when the millennium was comin', an' if Mars was inhabited, an' if it was going to rain next Fourth of July, an' he said he didn't know. I don't see how he ever got to be a editor."

THE SMALL BOY'S LABOR OF LOVE,

He smilingly turns the grindstone,
Although his dinner waits,
Oh, he works away with pleasure,
For he's sharpening his skates!

Teacher—"Now, Ernest, what is the meaning of 'regeneration'?"

Ernest (quickly)—"To be born again."

Teacher—"Would you like to be born again, Ernest?"

Ernest—"Not much! I might be born a girl."

LONGING.

I'm tired building and toiling
In the crowded lives of men;
Heartsick of rising and falling,
And rising and falling again—
And I sigh for the dear old river,
Where I whiled my youth away,
Where oft I'd go in swimmin'
And get licked for it every day!

THAT WAG WOGGLES.—As Woggles lay snoring in bed the other morning at eight o'clock, he got a dig in the ribs from Mrs. Woggles, who had just looked at his watch and told him it was past time to get up and light the fire. Said Woggles: "If you think it's pastime, try it once."

NOT AN UNNATURAL ERROR.—Police Commissioner—Mr. McGobb, how did it happen that you let a raving lunatic go around terrorizing people on your beat for a whole afternoon?

Officer McGobb—Sure, I thought he was some felly payin' a 'lection bet.

OH! FOR THE DAYS OF OLD.

Oh! would that days of chivalry were not forever past,
For then some gallant knight might rise and his iron gauntlet cast
Full in the face of that dark crew, these robber barons bold,
Who long the anthracite supply have jealously controlled.
What tokens such a knight might wear! what honors might he claim!
What fanfarons of horns ring out at mention of his name!
But now, alas! there's no such knight; the barons hold the sway,
And we who burn hard coal to them must grudgingly tribute pay!

"What are you going to give Santa Claus for Christmas?" asked auntie. "I guess I'll give him my stocking," answered May. "Why, Santa Claus doesn't care for that," auntie returned. "Well," said May, "then he can fill it and give it back to me."

She—This is a nice time to come home.

He—My dear, didn't I tell you before we were married that I wasn't worthy of you?

She—Yes, but I didn't think you would make such desperate efforts to prove it.

A HINT.

She wore a locket around her neck,
A locket of shining gold;
The shape of a heart and large enough
A picture petite to hold.

I opened the locket to ascertain
Who was her particular pet;
But instead of a miniature photograph
Was a sign which read thus—"To let."

Little folks don't always understand things aright. At one of the public schools recently the teacher was instilling "Barbara Frietchie" into the minds of her charges for concerted recitation. One little girl on reaching home recited the lines in this style: "Up from the meadows rich with corn, clear, on a cool September morn, the custard pies [clustered spires] of Frederick stand."

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