

CHIT CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

1891.

The Christmas turkeys have gone home to where good turkeys go,
And through the branches of the trees the New Year's zephyrs blow.
Upon the meadows and the lawn the frost has set its seal,
And noses red and muffled necks pedestrians reveal.
The speeding clouds sweep overhead, the lambs no longer play,
And by all signs we know for auro that winter's come to stay.

No longer at the garden gate do George and Susan swing,
But just before the parlor grate their hands together bring
With gas turned low, before the glow, while winter reigns outside,
They sit, with hearts attuned to love, while blissful moments glide.
And 'Cupid', with his sealakin wings, is always on the spot
And doing business just the same as when 'twas piping hot.

The small boy now upon his sled goes bubbling down the hill;
The plumber is on hand again with that gigantic bill;
The same old jokes we read last year are here again once more;
And in the evening in he comes—that same old winter bore;
And all the while we're wondering, with mingled hope and fear,
If that old overcoat of ours will last us through the year.

The coalman wears a peaceful smile, the florist feels immense,
The farmer whittles now no more upon his neighbor's fence.
Old ninety-three has left us for the cycles gone before;
The New Year's bells are ringing out. Hooray! It's ninety-four!

NAILING A LIE.—'Another lie nailed,' murmured the lawyer as he looked at the 'back in 20 minutes' sign he had just fastened to his office door, and then departed for the races.

You may say what you please,
You may cough, you may sneeze,
And cut up a wonderful caper;
But the man who's respected,
And always elected,
Pays cash in-advance for his paper.

JUST SO.—'Clocks have faces and hands,' he was saying. 'Now, why don't they have eyes and see?'

'They do,' she said in a hollow whisper. 'Haven't you heard of the old clock on the stairs?'

THE TOUGH TURKEY.

"I'm old and tough," the turkey sighed,
"One joyous thought now greets me—
'Tis of the trouble I can give
To any one that eats me."

NOT POSSIBLE.—Fat Man (who is in something of a hurry)—I'll give you \$5 to get me to the station in three minutes.

Cabman (with provoking slowness)—Well, sorr, you might corrupt me, but you can't bribe that horse.

A BRIGHT GIRL.—A traveler arrived at a hotel and asked for some hot water. On getting up the next morning he repeated his request.

'Why sir,' replied the chambermaid, 'I took you up a whole jag full last night. There must be some left.'

TIME'S TRANSFORMATION.

"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!"
Was written of an oak,
But—it's a chestnut now.

A PROPER MESSENGER.—M. Calino recently sent a new servant girl on an errand. Green to city ways, she lost her way and did everything wrong.

'You've no sense at all!' M. Calino stormed, when she returned. 'The next time when I want an idiot to do an errand for me, I'll—I'll go myself'

GOOD ADVICE.—Mrs. Witherby—I am going to open an account in a dry goods store today.

Witherby—Do they know you?

Mrs. Witherby—No.

Witherby—Then wear your sealakin.

POLITICAL NOTE.—'Pa, when a politician goes into office, does he have to take an oath?'

'Yes my son.'

'And when he goes out of office does he take an oath?'

'Yes, but there is nothing compulsory about it.'

MY LILY.

My love is like the lily,
So beautiful, so fair;
She bears herself so daintily
With such a queenly air.

But as I am a poor man
To love her is a sin.
Alas! the lily tells not,
Neither does she spin.

LOYAL TO EXCESS.—King Oscar of Sweden once passed through a little town, which was festively decorated for the occasion. Among the rest, a huge transparency, affixed to a gloomy looking edifice, attracted his attention.

It bore the inscription: 'Welcome to your majesty!' in gigantic characters.

'What building is that?' the king inquired.

'That is the county prison, your majesty,' replied one of the aldermen.

The king laughed and was heard to observe: 'That is carrying matters a little too far!'

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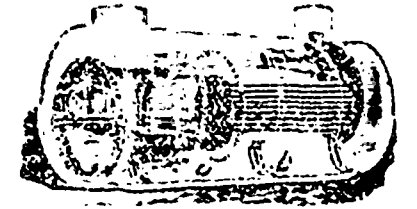
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