

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE MERCURIAL YOUNG MAN.

I.  
Sighing like a furnace,  
Over ears in love,  
Blind in adoration  
Of his lady's glove.  
Thinks no girl was ever  
Quite so sweet as she,  
Tells you she's an angel,  
Expects you to agree.

II.  
Moping and repining,  
Gloomy and morose,  
Asks the price of poison,  
'Thinks he'll take a dose.  
Woman are so fickle,  
Love is all a sham,  
Marriage is a failure,  
Like a broken dam.

III.  
Whistling, blithe and cheerful,  
Always bright and gay,  
Dancing, singing, laughing,  
All the livelong day,  
Full of fun and frolic  
Caught in Fashion's whirl,  
Thinks no more of poison—  
Got another girl.

—Summersville Journal.

He—I am sure you would like my brother. She—I have no doubt I should. I am told you two are so different.

Lulu (who has been very ill, and suddenly awakens)—“Am I in heaven, mamma?” Mother—“No, dear; we are still with you.”

A Wise Course.—“I fell over the rail,” said the sailor. “and the shark came along and grabbed me by the leg.” “And what did you do?” “I let him have the leg. I never disputos with a shark.”

A young man led a blushing female into the presence of the Rev. Dr. Carpenter: “We want to be married,” he said; “are you the Rev. Mr. Carpenter?” “Yes,” replied the genial minister, “Carpenter and joiner.”

High Artists.—Old lady—Is there anything you can do around the house if I give you a good meal? Tramp—Yes, marm; I kin make yer hair curl wid a lecturo on Wagner, an' me iron' here can give practical illustrations on der piannyforty, ef you've got one.

Bobby—“What animal is that, pa?”

Pa—“That is an old hyena,” Bobby.

Bobby—“Why, pa, that doesn't look a bit like you. Ma doesn't know what she talks about half the time, does she?”

Now governess (impressively)—“Oh Tommy, you've made a blot. Now, when I was a little girl and made a blot on my copy-book, I used to cry.” Tommy (earnestly)—“What! really?” New governess—“Yes, really cry.” Tommy—“What an awful little duffer you must have been.” —The Jester.

Stranger (out West)—“See here! I want you to arrest these two men over there for forcing me into a game of poker with them and then swindling me.”

Policeman—“Y'r nek'n' too much, stranger, I can't arrest them gents. One's th' honored mayor of this ere city, an' th' others th' chief of perlice.”

Mrs. Fangle — Lizzie, what time was it when that young man left last night?”

Lizzie—About 11, mamma.

Now, Lizzie, it was two hours later than that, for I distinctly heard him say as you both went to the door, “Just one, Lizzie.” You can't fool your mother.

Some one 's calculated that it takes sound thirty-two and one half hours to go round the world. This suggests an interesting experiment. Some morning get up early and go out upon the back stoop and yell. Then attend to your regular duties that day and the next, and when the afternoon of the next day comes, go home and stand on your front stoop and hear the yell which you let out the day before come back to you after its trip around the world.

He Made Them Comprehend.—Missionary (lecturing in Kentucky)—Yes, my friends, the people are responding nobly! Why, just think of it—we raised, last year, \$119,050! Enough to buy 100,000 suits of clothes! (No applause.) Missionary—Yes, my friends, 100,000 suits of clothes! (Waits for applause, but none comes.) Missionary (desperately)—Or 1,190,500 glasses of whisky (Audience, to a man, rises to its feet and shrieks with excitement.)

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