

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

SONG BIRDS.

Ah, in the summer, the blythe golden summer,
Songs to my heart came as birds to a tree,
Piping and thrilling, each jubilant comor
Full of song-secrets, of bird-ecstasy.

Now in December, the cold white December,
Few come and sad ones, to sing through the snow,
Waking my heart but to bid it remember
That childhood has gone, as the sweet summers go.

Miss J. E. GOSWYCKE ROBERTS.

A little boy who had been used to receive his older brother's old toys and clothes, recently remarked, "Ma, shall I have to marry his widow when he dies."

Miss Gotham (to Mr. Wabash, recently returned from abroad)—I suppose you were at court while in London, Mr. Wabash?

Mr. Wabash (uneasily)—Well—or—yes, Miss Gotham, only once, and then I got off with a merely nominal fine.

JUST AFTER THE KISS.—Mrs. Kershaw—how well you are looking, dear! and what beautiful diamonds? How long were you in Paris?

Mrs. Coggsball—"We didn't go there at all."

Mrs. Korshaw—"Why, I didn't know they made them so perfectly deceptive anywhere else."—Judge.

She had expected it for some time, she thought it had come at last.

"Miss Lulu," he began in a low tone of voice, "living alone at the Hoffman House is not what it is cracked up to be. It is a lonely life at best for a young man of domestic tastes, and I feel that I must make a change. I want to ask you Miss Lulu, if— if—"

Miss Lulu (with a beating heart and a raising inflection)—"Yes, Mr. Cruikshank."

He (continuing)—"If it wouldn't be the wisest plan for me to take up a suit in some bachelor apartment house?"

J. H. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant" and "The Countess Evo," is a chemical manufacturer, the successor of several generations of the same name who have carried on the business in Birmingham, Eng. He owes literary achievements to an impediment in his speech, as this has always prevented him from expressing in words his ideas on any subject that strongly interested him. In early life he joined an essay society, and "John Inglesant" was the development of this essay writing.

A good story regarding the late Bayard Taylor, which has never appeared in print, is told at Cornell University. Taylor was at a large dinner party given by President White. In the post-prandial conversation something was said regarding restaurants. "By the way" said one, "what does the word restaurant signify?" Quick as a flash, Bayard Taylor said: "it comes from *res*, a thing, and *taurus*, a bull, therefore, a bully thing." The laughter that greeted this sally settled the immortality of the joke, and professors and students alike delight to repeat it.

"Out in Australia," said Mrs. Slick, "the government is offering a bounty for a killin off the rabbits which have become superfluous in that colony, but our government has shut its eyes to the Halifax rat pest, and those abominable varmin is multiplien' so fast that below stairs arter dark isn't habitable. What with rats in the cellars, rats in the walls, and rats under the floors domestic peacefulness is unpracticable. Ye, I used rough on rats and found it worked fine for my house, but I don't like to be unneighborly, and I didn't feel just right when the lady next door called me in to show me the remains of a horrid dead rat that the man had found under her parlor floor, and told me of the expense she had been put to, but when she hinted that someone in the neighborhood was usin pisin, I spoke right up, and said that I didn't like hints, that that wasn't no Slick rat or it wouldn't have been dead in her house, and that if she had studied natteral history she would have known that rats often die without been pisin, and would you think it, my neighbor got hoppin' mad and now we just bow stiff like when we meet in the street?"

"Its too bad," said Mrs. Slick as she looked over her mail yesterday morning, "its too bad that a respectable body like me should have to tolerate the modern abuse of a good old ancient custom. When I was a gal, I used to get valertines as was pleasin' to a body's self-esteem, but now a-day's any body thinks he has the right to send a vallerntine to anybody, and I don't think much of the idea. I'm putty good-natered, but I can't stand this impertinence. Here I've got a vallerntine with a low necked woman a dressed in short sleeves, and ugly as Mr. J's wife, and these are the lines as they calls poetry attached to the bottom.

Madam my name is rollin Dick
I'm often well and seldom sick,
I makes my livelihood on tick,
And I want to get married very quick.
I think myself a downwright brick,
And in matters of love all men I lick,
My name is good, my sir-name's Mick—
O'roy is the rest of my name so slick
And I want to marry Mrs. Slick!

Such poetry is insultin' to the memory of my dear departed, and a downright abuse of the matten' season. That's a fact."

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Bewailing his sores, rags and dirt;
Fine linen was dear, and white muslin unknown,
And no one could spare him a shirt.

But things in our day are better by far,
And we live in more genial times;
For we, notwithstanding the rumors of war,
Are giving fine shirts for Ten Dimes!

Of choicest material, and value most rare,
With fine work from wristband to collar
And the best of the land such a garment might wear,
Though the price of it's ONLY A DOLLAR!

Fine white shirts for a dollar!"

I heard some folk holler

Or was it the voice of the scuffer?

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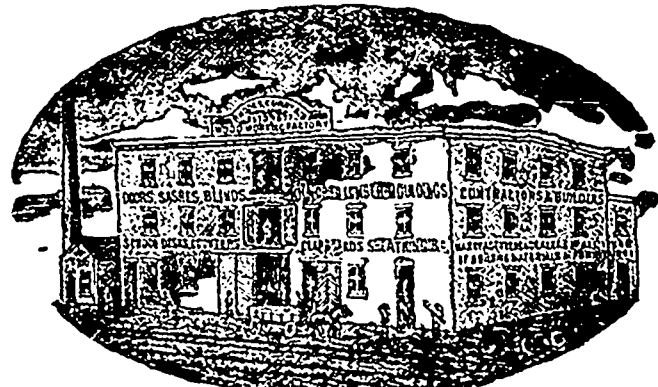
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