

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

A RHAPSODY IN TWO RHAPS.

I.

I love you! she said,
By the flash of her eye,
By her smile, modest, shy,
By the brow that would flush,
By the cheeks that would blush:
By her hot lips apart,
As close to her heart
She drew him, he knew,
(And was thrilled through and through.)
That she meant what she said.

II.

And he? Did he pale
At her forward confession,
Which, void of discretion,
The sweet, lovely maid
In her ardor betrayed?
Did he kiss that fair brow,
And eternally vow
By the heavens above
To deserve that pure love
Till had flown life's last spark?
No he gave a light bark
And then wagged his tail!

SUPPOSING.

Supposing the grass should forget to grow,
And the way-side rose should forget to blow,
Because they were tired and lazy:
Supposing potatoes were able to talk:
Supposing that pumpkins were able to walk:
Wouldn't the world seem crazy?
Supposing that strawberries ripened on trees,
And robins and thrushes swam in the seas,
While mackerel flew in the air:
Supposing the stars in the meadows grew,
And the sky was green and the leaves were blue.
What a topsy-turvy affair!

Charlotte (who lisps, overhears Uncle James speaking of "Santa Claus" being a myth)—"Why, I thought he was a *Mithler*."

He—"The sound of your voice reminds me of the music of a brook."
She (flattered)—"Indeed!" He—"Yes. You see it rolls on forever."

He (within the pearly gates)—"I know you would come to me, my own, my beloved." She (just arrived)—"Yes, darling. Er—how does my crown become me?"

"My wife is practicing with dumb-bells," proudly exclaimed a would-be athlete. "Do you find them any softer than flat irons?" queried a wag who overheard the remark.

Applying the Koch Cure.—Mrs. Nextdoor—Where's your husband?
Mrs. Athome—Down cellar, inoculating the gas metre. He says its consumption of gas is something awful.

His Choice.—Proud Father (showing off his boy before company)—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?" Little Son (after meditation)—"I'd rather be Edison." "Why?" "Cause he ain't dead."

Dangers of the Tunnel.—Without a moment's warning the train plunged into a tunnel. "Were you alarmed, dearest?" enquired Mr. Malone after the train had emerged into daylight again. "N-not much, Eulet," answered the blushing bride. "If I had not been afraid this tunnel was a short one, Glycerine," he whispered, "I should have taken advantage of the darkness and kissed you, my love." "Didn't you kiss me, dear?" exclaimed the wondering bride. "Somebody did half a dozen times."

In the midst of a crowd slowly making their way into a theatre a corpulent gentleman who was closely following a pretty girl amused himself by certain tender squeezes and amatory whispers, which at length so annoyed the fair one that, turning her head as far as she could, she exclaimed with great sharpness of tone: "I wish you would leave me alone, sir." "Very well, my dear," said her plump admirer, "but pry don't eat me." "You are in no danger," replied the nymph, "I am a Jewess."

During his visit to Ireland Eugeno Field did not kiss the Blarney stone but he secured what he declares is a chip of it. He says; "I had a hard time getting this chip. I told a friend of mine who was travelling in Ireland that I wanted a chip. You see the Blarney stone is on the outside of the wall to Blarney castle, and to kiss it you have to walk along a ledge and stoop over it while some one holds you. Well, my friend went out with a hammer and while his friend held him he chipped off pieces. But all the pieces dropped before he could catch them. So they had a consultation and then took an umbrella out with them, and then opened the umbrella and caught a chip or two in it."

Takes 1000 people to buy Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, at 50 cents a bottle, to make up \$500. One failure to cure would take the profit from 4000 sales. Its makers profess to cure "cold in the head," and even chronic catarrh, and if they fail they pay \$500 for their over-confidence.

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