

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

WING TEE WEE.

Oh, Wing Tee Wee,  
Was a sweet Chinese,  
And she lived in the Town of Tao;  
And her eyes were blue,  
And her curling queue  
Hung dangling down her back.  
And she fell in love with gay Wan Lill,  
Who wrote his name on a laundry bill.

And Ting Tung Told  
Was a pirate bold,  
And hoisted in a Chinese junk;  
And he loved, ah, me!  
Sweet Wing Tee Wee.  
But his valiant heart had sunk,  
So he drowned his woes in a sparkling "fizz,"  
And he swore that the maid would yet be his.

So bold Ting Told  
Showed all his gold  
To the maid of the Town of Tao;  
And sweet Wing Tee Wee  
Eloped to sea  
And never more came back  
For in far Chinese the maids are fair,  
And the maids are false as they are elsewhere.

—Sounding.

Things One would Wish to have Expressed Differently.—"Well, good-bye, Miss Smith. Tell the others I was very sorry not to find anyone at home—a—a—a—except you—a!"

Not to Her Taste.—He: "I am sure we could get along on your income. I am not a man of expensive tastes."—She: "Anyone who wants to marry me is a man of very expensive tastes."

AT THE CHURCH FAIR.—He—Your parents were prophetic, Miss Goodyear, when they christened you Charity.  
She—Oh, no! It was because I began at home.

A Misconception of Terms.—Mrs. Callahan: "I want to get a pair of shoes for the little bye." Clerk: "French kid?" Mrs. C. (indignantly); "Ludade not. He's me own son—born and bred in Ameriky."

"Paper, sir!" asked the newsboy.  
"No, I never read," was the blunt answer.  
"Hi, boys, come here," called out the gamin; "here's a man as is practicin' for the jury!"

A Serious Complication.—"What makes you look so worried lately? You're not like yourself?" Great Lawyer: "Well, I'm having considerable trouble downtown." Spouse: "Now you must tell me all about it." Lawyer: "Well, you see, I want to keep the office open till five, and the office boy wants to close it at four, and we can't seem to arrange matters."

A Sad Complication.—"I'll never publish another book anonymously as long as I live," said a poet on Christmas morning.  
"Why not?" queried a friend.

"Because I have already received five copies of my own book from my admirers, with the compliments of the season.—Editor's Drawer, Harper's Magazine.

YE OLDEN DANCE, 1711,

Oh, olden times! Oh, happy days,  
When youth and age were blended all;  
The polished floor, the dancing maze,  
The powdered heads, the brilliant ball.

With flowing locks and buckled shoe,  
The men were gallant—ladies gay;  
The ever-welcome children, too,  
Tripped merrily the night away.

The joyous laugh, the winsome glance,  
The tender touch, the loving smile;  
Who has not known them in the dance,  
The past, the present, all the while?

LITTLE JOHNNY TELLS A STORY.—One time there was a young gote which felt butty, and there was a ole ram which lay in the road, half a sleep chune his cud. The gote he had been shet up in a paster of his life, an had never saw a ram, an he sed to his sister, the gote did, "You jest stan stil an so me whips that freck off the faec of the erth."

So the gote he went up before the ram an' stomp his feets an' shuke his head real frightful, but the ram he didnt git up, but only jes kep a chun his cud and wotched between his i lashes. Bime by the gote he backed of and take a run, an' then arose up in the air an' come down with his hed on the ram's head, whack! The gote's head was busted, but the ole ram he never wank his eye. Then the ole ram he smied with his mouth, an' sed to the butte gote's sister, "Pears to me miss, that kangaroo of yours is mitty careless when he lites, he come gum dasted near making me swoller my cud."

It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who, when asked Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" replied, "That depends on the liver." And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pun. The liver active—quick—life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow. The liver sluggish—life dull, everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as a result—sick headache, dizziness, constipation. Two ways are open. Cure permanently or temporarily. Take a pill and suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose, or coax it by a mild pleasant way.

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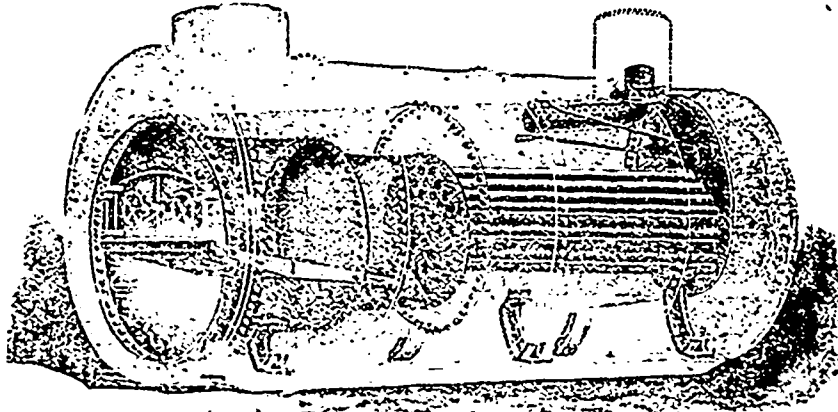
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