

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

A SECRET.

He said: "No one shall ever learn
T'is secret that my heart must keep;
No matter how the words may burn,
No matter how my heart may leap,
No one shall know I love her so,
No one shall know, no one shall know!"

But though his lips were tightly sealed
The very birds his secret guessed,
For in his eyes it was revealed,
And in his face it was confessed—
"I love her so, I love her so,
But none shall know, but none shall know!"

The wind soon found it and ran on
To tell it to the wondering flowers,
And bear it to the gates of dawn,
Where loiter all the coming hours.
That they might know he loved her so,
That they might know, that they might know!

Some time all secrets must unfold,
And soon did he a listener seek,
To whom his story might be told,
Before the laughing world should speak
And tell her (if she did not know!)
He loved her so, he loved her so!

—Meredith Nicholson, in Indianapolis Journal.

HE IS NEVER CLEAR—Fair customer—"Have you Browning in clear type?"

Bookseller—"No, ma'am; Browning doesn't come that way."

When Alderman Gill died his widow ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event. He wrote to this effect: "I am desired to inform the Court of Aldermen Mr. Alderman Gill died last night by order of Mrs. Gill."

She—"No, sir; it is impossible. I am sorry, indeed, but I can never marry you." He—"And yet the encouragement you gave last night in the waltz—" She—"Oh, that musn't be counted, what I said under pressure, so to speak."

No cat needed.—Bridget—Shure, now, yez don't mane ter say yer livin' in a family phere there ain't no cat. Who kin yer blame things on? Ann—The childer'. "Oh, it's foolin' ye are." "They aren't her own childer; they're master's."

WHAT SORT OF A PLACE IS NEWTOWN?—In his charge to a jury at a trial in Bridgeport of Rudolph Stoeffel for the murder in Newtown of Andrew J. Peck, of that place, Judge Torrance said: "The shot which was found in Peck's body was the same size as generally used by the citizens of that place."

First London Belle—"Oh, have you heard the news? I never would have believed it, but it's true. All sorts of wonderful things are occurring nowadays." Second London Belle—"Dear me! What has happened?" "An English duke, who spent three weeks in America, has returned and married an English girl."

STERN DISCIPLINE.—The drill-sergeant of a Scotch regiment growled to a recruit. "Jock Macnab." "Weel, mon?" said Jock. "Haud up yer muckle heid, mon, an' dinna keep lookin' on the grun' as though ye had drappit a hale threepenny bit." Having occasion to reprimand the same delinquent for placing his hand upon his nose, he cried, "What's that ye're dacin'?" "It was a muckle fleec on my nose," was the explanation. "Weel, iet the neist an' stick there till it thinks fit to awa', or I'll ram ye in the gaird-room for bein' misreglar i' the rawnks. Losh, if I had my will o' ye, I'd rub yer ugly neb wi' tracle, an' has a' the flees in the place about it, an' make ye stand stiff at attention a' the time!"

Religion and Charity Booming—Stranger—Kissing sociables! What are they? Rural Belle—They are never held except to raise money for some religious or charitable object. The young men are blindfolded, and on the payment of a fixed sum some girl, whom he doesn't know, of course, is brought up to him and he is allowed to kiss her. He never finds out whom he kissed; but by paying enough he can finally kiss every girl in the room. So, you see, he gets the one he wants, but he never can tell which one it was. "I see. Is there much activity in religious and benevolent circles in a town like this?"

"Yes indeed. It just keeps every one of us busy hunting up objects to hold sociables for."

This is a queer description of Wordsworth which a quaint old Lakeman gives: "Wudsworth for a' he had noa pride, nor nowt, was a man who was quite one to hissel". He was not a man as folks could crack wi', nor not a man as could crack wi' folks. But there was another thing as kep' folks off, he had a te:ble girt deep voice, and ya might see his faaco again for long enuff. I've knoan folks, villago lads, and lasses, coming over by old road, above which runs from Gramere to Rydal, flayt a'most to death there by Wishing gaatte, to hear the girt voice a groanin', and mutterin', and thunderin' of a still evoning, and he had a way of standin' quite still by the rock there in t' path under Rydal, and folks could hear sounds like a wild beast coming from the rock and children were scared fit to be dead a'most."

A BEAUTIFUL EASTER GIFT.—Scott & Bowne, manufacturers of the well known Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, offer a most beautiful Easter gift—composed of eight artistic studies of Birds and Flowers, put up in folio—worth at least \$2.00, for 25 cents. On receipt of above in stamps, it will be mailed at once.—SCOTT & BOWNE, 132 South Fifth Ave., N. Y.

SONGS OF THE SHIRT.

(Paddy in full dress meets a friend.)—"Where did I get this shirt? Bedad I got it where they can be had
By any decent caller,
At Clayton & Sons on Jacob Sthrate,—
Now aint it illigant and nate,
And ONLY COSTS A DOLLAR!
"A Dollar " "Yes, bedad its thrue:
And Barney dear! if I was you,
I'd go and git another."
"I'll do it Pat—I will me friend—
Wan for meself—and I will sind
Wan to our Mick, me brother."

(Sandy at market.)—I guess this is a' I want the noo,
And glad I am at bein' throo,
So I'll be toddlin' ben:—
By George! I heana finished yet,—
To-morrow's Sabba—I maun get
Ane o' thae shirts ye ken,
'Tis but a step to Clayton's place—
There's no necessity to race
And I'll be home in time:
And jenet lats—the scoldin' jade
Seen' the bargain I hae made
For ance will hush her chime!

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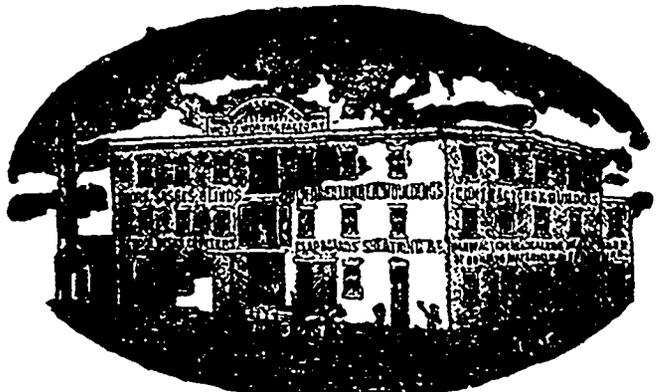
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