

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE MISTLETOE.

Oh, dainty odor of the mistletoe,
Sending my fancy off to long ago!
All this small room with faint perfume beset,
A modest mimicry of violet.

Those ancient days when linen robes of priest
Caught the green bough to deck some furious feast,
Breaking those brittle stems with knives of gold—
Those days were not so fine as some less old.

As jovial days, when jolly Christmastide
Filled all the earth with mirth, dear love beside,
Sweet was it then. Beneath the mistletoe,
To catch a pretty maid and kiss her—so!

Oh, dear was yesterday beneath the bough,
And dear the kisses given there, I trow;
Full sweet the days we never can forget,
But, ah, to-morrows will be sweeter yet

Mrs. McGlone says she can never trust her husband out of her sight unless she is with him.

A correspondent writes to know what he ought to get for "kicking cows." We should say about a year if he does it habitually.

Old Goldstein—"I cannot advance you any more money Herr Baron; but I can tell you one way of getting on your legs again—sell your carriage and horses."

"I never shot a bird in my life," said a friend to a Irishman, who replied: "I never shot anything in the shape of a bird but a squirrel, which I killed with a stone that fell into the river and got drowned."

Mother—"Willie, don't you know it's wrong to play with your soldiers on Sunday?"

Willie—"But, mamma, this is the Salvation Army."

When a man leaves our side and goes to the other side he is a traitor, and we always felt there was a subtle something wrong about him. But when a man leaves the other side and comes over to us, then he is a man of great moral courage, and we always felt that he had sterling stuff in him.

Some one remarked to Charles Lamb that he considered Shakespeare greatly overrated. "There is," said he, "an immensity of trick in all he wrote, and people are taken by it. Now if I had a mind I could write exactly like Shakespeare." "So you see," proceeded Lamb quietly, "it is only the mind that is wanting!"

Owing to defective punctuation the following absurd passage appeared in the German paper: "Next to him Prince Bismarck walked in on his head, the well-known military cap on his feet, large but well polished top-boots on his forehead, a dark cloud in his hand, the inevitable walking stick in his eye, a menacing glance in gloomy silence."

AND THE GIRLS WERE LEFT.

The Baronet rich was adored,
While his cousin poor was abhorred,
But the rich man died
And the girls all cried,
For the cousin became the rich lord.

NICE FOR A DONKEY.—He thought, and always had thought, that he was born a humorist.

"What quantities of dry grasses you have collected, Miss Jones! Nice room for a donkey to get into."

"Make yourself at home," she said, sweetly.

The anarchist orator (opening the meeting)—"Fellow citizens, I have just been insulted by one of the conscienceless plutocracy. The oppressor met me on the street and I muttered, 'Beware! I am an anarchist.' Then the insulting monopolist turned upon me and said, 'Are you? Well here's a quarter; go get yourself a drink.' What shall we say of such vile"—The meeting (unanimously rising)—"Which way did he go?"

THE DIFFERENCE.—"Ah, well!" sighed Meeker, as his wife again handed him that piece of baby-blue ribbon, and told him to try some of the other stores, "you've changed greatly since we first married."

"Changed?" said Mrs. Meeker. "How?"

"Then you used to love me; now you love to use me," said Meeker, as he started slowly down the steps.

NO USE FOR HIM.—He—Don't you think I would make a good husband? I have such good taste in woman's dress that I could help you select all your gowns.

She—But there is one objection to that.

He—What, pray?

She—If I married you I would have to get them all beforehand.

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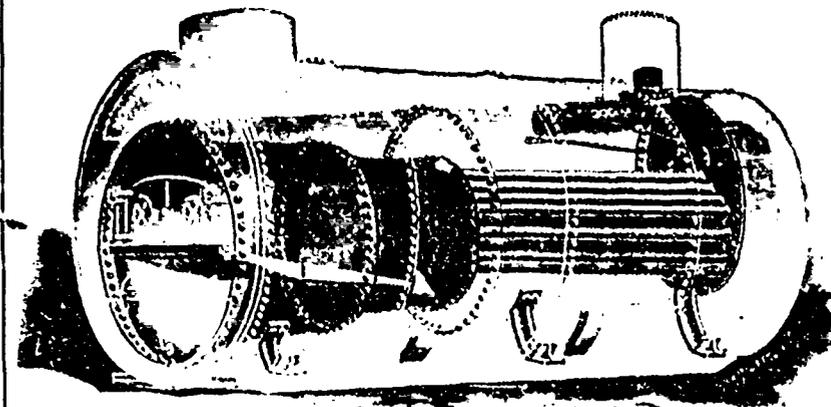
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