

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

HIS RETAINERS.

"I ask for no retention fee,  
Quoth Counsellor O'Quirk,  
"No money, sir, unless it be  
Reward for honest work."

I am not of the kind who grasp  
A farmer's hard-earned pence  
Before there's given a single gump  
Of thought for such expense."

He tried the case and won the same,  
And when it did befall  
A thousand for his client came,  
He just retained it all.

Lost the Head of the House.—Muldoon—Phwat's de matter, Murphy? Sure, yez act as if yez had lost yure head! Murphy (frantically)—So Oi hov, Teddy, dear. The ould woman's wint an' runned awa-ay!

WHAT THE FOWL WAS.—"Well, Rastus, were you convicted for stealing that goose?"

"No, sah. I was equitivated, sah, on an errah in de indictment, sah. De fowel were not a goose, but a goslin', sah."

INEXPENSIVE OFFERINGS.—"Brother Bylins is eloquent in prayer," said one member of the congregation to another; "but I don't think he is very liberal when the contribution-box passes." "No; his offerings to the Lord are confined almost entirely to suggestions."

"You say your son John went down South and started a newspaper?" "Yes."

"Is he making himself felt in the community?"

"You bet he is. He has been tarred and feathered twice."

A WOMAN'S DISSIPATION.

She's home, tired out, but feeling gay,  
Her heart with pleasure brimming o'er  
For she has spent a happy day  
In looking through a bargain store.

IN THE DARK ROOM.—Elwin (amateur photographer)—That's it! Another plate spoiled.

Angelina—What spoiled it?

Edwic—The light of your eyes.

P. S.—Engaged.

AN AGNOSTIC.—Remarked the young man in swelling tones, "I'm an agnostic."

Elderly Gentleman—And what is an agnostic?

Fresh Youth.—An agnostic is a fellow who isn't sure of anything.

Elderly Gentleman.—I see; but how does it happen you are sure you are an agnostic?

ONLY THE LATE BIRD CATCHES THE COMET.—"Have you seen the new comet, George?" she asked as she glanced at him keenly.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then," she said firmly, "our engagement is at an end."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because that comet is visible only during the hours that immediately precede daylight."

An Old Game.—Algy—Do you think, my love, that your father will consent to our marriage?

Angely—Of course papa will be sorry to lose me, darling?

Algy—But I will say to him that instead of losing a daughter he will gain a son.

Angely—I wouldn't do that, love, if you really want me. Papa has three such sons living at home now, and he's a little bit touchy on the point.

ODD COVERLIDS.—"I see," said Snaggs, laying down the newspaper he was reading, "that paper quilts are being manufactured and are used extensively, giving good satisfaction."

"That's a scheme," remarked Boggs. "When a man is too poor to take a newspaper he can read his quilt. I suppose they will have library quilts after awhile, with one of Dickens' novels printed on them. Great scheme, isn't it?"

"That's nawthing," said a man with a wild-west accent; "I mind stopping at a tavern in Oregon where the landlord gave us a tallow dip to show us to bed:

"Ye'll find yer breakfast spread for ye fast thing in the mo 'in', gentlemen," he said, as we wished him good night; 'eat round the edges, but save the middle if ye can."

"We asked him to explain, and he showed us the comfortable on our bed. It was a big buckwheat cake the size of the bed, and as light as a sponge. We breakfasted off it without getting up."

Somebody threw a bootjack at that moment, and the wild-west accent ceased to accentuate, and the truth-teller went home.

It's sometimes said patent medicines are for the ignorant. The doctors foster this ideal. "The people," we're told, "are mostly ignorant when it comes to medicinal science." Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure, and the medicine that cures is the medicine for the sick. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the "do believes" and the "don't believes." There's no hesitance about it, no "if" nor "possibly." It says—"I can cure you, only do as I direct." Perhaps it fails occasionally. The makers hear of it when it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good. Suppose the doctors went on that principle. We beg the doctors' pardon. It wouldn't do.)

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