

CHIT CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE FIRST BLUE BIRD.

Sweetheart! Our locks are thin and gray,
Our eyes lack lustre, and men say
"Their youth has vanished." Well-a-day,
I hear a blue bird singing.

The lambs go leaping down the lane,
The twilight flickers on the pane,
The guineas clank a shriller strain;
I hear a blue bird singing.

The children's voices clearer ring,
The elm buds swell, the grasses spring,
And maple drops are pattering:
I hear a blue bird singing.

Ah! love was never yet so cold,
So dead and cold, so dumb and old,
It leap't not to the warmth untold
That thrills the blue bird singing.

They call us old, who years decry,
The birds sing down the cruel lie,
We're young forever, you and I;
I hear a blue bird singing.

A toast given at a meeting of the women's club in Springfield, Mo., was,
"The Men We Left Behind Us."

Workman—Are you in favor of the 8-hour law, my friend?

Tramp (in tones of disgust)—Do I look like a chap as was in favor of any kind of movement?

Watte—Are you going to make any garden this year?

Potts—I think I shall. I had a garden last year that kept me supplied with chickens clear up to frost.

"What do you think will be the biggest thing you will see at the World's Fair?" said Mrs. Fucash.

"My hotel bill," replied the husband, gloomily.

LEARN IT.

The noblest lesson taught by life,
To every great, heroic soul
Who seeks to conquer in the strife,
Is self-control.

GASTRONOMIC ITEM.—"Don't you have any dessert, Pat?"

"That's that!"

"Why, something to eat after dinner."

"Yes, yes! I have me supper, sor."

A PLEASING PROSPECT.

I love to call upon her because
There is no chaperon about,
And, by her father's patent scheme,
At ten o'clock the gas goes out.

EXCESS OF ECONOMY.—Young wife—Oh, Edward, you do believe that I am thinking of economy all the time, don't you?

Young husband—Mabel, your 40-cent telegram this afternoon telling me where to go to save 15 cents on a carpet sweeper warns me that you are thinking of it too much.

Host (nervous about the effect of his guest's wooden leg upon the polished floor.)—"Hadjn't you better come on the rug, major? You might slip there my boy."

The major—"Oh, don't be afraid, my boy. There is no danger; I have a nail in the end of it."

HOW STUPID!—A Cass avenue lady was reading a story from a newspaper about the Nova Scotia woman who walked 230 miles recently over the snow and ice on snow-shoes, when the star boarder came in.

"What's all that about?" he asked, as she concluded.

"The remarkable feat of a woman," she replied, somewhat vaguely.

"Oh," he smiled, "A Chicago woman!" and she innocently said it was a Nova Scotia woman.

SPRING IS HERE.

The winds of March at last are blown,
And winter's rule is overthrown.

The birds are singing in the trees,
As softly croons the April breeze.

The buds burst forth in loveliness,
And maids come forth in newest dress.

While all the poets, small and big,
Write verses on the "Godel Spring."

Thus showing in their pretty hymns
That spring and cold are synonyms.

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What fills the housewife with delight,
And makes her biscuit crisp and light,
Her bread so tempt the appetite?
COTTOLENE

What is it makes her pastry such
A treat, her husband eats so much,
Though pies he never used to touch?
COTTOLENE

What is it shortens cake so nice,
Better than lard, while less in price,
And does the cooking in a trice?
COTTOLENE

What is it that fries oysters, fish,
Croquettes, or eggs, or such like dish,
As nice and quickly as you'd wish?
COTTOLENE

What is it saves the time and care
And patience of our women fair,
And helps them make their cake so rare?
COTTOLENE

Who is it earns the gratitude
Of every lover of pure food
By making "COTTOLENE" so good?
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