

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

A GENTLEMAN.

"Are my biscuits light, John?" asks the charming young wife,
As she smiles on her husband, and he,
With emphasis answers, "They're lovely, my life,
As light as the foam of the sea."

"Is the steak cooked to suit you?" she gently enquires,
And he says, as he smilingly nods,
"It might have been cooked at celestial fires
And its tender enough for the gods."

"And the coffee, that pleases you, too, does it, dear?"
She asks, overjoyed with his praise,
Which rather than strains of sweet music she'd hear,
"I never drank better," he says.

So she sits down beside him and with him partakes,
And the rigid, no doubt, will confess
That if John tells her lies in the answers he makes,
He's a gentleman, nevertheless.

-New York Press.

HAVE YOU BEEN?

Singing of birds, buzz of bees in the clover,
Lazy, white clouds in the blue that is over
Us two as we walk
Or, as resting, we talk—
Of what? You can guess if you've e'er been a lover.

Sweet is my love as the honey bees gather,
Fair is my love as a blush-rose— or, rather,
Fair she may be
To others; to me
She has been so unfair that my brain's in a lather.

Well, what of that? For she loves me— I know it!
Thousands of acts of hers every day show it,
And, I've even heard, she
Declares that I'll be
A good husband, although an indifferent poet.

So here's to the birds and the bees in the clover
And the clouds, white and soft, in the blue that is over
Us two as we walk,
Or as, resting, we talk—
Of what? Can't you guess? Then you've ne'er been a lover!

--Somerville Journal.

A hint to the authorities.—The Italians should be prohibited from scattering organ peals along the sidewalk.

"So she rejected you, did she? Your proposal didn't please her?"

"Well, I can't hardly say it didn't please her. I thought she'd never stop laughing."

Couldn't Look Like It—Brown.—"Whose umbrella is this? It looks like the one I lost." Smith.—"I don't see how it can, for I scraped the handle and altered it generally."

At the Club.—"Why, Charlie, you have on your afternoon dress and it's only half-past eleven!" "Deah me! deah me! That fool of a valet of mine must have been drunk again."

A Bad Break—Rags (to fellow tramp)—"Gosh! Why did they set the dog on yer?" Tagge.—"I axed that woman up there if she couldn't fix me out wid some cast off clothes, an', by thunder, she's an old maid!"

Professional Spitefulness—Mollie.—"I felt I played that scene remarkably well to-night. My enthusiasm completely carried me away. I became so absorbed that the audience disappeared"—Bertie (interrupting).—"Yes; I noticed them, dear."

Her Strong Point—She.—"I see that the Wayout Central Railroad has offered a prize to the fireman who can fire up the quickest." He.—"You would win that prize, if they would let you compete. You can fire up quicker than anyone I ever saw."

Her father (dubiously).—"I don't know what you are going to marry on. You have but a small salary, and my daughter has no fortune."

Her lover (confidently).—"Oh, well, if you are economical for a year or two, you'll be able to start us all right."

"The queen bee, during the propagating season, lays as high as 2000 eggs in a day; and I have given much time to the grafting of the queen upon the Plymouth Rock hen, with a view to better egg facilities, but so far with but little success."—Burdette

Boy (with basket).—"Please, mum, give me some dinner for my poor sick father. Kind Lady—Look here, I've been giving you dinner for your sick father for two weeks, and I saw him yesterday on the street, and he is no more sick than I am. Boy—Yes, mum, he isn't sick any more, but he rats just the same as ever."

INJUSTICE TO AN EDITOR.—"There is no justice in this town," writes a rural editor. "Our chicken roost was robbed last night. This morning we caught the thief and carried him before the mayor. His honor imposed a fine of \$6. The fellow paid up, and notwithstanding we were needing the money badly, the mayor pocketed the whole of it."

SHE WAS PROOF.—A young lady in this city propounded to her pastor this question the other day:

"Doctor, would it be wrong for me to go to dancing school?"

"You are a member of the choir, are you not?" he asked.

"I am."

"Then a dancing school will not hurt you, my child," sighed the good man.

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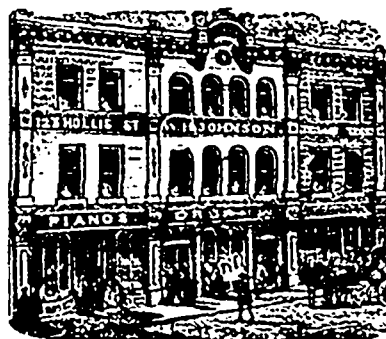
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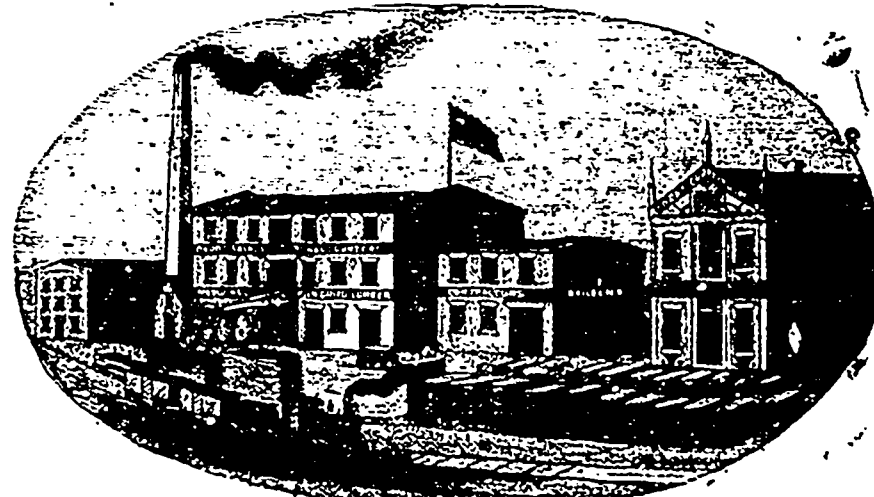
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