

**CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.**

Sweet spring is returning ; she breathes on the plain,  
And meadows are blooming in beauty again.  
Now fair is the flower and green is the grove,  
And soft is the shower that falls from above.

Full gladly we greet thee, thou loveliest guest,  
Ah, long have we waited by thee to be blessed !  
Stern winter throw o'er us his hoary, cool chain,  
We longed to be breathing in freedom again.

And welcome, thou loved one again and again,  
And bring us full many bright joys in thy train.  
And bid the soft summer not linger so long,  
E'en now we are waiting to greet him in song.

Personally, of course, the doctor wishes no man ill, but professionally how can he help it ?

It is the middle-aged man whose increasing girth tells him what the waist of time is.

A German physician has traced ninety-two distinct diseases in one of his patients to the corsets she wore.

It is mighty hard fur er man dat neber was in trouble ter bo yer true frien'. It takes a frost ter sweeten de wild grapes.

Timid woman to the ferryman who was rowing her across the river "Are people ever lost in this river ?" "No, ma'am," he replied, "we always find 'em in a day or two."

Guest (to landlord)—"I say, landlord, have you such a thing as an encyclopaedia about the house?" Landlord—"No, sir, we have not; but there is a gentleman from Boston in the reading room."

Wife—"What do you mean, John, when you say that my studying German is a real act of kindness?" Husband—"I mean, my dear, that it will give the English language a little needed rest."

An aesthetic Chicago tailor sends to his patrons in lieu of bills a beautifully colored print of a forget-me-not. He says the scheme works nicely, and his patrons never paid up so promptly and cheerfully before.

A Connecticut woman has embroidered the words and music of "Home, Sweet Home," on a linen sheet which is on the spare room bed. Her guests have not decided whether the hostess meant to indicate that they must feel at home or had better go home.

Lady—"I'm getting tired of modern fiction, can't you recommend me a good exciting standard work?" Librarian—"Have you read the 'Last Days of Pompeii'?" Lady—"No, I believe not. Can you tell me what he died of?" Librarian—"An eruption, I believe."

THE KENTUCKY MIND.—"Mamma," inquired a little Kentucky boy, "what was Adam's full name?"

"He only had one name, my dear; simply Adam."

"And did Eve call him Adam?"

"Certainly. What else could she call him?"

"She might have called him Colonel."

The end of education:—To think; to reason; to feel nobly; to see the relations of things, to put the ages together in their grand progress, to trace causes; to prophesy results; to discern the sources of power; to find true beginnings instead of unknowable causes, to perceive the moral as governing the intellectual, and both as dominating the material; to discern the lines along which humanity is moving, and distinguish them from the eddies of the day.—T. T. Munger in the Century.

The young English electrician, to whose ingenuity, I believe, Mr. Irving owed the cleverly-contrived effect of the sparks which fly from the blade of Mephisto's sword in "Faust," has been further proving what I may call his electric versatility. His latest invention, I understand, turns electricity to account as an aid to laryngo-scopical examination by means of a tiny electric lamp which is actually put down the throat of the patient. It was with this novel electric apparatus which Mr. Vesey has invented that Sir Morrell McKenzie examined the throat of the Crown Prince. The lamp is appended at the end of what looks like a long, slender penholder, and the proportionately small battery which supplies the electricity is worn about the examining surgeon's neck.

It would have been out of the course of (journalistic) nature if the recent story of the hand of thirteen trumps had not been capped, the only wonder is, that it has been so long coming. Here is the new yarn, however, and the St. Louis Globe-Democrat is responsible for it. A few evenings ago four young gentlemen of Oskaloosa, Ia., met out and participated in a game of whist. The party was composed of Ed. Himes and C. F. Hoffmann, and G. B. McFall and D. F. Flemming, who were partners as named. Thirteen hands had been played, and then came Mr. McFall's deal. He picked up the cards in the usual way, shuffled them in the ordinary way, in the sight of all, and dealt, after Mr. Hoffman had "cut" for trumps, which was spades. When the hands were picked up by the players, this was what was found to have happened, without any collusion of any nature whatever: Mr. Himes's hand, thirteen hearts; Mr. Hoffman's hand, thirteen diamonds, Mr. Flemming, thirteen clubs; and Mr. McFall, thirteen spades, and all trumps, of course. The gentleman will make an affidavit to the occurrence.

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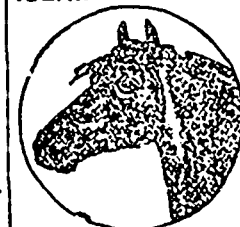
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