

## GHT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

## WE'RE ALL RIGHT.

There are no birds in next year's nest,  
In next year's cream there are no flies;  
No vain regrets disturb my breast  
For aught that in the future lies,  
And last year's flies, and last year's birds  
Have passed the reach of tears and words.

—R. J. Burdette.

Ho—Why are you so sad, darling? Sho—I was just thinking, dearest' that this was the last evening we could be together till to-morrow.

Where Time is Money.—“Ten dollars and costs,” said the Court. “I haven't a cent,” said the prisoner. “Time is money,” said the Court; “thirty days.”

Young jeweller—I've neglected my business, run wild and failed. But I'm going to reform. I'll murry and settle down. Old jeweller (a creditor)—don't you think you had better settle up first.

“Time is money, my dear,” he said, hustling around in a great hurry. “Come off,” she replied tardily, “I've got plenty of time to go down street and buy a bonnet, but I don't get the bonnet just the same.”

It was a bright Boston school-girl who when asked by her teacher to explain the meaning of the Shakesperian phrase “Go to!” exclaimed: “Oh, that is only the sixteenth century's expression of the nineteenth century's ‘Come off!’”

Important Information.—A professor in the medical department of Columbia College asked one of the more advanced students:

“What is the name of the teeth that a human being gets last?”  
“False teeth, of course.”

JUST AS THOUGH IT WERE CASH.—Hilow—“I have discovered another proof of the adage that time is money.”

Gofer—“Well?”

Hilow—“We frequently spend the day.”

Signs of Weariness.—“I am afraid that George is tiring of me.”

“Why, dear?”

“He has been telling me that I am too good a woman to be the wife of such a man as he is.”

## THE POET'S STRAIN.

I love her so! If heaven and earth were mine,  
What joy to lay them humbly at her feet!  
No devotee e'er bowed before a shrine,  
Where priceless offerings were half so meet.  
But since I may not claim a bit of earth,  
Much less of heaven, I'm fain obliged to bring  
In lieu thereof—alack for fortune's dearth!  
A gay but inexpensive Rhinestone ring.

Not on the Bench.—“You say this man had been drinking,” said His Honor. “Drinking what?”

“Whiskey, I suppose,” answered Officer McGobbs.

“You suppose? Don't you know whiskey. Aren't you a judge?”

“No, y'r Anner. Only a policeman!”

His Honor looked carefully at his minion a moment, and then called the next case.

A merry little bacillus, she frolicked in the sun,  
She said, “I am so useless! There's nothing I have done.  
I wish I could do something for others ere I die,  
There are lots of folks unselfish—then why not I!”

This merry little bacillus decided for to die  
To give her life for science, and not to reason why.  
So in a vat of glycerine she plunged—this merry nymph,  
And in the twinkling of an eye was changed to healing lymph.

This merry little bacillus was the leader of the band  
Who're dying now for science in the happy fatherland;  
They all are most unselfish, and quite rejoiced to die—  
These very merry, jelly-jolly bacilli!

His Remedy.—I can't go to sleep. I try everything. I count up to 100 and look at one spot on the ceiling and say my prayers forward and backward, and think of sheep going over a fence, but it isn't any use.

Then as I'm tossing around I think I hear someone saying: “George, got up; it's half-past seven.”

“All right; in a minute.”

“George, get up, or you'll be late.”

“Oh, no; I won't be late. Just a few minutes longer.”

“George you've got to be at the office at 8. You'd better hustle.”

“Oh, all right. Right away. So com'ble here—can't m-u-m—prot' soon—m-m-m—hgnor-hgnor-hgnor.” (Blessed sleep)

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