

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

No, you are mistaken about Volapuk. It seems as if it ought to have originated in the tower of Babel, but, as a matter of fact, it did not.

"Mary, why don't you use the new teapot I bought?"

Mary—"Please mum, cook says she is very sorry, mum, but the new teapot has fell in three halves."

ERIQUETTA.—It is correct to address the Lords of the Admiralty collectively as "My Lords," but it would be equally appropriate to add, "I honor your Warships are getting along satisfactorily."

Douglas Jerrold was once asked by an intolerable bore, who professed to be a poet, whether he had read his "Descent Into Hell." "No, sir," responded the irate wit, "but I should like to see it."

A thousand skunk skins were shipped from Scranton the other day, to Germany, where they are to be worked up into grenadier hats. If they should retain their natural odor they would add very much to the strength of the German army.

"You must wake and call me early, mother dear, for I'm to be Queen of the May, mother—I'm to be Queen of the May." "Very well, my dear," replied the mother, dropping easily into prose; "but on no account leave off your red flannels."

A HINT TO POLITICIANS.—"My friends," said a politician the other day, with a burst of ingenuous eloquence, "I will be honest—" The terrific outburst of applause which followed this remark entirely upset the point which the orator was about to make.

BOSTON CULTURE.—"Dear me!" said the little Boston boy, after intellectual suasion had failed, and they had spanked him for the first time, "if I had had the slightest suspicion that the resultant sensation was so poignant, I should never have invited the experiment."

She—You ought to be ashamed of yourself, John, for shooting such a dear little bird!

He—I thought you would like it for your hat.

She—Oh what a good idea! That was very thoughtful of you, John.

Grocer, who has lately joined the volunteers, practising in his shop—"Right, left, right, left. Four paces to the rear, march!"—falls down trap door into the cellar. Grocer's wife, anxiously—"Oh! Jim, are you hurt?" Grocer, savagely, but with dignity—"Go away, woman; what do you know about war?"—*English Paper*.

When Professor K— reached the rostrum for prayers he found his watch about two minutes slow, and found himself so much later than he expected. Looking at his watch he exclaimed, "I shall have no faith in my watch after this!" "It is not faith, but works you need," was the quick response of Professor J—.

Royal ladies are the only women who are denied that much valued prerogative of their sex, the concealment or misstatement of their age. The Czar presented to his wife on her fortieth birthday a necklace containing a stone for each year of her life. If all ornaments were arranged on this principle it would be bad for the diamond business.

MRS. MCSWYNY.—"Oi'm tould your choild fell out o' the top windy, Mrs. Clinchy!"

MRS. CLINCHY.—"Yis; an' av me little mon hadn't coom along jest at the right time, an' broke the fall wid the top av his head, mi bye'd been kilt."

MRS. MCSWYNY.—"Did it hurt yer hoosband, now?"

MRS. CLINCHY.—"Oi don't think so. It broke his neck, an' he doied without a groan."

Mr. Archibald Forbes has written a "succinct biography" of "William of Germany." The distinguished war-correspondent was an eye-witness of some of the episodes of war, which were so conspicuous in the career of the great Emperor. Here is a passage describing the anxious waiting for the event of the Battle of Gravelotte. The German Army just before had "routed to its base," before the magnificent plan of a well-developed French attack: "The sun had set on the lurid scene. The strain of the crisis was sickening, as tidings were awaited. The King seemed forcing himself to be still. Bismarck, with an elaborate assumption of indifference that his restlessness belied, made pretence to be reading letters. The roar of the close battle swelled and deepened till the very ground trembled. The night came down like a pall, but the blaze of an adjacent conflagration lit up the anxious group by the churchyard wall. From out the medley of broken troops littering the plain in front, came suddenly a great shout, that grew in volume as it rolled nearer. The hoofs of a galloping horse rattled on the causeway. A moment later, Moltke, his face for once quivering with excitement, sprang from the saddle, and running towards the King, cried out: 'It is good for us; we have won the plateau, and the victory is with your Majesty!' The King sprang to his feet with a 'God be thanked!' Bismarck, with a great sigh of relief, crushed his letters in the hollow of his hand, and a simultaneous hurrah welcomed the glad tidings. A suttler who happened to be hard by improved the occasion in a practical way; he brought up his wine-barrel, and dispensed its contents. King William took a hearty pull of the thin red wine out of a cracked tumbler, and never made a wry face."

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