

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

BUT YET A WOMAN.

She wore a mannish little coat
With knowing little pockets;
She's cast aside her necklaces,
Her bangles and her lockets;
Her dickey, collar and cravat
Exactly imitate her brother's;
Her round at aw hat is so like his
You can't tell one from 'tother's;
She ventures on a little slang
'That sounds quite brusque and mannish,
But show her once a mouse or worm
And all disguises vanish!

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new British Minister at Washington, is said to be an accomplished swordsman. He is in a place where skill in fencing is valuable.

Happy Father—"Joe, old boy, give me suitable names for my twin babies." Joe—"Are they boys or girls?" "Girls." "How will Kate and Duplicate do?"—*Time*.

Penelope Peachblow—It is evident that woman over there paints. Bishop Gullem—She is my sister. Penelope Peachblow—I was going to say it is evident she paints from the interest she takes in that young artist.

A mummy was recently discovered in Egypt, and is supposed to be that of Potiphar's wife. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that the mummy's hand grasps a piece of linen, on which is marked, "Joseph Bar Jacob 2."

"What is the matter with your eye?" exclaimed Brown, as Fogg made his appearance with his optic in mourning. "Only a mare clausum," replied Fogg, with assumed indifference. "A mare clausum?" "Yes, a closed see, you know."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—Gentle shopherd—"No, zur, us doan't 'ave many strangers round 'ere! W'en I see you a stannin' down i' the barley there I sez to myself, 'Woy, Muster Wuzzel, 'o bin puttin' up another flog craw'" (scarecrow.)

Houlihan—"Phwat's the matter, Teddy—surely you're not going' back to Oireland?" Rourke—"Bedad, Oi am! I though this was a free country, but the descindants av thim bloody English seem to have as much to say here as anyone else!

"Faix," said the Irishman, who, like the true representative of his race, had a dash of poetry in his composition, "Oi don't blame the sun for lingering afther the hot day is over as he does in summer time. Sure he wants to enjoy the cool of the evening."

"What a wonderful painter Rubens was?" remarked Merritt at the art gallery. "Yes," assented Cora; "It is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke." "Why," spoke up little Johnnie, in disgust, "my school teacher can do that."

The ceaseless brutality of the Italians to birds is incessant, writes Ouida, and is the more striking as contrasted with the loveliness and innocence of their victims. Italians everywhere prosecute birds with a rancor which seems incredible. Their utter ignorance of the agricultural utility of many species makes them see in every winged creature an enemy and a proper prey. Neither the song of the nightingale nor the plumage of the oriole protects them from slaughter. There are fairs at which the only articles for sale are poor blinded chaffinches. The rarest birds are sold for the roasting-spit in all the markets. The children of the aristocracy are allowed to regard it as their choicest sport to crush the heads of the birds caught alive in the decoy nets, and are not ashamed to go out with a cage of blinded finches to entrap starlings, blackcaps, larks, pee-wits and all the numerous feathered tribes which flock to Italy to meet a sad and unmerited fate.

"That's what I call pordigious ignorance," said Mrs. Slick, as two American visitors closed her front door behind them. "Why it's astoundin', so it is, to hear them people talk, and they from the States which boasts of its free education and such like. Why them folks had as much notion of this Province as they might of had of Nova Zember. They said they just come down to see the natives as had blue noses and were half Esquimo. I was mad, I was, and give 'em a piece of my mind that sort of took 'em aback. Says I, it's blue noses you're arter, why them people as came down from Boston and thereabouts alookin' arter the lands left by the French as were sent flying about their business fur adisturbin' of the peace, and if these folks had blue noses they inherited them from their New England forefathers, and as to the people as is half Esquimo, why I reckon the larnin' you get in your schools must be mighty artificial like or you would have known that Nova Scotia folk are the purest blooded people on this continent and no half breeds neither. I reckon that Uncle Sam's histories and geographies are a long way out, and the sooner they are revisioned the sooner will his folks know that Nova Scotia is three times as big as Massachusetts, and that its natural wealth is a sight bigger than all New England. I was mad, I was, and I give it to 'em straight just what I thought about ignorance."

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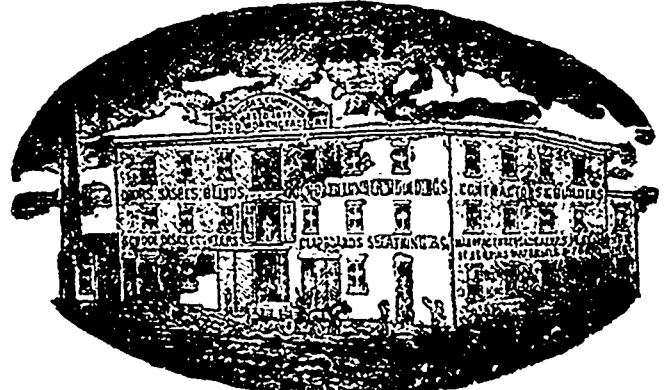
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