

confounded sight better bird than *you* ever owned, or ever will own. That Mino's the only decent bird that ever could live in your shop, with the dirty seed you feed your birds. Now, I never want to talk with you about birds ag'in, for it's all stuff. You don't know nothing about birds: and then you get so spitefully mad about nothing: there's no use talking with you!"

"Well, I don't care for *you*, nor *your* birds," says Jemmy, "and I think we better just stop meetin' here, for you always quarrel about that lame canary o' yours."

"Well, this is the *last* time we'll quarrel, any how."

At this point, each would wheel off for his separate door, and as the doors swung to, the clock invariably struck nine. Then all the inmates of the room would laugh, and the oldest-comers enjoyed "the quarrel" the most.

The next night, as the clock struck eight, in would come the two bird-fanciers again, and again it was:

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" "How d'ye do, Jemmy?" "What are you going to try a little of?" And before they had seemed to decide, Abram, as usual, was drawing the beer."

---

A CURIOSITY in short-hand writing was shewn at the Vienna Exhibition—namely, the whole of the *Illiad* of Homer, enclosed in a walnut-shell.

---

It is said that nearly 900,000,000 of letters, 80,000,000 of post-cards, 100,000,000 of newspaper, and 100,000,000 of book-packets pass through the London Post-office annually.

---

THE executors of the late Charles Dickens, with the sanction of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester, have just erected to his memory in Rochester Cathedral a handsome brass tablet. The tablet records the date of the birth and death of the deceased, that he is buried in Westminster Abbey, and that the tablet is erected "to connect his memory with the scenes in which his earliest and his latest years were passed, and with the associations of Rochester Cathedral and its neighbourhood, which extended over all his life."