

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

UNHEEDED GIFTS.

They placed rare lilies in her hands—
Poor hands that scarce had touched a flower;
And creamy rosebuds whose perfume
Eubalmed her for her funeral hour.

'They wrapped her form in lustrous silk
And draped soft folds of filmy lace
About the slender pulseless wrists
And underneath the patient face.

At last she lay in perfect rest,
While voices—lute so slow to praise
Rehearsed her many virtues o'er
And spoke of all her pleasant ways.

The sleeper heeded not the wealth
Of bloom that lay within her hand
And not a word of love or loss
Her sealed ears could understand

Strange, we so often keep the flowers
To lay in folded hands at last!
And little luxuries of life
Withhold till care for them is past.

Strange that we do not oftener praise
The willing toiler by our side!
Why keep the full-blown flower of love
Until our friend we loved has died!

You can't expect a man to reason when he's in love, and the object of his affections realises that it is better so.

The Arab who invented alcohol died 900 years ago, but his spirit, still lives, and, like John Brown's soul, "goes marching on."

Belva Ann Lockwood has been married twice, is a graduate of two colleges, and has twice run for the Presidency. Altogether she seems quite two two.

"Suppose you should run out of bread at sea, Mr. McFinnegan, what would you do?" "Live on the mate, madam." (The proper answer would have been: Get a roll from the ocean.)

Dr. Bergmann intimates that he will not object to fight a duel with Sir Morell Mackenzie. If they can agree upon surgical instruments as weapon the meeting will probably be fatal to both.

An Irishman, in describing America, said: "I am told that you might roll England thru it, and it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh-water oceans inside that ye might droun Ould Ireland in; and, as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, and ye'd never be able to find it out, except it might be by the smell o' whiskey."

An eccentric, but much respected old minister in the North of Scotland, while preaching, was greatly annoyed by some of the farmers who slept during the sermon. One Sabbath afternoon he became so exasperated by the snoring of a man just below the pulpit, that he lifted up the big Bible and let it drop on the sleeper's head, exclaiming as he did so:—"Gin ye'll no listen to the Word, by my faith I'se mak' ye feel it."

American girls who desire to marry titled Europeans should not neglect their French. Ex-Minister Lothrop's daughter, who married a Russian Baron a few days ago, was courted in French, as she could not speak Russian and her lover was unskilled in English. Miss Virginia Knox, of Pittsburg, Pa., who married Count di Montecole, of Italy, on Thursday, had a like experience. She was unable to speak Italian, and the Count couldn't count on his English. French thus became the language of last resort. But why shouldn't Volapuk be used in such cases? Volapuk has some startling terms of endearment.—*N. Y. World.*

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—A teetotal minister, who was very particular about his toilet, went to preach one Sunday for a brother minister in a parish church in Kinross-shire. On arriving at the vestry he looked around in search of the mirror to see that his toilet was all right before entering the pulpit, but, failing to find one, he said to the beadle:—"John, can I not have a glass before entering the pulpit?" "Certainly, sir," replied John. "Jist bide awee, and I'll get one for ye immediately," and left the vestry. On his return the minister said:—"Well, John, have you succeeded?" "Yes, sir," replied John. "I've brocht a gill; that'll be a gless for the forenoon and anither for the afternoon."

The negro, when left to himself, has never progressed. There is not the shadow of proof that the negro described by Sesostrius is not precisely the same as the negro described by Stanley, Baker, Livingston, and others. And yet the negro has inhabited a magnificent region. He has had access to the Nile, and thus to the Egyptians, the Romans, and the Greeks, as well as to the Oullantoo by the Congo, and to the East by way of Zanzibar. And yet, not only has there been no negro philosopher or inventor, or artist, but there has been no negro conqueror, nor, unless we class Said Mahommed's slave as one, and Toussaint l'Ouverture as another, any negro general who rose above the rank of a guerilla chief. Add to this that the free negro settlement of Liberia, on the West coast of Africa, is a total failure. Its inhabitants are fast relapsing into barbarism.

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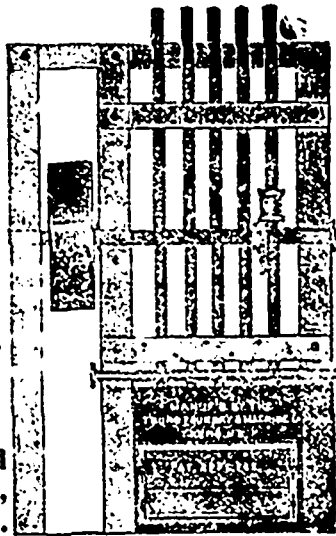
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