

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

Thousands and thousands of people who were once addicted to intemperance in drinking have quit for good. The majority of them are dead however.

A French young lady named Rouse, caught a glimpse of a poor little mouse, and the scream that she scroome, shattered heaven's blue dome, and bulged out the walls of the house.

"What are the nine muses, pa?" asked a St. Louis boy of his father. "It is when the homo nine is beaten for the championship," replied his pa, "and then the nine muses over it sadly."

"Pa," said little Tommy Yerger, "can't you spare money enough to buy me a gun?"

"My son, I am going to get you a gun when I can spare a boy, but not before."

When Anthony Comstock, the prominent member of the New York society for the suppression of vice, lectured at Princeton college recently, the students, with polite consideration for his sensitiveness, draped the statue of "The Gladiator" with a bifurcated garment of red flannel.

A celebrated Persian sage gave this advice concerning the choice of a wife:—"Choose no woman whose lips droop at the corners, or your life will be a perpetual mourning; nor yet should they curve too much upward, for that denotes frivolity. Beware of the under lip that rolloth outward, for that woman hath little conscience. Select for a wife one whose lips are straight, not thin, for then she is a shrow, but with just the fulness necessary for perfect symmetry.

"No, no!" said Mrs. Slick, "you can't make me think that the 'Torney Gen'ral's a goin' for annexin of us onto the States. To be sure he's red hot agin that fedration ideaz, and he haint any notion of this country standin' alone, an he's foggy on the question as to the future of this Canada of ourn, but if he's a Yankee that letter he writ for the *Cronicle* must be as long a lie as any man ever told! No, no, the 'Torney Gen'ral is open to conviction, and the sooner them Salvation Army people get arter him an convict him the better."

"Like classercal music," exclaimed Mrs. Slick as she entered her home after the late Orpheus concert, "like classercal music! I should think not; you might as well ask me if I have a hankerin arter strangers. Just see here, Bess, when you have friends, you knows 'em, you knows their strong points, you knows their attracteribilities, an yer alwers aglad to recognize 'em, but you meet strangers, you don't care nothin about 'em, an you just are civil like to 'em, although you find it hard to entertain 'em, an sometimes you feel mighty sleepy over 'em. Well, that's just like music; old friends is old friends, an' it does your heart good to hear 'em, but when you listen to this classercal music, you just feel like larfing right out as you would at strangers that undertake to put on style an be full of airs an nonsense. I tell you, to them as don't understand the language, classercal music is just about as interestin as French gibberish or Hindostanie."

The excavations commenced by Dr. Schliemann at Myconæ are still energetically carried on and continue every day to bring to light fresh objects of great archæological and anthropological interest. The entire terrain around the town is full of tombs belonging to an epoch antecedent to Homer. These pre-Homeric sepulchres are cut in the solid rock and carefully formed in regular compartments, with an area of from thirty-five to forty square meters. In these chambers the dead were laid without being covered with earth, nor were they cremated, as at the time of Homer. Among the numerous objects discovered at Myconæ in the course of the latest diggings are articles of glass, crystal, and ivory, besides precious stones, with engravings of animals charmingly executed. These articles throw a flood of light on a civilization dating a thousand years before Christ. By their generally Oriental character they prove that the ancient Greeks received from the East not only the raw materials of their first works of art, but the art of symbolic representation itself.—*The Interior.*

"These is stirrin times," said Mrs. Slick to a visitor on her return from Liverpool. "Would you believe it they are importin cats down to Annapolis by the wholesale. Yes, that's true, for I heard the cat agent atellin of it on the coach just arter we left Caledonia Corner. They called him Captain an he had a sample cat with him. Once on the road he stopped a Dutchman advirin a pair of oxen 'Good day,' says he, 'perhaps you don't want to buy a cat.' 'A cat,' says the man, dazed like, 'what for I want to buy cat, the countries full of them.' 'Yes,' says the agent, 'but these are remarkable animals, the're thoroughbreds an maltese.' 'Well,' said the man, 'what do you charge for them?' '\$5 apiece,' said the agent. '\$5 for a cat!' said the Dutchman, '\$5 for a cat; vell, vell, that's big, but if I orders one of dem cats where does I get it?' 'At Annapolis,' said the agent, 'I have 5,000 of them just imported there' '5,000 cats!' said the Dutchman, 'vy mon, de country will be overrun vid de brutes; I wouldn't have von of de critters for no price;' an he wacked up his oxen an drove away lookin as puzzled as a heathon might when he fast reads the Bible. I tell you," said Mrs. Slick, "Our folk are awakin up an gettin more enterprisin every day; just think on it, 5000 cats, maltese cats too, there's a fourtin in em for some-one, an nobody can say now that this country's going to the dogs."

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