

## CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

Our opportunities to do good are our talents.—*Dr. Mather.*

Strange that man should have been given two ears and but one tongue, when, as everybody knows, he would rather talk all day than listen five minutes.

"This boofsteak," said a traveller at a lunch counter on the Erie railroad, "must be three weeks old." "I couldn't say, exactly," replied the waitress; "I've only been here two weeks."

"Evil often triumphs, but never conquers." This may have been the fortunate experience of Joseph Roux, but we think we could recall exceptions to the pleasant-sounding rule.—*Ed. Critic.*

"I don't want my mother to marry again," said a little boy one day at breakfast. "Why not?" was asked with some surprise. "Because, said he, I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another."

"This is all nonsense about the Shakespeare-Bacon theory," remarked old Monoybags, looking up from the paper. "The idea of saying that Shakespeare never wrote anything! Why, I've read his plays myself!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

When the organs of a political party write long leading articles to impress upon their readers the deadness or dormancy of "public opinion," it looks a little as if "public opinion" was trending in a different direction to that party's opinions.

Dakota lady (to bride of a year)—"I understand, Mrs. Pullquick, that your husband has reformed somewhat since his marriage." Mrs. Pullquick—"Oh, my, yes; John drinks about as hard as ever, but he doesn't shoot as many people as he used to."

About the hardest thing in the world for a woman to preserve while engaged in the preserving business is her temper when she is obliged to set her preserving kettle off the stove to answer a ring at the door bell, and find a patent machine circular on the front step.

"Did you never try to give up drinking?" asked the colporteur. "Oh, yes," replied the inebriate; "I did once. About ten years ago, when I was on the road with a circus, I quit, and for six years I never tasted a drop." "And was you on the road all the time?" "Oh, no, I was in the penitentiary."

Mr. Trollope says that he considers Whately to have been the wittiest man he ever knew, and contemporary memoirs teem at least with proofs of his wit. A lady once went to Dublin Castle in such very full dress that more bust than *hurege* was visible. "Did you ever see anything so unblushing?" said some one to the Archbishop. "Never, since I was weaned," replied the wit.—*Temple Bar.*

The oft-asked question, "Where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slack their thirst?" is probably correctly answered by an old skipper, who says he has frequently seen these birds far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fall. They will smelt a rain squall a hundred miles or even farther off, and send for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. They can probably go a long time without water.

Ellen Terry once having received special courtesy from a newspaper man, offered to introduce him to Mr. Irving, but unfortunately when, shortly afterward, the opportunity of doing so presented itself, she had utterly forgotten his name, but felt that it would be an ill compliment to tell him so. Her ready wit did not desert her in this trying emergency, and she promptly said to him: "Do you know that I've made a wager with Mr. Irving, and you can decide it. He says you spell your name one way, I say another. Write it for me." All unaware of the trick which was being played upon him, the gentleman wrote his name and handed it to the actress. She glanced at it hastily, laughed and said gayly: "I've won the bet." It was such a realistic bit of acting that the newspaper man, although it was his business to criticize plays and players, never detected it.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfilled, nor streamers drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel, still she moved on stately, in serene triumph as with her own life. But I know that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I know that if the little steam-tug untwined her arm, and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, idly-sailed, gay-pannoned, but that for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife, that nestles close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream, and have been heard of no more.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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