

## CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

A CONCLUSION THE RESULT OF EXPERIENCE.—Lady (to clerk): "I want to look at something that would be a suitable Christmas gift for my husband." Clerk: "Yes, madam; something cheap, I s'pose?"

If a young man is very anxious to know what a young woman really thinks of him, he can generally find out by questioning her little brother; but nine times out of ten such a young man will wish afterwards that he hadn't.

A young lady, visiting for the first time in the country, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and shaking her parasol at the animal, she said in a very stern tone: "Lie down, sir! lie down!" A truthful exchange makes this statement!

Guest—"Well, good-bye, old man!—and you've really got a very nice little place here!"

Host—"Yes; but it's rather bare just now. I hope the trees will have grown a good bit before you're back, old man!"—Punch.

THE METIER OF THE MEEK.—She: "After all there's nothing better than the wing of a chicken, is there, General?" He: "I never tasted the wing of a chicken, I only know the legs! When I was young, you know, my parents always ate the wings, and now, my children always do."

"I am very tired," said the lady at the head of the supper-table one Sunday evening. "You should not be," said her minister, who had been asked into the evening meal; "you haven't preached two long sermons to-day." "No," said the lady absent-mindedly, "but I listened to them."

PURRING HIS FOOT IN IT.—She: "And do you still squeeze up the ladies' feet in your country?" He: "On the contrary, madam! That is a Chinese custom. We in Japan always allow the ladies' feet to grow to quite their full size; not that any would ever rival yours, madam!" [Is delighted with his neat little compliment!]

Mrs. B.—My dear, you came in too late last night and you talked in your sleep.

Mr. B (uneasily).—Did I? What did I say?

Mrs. B.—It sounded like "ante up, jackpot."

Mr. B. (with admirable presence of mind).—Yes, my dear, I had been discussing Volapuk with Jones. The expression which escaped me in my sleep means "God bless our home."

Our public school education should not tend to wean our youth from labor and industrial avocations. On the other hand, it should aim at dignifying labor and stimulating thought for the improvement of industrial processes. This will not prevent the literary development of those with a literary genius, and it will also give a sound substratum of intelligence—stimulating knowledge, which will add very greatly to the power of their special endowment.

An old soldier lay dying in a little town in Pennsylvania. "Is there anything on your mind?" asked his pastor, as an expression of grave concern passed over the veteran's face. "Yes," said the dying man, "there is. I have not made use of my opportunities. I was in the war about four years, in many battles, and thought I tried to do my duty. But I never picked up a lighted shell, with its burning fuse sputtering, and threw it over the parapet of the fort. I have been a regular attendant upon army reunions, and I have read the newspapers since the war, and find that I am the only man in the Union army who has not performed that feat, although I had plenty of opportunities. My life has been wasted." "But why," asked the pastor kindly, "did you not do it when you had an opportunity?" "Because," said the gallant soldier, "I wanted to save the shell. I always knelt down and pulled the fuse out with my teeth!" And then the noble life went out with a snap like a friction primer.

Michael, the third son of the Russian Emperor, is in the naval service. A year ago, when holding the rank of midshipman, the flagship in which he was serving was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. The admiral ordered the lifeboats to be lowered, and directed Michael to take charge of the first one. The royal midshipman declined to obey.

"I am your commanding officer, and I order you into the boat!" cried the admiral.

"I cannot obey you returned the prince. "It would not become a son of the Emperor to be the first to leave the ship. I shall remain with you till the last."

"But I shall put you under arrest for disobedience, as soon as circumstances will allow me."

"I mean no disobedience, but I cannot obey," persisted Michael.

In due time the crew, with the exception of four or five men, reached the shore in safety, and the last to leave the vessel were the admiral and Duke Michael. Then, as soon as a temporary shelter was obtained, the rigid discipline of naval life was resumed, and the young prince was placed under arrest for disobedience of orders.

The Russian Minister at Copenhagen, being at once informed of the facts, telegraphed them to the Emperor, and received from him the following reply:

"I approve the act of the admiral in placing the midshipman under arrest for disobeying orders, and I bless and kiss my son for disobeying them."

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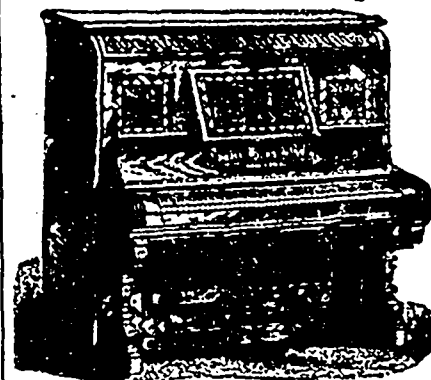
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