

CHIT CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

FAHRENHEIT.

Little Johnnie had a mirror,
But he ate the back all off,
Thinking, rashly, in his terror,
This would cure the whooping cough.

Not long after Johnnie's mother,
Weeping said to Mrs. Brown,
"It was a chilly day for Johnnie
When the mercury went down."

--Princeton Tiger.

When a young man says that he can never love another, he means, of course, not for two or three weeks.

A STRANGER PRESENT.—Struggling Minister—There was a stranger in church to-day.

Wife—What did he look like?

"I did not see him."

"Then how do you know there was a stranger among the congregation?"

"I found a good quarter in the contribution box."

EVEN HENRY WAS NOTHING ELSE.

"Man is but clay," oh, world of truth!
We learned, each one, in early youth,
Man is but clay.

We call the speedy man a "brick,"
The "soft-baked" mortal makes us sick;
Man is but clay.

Down goes a fellow with a thud,
We straightway say, "His name is mud,"
Man is but clay.

THE COLOUR OF LIQUID OXYGEN.—M. Olzowski says it is a mistake to suppose that liquid oxygen is colourless; when examined in a layer about one inch thick, it has a bright blue colour, and he thinks the blue colour of the sky is due to atmospheric oxygen. His most interesting fact is that in the absorption spectrum of liquid oxygen, one of the five bands it contains is coincident with Fraunhofer's A. The blue colour of liquid oxygen may, however, be due to the same cause as the blue colour of pure water.

A LOVERS TRYST.

Come into the garden, Maud!
I am waiting here alone,
And my heart glows warm for your presence, love,
Though my feet are cold as a stone;
For the dews are chill to-night
And the breezes sharp and bleak,
Oh, come, with the clasp of your warm soft hand,
And the touch of your glowing cheek!
She is coming! My heart beats high
As I hasten my love to greet.
She is coming! My pulses start and thrill
At the sound of her fairy feet,
She has stepped on the gravelled walk,
And I hear the gate ajar!
Fly, fly to your lover's arms, my own—
Jerusalem! 'tis her pa!

SHE BORE UP.—A London journal says that a stout and elderly woman was on board a train which was approaching the Forth bridge. Her remarks, which she bestowed right and left on her fellow passengers, showed that she was unaccustomed to travelling; yet she must have been something of a philosopher in her own way. As the reader will perceive, she was a believer in what may be called specific levity.

The old lady was nervous about the bridge. She had seen pictures of it, and had made up her mind that it could not be quite safe. She kept enquiring when the train would come to it, and at last was told that it was close at hand.

"Well," she said, rather solemnly, "I don't know whether we shall get over alive or not, but if we don't it shan't be my fault."

Then she settled into the corner of the seat with a determined air and a puckered-up mouth, which wore only less droll than the general air of responsibility which brooded over her. During the passage of the bridge she did not speak a word, but seemed to be holding her breath.

"There," said a gentleman, in a neighboring seat, "we are over it safe!"
The old woman heaved an explosive sigh.

"Well," she said, "if we had gone to the bottom I should have died with a clear conscience, for it wouldn't have been my weight that did it. I bore up so that I really made the train lighter than it would have been without me."

MODERN MIRACLES.

A tinger for breath was distressed,
And the doctors all said she must rest,
But she took G. M. D.
For her weak lungs, you see,
And now she can sing with the best.

An athlete gave out, on a run,
And he feared his career was quite done;
G. M. D., pray observe,
Gave back his lost nerve,
And now he can lift half a ton.

A writer, who wrote for a prize,
Had headaches and pain in the eyes;
G. M. D. was the spell
That made him quite well,
And glory before him now lies.

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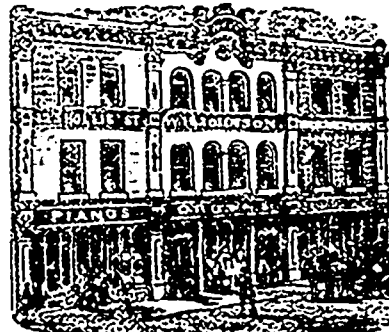
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