

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

A searcher after truth wants to know "why it is, with so many negroes dying, nobody ever yet saw a black ghost."

A lazy fellow once declared in a public company "that he could not find bread for his family." "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic, "I am obliged to work for it."

There is only one thing we know of that is worse than being called upon unexpectedly to make an after dinner speech. That is to prepare an after-dinner speech and never be asked to deliver it.

It is said that a smart bonnet is a thing of beauty and a joy for three weeks. It enables a woman to go to church with a soul full of peace, for an American cynic has said that "the consciousness of being thoroughly well dressed confers on a fashionable woman a comfort that religion is powerless to bestow."

Wong Chee, a San Francisco Chinaman, purchased a drawing room ticket to Chicago a week ago. He is the first one of his nationality who ever committed such an extravagance. The privilege of riding in a drawing room car from San Francisco to Chicago cost him \$53 extra. His countrymen in California consider him daft.

What our schools should aim to accomplish is not to store the memory with numerous facts about this or that subject, but to develop the reasoning powers; to train the pupil to think; to stimulate to independence of thought, in short to make him a thinking rational human being, that he may understand and successfully develop himself, and so fit himself for a useful member of society.

CALLER—"I see that the house next door is closed, Mrs. Hobson. Have your neighbors gone to the country?"

Mrs. HOBSON—"Oh, I haven't the faintest idea. I never give a thought to my neighbors; but I imagine so. An express wagon called yesterday and took away four trunks, two packing boxes, seven satchels, and a baby carriage, and it was the shabbiest lot of baggage I ever saw?"

"There wuz Bill Newton, Lyin' Bill we all called him. Never wuz near water all his life, yet he waz always tellin' about the fish he'd caught. Once when he waz sick with the jaunders his father says to him, 'Bill, how are you feelin'?' 'Finer in a fiddle,' sez Bill. 'That settles it,' sez the old man, and he started off for the undertaker. His confurdence was not misplaced. When he came back with the undertaker Bill waz a corpse."

A noted Sunday school worker living in Kansas was once asked to talk to the children of a Sunday school on the subject of temperance. He is very earnest in the cause, and wears a bit of blue ribbon as a badge of his principles. Rising before the school, he pointed to his bit of blue ribbon and said: "Now, can any of you children give me a reason why I am not a drunkard?" There was no reply for a moment; then a childish little voice in the rear of the room piped out: "Cause this is a Prohibition town."

GOSSIP ABOUT OLD CITIES.—It is supposed that Rome at one time contained 5,000,000 inhabitants.

Babylon contained 144 square miles, and London contains but 120.

In the Eternal City there were 1,780 palaces, and 59,602 houses divided into flats.

The palaces of Rome each accommodated about 350,000 people.

It took Jonah a day to get into the middle of Ninevah, which occupied more space than London.

A lady, whose establishment was very small, invited Dr. Ellicott, the Bishop of Gloucester, to dinner. She engaged for the occasion the services of an old butler, who had retired and become a greengrocer, and of a boy who knew nothing of waiting. The boy was as nervous as he was ignorant, and annoyed the old butler by constantly asking for instructions, until at last the man, in a moment of impatience, said: "Stand behind the Bishop's chair, and when His Lordship takes a glass of wine take your napkin and wipe his mouth!" The boy took the jocose reply for a serious command. He stationed himself behind the Bishop, waited until that dignitary had drunk a glass of wine, and then, as deliberately as nervousness would permit, wiped His Lordship's mouth.—*London Society.*

A gentleman rushing along in quest of a seat in a crowded train spies one next to a stout passenger. But no! it is occupied by a black bag. Turning to the stout passenger he says,—

"Engaged?"

"Yes; my friend has just gone out, he will be back directly."

The first named gentleman gets into the seat, saying quietly,—

"I will vacate the seat as soon as your friend turns up."

The signal is given to start.

"Your friend had better lock sharp," says the traveller, "the train is moving." And then he adds, in a tone of regret, "Ah, your friend has missed the train! But he shall not lose his luggage, at any rate," and he flings the black bag out of the window.

The stout passenger here gets up in a rage, and is just in time to catch a glimpse of the bag—his bag of course—as it rolls on the platform.

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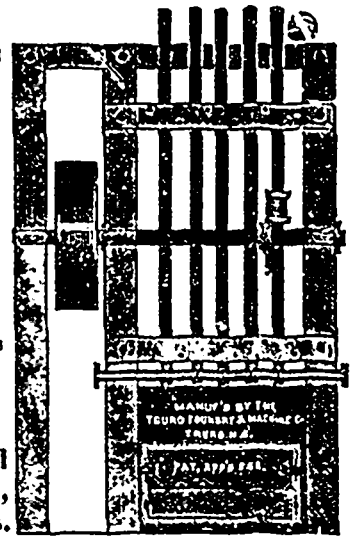
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