

## CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

A young lady in Aroostook county, Mo., has been an invalid for upwards of a year in consequence of some one sportively drawing a chair from under her as she was about to sit down. She fell to the floor, and has never recovered from the shock.

First Chicago Anarchist—"You hear dot? More inquisitions. More tyrannies. Vo must revolt." Second Anarchist—"Vot happen now?" "You hear about dose Wnifs' Mission cruelties?" "Nein." "Id's awful. Last week dose beeplos caught 500 newspoyes und vashed 'em!"—*Omaha World.*

A Herculean Scots Gray, passing along Prince street, Edinburgh one day, stopped at the Post Office and called on a boy to shine his boots. The feet of the dragoon were in proportion to his height, and, looking at the tremendous boots before him, the arab knelt down on the pavement and called on his chum near by—"Jamie, come owro and gles a hand; I've got an army contract."

Effie—"Georgy and I have been down stairs in the dining-room, Mr. Mitchem. We've been playing husband and wife!" Mr. Mitcham—"How did you do that, my dear?"

Effie—"Why Georgy sat at one end of the table, and I sat at the other; and Georgy said, 'This food isn't fit to eat!' and I said, 'it's all you'll get!' and Georgy said a bad word, and I got up and left the room!"—*Punch.*

Between the ages of 80 and 85 years, there are more deaths than between the 90th and 100th years. A person who is 90 years of age stands a better chance of reaching a century life, than one who is 80 years old. The U. S. census of 1880 gave 4,016 persons as of 100 years and over, and not far from the same number, or 4,763, as from 95 to 99. In 1880 there were 146,362 men and women in the United States between 80 and 84 years, but the number from 85 to 90 was only 49,835. Yet there were more at 93 or 94 years.

Recent investigations go to prove that the name of "America" is indigenous to the soil. M. Marceau has found the "Amerique" range of hills in Central America, and also a tribe of Indians living upon it—the Ameriques. It appears too, that the root of the name was widely scattered over Central America at the time of the conquest. Then M. Marceau asserts that Vespucci's name was "Alberico" or "Albert" and never "Amerigo" till he returned from his American voyage, and had adopted or been given a name commemorative of his travels.

In a church in Baltimore, recently, a well known baritone singer inadvertently placed the slur on the wrong note. The composer had adapted the air of "The Jewish Maiden" to a hymn beginning, "Before the Lord we bow," and instead of placing the slur on the first two syllables, he placed it on the last one, and rendered it thus:—"Before the Lord we bow-wow-wow." The effect was immense. As he had, and still has, a powerful and beautiful voice, his hearers were electrified at this unwonted and unlooked-for canine imitation. He has never entirely recovered from the effect of his ludicrous mistake.

"Good gracious, Miss Harriet," exclaimed a young man, slipping hurriedly from the hall into the parlor of a K street residence, "what sort of a man is your father?"

"About like the average, I guess," she replied, coolly; "why do you ask?"

"Well, he just yelled down-stairs to me to bring up that poultice for his sore neck, or he would knock a piece off my jaw. What do I know about it?"

"Did he see you?" she asked in surprise.

"Not that I know of."

"That accounts for it, then," she said in a tone of relief. "He heard you moving around, and thought it was mother. I thought pa wouldn't be impolite to guests in the house."

Here is a Chinese tiger story from a paper called *The Hu Pao*:—In Kwantung province, in a wild, mountainous locality, lies the village of Tak'ang Ts'un. Outside the village is a little old temple, and the man in charge, carefully locks himself in at night; but two holes drilled in the door afford him means of looking out and a guarantee against suffocation. One night a tiger came and crouched just outside the door for a long time, as if he knew there was a man inside. He then first put a paw in through one of the holes and clawed around, and next inserted his tail to feel for his prey with this sensitive member. The temple guardian, maddened with fear, got a chopper and waited for the animal to renew the experiment, and then dealt a violent blow and cut the tail through. The tiger gave a roar that shook the tiles on the roof of the joss-house, and then charged at the door repeatedly, finally knocking it off its hinges and on to the man, who had been trying to prop it up on the other side. The tiger charged in over the prostrate door, and, not seeing the man was hidden by it, seized one of the josses which stood on each side of the door in its jaws and galloped away, while the man bolted off to the village. The next day some grass cutters on the mountains found the joss lying on a wild, lonely hillside, where it had been abandoned by the tiger, and, recognizing the sacred image, brought it back to the village, and there heard the extraordinary story of its removal.

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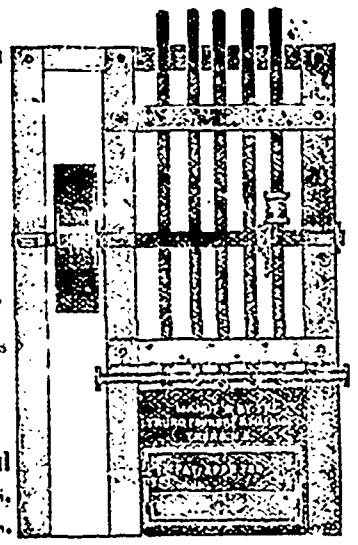
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