

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

We were playing at see-saw—
 'Twas thirteen years ago—
 Sweet little Patience Preston,
 With her brow as white as snow,
 With her eyes of sunny blue,
 And her curls of golden shine;
 I thought her the dearest little girl,
 And vowed she would be mine.

But we were only five years old—
 Love was the prize we sought—
 That I was rich and she was poor
 We never gave a thought.
 But we were only five years old,
 And we are eighteen now,
 And she is rich and I am poor,
 And when we meet—we bow.

There is one crop that never fails. It belongs to the chicken.

"Waiter, can you bring me a nice young chicken smothered in onions?"
 "No, sah; we doesn't kill 'om dat way, sah. We cuts off d'er heads."

The young king of Spain is 17 months old, and has a salary of \$1,000,000 a year. He seems to be doing very well indeed for a young man.

Stable-keeper: "By the way, shall I put in an extra buffalo?" English dude—"Couldn't you let me 'ave an 'orse, you know? Er—er—rather not drive a buffalo, first time you know."

Some one has invented a new style of boy's trousers, which is highly recommended. They have a copper seat and sheet iron knees, are riveted down in the seams, and have water-proof pockets to hold broken eggs.

Tramp—"Did you make this bread yourself, madam?"

Woman—"Yes, an' if I do say it myself, you've eat wuss bread than that."

Tramp—"I know I have; but not much worse."

A farmer, bringing his son as a pupil was asked by the schoolmaster what he intended to make of the lad.

"Well, if he gets grace, we'll make him a minister."

"Ah!" returned the schoolmaster, "if he gets no grace, what then?"

"Then," said the father, "he maun just become a schulomaister like yerself."

SIMPLY A MATTER OF HABIT.—How does it feel to have a mustache on your lip, Henry? she asked, when she perceived that her lover was cultivating that masculine adornment.

I can't say, he answered; how does it feel to have one on yours?

Well, she answered; as she struggled from his embrace and drew her breath, I think it is something to which one could in time become reconciled.

"Well, does your husband still drink?"

"Yes, mother, and it is worrying the life out of me."

"Did you try the plan of breaking him of the habit that I suggested to you?"

"Yes."

"Did you put whiskey in his coffee?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was the only woman he had seen since his mother died who knew how to make coffee as it should be made."

The Scotch borderers, like the Highlanders, whose manners are not dissimilar, are much attached to surnames, and the inhabitants of the whole villages consist of perhaps only a few names. The Johnstones, Jardines, Maxwells, Scotts, &c., are very popular names in the south country. One day in the winter a traveller lost his way, and coming into the village of Lockerbie at night, which was excessively stormy, and almost frozen to death, he kept knocking at every door, which were all shut, and exclaiming, "Is there nae a Christian i' the town?" A woman looking out of one of the houses he was rapping at, replied, "Na na we are Johnstones an' Jardines."

Many years ago Jenny Lind visited America and was staying in Boston where a celebrated sailor preacher, known to the "tars" of every part throughout the world as "Father Taylor," ministered to the spiritual needs of sailors in a chapel known as the "Sailors' Bethel." Charles Dickens and many other English celebrities made a point, when visiting the United States, of going to hear "Father Taylor" preach, and Jenny Lind was one of the number. The chapel, as was usual, was crowded in every part, Jenny Lind being seated (all unknown to the celebrated preacher) in the body of the building, and the pulpit stairs wholly occupied by a number of individuals who failed to find accommodation elsewhere. While "Father Taylor" was preaching he paid a glowing tribute to the power of song, and made special reference to Jenny Lind, whom he described as "that sweetest of singers who had but recently lighted on our shores;" and no sooner had he done so than a man of his audience, who was seated at the top of the pulpit stairs, interrupted him by asking, "Would a Christian go to heaven if he died at one of Jenny Lind's concerts?" The witty and eccentric old preacher turned round, and, fixing on his interrogator a look of sarcastic pity, replied, "A Christian will go to heaven when he dies wherever he may be, and a fool will be a fool wherever he is, even though he be on the top of the pulpit stairs."

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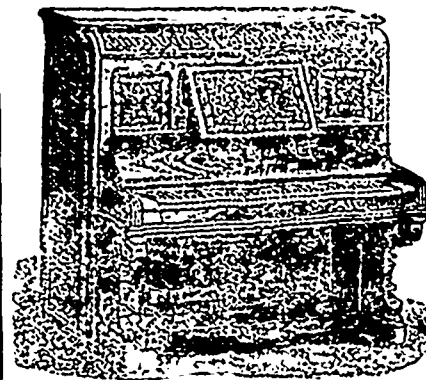
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