

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

GLOOM AT THE HUR.—Young Bostonian (to servant)—“Is Miss Waldo in?”

Servant—“Yis, sorr; but she is that sick she can't see anybody.”

Young Bostonian (alarmed)—“Is it possible? Has she been ill long?”

Servant—“Iver since the news came about Mither Soolivan, sorr.”

“Patsy, oi've been insulted. Micky Doolan called me a liar,” said an excited Irishman.

“An' phwat are yoz goin' to do about it?”

“I don't know. Phwat would you do, av yo wor me?”

“Well, Dinny, I think Oi'd tell the troot' oftener.”

MASTER OF THE HOUSE.—“Here, my poor fellow, you're better now. Drink this water.”

ARTFUL DODGER.—“Take it away, sorr!—take it away! It's high dhry phoby oi've got. Wather makes it worse. The only thing as cures it, sorr, is whiskey, nato.” It strikes many householders in the same way.

HOW BIDDY WAS SOLD.—“Mary,” said Mrs. Blank to her maid, “you can toll Bridget that she excolled herself in the pies we had for dinner to-day.” A little later Mrs. Blank went down to the kitchen and found Bridget very sad and solemn. “Why, what is the matter?” asked the lady, very much suprised. “Shure mum,” came the answer, “didn't you tell Mary I could go *sell myself with them pies!*”

DARWINIAN EVOLUTION.—“What's the matter, Pat?”

“More fun in the family this morning, sor.”

“Yes; twins again?”

“No, sir; faith, an' it's triplets this time.”

“Your getting on.”

“Gettin' on is it! By hivins, sor, I belave the next'll be quadrupeds!”

A few years ago a girl fresh from the West Highlands came on a visit to a sister she had residing in Glasgow. At the outskirts of the town she stopped at a tollbar and began to rap sharply with her knuckles on the gate. The keeper, amused at the little girl's action, and curious to know what she wanted, came out, when she very demurely interrogated him as follows:—“Is this Glasco?” “Yes.” “Is Peggy in?”

Mrs. Graham is an estimable lady, whose hobby is house decoration. One day last spring, Mrs. Graham was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her. The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what happened, drily remarked to her: “Mrs. Graham, there's such a thing as pushing this rage for decorated interiors too far.”

M. Faye, the well-known French astronomer, has drawn attention at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences to the apparent geological law that the cooling of the terrestrial crust goes on more rapidly under the sea than with a land surface. Hence he argues that the crust must thicken under oceans at a more rapid rate and so give rise to a swelling up and distortion of the thinner portions of the crust, in other words, to the formation of mountain chains.

THEY JOINED HANDS.—“I was at the manse the ither day,” said the precentor to an old cmony, “an' the minister and me got on the crack. He says to me—‘James,’ says he, ‘I am very sorry to tell you that I must advise you to give up your post, for there are several people complaining that you cannot sing.’ ‘Weel, sir,’ said I, ‘I dinna think you should be in sic a hurry to advise me. I've been telt a dizzen times ye canna preach, but I never advised ye to gie up your place.’ I saw he was vexed, so I jist said, ‘No'er heed, sir, the fules 'il hae tae hear us till we think fit to stop.’”

United States Consul Taylor writes from Winnipeg to the Secretary of State at Washington, giving a particular account of the “hostile Sioux under Sitting Bull.” After describing their position in camp at Wood Mountain, he estimated their number at “5,000 souls of whom about 1,000 were well armed warriors; and further that they made no secret of their intention to renew the campaign in the Yellowstone Valley, and seemed determined to get ammunition, even resorting to threats to obtain it. Notwithstanding this great display of force and disposition to be ugly, a mere handful of well disciplined and officered mounted constabulary kept them effectually in order, and finally surrendered them in a friendly manner to their own territory and government.”

LOVE SONG OF THE PRAIRIE LARK.—As the full spring-time comes on, the number of these short chants is greatly increased, whilst their prolongations and variations are without number; and soon it becomes evident to the most casual observer that the love-fires are kindling, and that each musician is striving to the utmost of his powers to surpass all rivals and win the lark of his choice. On one occasion, as I lay hiding near a fence, three larks came skimming over the plain; they alighted within a few yards of me, and two of them burst into a song, sometimes singing together and sometimes alternately, but the third was silent. When at last they flew up, I noticed that the silent one and one of the singers kept together. I had been witness to a musical tournament, and the victor had won his bride.—*Ernest E. Thompson, in The American Magazine for April.*

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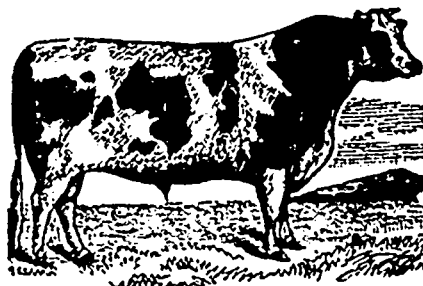
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