

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

They say the longest day's In June,
The shortest in December;
And yet I cannot think 'tis true
Because, don't you remember.

How very short those days in June,
When we two were together,
And how the longest days of all
Were in the winter weather?

Whate'er the almanac may say,
No matter what the weather,
The days seem long when we're apart,
And shortest when together.

Elsie—"Are you not capable of blushing when you go to a party in such a *decollette* dress?" Edith—"No, the men blush."

"I notice that the ladies generally are wearing high-necked dresses this year." "Yes," said the old fox-hunter, "they seem to have been driven to cover at last."

The Duke of Edinburgh has been made a member of the Order of the Golden Fleece by the Queen of Spain. Tradesmen all over Europe say the tight fisted Duke is well fitted for the honor.

Mrs. Hobson (discussing an amateur theatrical entertainment)—"It struck me, Mr. Oldboy, that Mr. Smith's Romeo was a very tame affair."

Mr. Oldboy—Necessarily so, my dear madam, Mrs. Smith played Juliet, you know.—*Utica Observer.*

It is common to hear people argue that, unless you accept their opinions you have nothing before you but a *glissade* into atheism. Luckily, human nature is not thus constituted. There is not one lonely shelf of rock whereon to build a *feste Burg*, and then a slope of ice descending into an abyss. There are hundreds of shelves and landing-places with churches and chapels on every one of them. Even on Mr. Herbert Spencer's ledge there is room for a gaunt cathedral, and an altar to an unknowable God. Thus, to any author or preacher who assures us that his ledge is the only tenable ledge, we need not reply. From the mountain crest, from all the mountain ridges, ring the many bells, all inviting us to many worships.—*Andrew Lang in Contemporary Review.*

Many an amusing paragraph has appeared in newspapers as to the make up of that portentous article of ladies dress, the bustle, but heretofore we have never heard of its having been used as a safe retreat for persecuted cats. A few days since, a Halifax lady, well known in social circles, while proceeding along one of our principal streets, stopped to protect a cat which some thoughtless boys were tormenting. The poor worried animal, recognizing in the lady a friend in need, ran to her and proceeded at once to clamber into her bustle, in which quarter she remained safely ensconced until her protector reached the house of her friend. Such an instance of feline sagacity is worthy of mention, and neither utilitarians nor humanitarians will henceforth regard the bustle as an useless appendage to the body feminine.

From the annual report on education in Scotland, a writer in the *Standard* has culled some choice specimens of the wild answers of hard-run pupils. In definitions, and in grammar generally, the native talent of the pupil for absurdity appears most brilliantly. Here are a few instances:—

"A straight line," it is the opinion of one youth, "is one which lies in the same regular length from point to point." "A superficies," remarked another pupil with his back to the wall, "is the point taken between any two straight lines." Compared with the definition of a circle as "a figure bounded by a straight line," or the demonstration, "since the whole are equal, the parts must be equal," the characterization of "an isosceles triangle" as one "having two opposite sides to one another," is simply a piece of doltish stupidity. In reality, it is impossible to read these, and a host of similar blunders, without a certain degree of pity. They display some shockingly bad teaching, in addition to some egregiously bad learning.

The narrative of *Jowah* and "that whale who was almost persuaded to be a Christian" is painfully good. But it is not equal to the biography of the same Patriarch compiled by a Board-School boy competing for one of the Peek prizes. "He was the father of Lot, and had two wives. One was called Ishmale, and the other Hugher; he kept one at home, and he turned the other into the dessert, when she became a pillow of salt in the day time, and a pillow of fire at night." The following is almost equally impressive: "Moses was an Egyptian. He lived in an ark made of bullrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipped brazen snakes, and et nothing but kwales and manna for forty years. He was caught by the hair of his head, while riding under the bough of a tree, and he was killed by his son Absalom as he was hanging from the bough."

To attribute "Guy Mannering" and "Peveril of the Peak" to Lord Beaconsfield, and "Don Juan" to Miss Braddon, are comparatively venial blunders; and to ascribe the "Sands of Dee" to Mrs. Hemans betrays a certain critical faculty, divorced from knowledge of literary history, which is lacking in the loyal desperado who ventures to credit Prince Leopold with its authorship.

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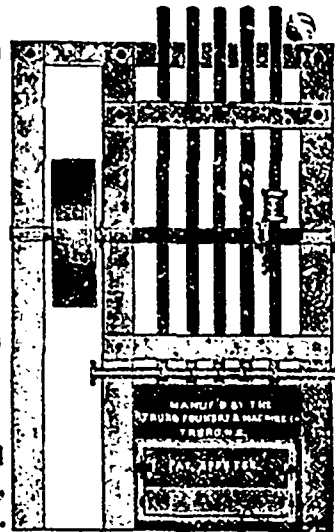
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