

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE BROOK.

From a fountain in a mountain,
Drops of water run
Trickling through the grasses, so our brook began.

Slow it started; soon it darted,
Clear and cool and free,
Rippling over pebbles, hurrying to the sea.

Children straying came a-playing
On its pretty banks;
Glad, our little brooklet sparkled up its thanks.

Blossoms floating, mimic boating,
Flashes darting past,
Swift and strong and happy, widening very fast.

Bubbling, singing, rushing, ringing,
Flecked with shade and sun,
Soon our pretty brooklet to the sea has run.

ELLEN SOULE CARRIART.

A young lady's album is a book of him.

A cynical old bachelor says that, "lovers are like armies, they get along well enough till the engagement begins."

"Art is long, and time is fleeting," remarked the young portrait painter, as he introduced his watch to the pawnbroker.

"Pa, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" Of course, my child." "Well, then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a Hole?"

Magistrate (to plaintiff with lump on his head) "If your wife threw a flat-iron at you, why didn't you dodge?" Plaintiff "I did, your honor, and that's how I came to get hit."

CLOSE AT HAND.—Once, said Lawrence Oliphant, I was in a Cornish mine, some hundreds of feet down in the bowels of the earth. Crawling down a ladder, and feeling the temperature was every moment getting warmer, I said to a miner who was accompanying me. "It is getting very hot down here. How far do you think it is to the infernal regions?"

"I don't know exactly," he replied, "but if you let go you will be there in two minutes."—*London Journal.*

A traveller in Brazil writes to a horticultural paper telling of the crop of mistletoe that he found growing on telegraph wires near Rio Janeiro. When he first saw it he thought that floods had left weeds hanging to the wires, but a nearer inspection and the height of the wires convinced him that the apparent weeds were thousands of little mistletoes firmly fixed to the wires. Many species of this plant grow in Brazil, and some, called "bird weeds," bear berries which are eaten by birds. The seeds are deposited on the telegraph wires, and take root. They are short lived, of course, but the constant deposits of seed clothe the wires with this curious fringe.

About a generation ago, Lawrence O'Connor Doyle sat in the Nova Scotia Legislature. Many a *bon-mot* of his has been published, but the following will probably be new to the reading public:—Doyle and two brother legislators, Messrs. Uniacke and Kenny, were among the guests at a dinner party one evening, and while Mr. Kenny was drinking his champagne, a small piece of cork escaped into his windpipe, and violent coughing ensued. When relief came, Uniacke, himself a wit, observed that "that was the wrong road for Cork," whereupon Doyle, quick as thought, added the remark—"It may be the wrong way for Cork, but it went nigh to Kil(l) Kenny."—*J. A. Chisholm in Harper's Monthly.*

Lime-water is an admirable remedy in cases of diphtheria. Its local effect is most useful in cleansing and purifying the fauces, and its mode of application is the easiest imaginable. It requires no spray apparatus, no douching, and no effort at gargling. It is sufficient to have the patient slowly swallow a teaspoonful or more every hour, in order to get good results from its use. This fact is of the greatest importance in treating children, who are too often cruelly tortured in the attempt to make local applications to the throat. Lime-water can be given easily, and is taken readily by children, and there are, we believe, few cases of diphtheria, which require a more energetic local treatment than the one just described.

"Extenuating circumstances" have seldom been pleaded with greater ingenuity or upon more novel grounds than by a culprit recently tried in a German court of justice for murder and robbery. According to custom, the presiding judge, before summing up the evidence for the jury's consideration, asked the prisoner whether he had anything to say for himself.

"Only this, your honor," replied the latter, "it was not a murder but a suicide."

Judge: "How do you make that out?"
Prisoner: "In this way, your honor. The deceased for years before his death went about everywhere saying that he was determined to put an end to himself, but he never had the courage to do so. At last his irresolution moved me to pity; so, to save him from disappointment, and, more especially, from being worse than his word, I suicided him."

Judge: "That is all very well, but what made you take his watch?"

Prisoner: "When he was dead he did not require a watch. I did, and so I very naturally put it in my pocket. Besides, he was an old friend of mine, and I wanted something to remember him by."

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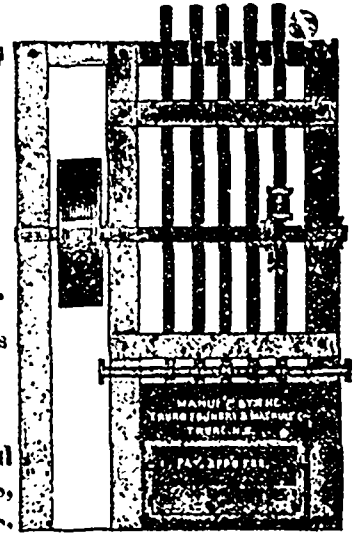
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