

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

There is one man in Cornwall who thinks an animal may know too much. While he was admiring the beauty of his favorite cow, imagine his surprise to see her fasten her horns into the limbs of an apple tree, shake it, and then pick up the apples. These proceedings were continued until she had satisfied her app(!!)lito.

A beggar was pursuing his calling in the street. "Are you not ashamed," asked a passer-by, "to follow a trade like that when you are able to work?" "Sir," replied the barefooted one with Castilian pride, "it was money, not advice, that I asked you for!"

First sweet girl—"O, it was so romantic. I got beyond my depth at Long Branch, and he saved my life, and after that we became engaged. Isn't it lovely!"

Second sweet girl—"That's just your luck, dear. I worked out beyond my depth six times this season and was saved by six different young men, but every mother's son of them was married."

Many persons have been puzzled to know to whom Tennyson referred in the opening lines of "In Memoriam," which read—

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tone,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

The allusion has lately been definitely settled by the Poet Laureate that it was Goethe to whom he referred.

M. Levasseur, a savant of the French Academy, says that in the reign of Charlemagne nine-tenths of France was under forest and swamp; not more than 9 persons to the square mile existed, and about 75 to the square mile of cultivated land. He has found out that then as with modern Gauls the average number of children was the "mystic two." M. Bloch, a well known statistician, asserts that in the course of 50 years, did foreigners continue to increase at the rate of three per cent., they would constitute one third of the population, and then France would cease to be a nation.

It was on an outward-bound ocean vessel. A goodly number of ministers of the Gospel were on board, and it was decided to hold an experience meeting in the saloon. An elderly minister presided, and he called upon a young preacher who had been one of the promoters of the meeting for his experience. The latter began: "Brethren, as I was lying in my berth last night, thinking of the great ocean on whose bosom we are floating, a beautiful thought came to me—" Then he stopped. His face began to assume a pallor often noticed on shipboard, and, placing his hand on his watch pocket, he left in great haste to commune with the bounding deep. "My friends," remarked the presiding minister, "I think we had better let our beautiful thoughts digest." Then the meeting adjourned.

I saw them walking, hand in hand.
Where slanting sunbeams flickered late:
Life was to them an unknown land,
With young love smiling at the gate.
Once more I saw them, as they went
With ling'ring footsteps down the shore,
The years allotted well nigh spent—
Life all behind them, heav'n before.
But as again they neared the gate
Of life's mysterious, narrow land,
I saw that Love did still await,
And beckon them with his white hand

JAMES BUCKHAM.

TEXAN AMENITIES.—Two Texans met each other on the opposite banks of a stream, and exchanging greetings, many friendly questions were put and answered. The men were evidently delighted to see each other, and their only regret appeared to be that the meeting was in a place where it was impossible for them to clasp and shake hands, the river not being fordable on account of its swiftness and the rocky, treacherous nature of the channel, while the nearest bridge was five miles above. Both men lamented these unfortunates circumstances, but at length a way of getting over the difficulty suggested itself to one of them, whose pet name was "Broncho Bill."

"I say, Sam," cried Broncho, "it's a little rough for old friends and neighbours to meet away out here, thousands of miles away from home, and then have to part this way. Got yer pistol with ye?"

"I hev," cried Sam—"allers carries her." "Good! That's one comfort; if we can't get across this yer stream to shake hands, why, thar's nothin' to prevent us from takin' a shot at each other! Jist ride up to yer left thar a rod or two. Thar! Now jist one good old neighbourly shot!"

The men rode aside, and "Bang, bang!" went their pistols. "Yer smashed the pummel of my saddle," cried Broncho. "Yer see, the horse sbed a little jest as yer turned loose, or ye might 'a' plumped me good."

"You done better, Bill; yer got into the flesh of my arm 'bout half an inch. Good mornin' to yer—a safe journey to yer—and tell the folks at home we met and had a good sociable time together."

"Thank yer, and the same to yer; but I'll give 'em a good account of yer."

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