CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES

LOVE AND LACE WORK.

Of course I love him. (One, two, three, And slip the fourth.) Dear fellow! yer, He fairly worshipped me. (Now look: This time you take two stitches less.) Quite tall, well-built; his eyes were gray-(You pull that thread the other way.

Two loops.) A dimp'e in his chin,
The sweetest hair. (My dear observe)
He was a poet. (This begins
The second row, and makes a curve.)
Itm sure you d like to read the rhymes He wrote me. ('Round the edge three times,

Poor boy t His fate was very sad;
He died quite young. (Another one
But not so tight.) It broke my heart.
(There, that is very nicely done.)
He was my first love and my last,
(Be careful, dear; don't go so fast.)

My husband! Oh, the kindest soul!
I met him 'Now the pattern shows }
In Europe.
And—oh; well yest—as marriage goes.
I'm happy (Keep the thread straight,
Or it will tangle.) Such is fate!

Whether a wire is alive or dead is most easily ascertained by examining the condition of the person who has just grasped it firmly with his right

Baron Budbeg has gone to Berlin to attend the Czar during his visit to that city. It seems quite possible that the fear that the printers will make the U and the E change places in his name must take much joy out of his

> PLAUSIBLE Whene er you step into a room
> And conversation ceases,
> You won't be wrong if you presume
> You have been picked to pieces.

THEREBY HANGS NO TAIL .- From the New York World: "Another tailless comet has been discovered. Astronomers are astonished at the number of comets which have appeared of late destitute of their caudal append-Can it be that evolution is producing such strange results in the cometary world?"

The origin of the word "hurrah" has for some time been a theme of discussion in the press. A writer in Public Opinion expresses the conviction that "it is nothing but an enlarged form of hurr (signifying a rapid movement), and it is of purely Teutonic origin." Also that the word "hurry" is its Anglicised form.

Ocular demonstration Cyril (in the garden) — Father! father! look out of the window! Paterf-milias (putting out his head)— What a nui sance you children are What do you want now? Cyril (with a triumphant glance at his playfel'ow)—" Johnnie Gray wouldn't believe you'd got no hair on the top of your head."

WHAT IT'S COMING TO .- Officer (on racing Ocean Greyhound)-" Captain, the wave that swept our decks a few moments ago carried off seven passen-

Captain—"Throw their trunks and luggage overboard; that rescally Ethiopian is gaining on us?"

Buchanan Read, the American poet, must have been angry or very much amused when his note to a friend, "Come and see me; I am at Bannan's" -meaning a hotel of that name in New York, at the time Barnum's Museum was running—elicited the answer: "I am sorry you are going to exhibit yourself. If you had stuck to literature you might have made your mark. What salary do you get in this show?"

A member of the Cape Legislature, addressing the House upon the Frontier Question, thus expressed himself: "Such, Mr. Speaker, was the state of insecurity upon the Eastern Frontier that I and other settlers have often gone to our daily avocations leaving our peaceful homesteads, our happy wives, our smiling children, to return in the evening to find our houses burnt over our heads, our wives widows, and our children fatherless."

The death of Shelley's son, Sir Percy Florence Shelley, has served to fill the papers once more with a mass of reminiscent literature about the poet and to emphasize afresh the fact that his reputation is growing and his personalty waxing in interest, to the prejudice of all the rest of the writers of his generation. This son just dead was a portly, rubicund, cheery country squire, without a trace of genius from either the father or the mother, and the title now passes out of the poet's direct line to a cousin.

- "Mistah Johnsing, yu heah dat gal ob mine sing at the chaich las night?"
 "I did."

 - "Bootiful song dat, de one she sung. It am called De Lost Chord."
 "Huh! dit so? Well, you wa'n't dar."
 "No, I was to hum, but she tole me she sung it."

"Yes, she did, and some one got at my woodpile while I was at de chaich. Guess I lost about a cord, too."

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