

## CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

## IRISH ASTRONOMY.

A veritable myth, touching the constellation of O'Ryan, ignorantly and falsely spelled Orlon.

O'Ryan was a man of might  
Whose Ireland was a nation,  
But peaceable was his heart's delight  
And constant occupation.  
He had an old millstone gun,  
And sartain sure his aim was;  
He gave the keepers many a run,  
And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Patrick wanst was passin' by  
O'Ryan's little houldin',  
And, as the saint felt wake and dhry  
He thought he'd enter hould in.  
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!  
To praich at Thurbs I'm going;  
So let me have a rasher quick,  
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you  
While betther is to spare, sir,  
But here's a joy of mountain dew,  
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."  
St. Patrick he looked mighty sweet,  
And says he "Good luck attend you,  
And when you're in your windin' sheet,  
It's up to heaven I'll find you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—  
Them tidin's is thranstportin',  
But may I ax your saintship if  
There's any kind of sportin'?"  
St. Patrick said, "A Lion's there,  
Two Bears, a Bull, and a Cancer"—  
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare;  
St. Patrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,  
For fear I'd tire your patience,  
You'll see O'Ryan any night  
Amid the constellations  
And Venus follows in his track  
Till Mars grows jealous really,  
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack  
Of handling the shillaly.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

He—"Is your will very strong?" She—"Not if I'm kissed against it."

No punishment is too severe for a Chicago bigamist. A man too careless and lazy to spend five minutes in getting a divorce between marriages certainly deserves severe punishment.

"Look at that now," said an Irishman as, in company with a friend, he passed a couple of Italians who were engaged in animated conversation. "Well, what of it? They are talking to each other, nothing more." "Yes, but here's the wan thing Oi want to know." "What is that?" "How the devil can they tell phwat they're talkin' about?"

"I'd just like to know" said Mrs. Slick, "what this newspaper-man means. Heres the *Morning Chronicle* man been a hintin' and throwin' out insinuations about the Tories and one thousand dollar bills, just as if the Tories didnt pay their debts and wer'n't as liberal with their money as grits. If I was a politishen I'd get right out and out mad, and I'd up an ax them who I hadnt payed, and what business it wero of the'n any way. I reckon if the Tories have many one thousand dollar bills, outstandin' they'll hear about them direct, and the *Chronicle* man needn't bother abein interested about it neether."

"Now Bessie" said Mrs. Slick, "I'll not put up with any more of these horrid bills. I know our Halifax shop-keepers will let you run up a long account, but it isn't ladylike to keep them awaitin' for their money for a whole ar, and for my part I'd rather take the cash discount. What does that mean. Why! That many of our swell people forget to pay their bills, and that the shopkeepers have to put on a big price to pay them for waiting, and that anybody ready to pay prompt-like, gets things at the right figure. This abominable credit system ruins half of our shop-keepers, and makes a lot of folks live beyond their means, and as my income is limited, I'm not agoin' to encourage extravagance, and that's a fact."

A SUBMERGED CITY!—Lough Neagh, Antrim, enjoys a celebrity for a marvel that both historian and poet have commemorated—that of flowing over a submerged city. Caxton thus records the legend:—"There is a lake in Ulster, and much fish therein. . . . The river Bann runneth out of the lake into the North Ocean, and men say that this lake began in this manner.—There were men in this country that were of an evil living. . . . And there was a well in the land of great reverence of old time, and always covered; and if it were left uncovered, the well would rise and drown all the land and so it happened that a woman went to the well for to fetch water, and bided her fast to her child that wept in the cradle, and left the well uncovered; then the well sprunged so fastly it drowned the woman and her child, and made all the country a lake and fish pond. For to prove this, it is a great argument that when the weather is clear, fishers of the water see in the ground under the water round towers and high shapon steeples and churches of the land." Moore has used this legend in one of his sweetest songs—"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays?"—*Our Own Country*.

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## SHIRTS, HO!

When Lazarus lay at the gate quite alone,  
Bewailing his sores, rags and dirt;  
Fine linen was dear, and white muslin unknown,  
And no one could spare him a shirt.

But things in our day are better by far,  
And we live in more genial times;  
For we, notwithstanding the rumors of war,  
Are given 3 fine shirts for Ten Dimes!

Of choicest material, and value most rare,  
With fine work from wristband to collar  
And the best in the land such a garment might wear,  
Though the price of it's ONLY A DOLLAR!

Fine white shirts for a dollar!"

I heard some folk holler—

Or was it the voice of the scotter—

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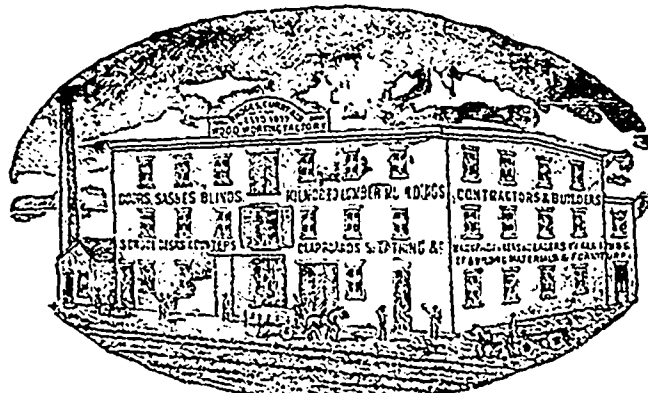
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