

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

AN AIRY POEM.

Current Literature credits the following "Song of the Parachute" to the Pall Mall Gazette with these explanatory words:—

"Addressed to Prc f. Baldwin, now performing in London, but applicable to all balloon jumpers in this country."

As a matter of fact, the poem was written a year or two ago by Capt. Jack Crawford, the famous government scout and Indian fighter, after witnessing one of Sam Baldwin's ascensions. Here it is:—

I can sit on a broncho's hurricano deck
When he kicks as high as the moon,
But darn my skin if you'll get me in—
To an untamed Yankee balloon,
That goes like a Winchester rifle shot
Up toward Heaven's back garden plot.

I have run some risks on the wild frontier,
When the Reds war about in the land,
But to jump in the air from away up thar
Would exhaust my supply of sand;
You bet I'd hang on to that old balloon
If she bumped her side against the moon.

Suppose that overgrown parasol
Should happen to make a kick
An' fail to do as he wanted it to,
He'd drop to the earth too quick,
And would sink so deep that his friends, no doubt,
Would go to China to dig him out.

I'm kinder glad that the old balloon
Refused to straddle the cloud;
When he cut her away he meant to stay,
Tho' he landed to fill a shroud;
And soon or late, you hear me toot,
He'll break his neck from that parachute.

And if I'm around when the corpse comes back,
And is laid in the last low bed,
And the soft winds sigh a sweet lullaby,
O'er the poor balloonist's head,
I hardly think it'll be amiss
To write him an epitaph just like this:

"Here lies the body of one who flew
Like a meteor up toward Heaven's blue,
And then, with a reckless sort of grace,
Flew just as fast toward the other place,
Sometimes t'ward Heaven, sometimes t'ward—well,
He changed so often it's hard to tell
Whether upon his final scoot
He works a balloon or a parachute."

Our objection to the foolhardy man is not that he is a fool but that he is hardy. He never seems to die.

The clergyman in an English town, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk, reading the hymn beginning with these words: "Mistaken souls, who dream of Heaven."

Young lady (to turnkey)—Can I take these flowers in to the prisoners, sir? Turnkey—Yes, mem; the thieves and pickpockets 'ill be glad to get 'em. They dotes on flowers. But there ain't no murderers in now, mem. The last one was pardoned out yesterday. Young lady—Oh, I am so sorry.

Improved Appearances.—Dentist—"What can I do for you, madam?" Mrs. O'Rahilly (suddenly rich)—"I want yez to be after prying the amalgum fillin' out o' me back tooth an' puttin' in gold. Since Dinnis got the contract on ther new aquedook 't is not the expense we be minding in any ways."

Husband (pettishly):—"Why, Nellie, do you spend so much time at the looking-glass?" Wife:—"To make myself look as attractive as possible."

H:—"Pshaw? You are too vain. And what does it all amount to? I don't admire you any more." W:—"I know it, but you are not the only man in the world." H. puts on his thinking cap.

The hygroscopic quality of table salt, and its tendency to pack together in cruets and containers, may be entirely overcome by thoroughly drying the salt and intimately mingling with it a small percentage of dry corn starch or arrowroot. From 8 to 10 per cent is amply sufficient for the most humid atmosphere (as on the sea coast,) while a much less percentage of the starch is sufficient for inland points.

An Eastern potentate once asked a group of his courtiers which they thought the greatest man, himself or his father. At first he could elicit no reply to so dangerous a question. At last a wiley old courtier said; "Your father, sire; for, though your are equal to your father in all other respects, in this he is superior to you,—that he had a greater son than any you have." He was promoted on the spot.

Messrs. Hancock of London have on exhibition a wonderful ruby. It is 1 inch in length, 3/4 inch in width, and weighs 24 carats, and is said to be the most important ruby in the world in respect of the three essential qualities of color, size, and brilliancy. When Messrs Hancock, after spending months in treaty for its purchase, finally secured the stone (which is supposed to have lain hidden for years among the ancestral treasures of one of the Burmah princes), it was larger, but badly cut. To sacrifice size to the requirements of art was a bold resolution, but it was taken, and the result of putting the gem into the hands of an eminent lapidary is the possession of a stone in every way unique.

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SONGS OF THE SHIRT.

(Paddy in full dress meets a friend.)—"Where did I get this shirt? Bedad I got it where they can be had
By any decent caller,
At Clayton & Sons on Jacob's Strate,—
Now aint it lligant and nate,
And ONLY COSTS A DOLLAR!
"A Dollar" "Yes, bedad its thrue
And Barney dear I if I was you,
I'd go and git another."
"I'll do it Pat—I will me friend—
Wan for meself—and I will send
Wan to our Mick, me brother."
(Sandy at market.)—I guess this is a' I want the noo,
And glad I am at bein' throo,
So I'll be toddlin' ben i—
By George I heana finished yet,—
To-morrow's Sabba—I maun get
Ane o' thae shirts ye ken,
'Tis but a step to Clayton's place—
There's no needessity to race
And I'll be hame in time:
And Janet lass—the scoldin' jade
Secin' the bargain I hae made
For ance will hush her chime!

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