CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

HE NEVER KNEW.

We were seated in the hammock; It was some time after dark, And the silences grew longer After each subdued remark.

With her head upon my shoulder, And my arms about her close, Soon I whispered growing bolder, "Do you love mo darling Rose?"

Were her accents low, to equal All my heart has dared to hope? Ah! I never knew the sequel, For her brother cut the rope.

Edith Maydew.

He who said that beauty is but skin deep never examined the inwardness of the watermelon.

Here is the latest Tory joke: Why cannot Mr. Gladstone have his life insured? Because no man living can make out his policy.

One of these days Mr. Blaine may take it into his head to declare the Arctic Ocean a part of the waters of Alaska and forbid the British pastime of hunting the North Pole.

The fashionable parasol of to day is a wonderful thing. Open or shut it commands attention and respect. The broom handle, so long the undisputed weapon of the gentle sex, is in the shade.

"Ah Jennie, I understand you are going to marry a second-hand husband," said Mrs. Marrywell to Miss Jennie, who had chosen a widower. "Yes but I'm a ready maid, you know, and so the combination won't be so very bad," responded Jennie.

Mr. Gladstone may fairly take to himself the saying of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's birthday anniversary: "To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old." Only Mr. Gladstone is nearly eighty.

The fruit growers of California, finding that peach-stones make an excellent fuel, are now selling them at the rate of \$6 a ton. A sack of stones will weigh about eighty pounds, and is said to last as long as an equal number of pounds of coal, and give an even greater heat. This will form a very welcome supplement to the income of the fruit raisers.

A SYLLABIC SLIP.—Dr. Carpenter was noted for the quickness of his wit, and it was a common saying in the town in which he lived that he always had an answer ready when it was required. He was once introduced as "Dr. Carter." Immediately his friend saw his error and corrected himself. "Nover mind," said the doctor; "its only a slip of the pen."

Observed the rules of etiquette—" Will you send up a card?" said the girl to a Buffalo Bill cowboy who called to see some friend in New York. "Will I send up a card, did you say?" he enquired as he reached into his overcoat pocket. "Yes sir." "Is that the fashion here?" "Yes sir, at least it's customary." "Well, of course, if it's customary," why I'll have to reg'late myself accordin. Which style is considered the most genteel, hearts, diamonds, clubs or spades?—here's the whole deck, just take your choice."

A "Passionate Poetess."—Miss Amelie Rives has again been dropping into poetry. To the Washington Critic she contributes a "pome" called "An Autumn Dream." The following chaste quatrain appears to have been written under moonshine inspiration in the passionate-poetess country, where harvests are reaped in midwinter:—

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are shivering limbs of shameless trees;
What wonder is it that the corn is shocked!

Naughty Miss Rives!

The Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Moorhouse, is known to be a little "off-handed" in his ways, but the following legend from a colonial paper is rather too much:—" The popular prelate was in the Keilawarra during a rough passage from Melbourne to Sydney. At the height of the gale the Bishop went down into the engine room for a quiet smoke, but he could'nt find a match. 'Hi, youngster! he called out to a ship's boy at the top of the ladder, 'just go and ask the steward for a box of matches.' The young villain executed his comminission in these terms:—'There's the Bishop of Melbourne in the engine room a cussing and swearing, and saying there isn't a match in the whole ——ship.'"

When the late war was declared off, the Union government found itself in possession of a vast number of muskets, useless because there was nobody to be shot with them. They were stored up for awhile in various arsenals, until radical improvements made them utterly worthless. And when an old gun gets worthless it is the most intensely worthless thing extant. So these guns that cost millions were not worth paying ront for storing. At the barracks at St. Louis a fence was built with them. The gun barrels, with bayonets fixed, were stood up four inches apart for a quarter of a mile, and then secured by bars of iron, forged from old gans, with holes pierced to admit the old muskets. It is the most formidable fence I ever saw. The bay onets, which in many instances have given death wounds, are rusted now until they could not be removed from the barrels. The posts of this unique old fence are of old cannon.

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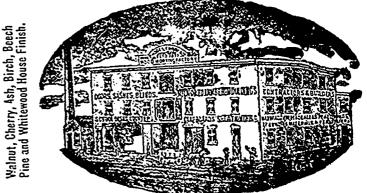
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