

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE OBSTINATE STOVEPIPE.

A man gets on a tipping box,
With all his patience fled,
And glares up at the stovepipe joint
He holds above his head.

His hands are black with polish paste,
His face tattooed with soot;
And down his arms and down his back
Sharp pains unnumbered shoot.

Ten thousand ways, ten thousand times,
He tries to make it fit;
The more of ways and times he tries,
The further he's from it.

His wife and children gazing on,
Are petrified with fear,
Awaiting the catastrophe
That comes this time of year.

It comes:—A burst of adjectives,
And then a madman's roar,
A man and box and stovepipe, too,
Are found upon the floor.

* * * * *

The doctor comes with arufca,
And little blister cup;
The tinner comes as usual,
And puts the stovepipe up.

A man recently undertook to ascertain the age of a shark by examining his teeth. The next morning the papers gave the man's age to the very day.

If the "Queen" had been at "Waterloo" after the "battle," and ordered the Duke of Wellington home, what modern author would she have named? "Victor Hugo;" Victor You go.

"Your singing is delightful, Miss Ethel," said Mr. Bore. "It fairly carries me away." "Indeed?" returned Miss Ethel, with a yearning glance at the clock. "I hadn't noticed it."—*Bazar*.

A MODIFIED RESCUE.—Clawsby has had his clothes stolen, and after hiding behind a rock for two hours hears friendly footsteps.
GOLDBERGER—"Puy some gollar-puttons, my vrent; I sells dem sheap."

Young wife—"George dear, Mar ma has been reading a pamphlet on cremation. She says she thinks she would rather be cremated than buried." Young husband—(with alacrity)—"Certainly, my love. Tell her to put her things on, and I'll take her down this afternoon!"

ON THE WAY TO THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.—Officer O'Grady (recently appointed)—Shtop, ye divil! Where's yer pants?
Fergus McTavish McPash (with dignity)—Pants, mon! I hao none!
Officer O'Grady—Thin, divil the shtep ye take till ye go into Levi's shtore and put up th' harmonicon fer a pair o' blue flannins to conserve th' daccency av yer legs. D' ye think ye're at home in Africa, ye haython baboon?

The temperance lecturer had been speaking quite eloquently for some time, and he suddenly pulled up to say:—
"I am free to say that I am proud when I tell you that I do not even know what liquor tastes like!"
"Come, Jim," said a dirty-faced man in the back row to his companion; "come, let's git out or this. When a feller 'll git up and acknowledge sich ignorance as that without a blush, it is time for all men of 'telligence to hide their heads in shame."

An English physician has shown why some people can digest milk readily and others cannot. He says: In the digestive fluids of the stomach there exists a special ferment by which the flesh forming part of the milk, the cheese or caseine, is specially digested. This ferment continues in action throughout life in some persons, but not in all, so there are some who can digest milk at all times, and others who cannot digest it at any time. In those who too exclusively feed on fresh meat and starchy substances the particular milk ferment ceases to be produced, and the digestion of milk ceases to be a natural act.

A thrilling incident, which recently happened in India, is related by the native papers. It was no less a feat than the photographing of a tiger and a buffalo at the instant they were in deadly conflict. The whole affair had been deliberately pre-arranged. The buffalo was carefully tethered to a stump in the middle of a field. The artist, who was, of course, in peril of his life, coolly focussed the horned beast. Then the tiger was let loose, and springing upon the buffalo, struck the huge creature to the earth with a single blow of his paw. The camera, at this intense moment, took its instantaneous impression, and the result was a picture vividly representing the deadly scene, and its victim at the very moment of dying. "The one beat of the heart," says an account, "that intervened between the awful blow of the tiger's paw and the victim's positive surrender of existence, sufficed for the photographer to catch and fix with unerring fidelity the attitudes of the slayer and the slain. The striking achievement has its scientific use. It settles, by indisputable testimony of the sun's rays, the much mooted question by what method the tiger destroys its prey. The artist was a man of rare courage, for in order to achieve this triumph of his art he took the chance that the untamable rover of the jungle would leap on him instead of the victim intended for his deadly onset.

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