

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

MY LADY PLAYING.

She swept the keys with vibrant fingers,
And drove the nervous strain along;
Still in my mind the music lingers,
Sweet as the bard's unuttered song.

Then changed it to an icy pealing:
Cold as the player was the tone
That came upon my spirit stealing,
Until I felt I was alone.

Once more it changed. So low and tender
Throbbing with love, the music sighed,
My arm around her waist so slender
Unconsciously began to glide.

On went the strain, still more beguiling,
A ditty of the golden age:
Just then her head she lifted, smiling,
And said—"Will you please turn the page?"

—Then Topics.

A Western farmer is represented as saying that it is better to be struck by lightning than by a lightning rod agent. He has never been struck by lightning, and so his experience, however sad, is one-sided.

Miss Gusher—"I have just heard from our mutual friend, Miss Joribanks. She has married the Duke de Bollicord." Miss Crusher—"Fortunate girl! Did they take a wedding tour?" Miss Gusher—"The Duke's employers could not spare him. He drives a horse car on Tenth avenue."

THE SKELETON AT THE MARRIAGE FEAST.—Mrs. Jorfoy Hytes—"Of course you are having a delightful wedding journey, dear?" Mrs. de Boeuf (of Chicago)—"It was pretty solemn until we reached Buffalo. We brought Mr. de Boeuf's first wife's remains as far as there; but the rest of the trip was delightful, thank you"

A snake 12 feet long was caught on board the S.S. *Celestial*, at Singapore, recently. One of the firemen had left a pannikiu of rum on the fore-castle floor, and when he went for it, a few hours later, he found the panniken empty, and a 2-fathom reptile lying alongside it, evidently in a state of stupor. It is said that the snakes of the Malay Peninsula are partial to rum, although three or four doses of it suffices to kill them as a rule.

A FINE COMPLIMENT.—"What," said one to the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, whose charms half the hack poets and wits of London had celebrated in verse and prose, "was the most precious compliment that you ever received?"

"That of a crossing-sweeper," replied the Duchess, "who did not know who I was, but asked me to let him light his pipe from my eyes"

Mr. Murray, the head of the publishing firm through which Byron gave his poems to the world, celebrated his eightieth birthday recently. It was to the then chief of this firm, the poet gave a Bible as a gift. Mr. Murray was very proud of the book and made a point of showing it to his friends, till he discovered "that Byron had put his pen through the word 'robber,' in the sentence, 'Now Barabbas was a robber, and replaced it by 'publisher.'"

Mr. Isaac-on—Mr. Oppenheimer ish a sad looking man.

Mr. Blumenthal—No vonder. He lost his wife year before last. She fell dot steamboat off and her poty vas never recovered.

And Oppenheimer vas grieving about dot wife vot vas drowned year before last?

Of course he vas weeping yet. She had all her tiamonds on ven she vas drowned.

Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man who "was uglier than he had any business to be," and if we could read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good looking, or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisel of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of white and pink maidens. There is a slow-growing beauty, which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists.

The Mayor of New York required applicants for the police force to be able to read and write. Patrick Murphy, who could do neither, was anxious to be on the "perlisso," and set himself to work accordingly.

When he could scrawl his own name in "coarse hand," he presented himself, accompanied by several friends.

He was told to write Patrick Murphy in a blank book. He wrote it, much to the surprise of his friends.

"Howly Moses!" exclaimed one. "Mike, d'ye mind that? Pat's a-writing! He's got a pen in his fist!"

"That will do," said the Mayor, "I'll make enquiry about you. Come again in a fortnight, and I'll see what can be done for you."

"Plase, yer honor," said one of Pat's amazed friends, "ask him to write somebody's else name"

"That is well thought of," answered the Mayor. "Patrick, write my name."

"Mo write yer honor's name!" exclaimed Pat, jumping out of the trap before it could spring. "Mo commit forgory, and I a-goin' on the perlisso! I can't do it, yer honor!"

The Mayor, of course, saw through the ruse, but he loved a joke, and Patrick Murphy, in the course of time, exhibited himself to his admiring friends in the uniform of a policeman.

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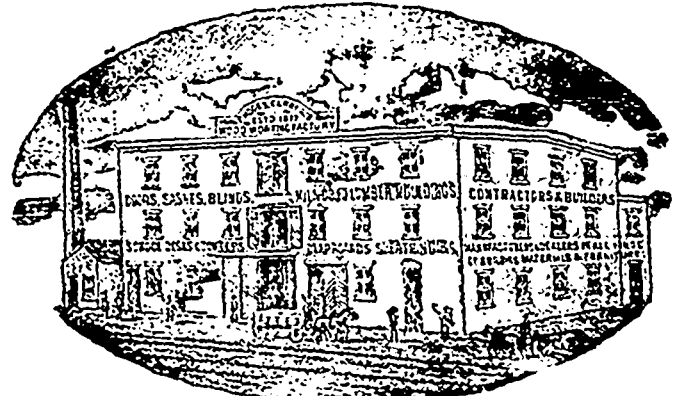
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