



THE LAST OF THE PARAGRAPHERS.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF A FUNNY MAN.

"WELL, what did you think of Bob?" said Popinjay to his friend Jinkers, as they came away from Burdette's lecture the other evening.

"Er—well—not so very, very funny as I had expected, but there was a lot of sound sense to it, you know," replied Jinkers. "I was particularly struck with his idea that it is in times of trouble, pain and sorrow that we ought to have the most fun."

"Yes, I thought that was rather a queer idea myself," assented Popinjay.

"And yet, when you look at it," resumed J., "it's sound philosophy. When we're all right, we don't need fun; it's when things are going all wrong with us that we seem to require it. I've made up my mind to act on the hint from this day forth."

And, as by this time they had reached Pop's corner,

that gentleman bade his friend good-night and went on his way. The convert to Burdettean philosophy continued up Yonge street wrapped in profound thought. His reverie was rudely interrupted at the next corner by a big dog, which, dashing from a side street, made a vain endeavor to pass between the oblivious gentleman's legs. Mr. Jinkers was instantaneously sprawling upon the crossing, which was neither smooth nor clean, and when, after deliberately arising and collecting his thoughts, his hat, his stick and his gloves, he found his trousers torn at the knees and his nose bleeding. For the smallest fraction of a second he struggled with an impulse to swear, but, instantly bethinking himself of Burdette, he burst into a peal of hilarious laughter, and went on up the street alternately emitting screams of mirth and sharp explosions—the latter produced by the tremendous slaps he was giving his thigh by way of emphasizing the fun he was having. People who met him stared fixedly for a little while and then went off with every indication of intense amusement. But Mr. Jinkers hadn't traveled far before his demonstrations attracted the attention of a policeman, who collared him, and (being mentally incapable of grasping the Burdettean philosophy, even after it had been lucidly explained by the prisoner,) marched him off to the nearest police station, where he was deposited in a loud-smelling cell, the slate bearing the laconic entry, "Prometheus F. Jinkers. Drunk and disorderly." Most men would have been crushed at this *denouement*, but of course it only added to Jinkers' enjoyment, in accordance with the theory of the able lecturer from Pennsylvania.

HIS NAME IS DENIS.

BERLIN, Oct. 20th.—The *Neue Freie Press* publishes an article which is likely to attract general notice. The writer declares that the time for brilliant cavalry attacks upon infantry is past and that the future duties of cavalry will be to serve as outposts, to conceal infantry, to escort single detachments, and so forth.—*Cable despatch.*

CARRY the news to Denison.
No more the Yankee foe he'll menace,
His glory and his prestige gone,
His name's not "Denison" but "Denis."

Let rust the sabre in its sheath,
The war-horse free from rein and saddle,
To fight on foot is far beneath
Him who on horseback sat astraddle.

No more the trumpet call he hears
Or drinks the stern delight of slaughter.
His name no more the foeman fears,
Who erst shed Yankee blood like water.

The only charges he can make
Are from the bench's elevation,
On hapless drunks his ire he'll slake,
His sole and only consolation.

BODY GUARD.

DIDN'T STRIKE HIM THAT WAY.

DINGLEBAT—"Does it not strike you as apparent that we have too many lawyers in this country?"

BASKERVILLE—"I must confess that it does not. You see it has often struck me, before, whereas a parent usually strikes from the other direction."

FELINE.

MR. HARDGALL—"How pleasant it feels to have the ocean air beat against one's cheeks."

MISS WEARY (*surprised*)—"Then, you can feel it?"