

A LITTLE ASTRONOMY, FOR A CHANGE.

Be kind enough to listen to a lyric astronomical,
Which, being scientific, is more serious than comical;
I would like to mention, but I can't, without much pro-
legomena,
Eclipses, occultations and celestial phenomena.

I desire to show to those who have not studied at our
colleges

What treasure to the intellect this planetary knowledge
is;

And I'll show you how the Zodiac, that belt of light that
shines a lot,
Like Freemasons and the Foresters and Sir Knights goes
in for signs a lot.

I'd expatiate on Jupiter and also on his satellites;
On Pallas and on Venus who, of course, are very natty
lights.

I'd describe the rings that Saturn wears, and what his
situation is,
And what horizontal parallax and what "configuration"
is.

I'd name each constellation, too, and what its true con-
dition is,—

Which planet's disagreeable and now in opposition is;
I'd like to write an ode on Nodes—(in science verse an
aider is—),

And analyze the Zenith, and inform you what a Nadir is.

Of "Southing" and of Solstices I'd speak in manner
cursory,

And touch on either Ursa in a style to suit an Ursa-ry;
I'd treat of flying Pegasus, a sort of stary merry "gee,"
And elucidate the mysteries of Apogee and Perigee.

Yes, various star phenomena I willingly would mention
too,

They're matters that a learned bird like GRIP should pay
attention to;

But perhaps my readers may remark they cannot see the
wit of it,

And that is very likely; / don't understand a bit of it.



REGINALD'S AWFUL FATE; OR, THE DUDE WHO SCORNE'D ADVICE.

Alack and well-a-day! and again I say unto
you alack and well-a-day, also, miserie!

Celluloid collars and cuffs are excellent things
this hot weather and double discount linen
and paper in the matter of non-go-into-squash-
iness—but they are explosive; frightfully so,
and one ounce of celluloid has been proved to
be equal in dynamic force—(is that right?) to
three lbs. of gunpowder or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of gun cot-
ton.

Reginald Gumring was a dude: Nay, start
not, reader, this is not an ordinary dude story,
it is something else; it is a tale of woe, and
alack and well-a-day,—and also miserie. So
read on.

Reginald Gumring then was a dude: An-
athema maratathia! A dude! and he approved
of celluloid collars and cuffs and persisted in
wearing them, though warned of the danger of
doing so during the hot weather, by several of
his friends. Reginald also wore an eyeglass.—
Dread is the curse of mandragora! an eyeglass,
and though he could not see through it, he
wore it, for it was good form, and Reginald was
happy in his innocent and lamb-like dudes-
quenses.

But one very hot day as Reginald was pro-

ceeding along the street in all the glory of
trowsers of immaculate tightness, coat of tre-
mendous brevity as to its caudal appendages,
shoes whose toes tapered away into nothing-
ness, and celluloid collar and cuffs of a hue
that vied with that of the snows on Monte
Rosa, retribution overtook him, speedily and
terribly. His eyeglass was in his eye, and the
rays of the sun, pouring down upon Reginald
and that glass, were concentrated into a focus
on his glossy celluloid collar! Woe! woe!
Poof! Bang! the explosion was terrific. In
less time than it has taken to write this, the
awestricken people in the street were horrified
to behold a head-less and hand-less trunk
standing on the sidewalk, whilst above them
sailed a pair of hands and a trunkless head,
the latter ejaculating as it sped through space
the words, "By jawve! y'know; aw: by
jawve!"



The explosion of the collar, being commu-
nicated by sympathetic accordions to the cuffs,
had rent poor Reginald's head from his shoul-
ders and his hands from the wrists.

The trunk continued on its way without
noticing the loss of the head, but when it
raised its arm to twist its mustache it knew
its desolation and fell to the earth.

Therefore again I say unto you, Alack and
well-a-day, and also miserie!

AN ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.

THAT PUZZLED THE TORONTO ARCHAEOLOGISTS.

Some workmen who were digging an ex-
tremely deep drain out beyond the toll-gate on
Yonge-street, recently made a discovery
which has set all the savants and scientific
men, not only of that neighborhood but of the
whole city, by the ears. It was nothing more
nor less than a small, dark bit of, heart-shaped
stone, specked with red and orange spots,
apparently of great age, though to what
period it belonged was at first a matter that
puzzled the most deeply erudite in such affairs.

What made the article the more mysterious
was something which appeared to be an in-
scription running round the stone in graven
characters rendered almost imperceptible by
age; and what these characters meant was a
matter that raised the curiosity of all who
saw them to its highest pitch. The article
was handed to a gentleman connected with
this paper, and whose universal knowledge is
admitted by all who have had the pleasure of
coming in contact with him, for a solution of
the mystery, and as the stone was supposed
to be of fabulous value, two detectives were
employed to constantly shadow him whilst it
was in his possession, but, though he pored
over the stone and the almost invisible letters
on it for several days, burning over two gallons

of midnight coal oil (at 20 cents) during his
investigation, he was compelled to own that
the thing was beyond his comprehension, and
a meeting of scientists and antiquarians took
place at which an eminent savant gave it as
his opinion that it belonged to the pre-Adam-
ite period, whilst others contended that the
inscription on it overthrew this theory. Others
again, remembering the Pickwickian stone
and the legend thereon, "Bill Stumps, his
mark," were inclined to think that the whole
affair was a hoax.

The stone having been thoroughly pored
over and having had large quantities of water
poured over it, was now seen to bear these
words,



in characters similar to the above.

Some gentleman ventured to suggest that it
might be an amulet belonging to a certain
King Casper, who visited this country about
the year 1388, and who was dubbed "the
great," for which affix the final "g" might
be assumed to stand; but upon being asked
for his authority for this statement he was
unable to give it, and was forced to admit
that he was not in America at the time of his
majesty's visit. The sceptics flouted the idea
of there ever having been a King Casper, with
terrific asperity, and words were running high
when the gentleman connected with this
paper before alluded to and who had been in-
tently examining the stone through a twenty
horse power microscope, suddenly bounded
from his seat and yelled "Hurcka." "You're
another," exclaimed a scientific gentleman
with blue spectacles. "No offence meant,"
said the g.e.w.t.p., "all I mean is that I
think I have solved the mystery." "He
thinks he has solved the mystery," chanted
all present in a G. & S. chorus.

"In fact I am sure I have," shrieked the
discoverer as he jotted down something on a
piece of paper and regarded it triumphantly.

"In fact he is sure he has," intoned the
chorus, ironically and sceptically.

"I have gentlemen, and here it is: look,"
and he held up his translation which ran as
follows:

"K. Caspir.g." read backwards GRIP-
SACK, and the mysterious figures do not
stand for 1388, but 1883. How the stone got
where it was found will ever be beyond my
comprehension, but that I have hit upon the
correct solution I will bet a—" "Look out;
no betting; here's Fenton," said some-one,
and the meeting broke up; but GRIP-SACK is
all but ready, and when purchased will be
fully ready by all who are sensible enough to
invest in it. Only 25 cents.

The clouds never indulge in anything
stronger than water, and yet we frequently
hear of their being dissipated.—*Boston Tran-
script.*

Some people are never satisfied. Show them
how to live happily on a small income and they
will want you to furnish the income.—*New
Orleans Picayune.*