

Touchstone's Talk.

"And so the world wags."

Some lawyers can pull a man through anything, no matter how conclusive the evidence against their client would seem to be. They appear to be endowed with a supernatural instinct as to the whereabouts of some loop-hole, and let the counsel on the other side argue till he is black in the face, these gifted individuals seem to come out victorious on all occasions. Such an one must have been the barrister referred to in this anecdote of why

HE THOUGHT HE WOULD WAIT.

An individual having been arrested for the theft of a pair of those garments which every one sees often enough, though for some reason no one (that is, in these days of shoddy and codfish) cares to mention by their right name in the presence of the fair sex, retained an eminent barrister to defend him, which he did with so much success that the accused one was triumphantly acquitted, although the court was crowded with witnesses for the prosecution. At the conclusion of the trial the learned counsel, turning to his client who occupied a seat at the barristers' table beside him, whispered, "Well, you are clear; you can go." "Not yet, not yet," replied the late defendant, "wait awhile." An hour or so passed by, and still the man stuck to his seat in court, and again the learned counsel told him that there was nothing to detain him. "Ah!" replied the fellow, "but there is." "Nonsense, man," said the lawyer, "I tell you you can go when you please; the jury has acquitted you. What's keeping you here?" "Well, I'm waiting till all those witnesses get out," responded the man. "Pshaw! what does that matter? They can't injure you; what's the matter?" asked his counsel. "Why, sir, those trowsers," was the answer. "Trowsers," said the lawyer, "what trowsers?" "Those trowsers I was arrested for stealing," answered the other. "Why, what on earth have they to do with it?" said the legal limb, sharply. "You were shown to be innocent. Get on, man, you're all right. Never mind about the trowsers." "But, sir—" "Well, what?" "I've got 'em on!"

Children have a way of saying what would be very sarcastic things if they were only intended as such, but there is a strong doubt in my mind as to whether the youngster spoken of below did not mean just what he said. Everyone must have heard, at some time in his life, an innocent-looking little six-year old make to some grown up person a retort which would have been bitter even for a Douglas Jerrold. Papa must have been rather taken aback when his young hopeful told him

THE REASON WHY.

A gentleman having a little toddler with him the other day stopped at a confectioner's, and purchased two balls of pop-corn. He gave one ball to the child, and the confectioner put the other in a paper sack. Then the two wended their way homeward, meeting as they proceeded two ragged urchins, whom the man stopped and made a divvy of the remaining pop-corn ball. "Ain't he a good man?" was the exclamation that greeted him as he walked away. The little toddler then broke forth: "Papa, don't you know what they said that for?" "No; why?" "Cause they don't know you." The silence was only broken by the munching of the corn.—*Detroit Free Press.*

I spoke last week of a very remarkable echo. I have since heard of one which is, perhaps still more extraordinary, and it is to be conversed with in this very country, but

exactly whereabouts must remain, for the present, a secret. This echo has the peculiar gift of being able to give its answers in almost any language, as will be seen by reading the following, and invariably in a different one to that in which it is addressed. When I heard it, the first to interrogate it was a sportsman. His questions were answered in Latin, as follows:

"Can you tell me where to find a possum?"—*Possum.*

"What furnishes for it a harbor?"—*Arbor.*

"Will you tell me what the tree is, eh sir?"—*Acer.*

"Is it mine? Give a solution honest."—*Non est.*

A German came next and asked

"Schr wohl, mein freund, und wie befinden sic sich?"—*Sea-sick.*

A short coated "gent" from cockneydom rushed up and enquired,

"Well, old man, where's your eyes, whom dy'e see aught on?"—*Scanton.*

The little man declared this to be all Greek to him.

These are only a few specimens, but I do not think I am wrong in stating that this echo is fully as peculiar as those I have before mentioned.

GRIP'S CLIPS, &c.

If you want to read a first-class obituary notice of yourself, get smashed up fatally dead in a railway collide, and then prove an alibi.

The boys are saying that kisses will cure freckles. The girls say it is nonsense but it is quite singular that they take their medicine so regularly.—*Detroit Chaff.*

The King of the Sandwich Islands has had to pawn his crown. He proudly sports the pawn ticket, however, pinned to the lapel of his coat.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Boston papers are having a great deal to say just now about the next "world's fair." It strikes us the next world's fare will be pretty common for some folks.—*Henderson's Gold Leaf.*

A man in St. Louis who had been drunk for twenty years, died within a few hours after sobering up. What a terrible lesson to those who are thinking of sobering up!—*Detroit Chaff.*

If Lord Bacon, as some literary cranks assert, wrote the plays attributed to Shakspere merely as recreation from laborious toil, it is a great pity he didn't recreate more and toil less.—*Check.*

A fiend who figures like an adder estimates that not less than seven hundred of Tennyson's "Light Brigade," which rode into the valley of death at Balaklava—the "noble six hundred"—have died in this country during the past twenty years. "When can their glory fade?" indeed!

MARDI-GRAS.

FEB. 7, 1882.

They do not know the Frenchman's law
Who rashly speak of Mardi Gras;
They do still worse, alack, alas,
Who sharply hiss out Mardi Grass;
And they pronounce down below par,
Who hail the day as Mardi Gras;
Sweller are they, more lah-de-dah,
Who aptly call it Mardi Gras;
Safely it is, though hardly used—eh?
To print it simply thus!—Shrove Tuesday.

—N. Y. Life.

"Beauty Unadorned (with pimples) is Adorned the Most."

If you desire a fair complexion free from pimples, blotches, and eruptions, take "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

The price of a wife in Siberia is eight dogs; but as we don't know how much dogs are worth in that country we can't tell whether this is dear or cheap for a wife; live dogs, in this country, have all sorts of fancy prices, though from 10 to 15 cents is about the thing for the defunct animal. The Siberians, however, may have some very expensive brand of sausage which will, of course, greatly enhance the market value of purps.

"Like his legs his arms were always thrust too far through his coat sleeves." This is clipped from a letter descriptive of a giant, and published in one of our exchanges. It may or may not be true, but it does seem strange that even a giant should choose to thrust his legs through his coat sleeves. To wear that garment on legs and arms at one and the same time must have required Anak to accomplish successfully.

HIS LAST WORDS.

A drummer lay dying,
About him were crying
The friends who had loved him the best;
But he lay in his stillness,
As all through his illness,
For he knew he would soon be at rest.

Ah, slowly he's going,
Not asking, not knowing,
With a smile on his quivering lip;
He has learned the sweet story,
He is touched with the glory—
"I won't carry my samples this trip."

"DO LIKEWISE."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:—"Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' In three months I was perfectly cured. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already."

MRS. E. F. MORGAN, New Castle, Me.

A PIAZZA TRAGEDY.

The benighted Ethel's father has a
Newly-painted front piazza—

He has a
Piazza;
When with tobacco juice 'twas tainted,
He had that front piazza painted—
That tainted
Piazza painted.

Algernon called that night, perchance
Arrayed in comely sealskin pants—
That night perchance
In gorgeous pants;

Engaging Ethel in a chat,
On that piazza down he sat—
In chat
They sat.

And when an hour or two had pass'd,
He tried to rise, but oh! stuck fast!
At last
Stuck fast!

Fair Ethel shrieked, "It is the paint!"
And fainted in a dainty faint—
This saint
Died faint.

Algernon sits there till this day—
He cannot tear himself away—
Away?

Nay, nay;
His pants are firm, the paint is dry—
He's nothing else to do but die—
To die!
Oh my!

—Brooklyn Eagle.