



DIOGENES.

"Hello, Diogenes," said a policeman, on a cold morning, as that worthy gentleman put his head out of his tub and looked out at the town clock to see what time it was, "Hello, is this cold enough for you?"

"No, coppy, it isn't; but if it keeps on, it will be."

"I don't see what you want it any colder for."

"Of course you don't. What does a policeman know about the philosophy of the Greeks, the precepts of the Stoics, the teachings of the Peripatetics, or anything of that sort! Go soak your head."

"Hold on, Dojji; don't get mad. I never harmed a living soul in my whole life, at least, in my whole life as a policeman. Now tell me why you want it colder. I won't give the snap away."

"All right, coppy, I'll tell you. You know I've been around town every day for years, with an old lantern, looking for an honest man, and if the weather gets a little colder, I know a plumber who will have made enough money since last fall, to retire from business in the spring, and as soon as he retires, he is going to be honest, and I'll have a chance to set my lantern down in front of his palatial residence, and go off on a vacation. By Zeus, old fellow, you don't know how infernally tired I've got, lugging that old glim around." — *Merchant Traveller.*

HIRING A JUDGE TO ADVERTISE.

When the defendant took the stand his Honor said:—"Prisoner you are charged with having removed the goblet from the hand of the Cogswell statue, substituting a pair of two-bit suspenders, with a placard calling attention to your establishment across the way." "We I, shudge," replied the offender with an ingratiating smile, "of course I wants to get along in peesness." "After which," continued the Court, sternly, "you substituted a lot of neckties for the suspenders and attached to the other hand a lot of bills referring to your new stock of gum shoes and hair oil." "Dose hair oil is fast rate, your Honor," said the defendant, "I would like to sell you a pottle." "And yesterday," continued the Court, consulting the indictment, "you obstructed the thoroughfares and created a disturbance by placing a paper collar and a plug hat on the statue in question." "Dose plug hats are cheap at \$4, shudge. Moses Levy sharges fife and a halef vor dom same kind," returned the trader cheerfully; "I beats dose fellers efery dimes." "And at night," went on his Honor, "at night it appears you place in the figure's hand a transparency containing a further advertisement of your wares. Now, this is most improper and reprehensible." "Dot's right, shudge," said Mr. Solomons, delightedly. "Bitch into me eff you bleaso. Shpeak loud, so dose noosbaper vellers can hear you," and he smiled benignantly upon the reporters. "Great heavens!" thundered the Court, as a frightful idea struck him. "Is it possible you have the audacity to

use the machinery of this court as an advertising dodge?" "Dot's it, dot's it, shudge!" exclaimed the cheap John, rubbing his hands exultingly. "I svore oud der complaint myself!" — *San Francisco Post.*

A FRENCH TRANSLATION OF LONG-FELLOW'S GREAT POEM.

Tell us not in disconsolate rhymes: "Life is a dream void of sense, for the soul is dead when it goes to sleep and the things are not what they appear to be."

Life is real; life is serious; death is not its term, "Dust thou shalt return to dust." The word has not been said for our soul.

Neither joy nor sorrow is our destiny. Our lot is to act, in order that each next day may find us more advanced than the day before.

Art is long; time flies; our hearts, so courageous, so strange as they can be, beat often a funeral march as they advance toward the tomb, like drums veiled with a black crape.

In the immense field of battle of the world, in the bivouac of life, be not like the cattle who let themselves be pushed on in silence; be a hero in the melce.

Trust not in the future, so laughing as may be its colors. Let the past inter its dead. Act, act, in the living presence, with your heart in you and God over your head.

All the lives of the great men make us see that we can render our lives sublime, and in departing leave behind us in the sand of time the imprint of our steps.

An imprint that another traveller, a shipwrecked brother, will discover perhaps in stranding upon that bank, and of which the view will raise up his courage.

Let us elevate our souls, let us act; let us be prepared for all the changes of fate; always pursuing, completing our task; let us learn to toil and to wait. — *Cm. Saturday Night.*

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

"I tellshu, Bill, 'I b'leeshin pr'tecshun," said John McPheeters, as he leaned on the bar.

"Wash 'tecshnn?" asked William Dado.

"Pr'tecshun's a duty."

"Thought wash on'y cushtom."

"Thas sho. 'Sha cushtom—'shame thing. Cushtom to pay duty; 'sha duty to pay cush-tom."

"Vassher good?"

"W'y 'sha law thash efery man can go on tare 'fo wantsh to. Thash all right."

"Oh, yesh, thash all right. I'm fr 'techsun. Hoo-o-op! Lesh take a drink." — *Texas Sift-ings.*

THE BROKER BOLD.

AS SUNG BY THE "STREET."

Air: A Warrior Bold.

In days of old where stocks were sold,
And brokers held their sway,
A broker bold who futures sold,
Took merrily his pay,
And did the lame ducks slay.
His stocks were good and fair,
His roads ran everywhere,
And telegraph too, and trunk lines through,
And gold and lands galore,
So what cared he? but full of glee,
He fleeced the lambs freelee.

This broker bold his futures sold,
Till one unlucky day
Bears squeezed him tight and ere the night
His wealth had passed away—
The squeeze had come to stay.
The watered stocks he bore,
His gold and lands galore,
Like Gilderoy's kite, are out of sight,
Where bears will squeeze no more—
The golden spike of his ten-strike
Has gone to swell their store.

—Hatchet.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st. East either or a pad or for a treatise, etc.

On his way home, after his duel with O'Connell, in a hackney coach, Lord Alvanley said—"What a clumsy fellow O'Connell must be to miss such a fat fellow as I am! He ought to practice at a haystack to get his hand in." When the carriage drove up to Alvanley's door he gave the coachman a sovereign. Jarvie was profuse in his thanks, and said—"It's a great deal for only having taken your lordship to Wimbledon." "No, my good man," said Alvanley—"I gave it to you, not for taking me, but for bringing me back."

Inalienable Rights.—Every woman has a right to be of any age she pleases; for if she were to state her real age, no one would believe her. Every man has a right to wear a moustache who can. Every woman who makes puddings has a right to believe she can make better puddings than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to think of himself, by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world;" and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

A gentleman recently gave a dinner party in honor of some family event, to which a large number of his friends and neighbors were invited. Among the guests was a very affected young lady, whose rapacious appetite ill accorded with her pretensions to gentility. On being helped to some substantial viand by Mr. S—, a good-natured old gentleman sitting opposite, she pertly remarked—"Dear me, sir, I did not want a cartload." The titter went round at the old gent's expense, but his turn came anon. "I'll trouble you for a small piece of that fowl, Mr. S—," shortly afterwards requested her ladyship. When Mr. S—, who, along with others had observed the last load disappear, promptly replied—"With pleasure, madam; kindly back in your cart."

He had taken three terms of the gymnasium, and could "muscle" a twenty-five pound weight, turn a handspring, knock a sand-bag blind, and box the Professor all over the room. More than one pupil had sighed for his skill and remarked that the man who should tackle him would be mashed to pulp in a minute. Yesterday morning he was coming up Howard-street, full of life and vigor, when he came across an express waggon with a wheel off. He made some inquiries and received curt replies. This led him to remark—"Young man, some one will cuff your ears some day." "But it won't be you!" "Don't be too sure of that!" "Maybe you'd like to begin it now?" said the young man as he quit his work and stepped to the walk. "I think I can cuff some manners into you," replied the other, and he reached out to begin. The young fellow's right arm gyrated around for ten seconds, and then his list shot out and landed on the citizen's nose like a kick from a colt. He was going to follow it up, but before he could spit on his hands again the other man started off at the rate of twelve miles an hour and turned the first corner like a streak of light. Later in the day he explained to an inquirer—"I now see where I have wasted a year's time and 100 dols. in money. I haven't got the grit to fight. I shall now quit boxing and go into training as a runner."