

## Touchstone's Talk.

"And so the world wags."

What to wear at a masquerade, it is often a matter of considerable difficulty to decide. There are a multitude of things to be considered, not the least of them being the effect of the *tout ensemble* of the costume when complete. Below is a short conversation on this subject:

## THE EVE OF THE BALL.

The orb of day had sunk into its halo of golden light beneath the grand old hills which skirt the western confines of Missoula Gulch. The gathering shades of twilight were fast enveloping the spacious mansion of Dennis Mulcahy, when his beautiful daughter, Angelina, entered with queenly grace the luxuriantly furnished drawing-room, and with that negligence which only caste can give, threw herself upon the downy cushions of a three legged Windsor chair.

The stalwart form of Reginald Harcourt O'Reilly darkened the door, and the fair young girl sprang to his side and was quickly enveloped in those strong, brave arms. Her fawn-like eyes gazed into the depths of Reginald's, and as he imprinted a kiss upon her low, broad brow, she asked with tender pathos:

"O'Reilly, wud ye be takin me to the ball mask?"

"Bedad, an ye'll niver be over wid yer foolshin'; faith, and what wud ye be a wearin'?"

"Oh, Regie, me nabor, Missus Maloney, has been tellin I'd luk butiful in the character uv the leading lady in the howly Bible!"

Reginald's noble features were suffused with crimson as he held her from him and said:

"Get out wid ye now; divil a bit wud they let ye in!"

She meant Martha at the well.—*Butte (Mon.) Miner.*

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I think that I have seen, somewhere, a joke about a plumber. I may be mistaken, though I am positively confident I am not. Now that spring is so very distant I think a parting shot at this industrious mechanic will not be out of place, so without further ado I will introduce

## THE PLUMBER.

He sees no fun in the summer sun,  
But he sits at home and grins,  
Forgotten, despised; but he's not surprised,  
And chants: "He laughs who wins.  
They may pass me by with a scornful eye,  
But there comes a time full soon  
When many a score shall beat at my door  
In vain at morn and noon;  
They shall beg and pray in an abject way  
And crave my aid as a boon!"

There's a frost; and the thaw is a time of awe,  
When the water spouts and springs,  
And the summoned plumber's a tardy comer,  
And always forgets his things;  
At the flood and cascade he is not dismayed,  
But says with a cruel smile,  
"Well, s'elp me Bob! this 'ere is a job  
As will take me a tidy while:  
Just do what yer can while I fetch my man,  
It's only a couple o' mile."

And he goes away, and who shall say  
When his time of return will be?  
But soon as he comes he cuts and plumbs  
And soldiers with frowny glee;  
And the job that is done at the set of sun  
Wants doing next morning again.  
The work of a stamp that he does not scamp  
Is the bill, as you'll note with pain;  
It is full and complete on a lengthy sheet,  
But as soon as it's paid you're fain,  
While the water squirts and hisses and spirts  
To stifle a wish to brain,  
And send for relief to another thief  
To cut it off at the main.

We have no opinion as to whether or not Slade will whip Sullivan. He Maori may not.

## GRIP'S CLIPS, &amp;c.

The first mention of the use of salt provisions in the Navy is to be found in the passage descriptive of Noah taking Hain into the Ark.

King Lear is a great character, but if you should ask us what king is in most men's mouths at the theatre we should sav King Clovis.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

An Eastern merchant who never advertised was found lying dead on the counter in his store the other day. It is thought the body had been lying there for several days before being discovered.—*Duluth Tribune.*

A Boston young lady of wealth and position has astonished "society" by cutting and making her own wedding dress. She also intended to make her own wedding cake, but the Board of Health interfered.—*Philadelphia News.*

At a teachers' institute recently held a distinguished professor promulgated the doctrine that when addressing a school the teacher should always stand upright with one finger along the seam of the pants. But some teachers don't wear pants.

A Frenchman claims that he has invented a system by which he can cause three and two to make six. This invention is not original with him, however. It was first discovered by the American government while negotiating with the Indians.

He had a very rubicund face, suggestive of a dissipated life. As he was walking up the street a gentleman remarked: "That fellow is so highly colored that he reminds me of a chrome." "He reminds me more of an engraving than a chrome," remarked a bystander. "How so?" "Well, you see, an engraving has a glass in front of it, and a chromo hasn't.—*Texas Sitings.*

"And have you had no other sons?" asked a curious lady of a bronzed old sea captain. "Oh, yes, madam. I had one that lived in the South Sea Islands for nearly a dozen years." "Really? Was he bred there, and what was his taste—the sea or the land?" "No, madam, he wasn't bred, he was meat—leastways the natives ate him; and as for his taste—the chief said that he tasted of terbacker."

An Impressario once Approached a Mule and offered him Advantagous Terms to Become a Prima Donna.

"Alas," quoth the Mule with a Sigh, "that is an Impossibility, for though I have an Ear for Music, my Voice is sadly Attuned."

"But you can Kick," inquired the Impressario.

"At kicking," admitted the Mule, "I am Positively Peerless."

"Then," exclaimed the Impressario, "you have the Highest Qualification of a Prima Donna. Consider yourself Engaged.—*Denver Tribune.*

"But, mother, must I with Mr. Smueckle dance, and he so very old a man?"

"Old man! Have I not myself in my single days often and much with him danced, and myself never about his age troubled."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

## OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

## IN HIS MIND.

"At a demonstration of Thought-reading given by Mr. Stuart Cumberland in Hamilton a few evenings ago the local correspondent of the *Globe* proved to be a very bad subject. He could not concentrate his thoughts on a pair of overshoes he had hidden. *Globe* correspondents are incapable of concentrating their thoughts on any thing.—*Spectator.*

"I'm a *Globe* correspondent: would you please to read my mind?"

"On a proof of your ability to do so I insist."

"Well, yes," said Mr. Cumberland, "to do so I'm inclined. But how, sir, can I read a thing that really don't exist?"

"Give proof," the correspondent cried, "my mind please don't abuse."

"I don't mean to offend you," said Mr. Stuart Cumberland.

"So step aside and somewhere hide this pair of overshoes. And let your—well, *mind* be just as calm as though you were in slumberland."

The agent did as he was told; the overshoes he hid, Or said that he had done so: then asked where he'd secreted 'em.

The reader of the mind, at first, seemed puzzled, yes he did,

And the agent chuckled hugely to think that he'd defeated him.

"You're beaten, Mr. Cumberland; but really now I've sold you,

For I don't know where I hid those shoes; them nowhere can I find;

They're *nowhere*." "Oh! if that's the case the thing is as I told you,

And the overshoes are *nowhere* for—you hid them in your mind."

## GIVE US FAIR PLAY.

In 1869 Lient. S. M. Saxebey, R. N., predicted a great storm would happen in England in October of that year. The storm struck America at the time given, but did not pass over England. The people of America, however, were generous, and Saxebey was immortalized by the storm that ever since has borne his name. Prof. Wiggins predicted not a *Saxebey*, but a second-class storm on Feb. 9th. This was very destructive in the British Islands, and actually crossed America at different points. Will the Americans treat their own as generously as we treated the Englishman?—*News.*

Not long since a family moved into a village out West. After a week or so, a friend of the family called on them and asked how they liked the locality. "Pretty well." "Have you called on any of the neighbors yet?" "No; but I'm going to if there's any more of my firewood missing."

An Indianapolis genius evolved from his mighty brain a novel amusement. It is a soap bubble blowing, and it has taken a powerful hold upon the belles and beaux of that city. The only danger arising from this intellectual sport is that those who participate in it are liable to be hit on the head with one of these iridescent globes and have their brains dashed out.

(Scene) The dining-room of the Royal George, at Winterrington-on-Sea. Irascible major to head waiter, who has for some time been sputtering and breathing down his neck in his endeavor to whisper some confidential communication: "Go away sir? You are drunk, sir! Go away, I say!" Head waiter (who is thus, not for the first time, charged by the major with inebriety): "Oh, werry well, major, I'll go fast enough; but it's the party from the 'air dresser's as is waiting in the 'all"—(crescendo)—"the party as comes to rub in your 'air-dye, you know; an' he says shall he be a-goin' on with your good lady while you're finishing your meal?"

## The "Golden Bloom of Youth"

may be retained by using Dr. pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for "female complaints." By druggists.