

Touchstone's Talk.

"And so the world wags."

There be boys and boys, but give me a boy with, at least, a goodly sprinkling of "cuss-ness" in him, or put him away under a glass case, and get him ready for his little 4x2 bed beneath the daisies. Too much of the quality mentioned above, however, is not desirable, and the hero of the following sketch would appear to have been filled a little too full of it and from such a boy, I say, *parce nobis*.

THE NEW BOY.

He was a bran new office boy, young, pretty-faced, with golden ringlets and blue eyes. Just such a boy as one would imagine would be taken out of his little trundle bed in the middle of the night and transported beyond the stars. The first day he glanced over the library in the editorial room, became acquainted with everybody, knew all the printers, and went home in the evening as happy and cheery as a sunbeam. The next day he appeared, leaned out of the back window, expectorated on a bald-headed printer's pate; tied the cat up by the tail in the hallway; had four fights with another boy; borrowed two dollars from an occupant of the building, saying his mother was dead; collected his two days' pay from the cashier; hit the janitor with a broomstick; pawned a coat belonging to a member of the editorial staff; wrenched the knobs off the doors; upset the ice-cooler; pied three galleys of type; and mashed his finger in the small press. On the third day a note was received, saying: "My mother do not want I to work in such a dull place. She says I would make a Good preacher, so Do I. my finger is Better: gone fishin'. Yours 'Till Deth do Yank us."—*Detroit Every Saturday*.

It is a great misfortune to possess a too sensitive nature, and I always feel sorry when I see one exposed to the brutal jars which it must receive in its passage through this coarse, unfeeling world. Many of my readers will, doubtless, sympathize with the man, righteously angry as he is shown to be, in the following, and will conclude, as I do, that some people positively have no sense of honor or decency whatever. I speak feelingly on this point, as I have myself experienced the same sensation of irritation as the hero of the tale, and from much the same cause.

IT JARRED HIM.

"The very next time I meet you," exclaimed an angry man to a passer-by, "I'll whale you till you can't stand up."

"What's the matter?" asked an acquaintance.

"You see, I owe the devilish fellow and he persists in meeting me."

"Doss he insultingly remind you of your obligation by speaking of it in the presence of others?"

"No, he never says anything."

"Then what right have you to complain?"

"Why, he knows devilish well that it is embarrassing for me to meet him, that it makes me feel bad, but when he sees me coming he doesn't get out of my way. Why doesn't he leave town until I pay him?"—*Little Rock Gazette*.

There have been some wonderful echoes mentioned from time to time, that extraordinary Irish one of which every one has heard being perhaps one of the most singular of which any record has been kept. But, for startling effects, perhaps the one of which this little story treats may be handed down to posterity as unrivalled. Many of the so-called won-

derful echoes, moreover, are only mythical. The same cannot be said of the following

REMARKABLE ECHO.

I have often smiled quietly to myself at the recollection of what once occurred in a certain theatre during a performance at which I happened to be present. The occasion was a grand concert, and one of the gems of the evening was to be a beautiful echo song, a number that had invariably brought down the house in other cities and which was expected to do the same in this instance. As fate would have it, however, the gentleman who usually took the part of Echo behind the scenes fell so ill on this particular night that he was totally unable to appear, or rather to sing, as his actual appearance was not necessary. The whole city poured for a substitute, and at length one was found in the person of a brawny Scotchman, possessed of a beautiful voice and an excellent ear for music, but who, otherwise, was not exactly all that might have been desired. To make matters short, however, he was engaged to take Echo's part; the concert commenced and in due course the long looked-for and much-talked-of Echo Song was begun. Sweetly the ravishing tenor warbled through the first verse, as follows:

"Oh! brightly beams the morning sun, all hail the coming day,
As far beyond the western hills the darkness flies away."

This was very beautiful, and now came Echo's turn, and borne from behind the wings came the response—

"Flee away!"

This was rather a staggerer, and a faint titter went round the audience, but the tenor's performance was really masterly, and his next verse was anxiously waited for. It came.

"The sun ascends the heavens with crimson, golden glow;
I ought to tear myself away, but will not, cannot go."

Echo was ready for it, and promptly responded

"Willna, canna gang."

The titter increased to a perceptible laugh, and the tenor fumed with rage and cast diabolical glances to where McMutchkin was snugly ensconced, perfectly satisfied with the part he was playing in the performance. There was nothing for it, however, and the luckless tenor was forced to continue, but he resolved within himself to cut the performance as short as possible, though none could blame him for the laughter which now convulsed the audience, and accordingly he skipped the five intervening verses and jumped to the concluding one.

"Oh! banetuous earth, how fair thou art when lit by Phoebus' touch;
I love thee, ay, I love thee, perhaps too well, too much."

Echo was all solid, and from the distance came floating his response

"Aiblins, ower weel, ower muckle."

This was too much, the audience hooted and screamed; the tenor rushed off frantically, and before many minutes McMutchkin emerged into the street, closely pursued by the boot of primo tenora Signor, Caterwauli.

A gentleman who had been in Chicago only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent Chicago belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be thought too hasty. He delicately broached the subject as follows: "If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having only made your acquaintance three days ago, what would you say to it?" "Well, I should say, never put off till to-morrow what you should have done the day before yesterday."

GRIP'S CLIPS, &c.

"Hadh't I better pray for rain to-day, deacon?" "N-not to-day, domine, I think," was the prudent reply, "the wind isn't right."

A Jersey City woman was recently arrested for smashing her husband across the nose with a red and yellow worsted motto bearing the words "God bless our home."

"Her foot is a poem," the lover said;
"A melodious rhythm is her tread."
"Yes," said his friend (a sort of beat),
"Spondaic the measure, two long feet."

"Oh! so you belong to the Blue Ribbon Army?" "Cabby: 'Yes, sir, I wears the ribbon. It indooes gen'lmen to temp' me with a drink, which I generally accept, sir."

Herbert Spencer says that a man's conversation is a sure index to his mental capacity. This is extremely severe upon a man who has just caught the back of his trousers on a nail.

An Englishman says that nearly all American writers attempt to be humorists, and that many of them are successful. In this respect is just where they differ from the Johnny Bulls.

Thank the stars Prince Napoleon can't speak English. Let the French do what they please with him, we care not, we are safe for a time, at least. He can't come over here and lecture.

"I've just purchased 4840 yards of land on credit," writes a friend, "and I want to celebrate the fact in immortal verse. What kind of an ode would be most appropriate?" "An-acre-on-tie, sonny."

Benjamin Hoover, of Indiana, was killed while cleaning a well by a bucket falling on his head.—*Exchange*. This brings to mind the happy days of our youth, when we had to translate something from Horace about *pallida mors*, &c.

A bad ending: "Well, William, what's become of Robert?" "What, 'avent you 'eard, sir?" "No. Not defunct, I hope." "That's just exactly what he 'as done, sir, and walked hoff with heverything he could lay his 'ands on."

The Scots in the second century made it a capital offence for magistrates to be drunk.—*Exchange*. Now then, you grumbler, who are always howling about the number of J. P.'s being too great, here's your chance. Get this law revived.

A bride complained to her husband that she had been too busy all day to get off her feet once, and that unhappy man, who had already discovered several make ups in her construction, exclaimed in amazement, "Great heavens, do they come off, too?"

The ex-Rev. Hoffman, who is now trying his hand at running a newspaper in Bloomington, remarks: "Our wonder-to-day is that editors are pious at all."—*Exchange*. If the pulpits were all filled with Hoffmans, we might say the same of the clergy.

The Turk and the man who steps on an orange skin have much in common. For instance, they both sit down without calling for a chair. The motions of the Turk, however, lack energy and enterprise as compared with those of the man who uses the orange skin.

Said a poet to an unfortunate speculator: "Don't you think that the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, 'Break, break, break,' are plaintive and sad?" "Yes," was the melancholy reply, "but I think that 'Broke, broke, broke!' is a good deal sadder."

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