

Touchstone's Talk.

Now it really is not to be expected that a fellow can get off any very brilliant jokes with one-half of his cerebellum or cerebrum (which is it?) frozen into something that doubtless looks like a congealed "trifle," whilst the other portion, the side next the stove, is bubbling and boiling like the seething contents of the witches' cauldron in "Macbeth," but that is just my case to a T this week, so I sincerely trust that anything particularly exerting will be passed over by the reader with a sigh of pity for the writer's deplorable condition; and, *apropos* of this terrible cold snap (for which Venner, Oates, and old Moore will have much to answer and suffer for in the dulcet subsequent, when / prophecy that all the frigidity now accumulated in their being will be thoroughly thawed out), I would wish to remark right here that—et is a darned good thing these nights.

I will follow this effort up by asking a little conundrum, to which I am driven by glancing over the columns of some of our alleged funny co-temis; here it is:

Why are a prisoner's hours of incarceration very much like the jokes above referred to? Because they are passed in durance.

I have just looked out of my window and seen a sight that has harrowed the very subsoil of my soul, and I remark, with sorrow, that there is many a slip between the saloon and the lamp-post, and also that frail humanity does not know at this time which end is up. Perhaps not; but it knows, to a point, which end is down.

A las los bachelors. A la lanterne with them? Why should their imbecile ravings be heeded by those who are in a position to give them the—the—contradiction, and, if necessary, send for them with the intimation that they are unarmed, when they (the bachelors) may place themselves under police protection or not as they see fit; this, apparently, being the correct thing to do in, at least, the upper circles of American society. And here I wish to relate a little story clipped from Chicago *Cheek*. As it is from a Chicago paper, it is merely necessary to mention that fact. Had it, however, been taken from a Detroit paper, I should have felt myself bound in duty and honor to not only state the name of the paper, but to supply information concerning the hamlet wherein it is published, for the benefit of those who have never heard of the city of Detroit or the river. Those Detroit fellows are very touchy when they do occasionally get off something funny, and cherish it with all the fondness of a mother for her only offspring; for these funny things, in Detroit papers, go hand in hand with the angelic population of the celestial regions, and their visits to us are very few and far between. But this is the story:—

ONLY TEMPORARY.

Dan Pillsbury overtook an acquaintance coming down town from his boarding house the other morning, and the two entered into a quiet conversation as they jogged along in the nipping, frosty air.

"Well, our old friend Pillsifer was married last night," remarked Dan gravely.

"No!" said his acquaintance, "you surely don't mean that."

"Fact," said Dan.

"It's only temporary, I hope."

"Temporary!" exclaimed the astonished Dan. "Why—why what do you mean?"

"Temporary insanity. You don't suppose Pillsifer would do such a thing in his right mind, do you?"

All of which forces me to remark that that

acquaintance should never be permitted to act as a nocturnal foot warmer for one of those beings who are

"In our hours of ease.
Uncertain, coy and hard to please."
Then and then only.

I often read of bodies, long interred, being exhumed and found to have turned over in their collins. Physicians state that the accumulation of noxious gases is the cause of this, but I beg to differ with them. My theory is that there is some way in which the sayings and doings of those still in the flesh are communicated to those who are supposed to be dead to all impressions from the living world, and that the effect of these communications is to make those alleged *cadavers* long to get up and "git;" hence the queer positions in which these bodies are often found. Such stories as the following, communicated by the occult means already alluded to, would surely be sufficient to make the departed Messrs. Blackstone, Coke, Littleton, etc., etc., long to step upon the face of earth once more and strangle the infamous originators of them without further ado:—

APT TO THE LAST.

A well-known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate. The witness was a master shoemaker. "You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir; 'cause why, she confessed it." "And you also swear that she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?" "I do, sir." "Then (giving a sagacious look to the Court) we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?" "Of course, or how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"

I have just moved into a new quarter of the city and all my coal and wood are deposited in the shed. I made inquiries as to the character of my more immediate neighbors. Every one speaks most highly of their moral probity. The one on my right hand repeats a grace twenty minutes long before each meal, and never uses a big, big D. The one to the south is a very good man I am told, and an eloquent temperance orator. I revere religion and would not be deemed a scoffer at things which were never intended to be made light of, but, as I found padlocks were only twenty cents apiece, and staple, etc., another ten, I have purchased one and it looks very pretty and picturesque on my wood-shed door.

I passed a milk-wagon a few minutes ago, and the sight of the vehicle suggested the story of a little girl who recently went to visit her grandfather in the country. She was fond of milk, but firmly refused to drink any while there, without giving any reason. When she returned she was asked, "You had nice milk to drink, didn't you?" "I guess I didn't drink any of that milk," she indignantly replied. "Do you know where grandpa got it? I saw him squeeze it out of an old cow!"

"At least," I moralized, "our city dealers can plead a mitigation of this offence; in fact, I am informed that a few days ago one of our lacteal (alleged) fluid vendors took a trip into the country and on his return was loud in his denunciations of the reckless manner in which savage wild beasts were permitted to roam through the rural "deestreecks." "Why, what d'ye mean?" asked a bystander. "Mean! enough I should think," he replied; "why I saw a whole troop of ferocious horned brutes, and many man thought of shooting 'em." "Why those were cows, man," replied the other. "Geewhillikins! dew tell!" exclaimed the milkman. Nuf ced. TOUCHSTONE.

A GOOD REASON.

(Arkansaw Traveller.)

"Look here," said the Governor to a high State official, "when are you going to pay me that \$10?"

"Upon my honor, Governor, I don't know."
"Why, sir, the other day when I mentioned the fact of your indebtedness you asked me where I would be Tuesday?"

"Yes, sir."
"Well, wasn't that a promise that you would pay me Tuesday?"

"No, sir."
"Why, then, did you want to know where I would be Tuesday?"

"Because I wanted to know where you'd be so I could make arrangements to be somewhere else."

"FEMALE COMPLAINTS."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I was sick for six years, and could scarcely walk about the house. My breath was short and I suffered from pain in my breast and stomach all the time; also from palpitation and an internal fever, or burning sensation, and experienced frequent smothering or choking sensations. I also suffered from pain low down across my bowels and in my back, and was much reduced in flesh. I have used your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," and feel that I am well.

Very respectfully,
DELLAH B. McMILLAN, Arlington, Ga.

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