

**Grip's Clips.**

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

**A CONSIDERATE LADY.**

The minister called at the house of Mr. Snagwell the other day. "You are very comfortably situated," said he to the christian wife and mother. "Your little place is almost self-sustaining, but, sister, where are all of your chickens? When last here I noticed flocks of them in the yard."

"Yes," replied the christian lady, "we raised a great many, but they became so troublesome to our neighbors that, rather than give offence, we sold them."

"Very considerate, I am sure."

"Oh, I cannot bear to be looked upon as an imposition and—"

"Ma!" called young Snagwell.

"Yes, son."

"Did you sell the chickens 'cause they was trouble?"

"Yes son, run along now."

"No, you didn't, 'cause I heard you tell pap that the chickens all had the cholera an' that he'd better take 'em down an' sell 'em before they all died."

The good lady imagined that the minister was not so cordial when he took his leave, and shortly afterwards, the boy had reason to believe that the mercury had gained an altitude of several inches.

The following appeared in a recent issue of *London Punch*:

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There is not the least particle of truth in the rumor that Miss Mary Anderson is about to be married to Mr. Gladstone, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel, the Governor of the Bank of England, Lord Wolseley, Lord Tennyson, the Master of Balliol, Lord Randolph Churchill, Col. Fred Burnaby, Mr. J. L. Toole, the Lord Chamberlain, Marquis of Bute, the President of the College of Surgeons, Mr. Labouchere, Capt. Burton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor, Baron Rothschild, Lord Henry Lennox, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Montague Williams, Mr. Marriott, Sir Frederick Leighton, or the Maharajah Duhleep Singh. I must beg you at once to deny all or any of these rumors, which have, in some unaccountable fashion, gained currency. I happen to know that many of the above-mentioned are married men—and so their pretensions are out of the question; and moreover, I also happen to know that the accomplished American actress has long been engaged to yours most faithfully,

THE ONLY ONE SHE EVER LOVED.

**A DEGENERATED SON.**

An old man with an anxious expression on his face, came into the office of an Austin newspaper, and said to the editor:

"I wish you would put an advertisement in your paper about my son Bill. He went to Colorado and I've not heard from him for six months."

"I read in a Colorado paper two months ago, that your son Bill had stolen a horse, and had been caught."

"Been caught?"

"Yes; he was caught riding the stolen horse."

"So he has been caught! What a disgrace to our family! The fellow goes and lets himself be caught. That's the first time it has happened in our family," and the broken-hearted father staggered out of the office muttering: "He let himself be caught."—*Texas Siftings*.

**RATHER STAY HEAH.**

De gubernment's tryin' fur ter fine the norf polo,  
Oh, heah dat soum' in de cloud;  
Er killin' o' de men an' er wastin' o' de gol'  
Oh, heah dat soum' in de sky.  
Da think it's mighty big fur ter fine er chunk o' ice,  
Doan yer heah dat soum' mighty loud;  
But I 'clar 'fore de lawd tain't wuf sich er price,  
Oh, doan yer heah de soum' on high?

Oh, half o' de folks is los' dar sensus,  
An' de addler half's dun gone mad,  
Doan hang back er tall on er 'count o' de 'sponses—  
Uh, huh, now it's mighty bad, Mar's Moses, uh,  
huh, now it's mighty bad.

De po' ole nigger mayn't hab much learnin',  
Doan yer heah dat high win' er blowin',  
But rudder'n freeze ter death he'd sooner be er burnin',  
Oh, lissen at de mournin' o' de treo,  
De sun's down heah an er smokin' wid heah,  
Jes' lissen at de shanghtigh er crownin';  
But way down heah fro' doan bite de fect,  
He's er crownin' mighty loud an' free.

Ruther stay heah 'mong de stumps o' de new groun'  
Doan wunter cut ice wid de bow o' boat,  
Rassle wid de chillun an' hunt wid de ole houn.  
An' cat de hin' laig o' de shoat, Mar's Moses, an' ent  
de hin' laig o' de shoat.

**DON'T MENTION IT.**

He was a married man blessed—or the opposite, as the reader may determine—with an extremely jealous wife. One evening not long since he seized a chance opportunity to do escort to a charming miss of sixteen, whose blue eyes and drooping lashes exercised a glamor over every man who happened to come within range of their charm. At last her home was reached, and as they paused at the gate the maiden turned her lovely orbs full upon him and said:

"I'm so grateful for your kindness sir."  
"Don't mention it, I beg of you," he ejaculated, gallantly.

Very likely the unsophisticated maiden misunderstood the motive of his remark, for she quickly answered, in a reassuring tone:

"Oh, I certainly won't, sir, if you don't wish me to!"—*Lowell Citizen*.

**THEY NEVER QUARRELLED.**

"Mos' married folks quarrel more or less," remarked Uncle Mose to the *Texas Siftings* janitor; "but I knows a man and wife what hasn't had a fuss fur de las' five yeahs."

"Am dey libin' togedder?"  
"Sartinly! Dey libs in de same house. She goes off every mawnin', and washes by de day."

"But p'raps dey quarrels at night. How does you know dey don't?"

"Dey don't hab a bit o' trouble, I tells yer. She am out washin' all day, and her husband, he am night watchman in a big sto' on Austin avenue. He goes off before she comes home, and he don't get back in the mawnin' 'ntil she has gone out washin'. Dat's been goin' on fur de las' five yeahs, and de fust cross word hasn't passed between 'em yet."

**ASTRONOMICAL.**

"Do you see that lady carrying a poodle?" said a gentleman to a friend, yesterday.

"Yes; what of it?"  
"She's an actress—a star."  
"Well?"

"To be Sirius, don't you rather think it proper to call her a dog star?"

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 for a pad or treatise.

**WANTS AND THINGS.**

I have just picked up a copy of one of our city dailies—Saturday issue—and am carelessly glancing down the "Wants" column.

The "first-class waiter" who boldly states that he is "not afraid to leave city," challenges admiration. He is square with his boarding missis and no gaunt demon of *capias* stares him in the face.

A situation as private coachman is required "by young man who understands his business." This understanding of his business is rather equivocal. Often it is the business of the young coachman to run off with the daughter and heiress of the family. The young mau ought to be more explicit, or else say nothing about it.

The ambition of the party who advertises for a job "as painter in country town or on farm house," is somewhat uncertain. Farm-house painting is usually whitewashing. A painter on a canal boat or a "painter" out in the western wilds would be comprehensible; but a "painter on a farm house" needs explanation.

This notice strikes me:—"By respectable man care of horses, who understands their requirements. If required, willing to travel." The grammatical construction of the advertisement is open to criticism, but there is no mistaking the object of the advertiser. The statement that he is willing to travel if required, goes to show that he knows what it is to be sacked.

I don't really know what to say about the "English governess, who desires a situation; subjects, French, drawing, and the rudiments of music; by letter only." Perhaps the "letter" is in contradistinction to the "spirit," or maybe the young lady objects to a personal appearance because she has a boil on her neck.

There is a job wanted "by two machinists—or any other work for a start." The plentitude of employment under the N.P. is not very startlingly exemplified in the advertisement. But "any other work" means a great deal. Our two machinists would, of course, draw the line at digging post-holes or canvassing for the *Weekly Mail*.

The "Printer" who unblushingly avows that he "can read manuscript, set a clean proof," is a *rara avis*, and if I owned a printing office I would hire him. If there is anything that annoys me it is for a printer to complain that he never knows which end of the page of my MS. the writing commences at. On the other hand, if there is anything that sets me wild with joy it is to find a "clean proof"—so clean that there is no trouble for me to make plenty of alterations down the border.

There is quite a contrast between "Lady would like position in office or in store;" and "Lady would like position as house-keeper or any position not menial;" but I am not dealing in contrasts, I will pass to the advertiser who as "successful salesman seeks position, accustomed to introducing new goods." The "successful salesman" is the one who tells you what you really want to buy when you know in your heart that you really don't want to buy anything. You have to buy it in order to escape with your life and reason. When, in addition to being a successful salesman, he can "introduce new goods," it means that he will have half the female population of the town dying of envy at the other half, and a run on the goods that will exhaust the stock almost before you have it decently marked off—or more properly up.

But I don't want to dwell too long on one subject and I accordingly drop the advertising page and brace up for a struggle with the editorial.