



"So the world wags."

The superstition of sailors is proverbial, and Davy Jones and his locker are firmly believed in by all old salts, though the younger hands, nowadays, are becoming far better educated and too intelligent to believe in the old superstitions. But this is what the N. Y. *Sun* has to say about that mythical locker, and the description is very true of what it was supposed to be.

#### DAVY JONES' LOCKER.

Every one has heard of "Davy Jones' locker," but few know just who Davy Jones is, and what his locker consists of. Old sailors are of the opinion that the locker is at the bottom of the sea, off soundings. Its mouth is between two gigantic mountains, whose sides gradually recede like those of a funnel for hundreds of miles. All currents tend thitherward at a certain phase of the moon, and thus every lost ship and every drowned sailor eventually drifts into the great submarine mouth. When angered by offences against his unwritten laws, such as setting sail on Friday, carrying dead bodies, killing cats, dropping water buckets, and the like, sailors believe that Davy will personally appear, and demand satisfaction—sometimes being satisfied with the sacrifice of one man, and sometimes pulling a ship and its crew down into his locker. Many sailors aver that they have seen Davy Jones.

I think every one will agree with me that the following is true, in some respects, at least. Much has been said about the brakeman's peculiar style of enunciation: it has been left to a British tourist to make a discovery, startling, no doubt, but a discovery for all that. And yet the conversation given below may never have taken place after all, though I really don't think the *Arkansaw Traveler* would willingly diverge from the truth—unless it paid better to do that naughty thing and tell a fib. However, here goes.

#### A BRAKESMAN'S EDUCATION.

"Do you think that American institutions are progressive?" enquired a Boston girl of an eminent English tourist, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railway.

"Indeed I do," was the hearty reply. "The classical education of even your railway brakemen makes them far superior to the common guards of our English system."

"What do you mean by the classical education of your brakemen?" enquired the Boston girl, with no small show of surprise.

"Why, I notice they open the car door and call the names of the stations in an unknown tongue. I am familiar with seven distinct languages, but your American brakemen are a gulf of learning compared to our most eminent scholars. Their salaries must certainly be enormous, and their erudition vast and unfathomable."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

Genius is a thing that very few understand much about. I don't, for one. I believe, however, that when a man gets the name of being

a genius, he is permitted to roam about dressed just as he pleases, and the worse he does please to dress the more others are pleased. This is one of the pleas for genius. That's a pun. I could write reams about geniuses I have met. But I won't. I have some respect for my readers. The *Arkansaw Traveller* is responsible for the following.

#### THE FATE OF GENIUS.

A company out in Arkansas were telling of the brilliant boys they had worshipped as heroes, and how badly they had ended in life. Here is one of the affecting anecdotes:—"I used to worship a hero at school. He was a brilliant orator, and wrote pieces for the village newspapers that challenged the admiration of the most prominent citizens of the town. Every one supposed he would be a great editor or statesman. Well, recently I visited the neighborhood, and I, like you, could not help but muse over his brilliant prospects, and take a sadder view of life." "What was he doing? Cleaning out wells for a living?" "No, sir." "Clerk in a hide house?" "No." "Conductor of a hod?" "No." "What was he doing, then?" "He wasn't doing anything. He was dead."

Can such things be? and do such heartless beings exist as the horrible old man who did not do as he would be done by, as the gentleman in this anecdote seems to have done? Why comment further on an infamous transaction? Nay, rather let us reflect on the "bageness of human natur," as a combination of the immortal Sairey Gamp and Cap'n Cuttle would have said.

#### AFTER THE STYLE OF THE FRENCH.

"So you love my daughter, eh?"  
 "Y-yes, sir."  
 "And you have money to support her in good style?"  
 "I have \$30,000 in bank, and an income of \$5,000 per year."  
 "Money in bank? Ah! I see you are no financier; you should have invested in bonds and doubled your interest. For instance, I have securities paying ten per cent."  
 The young man hurries off to get his cash and buy bonds of his future father-in-law. After he has departed Lucy enters the library and asks:  
 "Father, did William ask your consent?"  
 "He did, dear."  
 "And you said yes?"  
 "No, darling; he has no wealth to give you station."  
 "But he has \$30,000."  
 "Oh, no. I just raked that in for bonds that won't be worth ten cents on the dollar six months hence. I love you too well to see you marry a poor man, and have to live in sixth-story rooms."—*Wall-street News*.

I am indebted to R. J. Burdette for this parody of a song that possibly one or two of my readers may have heard. It is very tender; very touching; and will not bring a blush of shame to the cheek of the most modest old man.

#### MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

My grandfather's clock was too high for the shelf,  
 And it reached forty feet below the floor;  
 And he used to take a lightning-rod to wind it up himself,  
 While he stood on the top of the door.  
 It ran like a quarter horse long years ere he was born,  
 When he died it ran faster than before,  
 And ev'ry time that he heard the tune,  
 The old-man—swore.

#### CHORUS (by the entire congregation).

About 459,000 years without slumbering,  
 Tick, tick; tick, tick, tum, tum-tum: tum, tum-tum;  
 oom-pah, oom-pah, bra-a-a-a!  
 Whistling and roaring and shrieking and thundering!  
 Tick, tick; tick, tick, toot, doot, doot, doot, tra ha, la ha ha!  
 An! Scree-ee-ee! Whoop! Whoop! Wa-ha-ha-ha-a-a-a!  
 It went! Faster! than ever it went before,  
 When the—old—man—died!

The man who lived down at the corner of the block,  
 With a voice like a broad gauge bassoon;  
 He made a bass solo of "My Grandfather's Clock,"  
 And he never sang any other tune,  
 He sang it every morning and he sang it in the night.  
 And he sang it while the congregation cried;  
 But his neck; tie; fitted-his-neck-too tight,  
 On the day—he—died.

CHORUS (by people who whistle, but can't sing, with a lingering suspicious inflection on the "necktie," as though circumstances indicated that several men had helped the musician to put it on):

Forty-nine years to-day without slumbering,  
 Toodle de doo, too de doo, toodle de doo tooty toot!  
 The multitudinous notes of the cricket out-numbering,  
 Toot! Doot! Toot! Doot! Toot!  
 But his neck; tie; wasn't-adjusted-right,  
 On the day—he—died!

And the handsome young man who sang tenor in the choir  
 Was also addicted to the tune;

He used to pitch the air about twenty octaves higher  
 Than the key-note of the man in the moon.  
 His cracked notes pierced through the azure fields above,  
 Till Olympus couldn't sleep if it tried;  
 But great; Jove; gave-one-of-his-bolts a shove,  
 And the young—man—died!

CHORUS (for first tenor voices, with a shivering kind of an intonation on the thunder, indicative of the feelings of a young man when he is struck by lightning. Now, then, ALL together.

Up to high C without stumbling,  
 Squack, squack! squack, squack!  
 Squack without any quavering or straining or mumbling,  
 Squack, squack! squack, squack!  
 Squack-but-the-thun; der! got-mighty-close-to-the ground  
 On the da-ay—he—died!

There were forty million people in the land of our birth,  
 With voices from a squeak to a roar,  
 And they warbled that tune through the ends of the earth,  
 In the church, in the car, and the store.  
 'Till the old man's ghost re-sought the glimpses of the moon.

And he tore at his silver flowing hair,  
 And the old; man! whenever-he-heard that tune,  
 Would cavori—and—swear!

CHORUS (softly, by any person of the company who knows the words, with old man obligato):

"Ninety years without slumbering—"  
 —!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!  
 His life seconds numbering—  
 —!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!  
 "But it stopped—short"—  
 —!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!

In what state do you calculate to fight mosquitos this year?—*Boston Post*. Nudity, or thereabouts.—*Hartford Journal*.

#### ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptom—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

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