

THE DEVOTED FRIEND.



O long ago it all seems now!
And even I feel somewhat
older;
The locks are thinner on my
brow,
Yet odd to say I don't grow
bolder.

Yes, I was more courageous
then,
And ah! for fame I had a
hunger
In days long past, old fellow,
when
I was the friend of Brown
the younger.

He loved; he told his love to me,
And in that love how he did
glory!
I recollect it used to be
A really rather lengthy story.

Her name was Smith, if you
must know,
At least one was—the other
Sally;

The last girl of the second row
On O. P. side in opening ball.

He went and bought a big bouquet,
I wrote some lines (I was a poet),
We went together to the play
He fussed at last and bade me throw it.

I did. She gave me such a glance!
Poor Brown! his little plan miscarried.
She married me. Lor! what a dance
She's led me since the day we married!

—W. C. NICHOL.

SIR KNT. & BRO. W. CRINGLE, E. A. O.
K. T. E.

It was rather an unfortunate day for little Bill Cringle, when he joined the extremely antique Order of the Knights of the Euroclydon though at first it might seem to be a good thing, as his widow was to receive several thousand dollars in case William's toes should at any time point skyward, and there were other benefits accruing to the brethren of the order during their lifetimes. But William was one of those enthusiastic little fellows who, when they mount a hobby, give it a free rein and away it scampers and every thing else may go to perdition. William Cringle's business sign proclaimed him to be a repairer of boots and shoes, or in other words a cobbler, and time was when he was considered the best and cheapest patcher in his district, but woe! woe! the extremely antique Order of the Sir Knights of the Euroclydon was organized, and its many advantages being represented to Mr. Cringle with the object of persuading him to become a member, he promised to turn them over in his mind and give his answer in a few days. Billy's mind was never one of the strongest, and very slight argument was needed to make him turn over the representations made to him in it just as the promoters of the Order wished, so, to cut my story short, Bill Cringle, cobbler, became Transparent Sir Knight and Bro. William Cringle, E. A. O. K. T. E. This was all very well and did no harm, and if it pleased Billy to be a Transparent Sir Knight surely it was nobody's business but his own, if (here comes the rub) if, I say, Billy had attended to his business as he had done before the Euroclydon swept over the city wherein he resided. But he did not, sad to relate, for he was ambitious far beyond his size: (height 5 ft. 1½ in. weight 99½ lb.) and not satisfied with being simply transparent, he resolved to scale the ladder of far more than nine steps, take notice ye of other societies, and mount to the one hundred and fifth rung of the Euroclydon's aid to altitude, that being its topmost round and on the attainment of which the climber was proclaimed More Than Most Wise, Fifteen Billion times Illustrious, Venerable, Sage, and Thrice Sudorific Sir Knight and (I believe but am not quite sure) Prelate, 105° (in the shade), and was permitted to go to bed in his regalia, if it so pleased him, and, the

truth must be told, it very often did please the wearers of all these titles and honors to do so, for the installation of every MTMW., F. B. T. I., V. S. & T. S. Sir Knight and (I think) Prelate 105° (in the shade), was invariably followed by a banquet, all of the expenses of which were defrayed from the burial fund, and consequently many a Sir Knight went home after these banquets in a state which rendered him incapable of pulling off his boots, to say nothing of the gorgeous and complicated uniform and regalia of the Euroclydon order, for it must be admitted that the uniform was magnificent and was one of the chief inducements to outsiders to become acquainted with the grips, signs, countersigns and so forth of the order. A blue velvet cocked hat with scarlet ostrich feathers was the head gear adopted by the Sir Knights, and underneath this came epaulettes of bullion with gilt aiguillettes, a white and crimson frock coat, tight white buckskin breeches and jack boots with spurs (and these latter were a constant bone of contention between the Sir Knights and their ladies, for however pleasant it may be to the wearer of these appendages to sleep with them on, the effect to any bed-fellow he may happen to have is to say the least of it scari-factory and uncomfortable) and—a sword! It was this sword that enrolled more than half of the gallant Sir Knts, of the E., and it was an awe-inspiring sight and one calculated to fill the beholder with terror to see those brethren wielding their weapons in the way their daily avocations suggested as the proper one. For instance, a plumber, being also a Sir Knight, would bear his as though it were six feet or so of inch and a half gas pipe; a livery stable keeper's style of carrying his was strongly suggestive of a whip, and some of the bank clerks who were members, appeared to be impressed with the notion that behind the ear was the place for that sword to go; but on the whole they did very well, and Sir Knight Cringle, though his weapon was a few inches longer than himself, contrived to look very dignified and knightly—before a banquet.

(To be continued.)

WHY HIS HAIR WAS CUT.

AN ACTUAL QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY EPISODE.

Last 24th of May, at about 10 o'clock in the morning, two friends met on the street. One had just had his hair cut so short that it looked like the teeth of the roller of a musical box. His friend immediately noticed this, and said, "Why! Jim, what on earth have you been getting your head sand-papered for? This is the first hot day of the season, and though it is a broiler, the weather may turn cold yet."

The other answered, "It isn't exactly the heat I'm afraid of, though this is a nice cool clip, but—" and paused. "Well, what?" enquired his friend.

"Well, you see this is the Queen's Birthday, and of course a fellow takes a little more liquid refreshment—"

"Ah! I see," interrupted Dick, "and you're afraid your head might swell so tomorrow morning that you wouldn't be able to get your hat on. Great head, Jim, great head."—(sotto voce, "Nothing in it.")

"No Dick, you're still wrong, but as I said this is the Queen's Birthday: I'm in for a jamboree, I shall not go home till awfully late, and—I'm married."

"Nuff said," answered Dick with a wink, for he also was a Benedict. "Short hair, by all means, and I'll go and follow thy example. But let's smile first."

And they went and smiled, and so does the writer of this as he thinks of the way those unfortunate women would be deceived when they reached for the hairs on heads that knew them no more.

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.

The prince of wails—a baby.

Adam and Eve established the first Appellate Court.

In choosing a wife always select one that will wash.

A summer resort—borrowing your neighbor's lawnmower.

The only kind of cake children don't cry for—A cake of soap.

"Board wanted," said the chap who tumbled into the river.

Clock-worked stockings are not necessarily second-hand stockings.

A Western invitation: Come out and "blow" up with the country.

Paganini was called a good magician because he could draw a wail out of his fiddle.

Whether the stone hits the pitcher or the pitcher hits the stone, it is always bad for the pitcher.

The aesthetic craze has reached the farm, and hand-painted barns are announced.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

The blackberry is so named because it is blue, in order to distinguish it from the blueberry which is black.

A scientist says that a discord struck violently on a piano will kill a lizard. Dare say! It's almost killed some human beings.—Boston Post.

Pontius Pilate, Judas Iscariot and King Herod are now suing Salini Morse for back pay. This may after all put Salini in a Passion.—Life.

A Boston paper gives the following wise piece of advice to its bachelor readers;—"Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days and a picnic.

"A new baby at your house, I understand," said a gentleman to the governor of a northern state. "Yes, sir." "Boy?" "No, a future coachman's wife."—Arkansas Traveller.

Whoever doubts that the newspapers have a mission should enter a car and see how useful they are to the men when a fat woman with a big basket is looking around for a seat.

It takes as long for a Russian to say: "Lend me a quarter," as it does for an American to forge a check for \$50 and get the money on it. The English language is crisp, short and to the point.

The poet said that cleanliness was next to godliness: This is not to be understood to apply to the kind of godliness represented in the top gallery of a theatre.—Baltimore Every Saturday.

Though the earth for aeons rotate,
She shall not bring back to man
Sight of that tomato can
That the Gulielmus-gont ate.

—Pack.

"I don't like to have my husband chew tobacco," remarked a young married lady, "but I put up with it, for the tin foil is just too handy for anything in doing up my front crimps!"

"BECAME SOUND AND WELL."

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: Dear Sir—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good. Yours truly, THOMAS J. METHVIN,
Hatcher's Station, Ga.