



ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH.

A STORY WITH AN IMMORAL.

(Concluded.)

CHAP. IV.

Philander came into a little money by the death of his father, and resolved to abjure trade and enter a profession. "In this sphere at least," thought he, "I shall be free from the sordid and truth-perverting influences which make trade impossible to a lover of truth."

So he resolved to enter the ministry, but he found at the outset that he was required to profess his entire belief in a creed that he could not accept as a whole, although he agreed with nine-tenths of it. This, of course, was out of the question.

He next tried the law. He entered the office of a legal friend and read up steadily. He was getting very well until one day he was entrusted with the case of a client as a practical beginning.

"You see," said the client, "I ain't ready to pay this money yet, and I just want you to enter a defence and stand the thing off for a while."

"But you owe the money, don't you?" asked Gregsbury.

"Why, yes, of course."

"Well, I can't say you don't owe it. That would not be true."

"What's that got to do with it? Well, I should smile. The idea of a lawyer sticking at a lie! Why you're the first I ever met as wouldn't tell a dozen for a dollar. Young man, you're too fresh altogether."

His friend assured him that this sort of professional falsification was an essential part of legal practice, and Gregsbury was again thrown on the world.

"I will try the press," he said, "It is the palladium of our free institutions. I don't exactly know what a palladium is, but the vocation of the journalist is a noble one and ever in accord with right and justice. Here at last shall I find a refuge from falsehood and deceit."

CHAP. V.

The *Daily Calumniator* wanted a reporter, and Philander Gregsbury secured the vacancy at \$8 per week. He set diligently to work and achieved a marked success as a city reporter, until one day he was detailed to report a theatrical entertainment.

"Write it up well, give 'em a good send off," said the city editor. "The troupe are getting all their job printing done at this office."

"But it is a wretchedly poor show," said Philander. "The company are a lot of sticks."

"Never mind that—do as I tell you. They advertise very heavy. Don't you catch on?" Philander's heart sank. "I really cannot

write a favorable notice of the concern. My conscience will not allow me to tell a lie."

"———!!" said the city editor. "Here Muggins, you give the Dufferre Combination a first-class notice. And as for you Gregsbury, the sooner you get over those notions the better you'll get along here. Conscience hasn't any show on the local columns of the *Calumniator*."

A day or two after he was sent to report a political meeting, and on handing in his copy the city editor said—

"Say Gregsbury, what in Thunder do you mean by saying 'there was a large attendance and the meeting was a great success?'"

"Well it's so," replied Gregsbury.

"Look here. When our opponents have a meeting it is never well attended. It is invariably a contemptible fizzle. The speeches are always wretched failures and the people go away disgusted. Remember this in future and re-write your report accordingly."

"But I can't—it wouldn't be true."

"Oh, we've had quite enough of that nonsense. Either do as I tell you or go."

"I will leave," said Philander sadly, and he walked out.

CHAP. VI.

Suddenly like a streak of lightning the exceeding folly of his conduct flashed upon him. He saw how he had lost his friends, ruined his chances and closed every opening against him by his ridiculous adherence to an impossible standard of veracity. He resolved to turn over a new leaf. He retraced his steps to the *Calumniator* office.

"Give me another chance," he said to the city editor. "I was a fool. I promise you that you shall have no cause to find fault with me in the future. Henceforth I will lie whenever it is necessary."

He was as good as his word. He wrote lying puffs for outrageous commercial, literary and dramatic frauds. He abused without stint those who refused to advertise, whenever an opportunity presented itself. He vilified the opposite party in a fashion that delighted his employers, and brought him rapid promotion. He studied slander as a fine art. He laid awake nights thinking of good plausible political and social scandals against the enemies of the paper, and coining mean and vituperative epithets to make them unhappy. Philander Gregsbury soon became noted as a rising man. He made stump speeches which were marvels of elaborate and ingenious lying. He became a candidate for Parliamentary honors, and by dint of his superior talent for falsification secured a seat in the House, and crowned his efforts by wholesale and unblushing perjury when his election was unsuccessfully contested. He is now one of the most able and respected of our public men.

IMMORAL.

Thus we see that the habit of indiscriminate truthfulness invariably brings its victims to poverty and disgrace, while falsehood is absolutely necessary to success in every walk in life.

NEWS FROM THE EAST.

FROM SPECIAL DESPATCH TO GRIP.

THE REASON WHY DUFFERIN LEFT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Lord Dufferin not only has a lisp and a great admiration (Platonic of course) for pretty girls, but is possessed of a great share of sarcastic humor, which is only kept within bounds by a deep sense of the gravity of his official position.

At a little supper the other evening, given at the British Embassy, a number of attaches of the different legations being present.

Buckkesaw Bey, Inspector of Dates for the Erzeroom Provinces, happened to drop in.

"Hallo, Buck!" said his Lordship. "How goes? Sit down; Have a taste of Banagher. I don't like the wines of this country, especially the *Porte*." "Bismillah!" answered the sly old Inspector, who had tumbled to the joke, "then by the beard of the Prophet, you'd better *Sherry* your nibs!"

"Look out, Dufferin!" said young Dewitt Doolittle, of the U. S. Consulate, "for old Buckkesaw. If he thinks you intend to *Sultan* him, you may find yourself in a small vessel tomorrow on your way to Cyprus."

"In that case, I take the *Caique*," laughed the noble Earl.

"You may be sent to Egypt, perhaps," said old Sandivitch Popkomoff, of the Russian Embassy, with his mouth full of *Caviare*.

"Then I might be termed, so to speak, a *Nileist*." "By the way, Pop," continued his Lordship, "Egypt always reminds me of your Czar."

"How was dat?" queried the Muskovite.

"Why, because it's *Sandy*."

"Oh! take a rest!" exclaimed Doolittle.

"Wasallah! Bismillah!" muttered Buckkesaw, "By the tomb of the Prophet, but the dog of an infidel will take *arrest* if he stays here much longer!"

Next morning Buckkesaw Bey, attended by the Chief Eunuch, a firman, and bow-string, arrived at the noble Earl's quarters. He read the order, looked at the bow-string, and muttered something about having already too many strings to his bow, took the first steamer for Port Said, *en route* for Cairo.

This is how it happened that Lord Dufferin left Con-stanti-no-ple.

AN ICE LEGEND.

A maiden once dwelt in the kingdom of snow,
She belonged to the tribe of the wild Esquimaux;
Her fat little face was the theme of all song
In that region of ice where the winters are long.

The climate was cold but her young heart was warm,
And thrilled every nerve in her beauteous form,
For she had a lover as all maidens may,
Wherever they live or wherever they stray.

This girl and her sweetheart adored one another,
And they'd the consent of her father and mother;
But the path of true lovers has ever been found
To run over rough and irregular ground.

The maiden's young man was a dealer in ice,
And journeys to England he yearly made twice,
And, as on another he just now was starting,
He asked her to meet him to kiss before parting.

So, weeping she went to the old trysting place,
And the tears trickled down her sweet innocent face;
But he hadn't come, so she looked for a stone,
And wrapped in her sorrow sat weeping alone.

Soon the merciless wind, fiercely howling around,
Froze the girl to the stone, and the stone to the ground,
And there she sat looking uncommonly nice,
Enveloped in anguish and coated with ice.

Of course she was dead, all her sorrows were past,
She was slain by her grief and the pitiless blast;
Her hot tears had frozen as fast as they fell,
And she looked like a duck in a crystallized shell.

But soon came the lover, and oh! his despair,
When he saw the cold corpse of his love lying there;
At first 'twas quite awful the noise that he made—
Then he swallowed his anguish and thought of his trade.

He said "Oh! how sweet was my love when alive,
Tho' her spirit has fled, may her sweetness survive;
How little she dreamt in her dreadfullest dreams
She'd be taken to England to flavour ice-creams."

He detached the dead damsel and bore her away
From the shore where the seals and the sea-lions play,
And took her to England, and smashed her up small,
And there she was eaten and relished by all!

This monster inhuman, I hear with regret,
Like the bay-tree has flourished—and flourishes yet;
But nightly he's troubled with terrible dreams
Of sacrificed maidens and chilly ice-creams.

MORAL.

Oh! list to my moral ye ladies that love;
Don't let your affections at liberty rove;
And whether the climate be cold or be hot,
Beware of the men, they are such a bad lot!