



DECIDEDLY RUDE.

MUSICAL GENT: Do you know "Where's the Cold Heart?"

PRACTICAL YOUNG LADY: There isn't any; but there's plenty cold roast in the ice-chest if you're hungry!"

HOW OTHERS SEE US.

A day or two ago the Cynic received a very pretty letter from a young and clever East Indian lady. Among many noticeable points, it contained the following:—"There are striking differences between Ceylon and America. For instance: here every man tries to be a gentleman;—in America, I believe, it is just the reverse."

SCIENTIFIC AND ARTISTIC.

In the *Telegraph's* "Gossip," we are told, as the lawyers would say, "*In re Hair*," that "the coloring matter is drawn directly from the blood, it being supposed that the blood sends some fluid among the pigments of the hair which at once changes the color." Now, on noticing this, it immediately occurred to the ever-brilliant mind of DIOGENES that the natural, and, therefore, infallible, way of "restoring grey hair to its original color," as the bottles have it, and of otherwise imparting to our capillary roofing whatever tint or hue may be desirable, would be to infuse into our blood the particular "coloring matter" proper to the requirements of the case.

Thus, gentlemen, anxious for a never-failing and noble crop of raven-black hair,—the "Poet's Ideal,"—would probably do well to enter on a course of "Indianinci," taking also, for the sake of lustre, an occasional draught of the tincture of "Ivory Black;" "Burnt Sienna" and "Naples Yellow" will make a magnificent Brown; and a decoction of these pigments, taken internally, periodically, perseveringly, and in sufficient quantity, will doubtless produce a "fine head of hair" of the color indicated, whilst a few Sepia lozenges will probably hasten the desired consummation. *Blondes* have been the fashion of late; and to young ladies approving of the style referred to, DIO. would suggest a pint, daily, of the "Extract of Indian Yellow and Purple Madder," by the use of which elegant fluid he prophetically predicates that a Lydia Thompson *chevelure* may be secured in three weeks, if chemical action be not retarded by atmospheric influences.

But the possibilities under what will, hereafter, be known as the DIOGENESIAN SYSTEM of Hair-Dyeing are infinite, whilst its superiority over the present practice of rubbing the hair with some miserable "wash" is self-evident.

MYTHOLOGICAL.

A COORSE OF ASHTRONOMY.

BY THE LATE HON. T. D. MCGEE.

REFRAIN—"Tooral-looral-loo."

* * * So far as the Cynic knows, the following lines, written by the "loved and lost" statesman, have never before seen the light. They have been communicated by a friend, who was permitted to take a copy from the original M.S., in possession of a worthy M.P.—Ed. DIO.

Young and ould we pray draw near,
Lind me attintion, ivr'y wan uv ye!
An' a most extrorinary discoorse ye'll hear,
An' a my thological coorse of Ashtronomy!

In the circumambient ether, rolls,—
For ages sages niver have missed them,—
Hivinly bodies widout any souls,
An' that's what we call the *Sol-ar* system!

Jupiter bate them all by odds:
Ary one that has any knowledge, he
Knows he was the King of the Gods,—
The rollicking haro uv the Greek Mythology!

Juno she was one uv his wives,
A few more he had to comb the wig uv me;
Too bad for planets to lead such lives,
An' set an example uv Poly-igamy!

Mercury swindled wherever he went;
He lied and chated with impunity:
It wasn't a flatterin' compliment,
To make him the type uv the tradin' community!

Vanus wasn't the best of stars:
Her conduct wasn't very defensible:
Flirtin' wid that ould bully Mars—
To say the laste, it wasn't commendable!

A husband, too, she had uv her own,
Who ought to uv kept her under the thumb-uv-him;
But she managed to break his ankle bone,
And no one knows, now, what's become uv him!

Then there's the twelve signs of the Zoday-whack,
In which you will find Zoology various;
Bulls and Lions all over the track,
An' a curious quadruped called Saptarious.

But the Milky Way contains the crame
Uv all the sky's illumination;
An' there's one Mr. Orion,—I think that's his name—
Why, he's a Tip'rary constillation!

FRIGHTFULLY APPROPRIATE.

An acquaintance of the Cynic resides in an establishment containing an apartment that has been tenanted, for some time past, by a succession of inniates having potent leanings towards bibulosity. The seed sown, has, in most instances, borne fruit, in the shape of *diablerie*, doctors, and, occasionally, straight-jackets. The individual in question, not having Madame Tassaud's patented rights before his eyes, has christened this room—The Chamber of Horrors!