

### 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.

#### ANOTHER KITE STORY.

Small boy,  
Flying kite,  
Sailing high,  
Pretty sight.

Big kite,  
Long string,  
Flies nice,  
Pretty thing.

Boy wild,  
With delight,  
Flying high,  
Pretty kite.

Looking up,  
Runs right,  
Then back,  
Sailing kite.

Sees not,  
Old well,  
Down which,  
Boy fell.

Story ends,  
Right here,  
Boy dead,  
Shed tear.

#### A KISS ON TOAST.

Young Topnoodle came to grief recently in a dining saloon on Nassau street in a way that he cannot contemplate even now without a shudder.

He is a cross between a dude and a masher, according to the significant terms of the day, and in taking his dinner down town he usually seeks a saloon attended by waiters of the dear, sweet, fair sex, to whom he can say all sorts of silly nothings, and make himself exceedingly sweet on them. So last week, for the first time, he sat down at the table of the above-mentioned saloon, after having first observed at which table the prettiest girl presided, and looking at her with his most captivating smile, he said:

"Aw, me dear miss, what shall I order for me lunch?"

"Why, you can order anything you can pay for," she replied, with a saucy little shake of her head.

"Aw. Can I have anything I can pay for?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, then, my pretty miss, I think I shall order a kiss."

"What?"

"A kiss on toast."

"You want a kiss, do you?"

"Aw, yes, you divine little beauty. I am nearly dying for one."

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the pretty waiter with an arch smile and a roguish look in her eyes, "and you really want a kiss?"

"Why, bless your little heart, yes."

"Well, you shall have one, if I have a chance to supply your order," and spryly tripping back to the kitchen she had a little whispered conversation with the cook, a colored female weighing nearly three hundred pounds, and black as the ace of spades.

"Here's your kiss, sir," said the little waiter to Topnoodle; and before he had time to realize the situation, the fat, greasy, black cook held him in her voluptuous embrace and planted a rousing smack on his aesthetic lips; and as he flopped out of the saloon amid the roars of laughter, the explanation of the huge African kiss was given.—*New York Mercury.*

An Irishman one day bragged to his friends that the King had spoken to him. On being asked what His Majesty said to him, he replied, "Arrah, my dear honey, he only axed me to get out of the way."

#### A TELEPHONE INCIDENT.

Some funny things happen on the telephone lines occasionally. Several evenings ago, a young fellow repaired to the store where he is employed, after working hours, and rang up the residence of his best girl. The connection was made, and the young blood inquired:

"Is that you, Miranda?"

"Yes, George dear," came the reply.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, darling."

"I wish I was down there."

"I wish so too."

"If I were there, do you know what I would do with my darling?"

"No, Georgie."

"Well, I'd unbuckle the crupper and put some dirt in her mouth."

"Oh! you brute!" cried Miranda, and they never speak as they pass by, and the man who was talking to a farrier about the best plan for starting a balky mare, says he thinks that anybody that will advise a man to put his arms around the neck of an obstreperous horse and hug and kiss it, and hold it on his lap and whisper words of love in its ear, ought to be hung to the nearest lamp-post, while the telephone girl who mixed the conversation, on purpose, smiles blandly on all the parties concerned.—*Through Mail.*

#### MARY'S LAMB IN A NEW LIGHT.

"Darling," said he, tenderly encircling her slender waist with his larboard arm, "can you tell me in what respect you resemble Mary, of the little lamb fame?" "No, I cannot, dear Henry," she answered, blushing one of those western sunset blushes that betoken cold weather. "Because," said he, as he tenderly stroked her golden hair, "because you have a pet that loves you so." "And now, dear Henry, can you tell me why you are like Mary's lamb?" "No dear, why am I?" "Because," said she, glancing nervously at the door, "because you are sure to go. I heard papa coming down the stairs and you know." "Why am I like Mary's teacher?" thundered the old man poking his head in the door, and fondling a seven pound Indian club. "Because," answering himself, "after 11 o'clock is against the rule, and I am going to turn you out. As the young man limped painfully away he was heard to mutter to himself, well, I differ from the lamb in one respect, for I never follow Mary any more."—*Peck's Sun.*

#### HE REBELLED.

Some years ago a detachment of United States artillery was stationed at Hot Springs, Ark., to protect the public property, the Supreme Court having decided that the Springs belonged to the United States. One day one of the detachment fell ill and was ordered by the surgeon to "take a hot bath and drink the water." He went to one of the bath houses where a bath was prepared for him, and he was left to enjoy the luxury. After the usual time had elapsed the attendant went in to see how he was getting along. He found the soldier sitting on the edge of the tub, much swollen about the waist and the water in the tub reduced about one-half. The attendant asked him how he was getting along. The soldier replied:

"Pretty well. I enjoyed the bath. But," he added as a look of despondent determination settled upon his countenance, "I'll be blessed if I drink all that water, even if they put me in the guard house for it!"—*Washington Hatchet.*

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it as fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

#### A PARADOX.

"What will be the prevailing style in dresses?" asked a family man of a fashionable milliner.

"Well, dresses will be worn much shorter this year."

"I am glad to hear it," said the man of family, breathing a sigh of relief. "I suppose they will be much cheaper?"

"By no means. They will cost more," said the milliner.

"I don't understand how that can be. Shorter dresses take less goods and should therefore cost less."

"No, you are wrong. Shorter dresses cost more because they come higher."

But the obdurate family man would not be convinced.

They tell of a very cultured divine in Belgravia who, instead of saying, "The collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks, "The accumulation of money will now ensue."

A young theological student, not far from Boston, recently invited a young lady to attend a concert. The damsel's answer to the invitation was in this wise: "If you come as a 'temporary supply,' I must decline your invitation. I am only hearing 'regular candidates.'" He didn't supply.

"Mamma, is papa a bull or a bear?" "He's a f— O dear, Willie, don't ask so many questions! Go and ride your velocipede!" "Well, I just wanted to know whether I was a cub or a calf, because"—The sentence is finished the other side of the door, and Mrs. Bion Margin returns to "Henry Irving's Impressions."

An old woman, on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town. The old woman said, "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settled there, what is it?"

"He is a man who has made his mark," exclaimed an enthusiastic admirer of John Bright. "Made his mark, 'ave 'e," exclaimed Widow Tompkins; "well, there ain't much in that; my poor husband did the same, but there, dear soul, he weren't satisfied, he always said he wished he had learned to write."

A lady teacher in a Sunday school had to illustrate a lesson on faith by the story of a child who was told by his father to drop from an elevated place into his arms. The father could not be seen by the child, yet, when commanded, it dropped. Upon the teacher asking her class what was shown by this story, a bright little fellow immediately replied—"It showed he had a lot o' pluck."

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.

A negro was recently seated on a rail fence in Arkansas, intently looking at the telegraph wire. A gentleman passing said, "Watching the wire?" "Yes, sah." "Waiting to see a message go by, hey?" The negro smiled, and said, "Yes, sah." "The gentleman kindly told him that messages were invisible, and explained the working of the electric current to him at length. Concluding, he said, "Now you know something about it." "Yes, sah." "What do you work at?" "I'm a telegraph operator at de Hazel Switch Station, sah."