

## Touchstone's Talk.

"And so the world wags."

I hear a great deal of talk now-a-days about adulteration, and there is doubtless plenty of room for improvement in this respect. The unfortunate milkman comes in for a goodly share of chaff on account of his alleged propensity to mix matters, and in many cases he deserves it, though I knew an honest milkman once. Alas! he is dead! But to my story.

## HIS LORDSHIP'S MILK.

A certain nobleman residing some five miles from the sea, having a large family of young children, was very particular about the quality of the milk imbibed by these young sprigs of nobility, and made a point of tasting this beverage every morning before it was handed over for nursery consumption. One morning, Jennings, the milkman, called as usual, but just as he stepped into the back hall-way, he recollected, with horror, that he had omitted, by some strange oversight, to—water his milk. Glancing into an apartment adjoining the passage, he beheld a bath filled with some beautifully clear, sparkling water. "Fortune favors the brave," he said to himself, "here's my chance," and he transferred some three quartis or so of the water to his milkcans and blessed providence for its timely interposition in his favor. He then announced his presence, and having delivered his daily three gallons, or whatever the quantity was, went on his way rejoicing. He had not proceeded far, however, when he was overtaken by one of his lordship's servants with the information that his presence was desired in the library. He returned to the mansion and was ushered into my lord's presence. The nobleman sat at his table, and before him stood the measures of milk. "Ah! Jennings," said his lordship, "milk's not quite up to the mark this morning." "Very sorry, m' lord, what might be the matter with it?" "Why it appears to be—ah, slightly diluted," replied the descendant of a hundred earls. "Why, m' lord, the cows do drink a vast o' watter these times," replied Jennings, "may be that have summat to do with it." "Ah! possibly, possibly," replied his lordship, "but do—ah—your cows, Jennings, drink—that is—ah—are they partial to sea-water as a beverage? That water in the bath down stairs is brought from the sea every morning for her ladyship's bath, and ah—you probably see what I mean, ah?" Jennings was more careful thenceforward in his selection of his diluting medium, though it cannot be said that he entirely reformed.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* man is, apparently, not partial to tripe. Well, I can hardly blame him, though tripe, properly cooked, is by no means to be despised by a hungry man. The consumer, however, must be hungry to really enjoy this comestible. This is what the *Hawkeye* says about the matter:—

## WHAT TRIPLE IS.

Occasionally you see a man order tripe at a hotel, but he always looks hard, as though he hated himself and everybody else. He tries to look as though he enjoys it, but he does not. Tripe is indigestible and looks like an India rubber apron for a child to sit on. When it is pickled it looks like dirty clothes put to soak, and when it is cooking it looks as though the cook was boiling a dish cloth. On the table it looks like glue, and tastes like a piece of oil silk umbrella cover. A stomach that is not lined with corrugated iron would be turned wrong side out by the smell of tripe. A man eating tripe at a hotel table looks like an Arctic explorer dining on his boots, or chewing pieces of frozen raw dog. You cannot look at a man

eating tripe but he will blush and look as though he wanted to apologize and convince you he is taking it to tone up his system. A woman never eats tripe. There is not money enough in the world to hire a woman to take a corner of a sheet of tripe in her teeth and try to pull off a piece. Those who eat tripe are men who have had their stomachs play mean tricks on them, and they eat tripe to get even with their stomachs, and then they go and take a Turkish bath to sweat it out of the system. Tripe is a superstition handed down from a former generation of butchers, who sold all the meat and kept the tripe for themselves and the dogs; but dogs of the present day will not eat tripe. You throw a piece of tripe down in front of a dog, and see if he does not put his tail between his legs and go off and hate you. Tripe may have a value, but it is not as food. It may be good to fill into a burglar-proof safe, with the cement and chilled steel, or it might answer to use as a breast plate in time of war, or it would be good to use as bumpers between cars, or it would make a good face for the weight of a pile driver, but when you come to smuggle it into the stomach you do wrong. Tripe! Bah! A piece of Turkish towel cooked in axle grease would be pie compared with tripe.

There is a vast difference in the manner of a man who wants you to do him a favor and one who does not, and no one has a better opportunity of proving the truth of this maxim than the newspaper reporter; but he is a very green hand at the business who swallows all the taffy people would fill his mouth with, and the old hand can discover the presence of a murine rodent directly the effusive seeker after a favor opens his mouth, and either snubs the latter or pretends to take it all in, as seems best to himself. In the following little anecdote is seen

## WHY HIS MANNER CHANGED.

Billings met Mr. Squint. "Hello, my friend," exclaimed the doctor, "I am glad to see you. Around hunting for news, I suppose, you reporters are always on the go. You are the best reporter in Arkansas. Say, I'm going to have a little gathering of friends at my house to-morrow night, and my wife, who is a great admirer of you, by the way, sends you a special invitation. Let's have a bottle of wine. Say there, waiter, bring up a bottle of Piper Heidsieck."

"I suppose you have heard, doctor, that I am no longer connected with the *Daily Bloom*?"

"No."

"Yes, I have retired from the newspaper business. When do you say you want me to come around?" "Oh, any time," replied the doctor, with an evident change of manner. "Say, waiter, never mind the wine. Bring us two beers."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

## GRIP'S CLIPS.

To be a good swimmer the mouth should always be kept shut. Women are seldom good swimmers.

"Gin ruins genius," says a contemporary. Yes, but genius ruins a good deal of gin, so it's about a stand-off.

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.

The mania for adulteration is so great at present that a fellow can't buy a pound of sand and be sure that it isn't half sugar.

A genuine American Indian is a great sensation in Berlin. He is outranked only by the brand of Limburger cheese in vogue in that country.—*Duluth Tribune*.

Some scientists now observe that even a clam has parasites. He would have observed as much before if he had ever noticed the crowd around a free chowder.

An Irishman in France was drinking with company who proposed the toast "The land we live in." "Ay, with all me sowl, me dear," said he, "here's to poor owld Ireland."

"Little Robert Howard of Houston, Ga., mistook his brother's foot for a rabbit and shot away three of his toes." Had he seen his brother's ears the mistake would not have occurred, but, unfortunately, a high barn hid them from view.—*Nomadic Nonsense*.

PHELPS, N. Y., Feb. 13.—Prof. Brooks reports that the telescopic observations of the sun yesterday morning revealed an unusual outbreak of spots, covering nearly the entire equatorial region in addition to numerous large single spots with well defined penumbra. *Exchange*.

Photographers, get out your traps,  
And artists get your easels,  
Astronomers, alter your solar maps,  
Sol's got the measles.

A Louisville negro, after stealing a gentleman's chickens one night, took them back the next morning and sold them to him at his front gate. "You see," he said to his wife, "I didn't want to deprive a gen'lman of his chickens, you know. Dey was his'n, you know."

A chap in Harrisburg is getting ready to fight a duel whenever he is insulted. He can split bullets on the edge of a hatchet sixty feet away.—*Exchange*. This is all very well, but the chances are it won't be a hatchet he will fight the duel with; makes all the difference.

A VIOLENT SUNSET.—Hearing the loud report of a gun from the castle, an old body from the country enquired as she walked along Princess street, Edinburgh, with her son, what the sound was. "Oh, I suppose it's jist sunset," was the off-hand reply. "Sunset?" exclaimed the old woman, with open-mouthed astonishment, "Mercy me! dis the sun gae doon here w' a bang like that?"

A spruce and conceited young Mr.  
Fell in love with another chap's sr.  
With his sweet little cane,  
At the end of the lane,  
He met and he fain would have kr.  
But he trod on her train,  
At the end of the lane,  
And a slap on his face made a br.

## DECEIVING IN LOOKS.

"Doctor," said an Irishman to a physician, in a prohibition town, "I'm sick, sor, an' don't ye think that it's a little whiskey and quinine that I nade, especially as I shake wid the chills?"

"Yes, I think so," said the doctor, after looking at his tongue, "whiskey and quinine."

"Say, doctor, I'm a mighty decavin' man in my looks, an' I'm jist half as bad as I seem. Jest let me have the whiskey, an' I'll do wid-out the quinine till I get worse."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

"Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll None of it."

We do not feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust. Even nowadays most of the cathartics are great repulsive pills, enough to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets" he would not have uttered those words of contempt. By druggists.

As "Perfesser Wiggins" storm is now several days overdue and all is serene, the United States navy may safely come out from under the bed.—*News*.