

BOB BURDETTE.

The Philosophy of an Idler who Takes the World as it Comes.

One of my most difficult tasks in my useful and busy life is to find things to worry and fret about. Not that I enjoy worry or love to fret, but I want to keep as close to humanity as possible. I do not wish people to become unhappy and envious at beholding me a creature far superior to all the ordinary ills of mortal man. I want to suffer just enough annoyance to identify me with the race of man. And sometimes I am dismayed, on waking in the morning, to discover that there isn't a thing in the world to trouble me—not a care, not an uncertainty, not one solitary little bother.

Perhaps the manager may suggest that I might trouble myself a little to get up or find a subject for my letter.

Ah yes; but there, you see, the manager falls into the common error of my fellowmen. This is no trouble to me. It worries him sometimes (don't you see?) to have a long letter about nothing come straggling in; but it doesn't worry me a bit.

Another friend tells me my debts ought to worry me enough to keep me awake; but they don't. They worry my creditors. Oh, shades of the bankrupt! how they do worry my unhappy creditors. But I don't fret about that. Sometimes I am a little annoyed because I can't get into debt any deeper. Such is the base ingratitude of a tradesman upon whom one has lavished one's custom without ever asking the price of anything; but the debt that I have already incurred is so much clear gain. Don't I never intend to pay my debts? By the hands of Midas, I do. I am a villain else. But when? When I get rich, good creditor; when I get rich. Therefore, doth it much behoove thee to fly around and find me an excellent publisher, who spends his time in writing cheques and paying royalties.

And I can not feel solicitous because the country is going to the dogs. Not I. I am very fond of dogs, and had much rather go to them than have them come to me. And how jolly for us all to go there together? Besides, no sooner has a man convinced me that the country is going to the dogs than another man tells me that it is going right straight to glory and prosperity, and that it was never in such excellent hands.

I am not distressed because Ananias Shapiro has sold the wise men with a case of old leather containing specimens of Horace Greeley's manuscript. Because I am not a wise man. I do not know Sanskrit from English. If I had found the Moabite stone, in all probability I would have thrown it at a dog. If it was too big to throw at a dog I would have made a well curb of it. That's the kind of an Orientalist I am. In fact it rather pleases me to see an eminent wise man caught up with once in a while. It serves to keep him in sight, and keeps him from soaring far away into the illimitable realms of viewless etherality and intangible aerostatics of the Concord summer school of philosophy.

I do not grieve very much because Paddy Ryan was shot. Had he lived he would have fought Sullivan again. How much better it is for a man to be shot clear full of holes than to become a human sandbag for the amusement of the eminent Boston Professor of Biopital Forces and External Craniology.

I am not cast down because Oscar Wilde's new play has been cut up by the critics. I have been chipped up, and knifed and clubbed by the critics myself, and I assure you it made me mad as thunder, and I am well pleased to see Mario Prescott take an incautious hand in the fight. As for me and my boys, I will stand afar off and witness the skirmish. Every time the critics get Oscar over the ropes I will yell, "Fib him! Hammer him in the eye! Maul his ribs!" And oft as Oscar knocks a critic down, I will throw my hat in the air and shriek, "Fally! Now jump on him! Dance on his coxcomb! Walk all over him!" Secure under my own vine and fig-tree I will view the battle without anguish and with no anxiety about the result. I will joyously crown the victor with triumphant rays (with a record of 315) whoever he is, and pour the balsam of consolation into the wounds of the vanquished, whichever it may happen to be.

But there are some unsolved mysteries in the great problem of life that give me cause for reflection and anxiety. If I were rich I believe I would build me a lonely cell somewhere in the desert, or some place like that, with about \$10,000, with a store room like a wholesale grocery, where I might have

plenty of help in studying these intricate problems in our daily economy, or extravagance, as the case may be. For often and often I wonder—

Why you always put teaspoons into the vase upside down?

Why the pantaloons of a godless atheist who never said a prayer in his life hang at the knees just as quickly and decidedly as the breeches of the saint who spends half his days on his knees?

Why it is wrong to eat pie with a knife? What Washington said to General Lee at the Battle of Moamouth?

How the directors of a railroad company can get rich, while the stockholders gradually starve to death?

How a receiver prospers and grows fat on a business that ruined the merchant?

Why the man who "has gone out of politics" never misses a convention and always keeps "in the hands (and also the pockets) of his friends?"

What the State would do for penitentiaries if all the rascals should suddenly step up and confess?

Why a woman falls like a flash not two inches from the banana skin she steps on, while a man falls like a cyclone half way round the block howling like a demon at every plunge, and at last climaxes with a crash under a peanut stand on the other side of the street?

Why "puro bear's oil" is always cheaper when pork is away down, and booms up like a balloon in the cholera years?

Why, when spring chickens are so small you have to eat them by the dozen to taste one, the price is so high you have to buy them by the chicken?

Why a man frequently tries to make himself necessary when he would serve humanity much better by making himself scarce?

Why it is so much easier to lose half a dozen bets than it is to win one?

Why Tom Thumb was always billed as "twenty-three years old" until the day he died, when he made a jump of more than his lifetime?

Why some people "remember the Sabbath day" as though it was only a parlour-car porter, and give it a quarter in full for all demands?

Whatever became of the "blue-glass remedy?"

And what went with all the archery clubs? I don't believe in philosophy wasting its time on trifles. If the wise men want something useful and practical to ponder over, here are their problems.

A Homo Testimonial.

That both Truth and its Waterbury watch premium are appreciated by subscribers is evident from the following letter, one of many similar received from time to time: SHEFFIELD, Sept. 24, 1883.

S. FRANK WILSON, Sir,—I sent for a Waterbury Watch some time ago for my brother, along with Truth, and he has it in constant wear. It does not change color in the least, and keeps good time. He is well pleased with it, and I am well pleased with the paper, and would like to know your terms to agents. Those who see the paper are well pleased with it, and many speak of getting the watch.

EMILY BARCOCK.

You may publish this. A home testimonial may be of some use.

Chats with Correspondents.

Mrs. H. PERKINS' little poem "Old Time," will appear in our next issue, being received too late for this week.

George H. Willett, in goal at Cardwell, N. Y., made a beautiful miniature church and sent it to Warren county fair for exhibition. The managers of that great moral show would not permit it to be shown, however, on the ground that it might create sympathy. Willett is supposed to be a murderer.

The population of New York city is estimated at \$1,250,000. There are 10,075 drinking saloons, a proportion of one to 125 of the population (juvenile and adult). Estimating a family of five persons, every twenty-five families maintain the twenty-sixth to supply them with liquor. The butchers, bakera, and grocers' shops of the city number 7,107, the shops for the sale of liquor number 2,878 more than those for the sale of food. Of the twenty-four members of the Board of Aldermen ten are liquor sellers and two ex-liquor sellers (all saloon or dram-shop men).

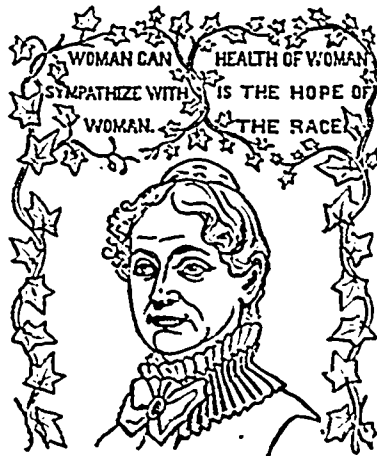
Bismarck's Wonderful Career.

The Post, of Berlin, says that Bismarck's wonderful political career grew from a very trifling circumstance. It was in August of 1851 that he was interested with the legation at Frankfurt. Prince Guillaume, then crown prince of Prussia, halted there, and took him among his escort when going from Frankfurt to Mayence, where a grand review was to be held. Military etiquette is exceedingly strict in Germany. However, it was so hot in the royal car that every officer and the prince himself loosened their uniforms. On arriving in Mayence the distinguished party were to be met at the railroad station by troops under arms. The crown prince buttoned up again his uniform, but he forgot one button. Fortunately, as he was about to leave the car, Bismarck, always on the alert, saw the awful infringement of soldierly etiquette, and, rushing to Guillaume—"Oh! Prince," he said, "what were you going to do?" and forgetting that no one is allowed to touch a royal personage, he forced the refractory button into its proper place. The prince thanked the diplomatic young man who had been so rigorous, and whose name and features were now fixed in his memory. Hence the brilliant fortune of the "Iron Chancellor." Why not? Did not poor Jacques Laflite, son of a carpenter, pick up a pin in the yard of Perregaux, the rich banker, and made out of it a fortune more than \$15,000,000?

William Horace Lingard and Luscombe Scarello, the actors, had a fight in the American Exchange, London. Neither is much more than five-feet in height, and the encounter was comical in its tury.

They have an extraordinary police force in Troy. A man was attacked at night, stunned, carried a quarter of a mile, and then robbed of his watch and chain, money, diamond pin, clothes and shoes. Yesterday the police recovered the shoes.

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