



"So the world wags."

I see Commander Cheyne, R. N., keeps pegging away at his Arctic expedition project. A committee of leading citizens was lately formed in London, to assist in carrying out the views of the explorer. Whereupon the *Cleveland Leader* pokes fun as follows:—

"The little city of London, Ontario, has a yearning for fame, not ordinary, cheap notoriety, but the glory of high achievements. So far as has been discovered, fame does not grow around London where the city can go out and gather it at will, and if it does, the quiet little Canadian town will not be apt to look for it. Indeed, there is no evidence that a single person in the municipality would have thought of getting anything of the kind if it had not been for outside interference. It was a lecture that roused the dominant appetite for renown, and a lecturer that gave it direction and stimulated it to bold endeavor. The feat to be undertaken is nothing less than the raising of money by subscription, money to buy glory. Commander Cheyne, of the British navy, has been talking of balloons and the North Pole, and he is to earn the fame the city pays for. The gallant Cheyne proposes to go to the most northern settlement of Greenland, and thence carry himself and the fame of London, Ontario, to the much sought and long unfound end of the earth's axis, in a balloon. Wafted on the wings of a zephyr from the sunny South, temperature say twenty below zero, the English adventurer and the glory of the Canadian city will go sailing over ice and rocks; yea, over the famous open Polar Sea, if it exists, and just at the proper spot they will alight together and plant the standard of Britain on the very bit of sea or land so many heroes have died to reach. After the interests of science and London, Ontario, have been carefully attended to, the balloon purchased by Canadian money will take advantage of a strong north wind, or rather, a wind from the other side of the pole, and fly away with its freight of fame to the zone of ships and Esquimaux huts. It is a beautiful and poetic scheme, but is not London, Ontario, allowing its enthusiasm to get the better of its discretion? Why should it rush in where great nations and the New York *Herald* have failed? To be sure, there would be some novelty about paying for Arctic ballooning, but we fear that if the public spirit of London, Ontario, should actually result in another expedition to the northern waters, and in the loss of more brave lives, the city would not enjoy the advertising it received. The thirst for fame is well enough, but those who seek to buy it should be very careful to get what they pay for. The world will watch anxiously to see how the bargain of London, Ontario, turns out.

Everybody will agree with me as to the truth of the following verses, and it is wholly unnecessary for a poor motley fool to make any remarks on them.

NO TIME TO QUARREL.

Life is not long at the best count of years,
Of its close man is debtor,
And in its twilight remembers through tears
Much that he might have done better.
But of all the wearisome things we know,
It is, when regret won't smother,
To recall the rash words that made a foe
Of one we had known as a brother.
There's a time to rest and a time to run—
To win or to wear the laurel;
There's a time for most things under the sun.
But not one moment to quarrel.

Are there not mountains or trouble to climb?
And seas of distress to cross over?
Were it not wiser to walk through time
With a will life's wounds to cover?
True greatness lies not in poor, vanquished foes
Or the gold your heirs inherit;
But the calm, bright memories goodness throws
Around the life-weary spirit.
There's a time to rest and a time to run—
To win or to wear the laurel;
There's a time for most things under the sun.
But not one moment to quarrel.

—*Rochester Post-Express.*

I, as the man of the cap and bells of GRIP cannot but feel proud at any encomiums passed upon that paper. Underneath is a little "taffy" from that excellent paper the *Arkansas Traveler*, than which I believe, no more welcome exchange ever enters GRIP's sanctum. I am inclined to think, however, that there is a spice of sarcasm in the *Traveler's* "taffy": Maybe I am wrong, but at any rate I am sure there are no hard feelings between that paper and GRIP; if there be, they are certainly not on the side of the latter; can I say more? I cannot; so I will give what the *Traveler* says about us, for I take pride in identifying myself with "one of the most prominent humorous papers in the world." Ahem! I take off my cap to you, *messieurs les redacteurs* of the *Traveler*, and its bells jingle with a musical delight at so much flattery.

"The *Traveler* was by no means angry. It merely called, by private communication, the attention of *Grip* to the fact that some one of its contributors had "worked over" an article. It was done in a spirit of kindness, and as such it was no doubt accepted. We could not see why one of the most prominent humorous papers in the world should appropriate the work of an acquaintance and pass it off as original. The "Touchstone" article may not have been intended as original, but we were not aware that any such notification had ever been made. The following, kept standing at the head of one of *Grip's* departments, caused the misunderstanding: "We invariably give due credit to all selections and outside contributions appearing in *Grip*. The one not so credited are our own productions, though we are sometimes half ashamed to own to the fact." So, you see, gentlemen, we were right in notifying you that your excellent paper was being imposed upon by a contributor. No paper, despite the closest proof-reading, is infallible. To-day we may give credit to Jim when it is due to Tom, and to-morrow we may give to Tom, what is due to Jim. *Grip* is widely known for its honesty, as well as ability; hence these few lines, which we hope will find you enjoying yourselves in that exalted degree which nature intends shall bubble up from the transparent spring of a clear conscience.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

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.

"Kind words cost nothing and go a long distance." We knew a letter containing a few that went from New York to Philadelphia, and then came back to the sender's wife, and caused a divorce suit.

It is said that a young lady can never whistle in the presence of her lover. The reason is obvious. He doesn't give her a chance. When she gets her lips in a proper position for whistling, something else always occurs.

"Jane," said a father, "I thought you hated stingy people, and yet your young man—" "Why, pa, who said he was stingy?" "Oh, nobody," replied pa; "only I could see he was a little close—as I passed through the room."

They were courting. "Don't sit so near me." "I ain't near you," said he. "You are." "I ain't." "But you will be." "No, I won't neither." "Then you'd better go home, for I hain't got no use for you." No cards.

In Modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. Whoever has invested in prize packages can imagine the feelings of the average young Egyptian as he gazes on his trinket for the first time.

Two ladies were coming out of the theatre. Seeing the other drop her playbill one of them exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Blank, do you always throw your programme away? I should think you would like to keep it for a memento!"

A Scottish laird surprised his friends at dinner by affirming that the finest grapes he had ever eaten were grown in the open air in Fife-shire. Their surprise was moderated, however, when he returned to the subject and added, "but I maun premise that I prefer them soon."

Priest: "Pat, I understand you are going to be married again." Disconsolate widow: "Yis, your riv'rence." "But your wife, Pat, has only been dead two weeks." D. W.: "Yis, your riv'rence; but shure ain't she as dead now as she iver will be?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Women can keep secrets. A Worcester girl on a friend's solemnly promising not to tell, told that she was going to have four new dresses costing sixty dollars each. The friend religiously kept her promise not to tell, and the first mentioned young lady doesn't speak to her now.

If you experience bad taste in mouth, salowness or yellow color of skin, feel stupid and drowsy, appetite unsteady, frequent headache or dizziness, you are "bilious," and nothing will arouse your liver to action and strengthen up your system equal to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

A German heard a man say that he had a duck of a wife. He thought that the remark was very pretty, and when he got home he attempted to make use of the expression, and he observed, "I got me a frow for a duck." His wife picked up a rolling-pin and replied, "Vell, mebbe you besser go mit your ducks out."

Two negatives:

I gave him his first rejection,
At Newport a year ago;
At Christmas, with proper reflection,
Again, in New York, I said "No."
There's in grammar a rule, I remember—
Two negatives—how does it run?
So the cards have gone out for September,
And my white satin gown is begun.

Epitaph on a tombstone in Chautauqua county:

Neuralgia worked on Mrs. Smith,
Till 'neath the sod it laid her,
She was a worthy Methodist,
And served as a crusader.
Friends came delighted at the call,
In plenty of good carriages.
Death is the common lot of all,
And comes more oft than marriages."