

## THE AUCTIONEER.

Let students of Greek and Latin rave over their Cicero, their Demosthenes, and their other antiquated orators; let them write panegyrics on them with all the fervor of imagined inspiration; let them shout their praises in eloquent outbursts, stolen from the very men whom they rank first for volubility of speech and the possession of oratorical talents that were exhibited in soul-stirring screeches and sentences of scathing scorn; let them do all these before classical audiences, whose hearts are responsive to what their ears hear, but let them not come to me and say that their idols' tongues wagged faster, more eloquently or with more effect than that of my subject—the auctioneer. I could not bear that, I would be riled, for I cannot stand by and hear the auctioneer underrated. My bosom heaves with indignation when I think of it. I respect an auctioneer, and my heart tells me that I must protect him.

No city, village, town or hamlet should be without an auctioneer, who is as necessary for the enjoyment of life as babies are necessary for the consumption of paragonic. One need not be down-hearted if one lives near an auctioneer. He is an animated cornucopia of joviality. If, when he is selling a \$500 piano, he sees a man who is not worth 500 cents, he makes that man momentarily happy by asking him for a bid. And he does it as though he meant it.

He always makes the best of everything. In fact this is about his only fault. He must be near sighted, for if he is selling a cracked teapot he invariably speaks of it as being in first class condition; if he is selling ten teacups he imagines and says he's selling a dozen; what common people call a chromo is a genuine oil painting to him. All this is caused by his eyes. They are weak. Very. Then again he says things he doesn't mean. (This may and may not mean that he's a liar. If he sees a man with a will-I-bid-more-or-not-look on his face, he yells at him, "going, going, go—positively the lost chance, Mr. What! A great bargain! A terrible sacrifice! Better take it! No more in stock!" And Mr. What, in his ignorance, bids a dollar more, only to see the auctioneer repeat the same thing with Mrs. Which. Mr. What gets left, and that is not right.

In the beginning of my remarks I insinuated that the auctioneer was hasty in his speech. The quality of his utterances is in proportion to the quantity. There are some people whose tongues go like buzz-saws, but who produce no result save that of weariness. Now, the nineteenth century Demosthenes is different from these. When he talks he has an object in view. That object may be to divert people's attention from the fact that a chair he is selling has a game leg or a fractured back. He ingeniously conceals this by getting the mob interested in few remarks on Oscar Wilde, Jumbo, or some other curiosity; and when some impertinent bidder asks about the back of the chair he turns the conversation and the bidder's attention by giving his opinion of affairs in the Soudan.

No need of a directory if there is an auctioneer in town. He knows the name, age, and address of every inhabitant. It's his business. It flatters the vanity of a common-place woman to have an auctioneer call her by name when he knocks down a wooden bread-plate to her. If we were curious enough to ask him he could give us the genealogy of that woman for six generations; tells us how many of her relatives wear false teeth, say which of her granduncles was acquainted with a justice of the peace, and enlighten us as to whether or not the baby has had the measles. Oh, a truly wonderful man is the auctioneer. He is a peripatetic encyclopædia.

An auctioneer's place of business is a queer place. It contains as queer a collection of odds and ends, bric-a-brac, articles of vertu,

historical antiquities and natural curiosities as did the Rossin House at the time of the Anglin Banquet. In his studio you can find anything wooden from a toothpick to a packing case; anything metallic from a hairpin to a No. 9 cooking stove, anything wearable from a liver pad to a linen duster, anything musical from a jewsharp to a sewing machine, and anything eatable from a bottle of castor oil to a case of stuffed squirrels. Such is the den of an auctioneer. If he inveigles you into it he will surely sell you something. You cannot withstand the sweet way in which he will convince you that you need something. But he makes the best of everything and does everything for the best. C.M.R.

## 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 tem is not known.

## A MOTHER'S HINT.

LILLIAN.—What a queer title for a book, ma!

MA.—What title!

LILLIAN.—"Not Like Other Girls."

MA.—It is rather odd. Is it a novel?

LILLIAN.—Yes. I wonder what the heroine can be if she is "not like other girls?"

MA.—I don't know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps her mother instead of staying in the parlour to read novels.—*Bohemian*.

## THE EFFECT OF WEALTH.

"Here, boy, come hold this horse," said a fashionable equestrian, alighting from his steed in front of a New York hotel.

The boy to whom he spoke was puffing the stump of a cigar, and, having a few cents in his pocket, felt that he was an incipient Jay Goid, so, instead of responding with alacrity, he drawled out languidly, with some hauteur: "Is that such a rip-roarin' hoss that it takes two men to hold him?"

"What do you mean?" retorted the swell young man.

"What do I mean? I mean, if one man can hold him, why don't you hold him yourself?" and he resumed his labors on the stump of his cigar.—*Texas Siftings*.

## GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.

"Let's see!" he remarked to a dealer on Chatham Street, "haven't you a brother in the clothing business in Cincinnati?"

"Oxactly. My burdder Moses vhas dere."

"And how is he doing?"

"Bad—werry bad. Moses vhas not der man to see opportunities."

"How?"

"Vhell, when dot flood came Moses should haf been in der rubber coat and poot peesness, but he vhas left. Den when der riot took place Moses should haf been stocked up mit guns und pistols, but he hadn't so much as a trigger. Moses vhas on his vhay to der poor-house, he vhas."—*Wall Street News*.

## EXTRAVAGANT LIVING.

"Young man," said an employer to a clerk, "the cashier informs me that every week you draw your salary a day or so before it is due."

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk, "my pay is so small that I cannot make it meet my expenses."

"How much salary do you get?"

"Three dollars a week, sir."

"Well, you should practice economy—it is the road to wealth. The great trouble with you young men nowadays is, you want to lead a four-dollar life on a three-dollar salary."—*Philadelphia Call*.

## HARD TO BELIEVE.

"Sister," said a little boy, rushing into the parlour, where she was entertaining young Mr. Smith, "will you come into the hall a minute? I want to speak to you."

"I cannot now, dear. Don't you see that I am engaged with Mr. Smith? What is it that you want?"

"Jimmy White is out in the hall and he says he won't believe it unless you tell him so yourself."

"What is it that Jimmy White won't believe, dear?" asked the sister, sweetly.

"That you ate thirty-five pancakes for breakfast."—*Philadelphia Call*.

The Bavarian peasants are in many respects similar to the lower order of Irish. They drink a great deal, are quite witty, and are never so happy as when they are fighting with each other, and like the Irish, are strict Catholics. A story is told of two Bavarian peasants meeting on the road, and holding the following conversation:

"Were you at the wedding last night?"

"Indeed I was. It was the nicest wedding we have had this season. Why, even the bride took a band in the fight."—*Texas Siftings*.

Mr. William Astor has a floating palace. So have we. Only his floats on the water, and ours floats in the air.—*Chattanooga People's Paper*.

Napoleon used to say that three hours sleep a day was enough for any man, but of course the Little Corporal had never served on the police force.—*Providence Transcript*.

"Pete," said a friend to a third-ward boy, "your father has just been drowned." "Great Scott!" exclaimed the boy, "and he's got my knife in his pocket."—*Williamsport Grip*.

"I don't know much about the style in gentlemen's apparel," said a lady, "but the latest thing in spring overcoats is my husband; he never gets in until 1 A. M."—*Merchant-Traveller*.

An Illinois girl thinks she is an angel. Glad she does. Few girls realize they are angels, or else they would in a good many instances conduct themselves more becoming to their high station.—*Peck's Sun*.

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.

"Mother," remarked the Prince of Wales, "I addressed the House of Lords the other day in regard to the condition of the poor. Something ought to be done." "Yes," replied the Queen. "I am taking steps in that direction myself." "What do you expect to do for the poor?" interrogated the Prince, with a look of surprise. "I am going to give them 500 of my new books for nothing!" replied the Queen.

The New York *Critic* invites persons to send it the names of forty living American men-of-letters whom they consider most worthy of membership in an American academy of "Forty Immortals." Well, there's Eli Perkins, and the Sweet Singer of Michigan, and Buffalo Bill, and Private Dalzell, and Peck's Bad Boy, and—and—we're stuck, "stuck." We don't believe there are forty of 'em unless "Veritas," "Pro Bono Publico," "Constant Reader," "Many Citizens," and such men-of-letters are counted.—*Norristown Herald*.