



"So the world wags."

I clip this from the Montreal Witness, in the "Readable Paragraphs" column of which paper many a good thing appears. The little story below will be appreciated (or otherwise) by those members of the artistic, literary and dramatic professions who seem to imagine that it is necessary to affect some particularly 'bizarro' and 'outré' style of dress in order to impress upon beholders the fact that they are not as other mortals.

WHERE THE IDEAS CAME FROM.

A good story is told about the late Herr Wagner and Alexander Dumas, pere. Wagner, it is known, was in the habit of dressing in an eccentric fashion, and put on special garments to compose in. This seemed folly to the French novelist, who permitted himself to be irritated by what he deemed a preposterous piece of affectation. When Wagner called one day, he was kept waiting for half an hour in an anteroom. Then the author of the *Trois Mousquetaires* marched in superbly attired in a plumed helmet, a cork life-belt and a flowered dressing-gown. "Excuse me for appearing in my working-dress," he said majestically. "Half my ideas are lodged in this helmet, and the other half in a pair of jack-boots which I put on to compose love scenes."

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Just at this season of the year the lot of every householder is not a happy one. I know just how it is, and as I take my walks abroad and behold the upside-down appearance of usually orderly domiciles, I know what is the matter. Of course every paper on this boundless continent of ours has had or will have its little witticism anent "Housecleaning;" why should not I, then, also tell my little anecdote? I found it in a paper. It was not originated by that paper, I know, but I confess I do not know where it did originate. I make this explanation so that I may have an excuse for giving it without due credit, as I would not for worlds have it supposed that I would pass off as my own what rightfully belongs to another. However this is the yarn, brief and pointed:

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

"You seem in a bad fix," said a philanthropist to a man sitting on the curb-stone looking much depressed in spirits.

"Not so awful bad as I might be," was the reply.

"Have you no home?"

"Oh, yes, I've got one."

"Why don't you go there then?"

"Because I don't want to."

"But you should, for the poet says, 'be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'"

"And right the poet was too. I was at home not an hour ago, and the house was turned upside down, all the beds out of the windows, and the furniture in the corners, and my wife with a dish rag around her head, and the children so dusty you couldn't clean 'em with a feather brush, and the hired girls raising Sam Hill, and four niggers beating

carpets, and the paperhangers at work, and a window cleaner with a hose turned on, and no dinner and no prospect of any, and the duce to pay generally—oh, you and the poet are shoutin', and you're mighty right too, there's no place like home."

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I don't profess to be a temperance lecturer, nor, I believe, does this profess to be a temperance paper, but a humorous one, though I know GRIP believes, as every right thinking bird should, in temperance; so I see no harm in introducing the following excellent poem from a very valuable and much appreciated exchange, and trust that none of GRIP's temperance friends will be offended.

THE DEATH OF PONCE DE LEON.

[MSS. found in a bottle at Green Cove Springs, Florida, and believed to refer to the Iowa Prohibition Law.]

This is to tell you the end of a gay and adventurous Spaniard,
Leon his patronymic, Ponce his given name;
Great on plum-duff or a handspike, immense on a larboard lanyard,
Soldier of the Church and the Cross, of Spain and fortune and fame.

Seeking the Fountain of Youth, he sailed from sacred San Jago.

Such was his innocence holy, he lay his course for the States;

Meaning to trade with the natives, he brought an assorted cargo—

Rosaries, relics and rum—regardless of revenue rates.
Ponce, was a green young cove, prey to the land speculators;

This is the fountain he found—called after him, "Green Cove Springs."

Bunco-steered by land-agents, bugs, beetles and State legislators,

Florida runners, Virginia creepers and other things.

A fellow of temper even,

And pleasant address as well,

Helping a friend into heaven,

A mere acquaintance to—well

He bottled the waters of youth,

Taught savages goodness and truth,

Imported the light of the Cross,

Exported—a doubloon the gross—

The water of Life. Of evil

He'd none. If he slew, at the worst,

When consigning his foes to the devil,

He always absolved them first.

ii.

Our hope had been dazzled and dashed, and little left behind it;

Years had waxed and waned since we left St. Jago's shrine.

Still we searched for the fountain, but hanged if we could find it.

Weak grew our great Captain for want of the immortal wine.

The Bottling Company (limited) stock still lower was quoted;

The gentle savage no longer took guaranteed scrip for sand.

We tried a collateral trust, but that mortgage could not be floated.

Wearier, hungrier, thirstier grew our little band;

Shaky the great speculation, savage the royal humor—

Even Ponce de Leon's hopes began to sink.

We thought the fountain a fable—a mere room-trader's rumor—

When at last we reached this longed-for fountain's brink.

And I said to him: "Ponce," says I—

As we sat on the golden shore,

And he asked me to drink it: "why,

"This is water, nothing more!"

And he says to me: "What!" says he:

"The fountain immortal can be

Only water? Leftenant, you lie!"

And I says to him: "Take it and try!"

And a Seminole maiden brought a

Bumper to him in his hat:

And he said to me: "Yes, it is water,

And very bad water at that!"

iii.

One by one the soldiers took the cup and passed it

Onward, each to each, and set it down untried.

Knowing it by the smell, they did not seek to taste it:

And the Captain, speaking, called me to his side.

"Tell the King to the ground has come the great under-

taking;

All the Springs we've struck are water—nothing more.

Bugs infest 'em and snakes, their thirst uncultured slak-

ing;

Lying thick on their brinks is the barbarous alligator.

Nothing is left us to drink, nor eau-de-vie nor whiskey.

In this land the mint and julep flower no more."

So great Ponce de Leon, far from his own sweet Biscay,

Felt my answer pierce and cleave him to the core.

And he bowed down his hopeless head

In the drift of the world's tide,

And dying, "It is water," he said:

"It is water!" He said it—and died.

And when the maiden brought up

To us the insipid cup,

We answered in one breath:

"Remove it; bring us death!"

When Ponce raised his high, sad head

Once more, no soldier replied;

Then dying, "Thou hast conquered," he said:

"Prohibition!" He said it—and died.

—Life.

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.

An exchange sadly wonders that no one asks whether a man may marry his deceased wife's mother.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, and bowels. By druggists.

A New York paper says the Brooklyn bridge is to be "opened with eclat." If any person thought it was to be opened with an oyster knife or a crowbar, they will now see their error.—*Norristown Herald*.

Mulcahy says the statement that John Roach's ship is the first iron vessel launched in America is a mistake, as Mrs. Mulcahy frequently launches iron vessels at him.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

"Queen Victoria has bestowed the title of baronet upon sixteen doctors." The only wonder is that she did not give them the title of bayonets, or something else in the deadly weapon line.—*Peck's Sun*.

One of the most sanguinary puns of the season was perpetrated by the *Boston Bulletin*, as follows: "A blooded horse is of course a good gore." After such an effort as this life appears much brighter.—*New York Advertiser*.

"Say, Bizzy," said the office boy to the keeper of the chips, "why were the antediluvian oysters bad?"

"Give it up, dear boy."
"Because it was the time of No-ah."—*N. Y. Life*.

Literally translated: Guibollard has read in a journal scientific, that we are coming to construct at the Estranger a telescope re-approaching the moon at 32 leagues of our globe. "The imprudents!" he cries himself with terror; they will so much do that they will make her fall upon we."

An Indiana clergyman rode a distance of six miles to marry a couple. As he was starting for home a coin was given him. When he got home he looked at it, and it was an old-fashioned copper cent. The next morning the groom appeared at his door, and, having explained with considerable embarrassment how the annoying mistake had been made, took back the cent and handed the clergyman a quarter.

A contemporary thought to get its composition done more cheaply. This is the sort of apology offered the next day: For "jugs of worthless spirits frozen" read "joys like viewless spirits flown." For "potatoes of Europe" read "potontates of Europe." For "ever-falling remedy" read "never-falling remedy." For "infernal state of nature" read "internal state of nature." For "died of the turtle" read "dined off the turtle." For "Ruffians" read "Russians." For "matter of heresy" read "matter of hearsay." For "delicious girl" read "delirious girl." For "found dead with a long word in his mouth" read "found dead with a long sword in his mouth." For "fond of his bottle" read "famous in battle." For "hen which croweth" read "hour which cometh."