

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

I. THE MAN WHO GIVES ADVICE.

Of course you have met the man who gives advice. The world is full of him. He goes about seeking whom he may deceive, often unintentionally, but the result is the same for the person who receives the advice and is fool enough to act upon it. Curiously, the man who gives advice never acts upon it himself; and it is here where his true genius comes in, for would he but once follow his own prescription he would soon be past giving another human being advice.

He is to be found in great variety. There is the "bad cold" man. You meet him and incidentally remark you have a bad cold. Immediately the "bad cold" man seizes you and in impressive language insists upon you following out the prescription he always uses. This varies from rubbing your nose with goose fat or swallowing huge doses of some horrid herbal decoction, to swaddling your head in hot flannels or sitting with your feet in hot mustard and water until the skin peels off. If you are at all observant you will see that when this man falls a victim to a bad cold he goes around snuffing and sneezing, and groaning over his bad condition, utterly oblivious of the valuable prescription which he so assiduously thrusts upon others. Another fine specimen is the "have it out, man" adviser. You have toothache and directly he knows it, he strongly advises you in the coolest possible way: "Have it out, man; it is soon over and a sure cure." You dread having your jaw broken, but undergo the torture of tooth pulling, only to hear, by a side wind, that your heroic adviser has been saying he would suffer from toothache all his life rather than have a tooth pulled, and it is a dollar to a hay seed that some day you will meet him with a face as long as a fiddle and wrapped in a yard of a flannel.

What has been said of the "bad cold" and "have it out" advisers can be said of hundreds of others who are ever ready to advise suffering humanity upon all the ills that flesh his heir to. Another is the "I know what I should do" man. You have been grossly insulted by a neighbor and consult the "I know," etc., man about it. He immediately bristles up with importance and tells you what he would do. He would go right into that neighbor's house and demand an explanation, and if that were not given he would proceed at once to something very desperate. The "I know what I should do" man is good as a general, useless as a full private. Were he in such a position as the one upon which he advises so strongly, he would lock himself in his house, barricade every door, and take observations of his enemy's movements from the garret window; and when he found the insulter gone to live a dozen blocks away, he would emerge with the old "I know what I should do" expression breaking out all over him. Leaving individualizing, for space will not admit of more, the reader may depend upon it that the man who advises you to attend church regularly may be found any fine Sunday morning prowling around his garden, or reading the secular sheets to the accompaniment of a short clay pipe; depend upon it the man who advises you to be moderate in your use of drink and join the Liberal Temperance Union, goes home occasionally the worse for liquor and beats his wife; and depend upon it the man who advises you to be honest at the polls and never accept a bribe is just the man to accept anything from a dollar bill to a timber limit.

II. THE PSEUDO-PHILANTHROPIST.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," we read, and verily the pseudo-philanthropist is the greatest sinner who weareth the cloak. The pseudo-philanthropist never gives a subscription if it will not indirectly benefit him in worldly matters. He is most particular that

his giving shall be blazoned forth to his immediate world. "Sir," he says, to one who has called upon him for a donation, "I will give you \$20 if you will acknowledge its receipt in the columns of the daily press." Accordingly the next morning there appears in the papers the following: "The treasurer of the Society for the Support of Infirm Sweeps begs to acknowledge a donation of \$20 from Jonadab Grasper, Esq., towards the funds of that institution."

Each sweep in town reads the announcement with melting heart and votes Jonadab Grasper a kind-hearted gentleman, and as Mr. Grasper runs a store on a front street, all the sweeps ever afterwards patronize him.

Others of the p.-p. order give their \$400 and \$500 so that their names may appear at the head of the subscription list, and they may receive their due proportion of thanks from the fund raisers and well-to-do public. Should a poor one of man call upon these head-of-the-column philanthropists and beg for just one dollar to keep his wife and family from starving, the needy one would quickly be told to go to the charitable institutions, they made no practice of giving to unknown beggars.

The p.-p. is also pretty liberally sprinkled throughout the humbler classes—a worthy sample being the grocer who, in subscribing one dollar to a church social, added after his signature: "The only place in town where you can buy sixteen pounds of sugar for one dollar." He was as equally determined to have the value of his subscription as the head-of-the-list or newspaper-puff philanthropists.

Dare some of these gentlemen do so, they would send around the bellman every day in the week to proclaim to all their unbounded generosity and that theirs was the only place where one could get sixteen pounds of sugar for one dollar.

There are many others of the p.-p. class, but we will leave them to revel in the mire of their own narrow-minded charity, thankful that there are very many of the true philanthropic kind in our midst.



ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

"Grandpa, dear, we have come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma says if you give us each a dollar, we are not to lose it on our way home."

A SAD CASE.

The poor victim of chronic dyspepsia apparently suffers all the ills of life, living in continual torture. Regulate the liver and the bowels, and tone the stomach with Burdock Blood Bitters and the dyspeptic's trouble is soon gone.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A NERVOUS MAN.

I have come out into the country for rest and change. So far no rest—plenty of change. Even my mind has changed, for when I came here I fully intended to remain a fortnight; now I have decided to return home this afternoon.

Arriving late last evening, I was shown into a room which said as plain as room could say, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." I immediately abandoned all hope. A breeze from the open window blew out my lamp. Darkness came over me, as the hymn says. Never mind; it was a smoky old thing, and I could go bed in the dark. I began a sonnet with the words "No light, no hope," but got no further than that. I found the bed, and once inside began to study the geographical peculiarities of the region; its hills and valleys, the sharp declivity which marked the descent from one side of it, and the gentle slopes which facilitated approach to it on the other, the curious geological formation of the lower strata,

"Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,"

and the picturesque ravine which formed the dividing line between the end of the mattress and the footboard. In the course of my investigations something round and smooth rolled from the bed to the floor with a soft, smashing sound. Two or three more followed in its wake. I, being awake already, was of course interested in this other wake. Each of the things as they reached the floor uttered the same soft expostulation. Then I discovered an old hen on the foot of the bed. Now, I am not much of a farmer, but I know that hens don't lay eggs by the light of the moon. Consequently this hen must be sitting. I decided to vary the process, and the next moment that sitting hen was standing—outside the window, and the moment after she was walking—back to the bed again. Inspired by the mingled odors of broken eggs and the lingering fumes of that smoky lamp, I flung her out again. But she came back, pausing for a moment on the window sill in the moon's pale rays, with a look which plainly said, "I will never desert Mr. Micawber." Then I lost all patience. I am accustomed to having angels watch over me, but no other feathered being shall ever guard my slumbers. How still she sat! Since there were no chickens to hatch what the mischief might she not be hatching? The clown who occupies apartments in one portion of my brain immediately remarked: "Ow henterprising this is! What henergetic henterprise, hendurance, and henthusiastic hendeavor are manifested by this 'umble 'en." In sheer desperation I began to kick and create a small earthquake under my enemy, which she mistook for chickens, and showed her pleasure by promenading the bed and clucking. This was unbearable. I seized that old idiot and aimed her at the farthest star. Then, notwithstanding the stifling atmosphere of the room, I shut the window with a bang. She tried to walk in through a pane of glass, but failing in that, contented herself with making that sort of noise that hens make when they have laid an egg. Perhaps she had laid some, but it was long, long ago. Eons since! The unusual sound of cackling at 11 p.m. aroused the boys overhead, and their dialogue was distinctly audible:

"Hi, Bill, you asleep?"  
 "Yas, I be."  
 "Wot's that hen cackling about?"  
 "Cackling about the house."  
 "Well, wot fur is she cackling?"  
 "Just fur cussidness."  
 Long silence. Then more conversation:  
 "Hi, Jim, you awake?"  
 "Naw, I beant."  
 "Who's a stealin' our chickens?"  
 "Some thief, I guss."