



A SIMPLE REMEDY.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BRAVE MAN WHO WAS DECEIVED.

As I was glancing over my paper a few days ago I came across the following paragraph: "The very simple remedy of holding the head down parallel with the knees, is an excellent means of removing cinders from the eyes." Now, some how or other, my eyes seem to have a peculiar attraction for cinders and flying sparks and dust and flies and what not, and I am always getting something or other into them. Occasionally the something is a man's fist, but I have always found that, in a case of this sort, it is better to act on the "prevention is better than cure" principle, and so, to avoid a repetition of the disease, I usually exert my powers as a sprinter (for I am very fleet of foot as many a creditor and policeman can testify), and flee when no man pursueth. I have found that, when a fellow gets another fellow's fist in his eye, the bunch of fives is ordinarily withdrawn before "the very simple remedy of holding the head down parallel with the knees" can be put into execution, so of course the recipe I saw in my paper only applies to cinders, ashes, dead cats, eggs whose youth is past and gone, and other small fry. Though I have mentioned this little matter about fists *en passant*, I would not have my readers infer from what I have said that I am a coward. Oh the contrary, I am as brave as a lion:—that one, for instance, exhibited a few weeks ago in a dry goods store window in this city, and which was about as mangy, dismal, dyspeptic and one-foot-in-the-grave-looking a lion as I ever saw,—for I have seen several lions and I would as lief walk up to a lion and place my extended fingers to my nose at him as not; that is if he was a stuffed lion or one of those stone animals you see at the door-steps of citizens reputed to be wealthy, but who may, in the secret cavities of their own hearts, be expecting a financial bust-up at any moment. Yes, I am brave, and come of a brave race—a race of warriors, and I inherit my sprinting proclivities and fleetness of foot from my glorious old ancestors, who could make faster time out of a battle field than ever Courtney made in his little boat, but who could so moderate their enthusiasm, and celerity as to invariably be the last to put in an appearance when the foe was waiting for them.

So much for myself, then, and now to my experiences with that remedy for cinders in the eye.

On the very next day after reading the recipe mentioned, I was taking a stroll along the street when a servant girl came out of a

house with a pan of ashes in her hand which she cast across the sidewalk into the street—the ashes, not the pan. Naturally the wind was blowing in my direction and I received several ounces of fine cinders in my eyes. Down went my head, parallel with my knees, and there I stood in the attitude of a boy giving another a "back" at leap-frog. I remained in this position for at least two minutes without experiencing any relief, when a philanthropic temperance exhorter coming along and assuming that I had been looking on the inebriating bowl, administered such a powerful kick in the rear of my person, which, as will be seen, was by my attitude fully exposed for the operation, that I rolled over into the gutter with a sepulchral groan. A policeman assisted me to my feet, and judging from the red and inflamed appearance of my eyes that I must be drunk, in which conviction he was confirmed by my conduct—for my inherent bravery was attesting itself, and I was dying to avenge the wrong done me by the temperance man's kick, and I wished to rush on him (in an opposite direction to that in which he was still standing) and annihilate him—he ordered me to "come along o' him," and so, though I am exceedingly brave, I felt that it was futile to resist the strong arm of the law, I accordingly proceeded to accompany him. By some strange gleam of intelligence, however, this policeman gradually let the fact dawn on his mind that I was *not* drunk, and, when I had explained matters, he released me, and the temperance exhorter, apparently repenting him of his precipitancy and rashness, and evincently seeing that I was a man of no ordinary courage, and fearing for his life, drew forth his (water) flask and proffered it to me. I took it: the policeman took it—instead of me—and serenity's beams shone on all three of us. Thus ended this little episode. I got the cinders out of my eyes when I reached home.

The very next day I sauntered into the market, and seeing some fine chickens in a wagon I mounted the vehicle to examine them. As I was regarding the one I intended to purchase, a speck of dust flew into my left eye. No sooner did I feel it than I assumed the position recommended in my recipe: at this moment the horse attached to the wagon started off, and, my attitude not being conducive to the maintenance of my equilibrium, I was cast, head first, into a basket of eggs belonging to a very vicious looking old market woman, my feet descending with terrific force amongst a lot of bottles of pickles and tomato catsup standing on a table within their reach. Fully three dozen eggs were ruined for ever and the usefulness of at least eight bottles of catsup was gone, in addition to this the virago who owned the eggs picked up an over-ripe pumpkin and snote me with fearful energy on the head as I rose, the interior of the vegetable—the pumpkin, not my head—being distributed over my person and mingling with the egg-juice and tomato catsup with which I was already copiously deluged. I was a horrible-looking sight, and must have looked like an Indian who had recently scalped a million antagonistic braves. Pumpkin pulp, yolk of eggs, and catsup from head to foot! No wonder the market constable ruthlessly seized me and rushed me to the police station, where I was locked up on a charge of being "drunk and disorderly, and doing malicious injury to property." The magistrate would take no excuse next morning, for my appearance testified too strongly against me (I had been afforded no opportunity for removing the villainous compound with which I was he-plastered), and I was incontinently fined "\$5 and costs, or sixty days." I paid the fine, but I am on the war-path for the man who sprung that remedy for cinders in the eye on a guileless and unsuspecting fellow-being.

When I find him he dies by the hand of a brave man.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



This is the Beauty all frizzled and curled,
That dazzled the eyes of the masculine world
With her face so sweet,
And her figure so neat,
Attired in a costume that fits her complete,
As she sits in the house that her dad built.



This is the young man that the Beauty adored,
Who looked always as tho' he were frightfully bored;
So tall and so slight,
So graceful and light,
With moustache, cane, and eye-glass so tony and bright,
When he called at the house that her dad built.



This is the fellow the Beauty called "Beast,"
Whenever attention he'd pay her the least,
A mixture of dog,
Man, monkey and hog;
He was vile, he was coarse, but his dress was the vogue
When he drove to the house that her dad built.

But alas! the young man, he was good—that was all,
His purse it was short though his talk it was tall,
About loving forever—
About earnest endeavor—
About all that hard work and a true heart would give
her
When she left the old house that her dad built.

The Beast he was rough, vicious, ugly, 'tis true;
But the Beast he had money, its value he knew,
So with fine horse he plied her,
With ponies supplied her;
With jewels, with servants, in fact nothing denied her,
Save love—and—the house that her dad built.

So the Beauty she sighed, and the Beauty she cried,
"Why should I be of love or money denied?
And now I must choose,
One or other to lose;
Heigh-ho! love is sweet—but 'tis sweet, too, to muse

"On my carriage, my dresses, my jewels galore;
But then—ah! my love I must see you no more—
Well, I'll marry the Beast,
He has riches at least;
Good-bye love forever!—we're off to the priest,
So long! the house that my dad built."