

ADVICE TO A SICK MAN.

The first thing for you to do is to be cross. Not middling cross, like a bear with a sore head, but fearfully cross, like a cross between a wild cat and a hyena. Everyone knows that it is a horrible injustice to a man for Providence to send him sickness. Woman was intended by nature and education (particularly the latter) to utilize in her own person all the ills that flesh is heir to, but for a man, by Jove! to be cramped in the house like a teething infant, it is insupportable. You have a perfect right to snap and snarl and scowl. If you did otherwise people would suppose you were going to die, and think what a bad thing that would be. Not for your friends, my dear sir; oh, no! they could stand it; but think what a bad thing it would be for you. No doubt, tied up in a sick room, you are ready to pray, Give me liberty or give me death. But if your prayer is going to be answered, it would be better for you to cut off the tail of it. The last four words constitute the tail.

If possible do not let anyone know what is the matter with you. Anything mysterious always awakens and prolongs interest. If your wife comes to you in all the sweet humility of wifehood, and begs to know whether you have the *delirium tremens* or the lockjaw, don't tell her which it is. A woman's curiosity ought never to be gratified. Neither ought her wishes. If she wishes you to have a physician, or not to have one, to eat or fast, or sleep, or sweat or swear, be sure you do just the opposite. You can't be too cantankerous or obnoxious on these points. If she brings you a foot bath for you to soak your feet, don't soak them. If she urges you, defer it until the water is cold, and then put in one foot and splash it around. Tell her you want to try the experiment of soaking one foot, and then, if it works all right, you'll try the other. By these means you will not only get yourself into hot water, but will wish you had not put your foot in it.

When your pretty sister-in-law asks if she shall read to you, say no, she shan't. But tell her to bring you two or three dozen books of a size convenient for handling. These will come in useful as missiles when anyone has the misfortune to displease you. Nothing varies the monotony of a sick room so much as to shy a book at the head of anyone who presumes to enter your presence in a state of health. It's no use for the doctor to pronounce you dangerous, unless you give your friends ample reason to agree with him.

No matter what your disease, it ought to be accompanied by a cough. The cough should closely resemble a bark, and you should keep barking at irregular intervals day and night. Be sure that your bite is fully as bad as your bark.

By faithfully following these directions, you may be certain that your friends will be sincerely sorry when you are sick, and rejoice at your recovery. Don't be in a hurry to recover. No matter if you are out of danger, that is no reason why the rest of the folks should be.

A. E. W.

GRAMMAR PRACTICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

NO. 1.—NOTE OF INTERROGATION.

SIR,—Will you pay me that \$50 you owe me at once? Your obedient servant,
SARTOR SNIPS.

NO. 2.—NOTE OF ADMIRATION.

SWEETEST LUCY,—My heart is an aching void which you alone can fill. I love you to distraction. Your damask cheek is more lovely than the rose-leaf, your breath more fragrant than pond-lilies. Sweet Lucy, your charms have overpowered me.

Your devoted admirer,
EGLANTINE SOTHEAD.

NO. 3.—SEMI-COLON.

DEAR SIR,—Hearing that you have the power of accepting tenders for supplying the public schools with fuel, may I ask you to so far favor me as to see my coal on? I have the honor to be, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

W. BLACK DIAMOND.

[The full beauty of this illustration may perhaps escape some readers, therefore an explanation is made: *See my coal on! Semi-colon!!!* This is the way the English papers that copy from GRIP and don't give any credit do—*Birmingham Blade*, etc.]

NO. 4.—FULL STOP.

MY DEAR SON,—In reply to your letter requesting \$100 to buy dissecting instruments and books, let me tell you once for all that you will not get another cent till you pass your examination.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN WILDOATS.

To John Wildoats, Jr., Trin. Coll.

NO. 5.—SYNTAX.

SIR,—I consider the bill sent in to me demanding \$18 for water-rates a tax that is nothing short of a sin. I refuse to pay it.

Yours, etc.,

A. SKINFLYNTE.

To the Collector of Water-rates.

NO. 6.—PARSING.

"Now, Algernon, let us get back to the drawing-room. We have already been in the conservatory too long."

"Why this haste, dear Isabel?"

"I hear Ethel playing the introduction to papa's favorite song, and I do so like to hear par sing."

Algernon swoons.



THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

(Husband about to leave for business.)

Wife.—Well, my dear, what are you hesitating about?

Husband.—I was just trying to decide whether I had better put on my heavy overcoat or wear my duster.

William Falconer, in *The Current* of May 9th, seeks to disabuse the public mind of the absurd notions long prevalent that the "Aristocracy of the Old South" were immensely wealthy, lived luxurious lives, and were wholly given over to personal indulgence. He puts a new face upon the matter, and, being a Southern man, his descriptions are based upon particular knowledge.

ARBOR DAY, 1885.

AN IDYLIC ADDRESS TO THE HON. G. W.

ROSS, M. P. F.

I.

Canadian Nymphs, in woodland wilds that play,
The first beginning sing of Arbor Day.
Say did bright sunshine bathe the village sward
Where taught and teacher met in sweet accord;
All tasks dismissed, no longer heard to swell,
The wonted chiding of the shrill-voiced bell—
But boy and girl no more stiff-ranked in class,
Are round their teacher, seated on the grass,
And listen thoughtful as her lovely lips
Read the wise writings of W. W. Phipps,
Or round the school-room porch they teach to twine
Of flowering climbers the exotic vine,
With rosebuds perfume every passing breeze,
Or crown with flowers their honored school trustees.

II.

Too fair Ideal! but the Real shows
Cough in each voice and cold in every nose,
The sky's clear azure, with a smile austere,
Mocks the cold May-time of a flowerless year—
The gaunt trees shiver when no buds are green,
And scarce a willow shows its brassy sheen;
Far from the *Globe* the first spring robin, keep;
Mute in their swamp our native bulbils sleep;
So by the stove the school-ma'am must remain,
Or tread the tortures of neuralgic pain;
Must read in silence each bright page of *Grip's*;
In silence read that wise Report of Phipps;
The children stay in doors for all they're worth
Not court catarrh with cold-compelling mirth;
The school trustees must mind their private biz,
Not bring on their bald paws the rheumatiz.

III.

G. W. Ross, with power benign that rules
The complex interests of our public schools,
Your wish to institute an Arbor Day
Is good, is wise, is useful every way,
But oh! G. W. Ross, the good and great,
In next year's spring for finer weather wait!
May, the cold nymph, is coy and immature,
And seeks to kill without the power to cure,
Seek not to woo, G. W. Ross the Good,
She will but fly you in her leafless wood,
Lut grant of Arbor Day the precious boon
Beneath the warm smiles of her sister June.
So shall the lovely lady teacher press
The warm, soft sward nor soil her dainty dress;
So shall the children cease from sylvan sport
To hear of Phipps, the Forestry Report;
So shall they crown the honored school trustees,
Nor dread of rheumatiz, the dire disease.

—C. P. M.

KNEW HER.

Two tramps stopped near a house, and after holding a consultation, one of them went in to explore the chances of getting something to eat. Pretty soon, with an air of disappointment he came out, and said:—

"Let's go."

"Wouldn't she give you anything?"

"Didn't ask her."

"Why?"

"Used to know her in Chicago."

"Did you ever ask her for a hand-out?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"Don't know who she is now?"

"Who was she?"

"She used to be my wife."

—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

A TREAT IN STORE FOR CHARLIE.

Two young ladies entered a cigar store and one of them said timidly:

"Have you any choice cigars, sir? I want them for a present."

"Oh, yes, Miss," replied the tobacconist, "we have any choice you want, from a cent apiece up."

"I think I will take some of the one-cent ones, then, if they are choice. I had no idea that choice cigars were so cheap. Won't Charlie be delighted?" she said to her companion as they left the store. "Poor boy! He is so fond of a choice cigar, and they will taste all the better," she added, with a little blush, "for having come from me."—*New York Times.*