



MY LIVER.

AND

WHAT THE PRESCRIBING DRUGGISTS KNEW ABOUT IT.

Reader, did you ever have a bilious attack? I have, lots of them, but I never had so much difficulty in getting rid of one as I had with my last. Whether it was that I did not take sufficient medicine or exercise, or too much of one or both, or whether the druggists I consulted did not thoroughly understand my case, my reader must determine, but I certainly had a hard time of it. A few mornings ago I woke up, and I knew by experience I was in for a bilious tussle. Tried my usual remedies with no results, save to make myself twice as bad. Resolved to go and consult Jippets, the druggist. Went and stated my case. "Hum, ha!" remarked Jippets, "blue pill's the thing, sir, nothing like it; take this," and he handed me a miniature eighty one-ton-gun projectile, "You'll be all right in the morning." I followed his instructions and was much worse next day. Cut Jippets dead, and went to Bluggins, three blocks away. "Bilious, eh?" he said, "want something to tone up your liver, eh? Well, blue pill will fetch him, sir; here take this; be all right in the morning." I recoiled with loathing, and informed Bluggins that I had taken about 10 drachms of blue pill already, and was ten times worse than ever. "To be sure; let's see your tongue. Ha! it's the renal capsule of the pericardium that is out, of kilter; to be sure; musn't try blue pill there—fatal; pains you here, don't it?" and he dug his thumb into my left side, under the ribs. "No, I feel it here," I replied, indicating a spot directly opposite. "To be sure; to be sure; sympathetic euroclydon; colocyth and assafetida will knock that higher'n a kite. Take this," and he shoved a chunk of black odorous substance into my hand. "Suck it slowly. Bring you round in no time." I followed his instructions to the letter and had a fit on the public street. When I came to I observed that my friends turned their heads away whilst conversing with me, and I overheard the remark, "Result of drink, and gorging himself at those free lunch tables on limburger cheese and cold haggis. Sad thing, very." I resolved to get rid of that bilious attack if I died in the attempt, so I went down and consulted Jugster, druggist. "Well," he said slowly, "what have you been doing for it?" I told him the course I had pursued. He threw up his hands in horror-struck, "You took blue pill? You took colocyth and assafetida? Thank your stars you are alive to come to me before it was too late. My dear fellow, your liver must look like this by this time," and he drew a diagram bearing a strong resemblance to the map of the Gerrymandered counties published in some of the newspapers. "Well, well, well," I groaned, "Save me, Jugster; can you? will

you?" "I can and will," replied the noble fellow, "but allow me to tell you that your bilious secretions are simply diocesan." I was appalled, but Jugster went on, "Now here's Black's July Flower; excellent thing; here's Summer Blossom; best specific known; here's Bushy's Corn Eradicator; nothing like—" "Hold," I cried, "How many bottles of each of these articles will it take to limber up my liver so that it'll do to go on with till I can see about getting a new one?" "Well," he answered, "about five, say six bottles of each, and he commenced wrapping them up. "Stay," I interrupted "how much do they cost apiece?" "Dollar'n half," replied Jugster. "Hum, that would be \$27 for the lot, eh?" "Let you have them for \$25," he answered tying the string round the parcel. "Tarry yet awhile, gentle Jugster," I said, "Hast nothing less befitting the income of a millionaire?" "I have, here's podophyllin; best thing out, take a pill?" answered Jugster. "How much is a pill?" "Two cents." "Give me one." I bought one and passed out. I was worse next day, and did what I should have done at first—went to a respectable physician. He made a new man of me at once. He must have done so, for I paid him.

THAT FIENDISH BOY.

To the authors of that fractional currency literature in yellow covers, I say, *anathema maranatha*: to the author, in particular, of "Bloody-fisted Bill, or the pirates of Gory Island" I say, "Go to, hang thyself, thou hast murdered sleep." And now let me explain and account for this outburst. Slugsby's boy had raised his hand to heaven and sworn revenge, and the way it all happened was as follows:

Slugsby's boy is an Indian hunter this week, and has arrayed himself appropriately for the character by cutting up his father's buck-skin underclothing and trimming it with beads from his mother's best cloak, while her new bonnet supplied ostrich feathers for the decoration of the head-dress of the redoubtable scout, who commenced operations by scalping Spiffins' cat, and wearing the trophy in triumph at his belt. Last week this imp of Slugsby and Satan was a pirate, and hung thirteen cats and a poor, miserable, homeless cur to the yard arm, *i. e.*, the clothes line in the back yard. Behold the results of perusing the literature before alluded to. But to continue.

This has been a perilous week for the children in my (and Slugsby's boy's) neighborhood,—for I reside in his vicinity, though I fear I do not appreciate the honor as I ought to do,—and if a lad, unguarded by his father, ventured out, Slugsby's boy, skulking in ambush behind some tree, whizzed an arrow at his head, whilst dogs were mercilessly looked upon and treated as wolves, and cats as panthers, or "painters," as Slugsby's boy called them in his dime novel lingo. It is astonishing how lively a boy of an aspiring mind can make a neighborhood, but all these noble aspirations of that boy were lost upon Spiffins; he was a man who read the bible, prayed long and fervently on every possible occasion, and taught in Sunday School. Evidently he was not the man to appreciate Slugsby's boy, and the latter might have known that fact. However, Spiffins was standing out by his barn the other evening, when he was startled by a war whoop from the far side of the wood pile, and there was Slugsby's boy in Indian costume and red paint, drawing a bead with bow and arrow on his finest Cochon China fowl, and just as the bird flopped over, Spiffins dodged round and got Slugsby's boy by the ear, and stood him up on the ends of his toes. He was not a violent, passionate man, so he quietly held him up by that ear as aforesaid, which stretched out like a piece of warmed India

rubber, and he talked with him quietly about his depravity, and pleaded with him to abandon his blood-thirsty life, and let his ambition in the future lead him into the honest walks of politics, or municipal matters. Spiffins then changed off and took a fresh lift on the



ear with his other hand, while he drew a bible out of his pocket, and read a chapter to Slugsby's boy. This did not interest the latter much, as his attention was more particularly drawn to the nicety with which he was balanced on his toes by the aid of his ear; but the most pleasant things grow tiresome, and are apt to pall at last, and the novelty of his position wearing off, Slugsby's boy said he had to go home, as his mother wanted him to split some wood for her; so Spiffins gave him some tracts and let him down slowly, so as not to jar him too suddenly, and as Slugsby's boy went home his ear stood up in the light of the rising moon like the shadow of some great evil that was to come to pass.

That night Slugsby's boy walked the floor and swore revenge upon every Spiffins he could think of, even including the two weeks old infant in his awful maledictions; but ha! to the honor of Spiffins be it said, he was more than a match for this pirate, scout, Indian hunter and what not. The next evening, as Spiffins was walking home in the moonlight, he felt a sudden pain in the calf of his leg, and



stooping down he pulled out a sharp spike nail tied to the end of a stick, and as he straightened up he was necessitated to pull another out of his coat tails. They came thick and fast, and kept him busy pulling, and he hardly knew what to make of it till he saw they were arrows, and then the truth flashed upon him. It must be Slugsby's boy, and Slugsby's boy it was, and Spiffins found him in the fence corner, and then there was some fun—for Spiffins; it was his turn. He had a nice little bamboo cane with him, and he took Slugsby's boy by the neck and the seat of his pants, and laid him across the top rail of the fence, and as every whack came down, Slugsby's boy jumped fully 16 inches high. It was the hottest engagement Slugsby's boy was ever in, and he'll have to find something else to sit on for the next two weeks. It took, I am inclined and happy to believe, all the noble aspirations out of him, and now he will never be fit for anything but a chief of police or a minister.