



GRIP'S PROMISCUOUS PROWLER.

HE INTERVIEWS A PROFESSOR OF PHARMACY.

"Look here, Mr. Prowler," quoth the Raven, sternly, as that individual came swaggering into the Sanctum with a vilely odoriferous cigar stub he had picked up off the advertising agent's desk, reeking in his mouth, and his hat cocked over his right eye, "look here, fellow, I'm not satisfied with you at all. You disgraced this Establishment when you visited that Prominent Citizen the other day, and he's been round to complain about you. Says you insulted him by singing 'White Sand and Grey Sand' in his drawing-room when you knew he was a grocer."

"A grosser libel I never heard," replied the Prowler. "I didn't know what he was."

"I know your voracity is above par," said the Raven, "so I suppose I must let you slide this time; but you were certainly suffering from anarlyankleisis or tangle-leg when you returned: now just mind your 'p's' and 'q's,' or you and I will have to part."

"Oh! well," returned the Prowler, "you're comfortable enough where you are; don't let me drive you out of your berth."

"Come, come, no levity," said the Raven, "I want you to visit some of our drug stores and find out anything you think will be interesting to our readers. Hence, sirrah."

"Hence it is," replied the Prowler, and he henced without more ado.

He was soon seated on the velvet-topped stool in an Emporium sacred to Pharmacy and thus addressed the Lofty-browed Personage behind the counter.

"I have a severe pain in my left shoulder; perhaps I had better consult a physician and see what he says; who's your 'commish' practitioner?"

The other eyed him queerly for a moment and then said:

"Never mind; that's an undivulgeable secret; but what ails your shoulder? Tut, man, you needn't go to a doctor. We druggists treat numbers of these cases, and I've had lots of practice; I can prescribe for you; besides, my grandfather was a first-rate 'vet' and was reckoned A 1 on male diseases, and I inherit his talent. What's your trouble?"

The Prowler, fancying he detected a spice of sarcasm in this speech, was about to rise and leave the Emporium when he was stopped by the Lofty-browed Personage, who remarked:

"No offence, sir, no offence; your right shoulder, you say; h'm, ha—must be your liver; always touches a man up in that quarter. Let me prescribe for you: take a little 'podoph'; nothing like it; or, here's my own preparation: 'Bungey's Hepatic Explorer'; unqualified for the liver, sir, only \$1.25 a bottle."

"Bosh," said the Prowler, curtly, "I don't think it's my liver at all."

"Oh! my dear fellow," replied the Personage, smiling loftily and superiorly, "we know it's the liver if it's the right shoulder: had it been the left we should diagnose it as sub-clavicular engorgement or supra-scapular

aneurism, combined with a slight over-tension of the deltoid; but as it's the right shoulder, my dear sir, it *must* be liver; shall I put up a bottle of my Hepat—"

"Hang your He Patricks and She Patricks," cried the Prowler, "I don't want your confounded swill, I tell you."

"Ah! irritable, I see," went on the Personage, quite unruffled; just wait half a minute and I'll mix you a soothing draught," and he stepped behind the mirror concealing the little compartment dedicated to the retailing of soda water with a wink in it to young bloods with swelled heads.

The Prowler, left to himself, proceeded to explore, and with this design, slid over the counter and took down a glass jar labelled "Sp. Frument.": taking out the stopper and placing his nose to the orifice he inhaled for a moment and then placed the jar to his mouth and let about half a pint of the contents gurgle down his throat.

"Pugh! bah! burrrrooo!" he howled, gasping and dashing to the door; "I'm poisoned."

"Stay, my dear sir," cried the Personage, emerging hurriedly from his retreat, "what have you took?"

"That, that," howled the Prowler; "that 'Sp. Frument,' up there."

"Ha, ha, ha! that should teach you unprofessionals not to meddle with the property of—ahem—medical men: ha, ha! that, my dear sir, is a mixture of compound Turkey Rhubarb or Rheus co., and Bals. copaib; but it will not hurt you: here, take a drop of this: 'Vini Gal.:' and he poured out a couple of ounces of what the Prowler declared to be "the pure quill," which he drank, and demanded another whack.

"What in thunder do you label your jars wrong for?" enquired the Prowler, somewhat mollified by his dose of French Wine, *alias* Hennessy's Best, "and what d'ye want Latin names at all for?"

"Well, I'll tell you," answered the Personage, patronizingly, "Latin is a universal language and doctor's don't want their patients to be able to read their prescriptions and see that they make 'em pay two dollars for ten cents worth of stuff: d'ye see? I'm caudid, you'll allow, but I think I know who you are, so I feel safe."

"Why, who d'ye take me for?" queried the Prowler.

"Professor Wiggins, the weather crank; am I not right?"

"No, sir; your left; decidedly left."

"Well, I knew you were some kind of a crank, anyhow. Now, us professional men understand Latin as well as we do English, so it has been found better for our coadjutors—the doctors—to write their prescriptions in the former language. A medical man really need not know much about it, as long as he gets his quantities and ingredients pretty near the mark. All he wants is such words as 'nocte,' 'mane,' 'sumend.,' 'haustus,' 'simul,' etc., etc., and he soon learns to write a prescription.

Here a very beautiful and fashionable lady, whose complexion was fairly ravishing, entered the Emporium, and having purchased a box of Rouge de Paris and two bottles of "Bungey's Nonpareil Complexion Tittivater," requested the Personage to replenish her receptacle for smelling salts—a very long, crimson glass, silver-topped affair (as is the fashion nowadays). Mr. Bungey at once complied with the lady's request, and refilled the Receptacle, as desired—from the *Vini Gallici* jar! and the lady retired, saying, "Of course you will charge these articles to my husband as magnesia and smelling salts."

"Certainly, madam, certainly," replied the Personage, bowing his fashionable customer out.

"The Prowler winked and the Personage

winked; and then charged the articles. Having done so, he continued,

"Now, about your shoulder; if it's not liver—which it *is*—it must be a sprain—technical term for sprain—hum, ha—slipped my memory; or possibly it is a luxation of the humerus. Allow me to examine it, sir."

The Prowler stripped off his coat, and as he was guileless of a shirt, his shoulder stood revealed in all its nude beauty. It was very black and much swollen.

"My—dear—sir," exclaimed the Personage, aghast, "this is the worst case of compound engorgement of the sub-cuticular blood-vessels I ever saw. We must exhibit some very powerful remedies at once, sir. This discoloration arises from a moribund condition of the renal capsule combined, as I previously diagnosed it, with a topical sluggishness of the great hepatic organ, the Liver. This is a marked case of congestion of the liver, my friend. Now, I'll prescribe for you. A bottle of my own preparation:—"Pil. Hydrarg. nocte, and mist. mag. cum Rheo, omne mane," till the liver regains tone. Well, what d'ye say?"

"I guess I won't trouble you, but you may give me an ounce of arnica," replied the Prowler, rising. "This bruise on my shoulder was caused by my wife giving me a most unmerciful pounding with a potato masher when I returned from interviewing a prominent grocer who had acted very hospitably. Thanks, I'll take another pick-me-up of that *Vini Gallici*, and then I'll toddle: thank you, good day." And the Prowler returned to the Raven's Roost reeking of the contents of the V.G. jar. —S.



NICE FOR MUFFKINS.

Her Little Brother.—Say, Mr. Muffkins, will you let me hear you speak some French? *Muffkins.*—Yes, if you wish, but why? *H. L. B.*—O, just for fun! Ma says your French is very amusing!

SECURE ONE NOW!

The Summer Number of GRIP does not deal with the current affairs of the week as the regular issue does. It is filled with fun and pictures suitable for the season, and is just as timely now as when it appeared on the first of July. It contains sixteen pages, four of which are devoted to brilliant colored cartoons. There is not a dull item in it from cover to cover. A few numbers left. Price, 10 cents.