



PROPER PRIDE.

Tramp (to dude who has been walking behind him for some way).—LOOK YERE YOUNG BOHERLINK, Y'D BETTER GO BACK 'OME. PEOPLE'LL BE TAKIN' ME FER YER KEEPER. SPOSI'N I WAS TER MEET SOME ER MY RELATIONS, WHAT'UD THEY THINK?

THE DRUGGIST'S ASSISTANT.

"How well I remember," said Mr. Caddy, as he puffed at a fragrant Havana, and gazed dreamily at a bottle of cough syrup he held in his hand, "how well I remember my woeful experience as an aspiring young drug clerk in my 'young and callow' days. I would wander down town, and gazing at the long vista of bright shining bottles and resplendant showcases, garnished with glittering articles too numerous to mention, I would make a solemn vow to devote my colossal talents to learning the wonderful secrets and mysteries of the drug business. So it came to pass one bright morning as I flattened my nose against the window and watched the languid 'front shop' clerk sprinkle twenty-six cents worth of perfume on his manly person, that the proprietor, attracted no doubt by my engaging appearance, called me in and enquired 'if I wanted a sit.' I said I did. 'Can you come to-morrow?' said he. 'Guess so,' said I, and so it was arranged that I was to come the following morning and for the gigantic salary of eight dollars per month, was to work in the back shop and look as intelligent as I could.

"Mr. Barber, the front shop clerk, received me in the morning and volunteered in the most affable manner to 'show me the ropes.' 'All you have to do this morning,' said he, 'is to sweep out the shop, clean the lamps, clean the graduates, wash fourteen dozen bottles, and steer clear of the arsenic.' With this jocose remark Mr. Barber kindly invited me up to smell a bottle of liquid ammonia, and by the time I had rallied from the shock and somewhat recovered my breath, he was beaming over the counter at an auburn-haired girl who wanted four cents worth of camphor. I tasted all the patent medicines, and wore two or three porous plasters, just to see how they worked; I fairly revelled in dirt, and lost all respect for myself in four days. When business was slack I washed myself; trade was generally quiet about once a month.

"One eventful morning Mr. Barber failed to appear at the shop and we soon learned that he was slightly under the weather. Now was my golden opportunity, and I grasped it with both hands, but alas! it was the cause of my downfall and forever blighted my budding hopes of being a full fledged Druggist, and the proprietor of some infallible Corn Cure. 'Now, Fred,' said the genial apothecary, as he prepared to go to dinner, 'be very careful and don't touch anything you are not conversant with.' 'You can depend on me,' I said with an air of calm assurance manufactured for the occasion. Heretofore my mighty intellect had only been utilized in mixing horse powders in the back shop; altho' one red-letter day I had ventured, only clothed in a little brief authority and a soiled apron, to sell a quart of coal oil, and two pounds of whiting. The trusting public little know the awful risks it ran, tho' on the occasion I was as calm and confident as possible. True, it might have been carbolic acid.

"My first customer was a doctor's assistant, a lanky, mil-dewed looking person, who wanted ten grs. of opium. I hopped around, looked thoughtful, put it up for him and booked it; then a little girl came in for fifteen cents worth of chlorate of potash, I put that up in a large paper bag, with the aid of a tin scoop; then a consumptive looking man sporting a you-can't-wear-me-out paper collar, drifted in and wanted a Dover powder for a cold. I told him we were just out of that kind of powder and to try the hardware store next door; and then a little fat, red-faced man with a kink in his breathing apparatus, trotted in, and asked for a dose of cod-liver oil with a little vinegar in it. I struck the vinegar all right, but missed the combination of the oil. He gulped it down and then such a look of dismay and horror came into his face I thought he had the Jim-Jams. 'Give me an emetic,' he yelled 'give me an emetic, ugh! ugh! oh you wooden headed idiot,' and then he glared at me and played a beautiful bone solo with his teeth.

"'Now fatty,' I said, pointing my finger and jabbing him with cheerful vigor in the ribs, 'don't get nervous; you're all right;' with that I poured him out some of our three-ply-always-knock-em Ague Cure; he took a mighty horn and then fell down on the floor and squirmed around and said something about an infernal idiotic imbecile and a depraved abandoned ruffian. I have since wondered in my artless way if he meant anything personal. The proprietor rushed in and enquired if the place was on fire. I calmly took him aside and said it was my private opinion that the man was a confirmed sot and that he now had a mild attack of the D. T.'s. He grew very red in the face and said it was his father-in-law; then the irascible old gentleman arose and said I was a pie footed 'villain of the lowest type' and that I had given him castor oil on purpose; then the lanky man ambled in and wanted to know why I had sold him logwood instead of opium. 'You asked for logwood,' I said, transfixing him with my eye. 'I did no such a thing!' he said, bristling up. 'Oh, very well,' said I, casting my eyes up and looking at the ceiling with saintly resignation, 'anything for peace!' Then the little girl came in and said she wanted 'chlorate of potash,' and not washing soda. 'Now my dear little girl,' I said, remonstrating with her, 'why did you ask for washing soda if you didn't want it? I am surprised that you would do such a thing.' At this juncture the long slim man