The Bad Boy

"Whew! What is it that smells so about this store? It seems as if everything had turned flowery," said the grocerman to his clerk, in the presence of the bad boy, who was standing with his back to the stove, his nostrils dilated with his hands and a cigarette in his mouth.

"Maybe it is on that smelly flower," said the boy, as he put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and spit at the keyhole in the door. "I have gone into business."

"By thunder, I believe it is you," said the grocerman, as he went up to the boy, sniffed a couple of times, and then held his hand to his nose. "The board of health will know you, if ever they smell that smell, and send you to the glue factory. What business have you gone into that makes you smell so rank?"

"Well, you see, pa began to think it was time I learned a trade or profession, and he saw a sign in a dirty dusty window, 'Boy wanted,' and as he had a boy he didn't want, he went to the druggist and got the job for me. This smell is, we will get off in a few weeks. You know I wanted to try all the perfumery in the store, and since I had got about forty different kinds of essences on my clothes, another boy that worked there let fond up a bottle of benzine and rosalcy, and lavender, and a whole lot of other horrid good, and labeled it 'new geranium,' and I guess I got gallured in it. It is awful, isn't it? It anthropomized me when I went into the thing, from the first night that I got home from the store, and broke pa all up. He said I reminded him of the time that they had a litter of pole-cats under the barn. The air seemed tainted around where I was, and everybody seemed to know who tainted it. A girl came into the store yesterday to buy a sachet, and there wasn't anybody there but me, and I didn't know what it was, and I took down everything in the store, pretty near, before I found it, and then I wouldn't have found it only the proprietor came in. The girl asked the proprietor if there wasn't a good deal of sweet gas in the store, and he told her to go out and smell myself. I think the girl was mad with me because I got a warming bottle out of the store-room, with a rubber tubule, and asked her if that was what she wanted. Well, she told me a sachet was something for the mantelpiece, and I thought a warming bottle was the nearest thing to it."

"I should think you would open all the windows away from the store," said the grocerman, as he opened the door to let the smell out.

"I don't know how I will, but I am tired for a month of that, and I shall stay. You see, I wasn't premium on anybody but pa for a spell. I made up my mind to that when I gave a woman some salt instead of powdered borax, and she came back mad. Pa seems to want to encourage me, and is willing to take anything I can hit on. He had a sore throat and wanted something for it, and the boys dragged him up to put up some tonic and chloride of potash and it exploded, and blowed pa's hat clear across the store, and he was whisper than a ghost. He said he guessed his throat was all right, and he wouldn't gargle now for eighty dollars a day."

"The next day pa came in and I was laying for him. I took a white medicine bottle and a blue one, and I dissolved them in separate glasses, and when pa came in I asked him if he didn't want some lemonade, and he said he did, and I gave him the same one and he drank it. He said it was too weak and then I gave him the other glass, that looked like water, to take the taste out of his mouth, and he drank it. Well, sir, when those two powders got together in pa's stomach, and began to fizz and effervesce and froth, pa pretty near choked to death, and the cork came out of his mouth, and his eyes stuck out, and as soon as he could get his breath he yelled 'fire,' and said he was poisoned, and called for a doctor. But I thought as long as we had a doctor right in the house there was no use in hiring one, and I gave a spoonful of paregoric, and I would have had him all right in no time, when the proprietor came in and told me to go and wash some bottles, and he gave pa a drink of brandy, and he said he felt better. Pa has learned where my heart lies lately, and he comes in now to throw cinders at my boy with a pain in the stomach."

"They play pretty mean tricks on you in a drug store. The first day they put a bottle of water out at your desk and told you to peptonize it, and make it up into two gallons pills. Well, sir, I pounded and ground all the afternoon and it never peptonized at all, and the boss told me to hurry up as the customer was waiting for the pills, and I handed him one nearly dead, and when the man came to get anyone the boss went and handed him the mixture, and took out the cinnamon and sent. The next day you have been pounding all day on a chunk of india rubber instead of white stone. Well, how was I to know? I was just going with them if I knew they were rubber, and don't you forget it. If you have lots of immoderate pain, want Kidd, you come down to the store and I will put a sly dose into you well, and then you will be sure to get what you pay for."

"Yes," said the grocerman, as he took a piece of blotting-paper, twisted and put it in the stove to purify the air in the room, "I should judge it was myself taking any medicine you got up. You will be some time before you get your diploma of graduation. But what did your pa get his nose cut up for? He looked as though he had had a fight."

"Well, that was from my investment. He said I was in the way. I was down that night. You remember how the mixture had kind of other people's treatment, and a bottle got in, so you could hardly see what it was. Well, I was in the back shop, and I was mixing up some more pills, and I heard some that were with cayenne, and I said he would give me the chilblains if I should have to sit I took a stick of cinnamon and burned the water off, but I guess I burned down into the same a little, for it worried us up in a minute. Pa says he had rather have a whole pint of warm flour with a mouse, but it will be all right in a year or two."—*Pittsburg Post.*

Pomeroy, Ohio, in Pepin, records the death of Hiram. The mortuary and the tools are fully described in the Odyssey. There is not a wheelbarrow, a spade, or a shovel in all the Aurora, and the late wife of the undertaker is unknown, and they have never attended funerals on their in lighting their cigars. The grave is taken from the far end of a blooming clover like that of the ancient Hesperus, and is graved in a soft spot on the Sunset River. The peasant's hut has no chimney. The chimney is merely a broad stack built out from the wall, and in this is a fire of farts and bagels. The blinding smoke escapes as best it may through and also roof. For cooking utensils there are all iron pots and stewers, and also of two, and pottery pots and saucers. Meat is a rare article of food with the peasant. Coarse corn-cake, baked on a circle over the coals—hard, sour, heavy and smoky—fish, with a bit of cheese, fish, or a pepper, and a cup of cold water, is the principal food. Most of the clothing and household goods are spun and woven by the women, who also performed much field labor, warm baskets, brush hay, hoe and cultivate beautifully, and make capital home from the split fire of the sun. Still some are poorly paid for their labor. Men's wages in Hesta range from twenty-four to forty-eight cents a day. The best from-makers get twelve. The Pico women go up to the clouds on the mountain, and milk for eight cents. Those of Hesta carry water from the public wells for two cents per bucket.

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