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BUYING A CARPET IN EGYPT.

How Arthur Sullivan Did It.

Boston Herald.

Arthur Sullivan bought a carpet in Alexandria, and the purchase took him three months. One morning, so runs Dr. Sullivan's narrative, he was passing by one of the bazaars where tapistries and such things are sold, when a particularly handsome and rich fabric caught his eye. He went in and after pretending to look over a lot of things which in reality he did not want, he said to the man who solemnly presided over the place, "And what is the price of that carpet?"

"That responded the dealer, "is not for sale. I purchased that particular carpet at a great cost to feast my own eyes upon. It is magnificent—superb. I could not part with that. No, by Allah!" or words to that effect. "Will the English gentleman have a cup of coffee?" The English gentleman would. He would also have a cigarette. After that he went away. In a day or two he went around again, and once more made the pretense of looking through Macdellah's stock. He had obviously failed to fool the sly Egyptian before as to the article he really wanted, so he took more time to it on this occasion. As he expected, the sedate owner of the bazaar finally approached him.

"I have concluded, after several sleepless nights," said the merchant, "to part with that carpet. It grieves me very much to do so, for I have become very fond of it. I had hoped that it would be the light of my eyes in my old age. But the prophet has counselled unselfishness among his people, and I will sell to the English gentleman."

"How much?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Nonsense. I'll give you £5."

The Egyptian's dignity was obviously wounded. An expression of absolute pain crossed his face. But he forgave Dr. Sullivan, and they had another cup of coffee and a cigarette together. Then Dr. Sullivan went away, as before. In a week or so he dropped around again. After going through the regular business of looking over the stock, he was again approached by Macdallah.

"I have concluded, after much thought," said that worthy, "that I asked you too much for the carpet the other day. When Macdallah feels he is in the wrong, he is quick to acknowledge it. The English gentleman can have the beautiful carpet for £90."

"Now you acknowledge your error," replied Mr. Sullivan, "I will confess that I was wrong in offering you only £5 for your carpet the other day. I did that in joke, of course. I didn't mean it. Bless you, no. And since you are prepared to make concessions. I will do the same. Instead of £5, I'll give you £6."

More coffee and another cigarette. The next time Dr. Sullivan went around, the merchant took off £5 more, and the purchaser added £1. So it went on, with haggling and coffee, until Dr. Sullivan had finally agreed to give £12, at which price he took away the carpet. It would have cost about $250 in London. He says that the kind of business mentioned is considered the strictly proper thing in Egypt and Turkey. But Americans, he adds, are spoiling the trade in this direction. While he was in Alexandria a gentleman named Morgan, from New York, came along and visited the bazaar of Macdallah. Three carpets struck his fancy and he priced them. "Three hundred pounds," said Macdallah "Well," replied Mr. Morgan, "that seems a fair price, and I'll take them. Here's your money." The next time Dr. Sullivan saw the merchant he was almost tearing his hair with rage against the "dog of a Christian." He explained the matter in an injured tone to the sympathizing Englishman, adding that Mr. Morgan's method was not "business."

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The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by C. F. Goodman

Bound to Have It So.

Exchange.

As you go to Boston and Hartford by way of the Boston & Albany railroad, if you take the morning express, there are two parlor cars thereunto attached, with all the appurtenances thereunto appertaining, including a porter with a whisp-broom in one hand a place for a quarter in the other. Now, these two parlor cars are twins, differing only, as is the case with twins, in their manners. The last time I went out that way, which was only a few weeks since, one of these cars was Gov. Hawley, and the other was some other governor.

All went well until we reached Springfield. Here the usual halt of ten minutes was made, the parlor car for Albany was switched off to its proper train, and we went thundering on to Hartford.

Before we were well out of the depot an old gentleman confronted me. Round-faced, well-dressed, quick spoken, a little crusty, and a general air of authority about him.

"Young man," he said, sharply, "out of that."

"Out of which?" I asked, in innocent surprise.

"Out of that chair," snapped the old party. "Come, be lively. I want to sit down."

I was puzzled and annoyed, and stammered something about this being a parlor car and——

"Yes, yes," he said, impatiently. "I know all about that. This is a parlor car and you've got my seat. Get out of it without any more words. Get a seat of your own somewhere, and don't go around appropriating other people's chairs when they have gone for lunch. Get out, young fellow."

I am naturally a bashful man, but I did make one more desperate effort to retain my seat. I said that I had occupied that seat—

"Ever since I got out of it at Springfield," snarled the old man. "I rode in that seat all the way from Boston, and the minute I left it you jumped into it. And now you jump out of it and no words about it or I will make the car full of trouble for you."

It began to dawn on me then just how matters stood. In fact I knew, but I was nettled. Everybody in the car was laughing at me, and I do hate to be laughed at. I determined to wait for my revenge. He snorted fiercely, and I abdicted without another word in favor of the testy old jumper of claims who thus summarily evicted me, and took my goods and chattels to a seat in the rear end of the car.

Presently along came the conductor to take up the tickets. When he came to the old gentleman, the conductor passed back the ticket he had given him.

"Wrong train, sir," he said. "Get off at next station. This train is for Hartford and New York."

The old gentleman's face was a study.

"For Ha-Ha-wa-what?" he shouted. "I know better. Told me at Boston this car went through to Albany."

"Lem see the parlor car ticket," said the conductor briefly. "Yes, that's all right, you are on the wrong car; this ticket for other car. Your baggage half way to Albany by this time. Get off at Hartford."

"Well, when can I get a train back to Springfield?" wailed the jumper of chairs.

"To-night," said the conductor, and he passed on to the next car.

Then I arose. I gathered up in my weak and long-suffering arms my hat, overcoat, lap-tablet and newspapers and walked back to that chair and stood before the most crestfallen man the immorial geds ever pitied. I didn't say anything; didn't make a gesture. I just stood up before him, holding my goods, personal effects and railway chattles in my arms and looked at him. He arose and vamoused the claim. And as I settled down in my recovered possession I made only one remark. I said to the poor old gentleman:

"I thought you would be sorry if you took my chair."

And he marched back and took a seat on the upholstered panch, to the merry laughter of the happy passengers. And the last time I looked around—oh, crowning woe! the conductor was making him pay a quarter for his seat in the palace car.

A Vexed Clergyman.

Even the patience of Job would become exhausted were he a preacher and endeavoring to interest his audience while they were keeping up an incessant coughing making it impossible for him to be heard. Yet, how very easy can all this be avoided by simply using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds Trial Bottles given away at C. F. Goodman's drug store

LAKE VIEW CEMETERY.

Mrs. Garfield's Visit to the Tomb of Her Husband.

Cleveland Letter.

Mrs. Garfield, who lives in Cleveland, comes frequently to the cemetery in a closed carriage and stops at the headquarters of the guard to inquire for the commanding officer. The latter is the only person having a key to the vault in his possession, and without his consent no one can enter the premises. The arrival of Mrs. Garfield is immediately reported to the lieutenant, who repairs to the vault and awaits her arrival. The wire fence is then temporarily removed and the grated doors unlocked. Mrs. Garfield rarely speaks when she comes and as she enters the vault her emotion is very painful. She remains for some minutes but disturbs nothing and leaves in silence for her quiet home in the city. She is usually accompanied by her immediate friends. Regularly once a week a fresh boquet is sent to the cemetery and placed in the vault. And sunset the outer iron door of the vault is locked by the lieutenant and reopened in the morning by himself. The soldiers have had nothing to do since they went on duty, further than to guard the remains. They report that there is a continuous influx from all parts of the country to see the casket. Many of the visitors are prominent men who come to pay their last respects to the honored dead. On the 2d of July, the anniversary of the assassination, there were at least 15,000 people in the cemetery. Mrs. Garfield, who avoids public attention as much as possible, did not come on account of the crowd, but visited the grave next day. The venerable mother of the late president has been to the cemetery since the funeral, and when she comes she remains a long time beside the casket which contains the pride of her life. The soldiers say that the scene which follows her arrival is always a most affecting one, and she is left alone to her sorrow.

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72 PERU STREET,
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 8, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—For twenty years I have been afflicted with liver complaint. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced the use of your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, which gave me permanent relief.

aug1-d1w EDWIN A. CASTOR.

Boxing a Sewing Machine.

"Say, my dear," observed Mr. Spoopendyke, straightening up and scratching his ear, "what did the man say about boxing up this sewing machine?"

"Why, he said to take the cover off and——"

"I've got the cover off!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Did he say to take it off twice?" Ain't once binding on this machine?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, "then you take the top off and——"

"Did that man say anything about boxing up this machine? That's what I asked you," vociferated Mr. Spoopendyke. "I know all about the cover and top. You can't teach me anything about the top and cover. I want some information about the dodgasted bird-cage looking arrangement! Did he say whether I was to take that off of anything?"

"The machine goes in that," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "And then this slat-cover nails over it."

"Now, that's the way I like to hear a woman talk," remarked Mr. Spoopendyke, betaking himself cheerily to his work. "If you'd always answer straight up we'd have been moved a week ago."

"But you must screw the top on the bottom of the top and tie the cover underneath," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, who, having been complimented on a detail, determined, womanlike, to know all about it.

"What stable have you been boarding in now?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, dropping the hammer on his foot. "What asylum for indigent jackasses did you get that scriptural quotation from? How'm I going to screw the measly top on the dod gasted bottom of itself? Where's the screw that does that? Just jerk your thumb in the direction of the interconvertible screw that will screw a thing on in that way?"

"Why, you just turn the top over on the bottom, the man said, and screw it to the top; that—"

"Come over?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, tugging at the works, from which he had neglected to take the thumb-screw. "Come over the way the man said for you to! Hear me! Come over! There can't any dodgasted piece of seventy-dollar ingenuity get the best of the manufacturer when Spoopendyke's within reach! Come over and screw on the bottom, like the man said! Coming over!" and Mr. Spoopendyke's hands slipped, landing him on the back of his neck in the crate his wife had purchased to box the machine in.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, trembling with apprehension for the safety of the machine. "Let the man come and do it himself if he knows so much about it——"

"Dod gast the man!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, springing to his feet and moving on the works once more. "Think he can break this measly old cast-iron imitation of an inebriate home any quicker'n I can?" and he grasped the top of the instrument and hauled away till his eyes hung out. "Come over to the dulcet bottom and be screwed on! O come where the glory of being screwed to the bottom of the top awaits thee. Come over and see this miracle of plastering the top and bottom of the same thing together as performed by Spoopendyke, the apostle of impossibilities! Come to the dod—" But here the thumb-screw broke, driving Mr. Spoopendyke into the closet like a spike, where he sat holding the multilated top in his arms and looking dazed.

"Are you hurt, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, rushing toward him.

"Hurt!" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke. "Am I hurt? D'ye see that thumb-joint hanging to that measly screw? Wow-w-w!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, dancing to his feet, and dashing the machinery into the crate. "Get in there, quick!" and he tumbled the rest of the business in after, where it stuck cornerwise in spite of his effort to drive it in with his leg. "Is this what the man said?" and he jumped at it with both feet. "Bottom appear to be coming any nearer to the top from where you stand?" and he whirled the crate around and then kicked at the corner of the machine. "Does that screw strike you as beginning to take hold? Got a notion that this machinery can be moved from here to Hackensack without scratching any paint off the farm houses along the road?" and concentrating himself in one last effort Mr. Spoopendyke turned the crate over on the machine and breathed hard.

"You have done that splendidly," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, anxious to restore peace between Mr. Spoopendyke and the wreck of her sewing-machine. "It isn't exactly the way the man said, but I know—"

"O you know all about it?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "If I could build a front door and a veranda to your information, I'd stand you in a tub of salt water and start a summer-resort! O you're posted on what to do! You understand mechanics! Some day I'll fit you out with a price-list and a strike, and start a rolling-mill!" and Mr. Spoopendyke went for his hat, and tore out of his room.

"It's pretty well scratched, but otherwise it's all right," commented Mrs. Spoopendyke, examining the wreck. "And I'll get the man to box it. I think I'll put this bottle of ink in his light coat pocket. He'll want it as soon as he gets out there, and he'll find it as soon as he sits down!"

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