# END OF A TOUGH'S CAREER.

## George Botts Killed at Lincoln While Resisting Arrest.

## SHOT BY OFFICER HUDSON.

### How the Capital City People Celebrated Christmas—Convicts, Insane and Friendless, Given an Extra Dinner—Other News.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.]

George Botts, a colored man and well known hard character to the officers of the law, was shot in the head early yesterday morning while resisting arrest. Through the day yesterday he laid in the main corridor of the city jail in a stupid condition, and at 5:30 in the afternoon he died and the remains were turned over to the coroner. Early Saturday evening Botts was about the city under the influence of liquor. Between 8 and 9 o'clock he entered Waltemade's saloon, where he brewed trouble at once, knocking down an old gentleman named Helwig and assaulting Waltemade. About 10:30 he appeared before the new Burr block on Twelth and O streets, where ex-Policeman Collier is employed as watchman. Botts had it in for Collier, and drew a revolver to shoot him. Collier, however, escaped him, and notified the police, who went in search of him but did not find him. Between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning a telephone from the Depot Hotel restaurant stated that Botts was there and Officers Petterson and Hudson were detailed to make the arrest. Reaching the place and approaching Botts, Officer Hudson ordered him to throw up his hands. Botts' response was to reach for his gun in his hip pocket, when Hudson fired, the ball striking Botts just below the left eye, felling him to the floor. The wounded man was conveyed at once to the station and Dr. Beachley called, who probed for the ball, a heavy one from a fourty-four caliber revolver. But after probing three or four inches in his head the doctor failed to discover the whereabouts of the missel and abandoned finding it. Botts, as he lay in the corridor of the jail through the day in a comatose condition, was a frightful spectacle, the wound swelling rapidly. No possible blame can be attached to the officer, who knew the character of the man and the necessity of certain work in securing him. Botts has a criminal history that covers almost the entire time since he came to Lincoln, and before coming here he served a term in the Missouri state penitentiary. He was in the pen here for a year and was a refractory charge, marvelously escaping being shot by one of the guards. Some three months since he came for a term in jail and had not been out twelve hours until he made a haul on some clothing. Officer Mitchell had a hard struggle in arresting him then, and had to shoot at him to capture him. For this he served about three months in jail and has been out about a week. When they searched his clothes after carrying him to jail they found an ivory-handled thirty-two caliber revolver in the pocket that he was reaching for when shot. He had $6 in cash and a watch, although he had nothing when he left jail. The coroner will hold an inquest over the remains to-day.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CAPITAL.

Christmas day was evidently a prosperous one in Lincoln. Crowds filled the streets until a very late hour Saturday evening, and the trade of the day was immense. A number of firms in the city pronounce the holiday trade this year the greatest in the history of the city. Church services were held in the different churches yesterday appropriate to the day and were largely attended.

At St. Theresa Catholic church Father Kennedy was assisted by Bishop Bonacum, and the services, commencing at midnight and continuing through the day, were very impressive. The music was a special feature of the day and was of an exceptional high order.

At the First Congregational church Rev. Lewis Gregory, the pastor, preached a sermon appropriate to the day to a large audience. The music was of especial merit, with Mrs. P. V. M. Raymond as organist and a double quartette numbering the following well-known singers: Mrs. Weber, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Raymond, Miss Churchill, Messrs. Easterdy, Cameron, Churchill and Harmer.

Rev. O. A. Williams addressed a very large audience at the services of the First Baptist church at Runke's opera house, and the other churches in the city were largely attended.

To-day will be observed in the city as the legal holiday and the postoffice will observe only holiday and Sunday hours. The banks will close for the day. The county offices, with the exception of the judge's office, will be closed, and the state house will also observe the day as a holiday. To-night West Lincoln people will enjoy the fruits of a Christmas tree, and East Lincoln will have Christmas doings at Grace M. E. church. A large number of business firms remembered their employes with appropriate gifts. The carrier boys of the State Journal and BEE were remembered, and one of the novel recognitions of the day was made by M. L. Trester, who presented each family that had located on his addition with a turkey for their Christmas dinner.

At the penitentiary no special observance was made beyond a Christmas talk in the morning and an extra dinner to the convicts, in which turkey played a prominent part. At the home for the friendless the eighty little folks were all made acquainted with the day, and at the hospital for the insane a special dinner was served to the inmates.

A LARGE DOCKET.

The supreme court docket for the term commencing January 3 is a large one, there being 269 cases on the printed docket. Of these cases, as is usual, the second district leads in the number appealed and the third district is second on the list. The number of cases by districts are: First district, 24; second, 47; third, 35; fourth, 16; fifth, 19; sixth, 15; seventh, 32; eighth, 27; ninth, 11; tenth, 18; eleventh, 13, and twelfth, 22, making the total from all districts 269. In the call of the cases two weeks are given on the docket for cases from the first, second and third districts, one week for the fourth, two weeks for the fifth, one week for the sixth, one week each for the seventh, eight and ninth, one week for both the tenth and eleventh districts, and one week for the twelfth. The final week of the term, as entered on the docket, is the week commencing April 10.

Commencing with the new year, Judge M. B. Reese advances to the post of chief justice, Judge Maxwell, re-elected, having completed his term as chief justice, and entering upon his new six years' term as associate justice. The rules of the court are printed in full in the docket.

CHRISTMAS ARRESTS.

About 4 o'clock Christmas evening the police raided the ranche of the notorious character known as "K. C. Ann" and locked her up in the city Bastile, where she made life miserable through the day. The police court records show that two men, named Fred Meyer and Charley Roberts, were found at her place and a charge rested against them for frequenting a house of ill fame. Three lodgers, who gave their names as Joseph Kauffman, Thamas Healey and James Rivers, were furnished lodging for the night, and the half dozen inmates of the jail serving out their term of commitment had ample opportunity for reflection upon their worthlessness as they wore the day away in the outer corridor.

### Rev. Williams' Affliction.

The funeral of the child of Rev. John Williams, which died Saturday, has been postponed until Tuesday morning at 10 o'cloed. A second child was not expected to survive last night, and there being no hopes of recovery it is the intention to bury the little ones side by side.

Leland hotel, Chicago.

## A LONELY VETERAN.

### The Last of the Houston Spy Company.

San Francisco Chronicle: There is to be seen almost every day in the vicinity of Second street, taking his customary walk, a man who has seen more of the tented field than perhaps any other now living in the state and who has had an eventful career such as falls to the lot of few. His hair is almost white and his figure is bent with the weight of his more than three score years, but his mental faculties remain as keen and alert as ever. C. O. D. Kelly is the sole survivor of Sam Houston's famous spy company in the Texas war of 1835. a veteran of 1846 and a charter member of the pioneer society. It was he who carried the tidings of the massacre at Almo in 1836 to New Orleans, and thence to New York, after encountering difficulties as great as those which have made the names of some of our latter day war correspondents famous. But Mr. Kelly is a modest man and hardly realizes the fact that he has done anything out of the way.

A Chronicle reporter was introduced to him yesterday at the Montgomery hotel, with whom he conversed for a short time on the incidents of the veteran's early career. Mr. Kelly was born in Mayo, Ireland, in May, 1802, and is now in his eighty-sixth year.

"You will recollect when Waterloo was fought," said the reporter, after a few introductory remarks.

"Perfectly well. I was living with my parents in Liverpool at the time. During the night I was wakened by the noise and shouting in the streets. Everybody was wild with excitement; bands paraded, bonfires were lighted and fusilades sent off in every direction. Yes, it was a great night. I came to this country soon after and served my time with a Quaker carpenter in New York. From there I went to New Orleans, and when the revolution broke out in Texas in 1835 I volunteered for service, joined the Mobile Grays and went to the front. One day a scout came into the camp from Colonel Crockett to procure assistance. I was one of the thirty boys who jumped in with Mossley Baker's regiment to go to the rescue. We got to the headquarters at Gonzales, when there was another call made for volunteers to press on to Travis, Bowie, and Crockett's beleagured army at San Antonio. Twenty-five of us jumped out of the ranks at once, headed by that prince of scouts, 'Deaf' Smith. We got to San Leon all right, but there the Mexicans sighted us. Though we were outnumbered by twenty to one, we showed fight, but were forced to retire three times in succession. We remained in the woods waiting anxiously for the sound of our cannon at Alamo; but not a sound was heard; the fort had fallen the night before. Only Captain Dickinson's wife and child escaped. They were sent to the settlement with a proclamation that all who would be friendly to the constitution of '24 would be well treated. We met her and the child in a sad plight, poor woman, near the fort, and it was from her that we learned the news of the massacre. The first thing to be done was to get the news to headquarters, and Captain Snell, Lieutenant Wood and myself undertook the task. I bought three horses from a Portuguese and we started off. We were surrounded by the enemy on every side; we had no provisions, and in a strange country.

"I can tell you," said Mr. Kelley, as he mused on the moving incidents of half a century ago. "I feel a cold shiver running down my back even now as I think of that ride from San Antonio to New Orleans. It took us about a week and an account of the marvelous escapes we had would fill a newspaper. My companions were almost dead with fatigue, but I did not feel so bad, as I was used to hardships all my life, so I left them on the road and hurried on to the Picayune office with the news, and from there took the first packet to New York, and I was the first man to carry the tidings to the editors of the New York papers.

"I started back at once to join my regiment and revenge the cold-blooded massacre of our fellows. And we did it thoroughly under Sam Houston's command, who was one of the best and bravest men that ever handled a sword. Houston, ex-Governor Pease, Judge Waller and I celebrated the battle of San Jacinto in 1880. Houston died a year or so ago, and I am now the only survivor of the Houston Spy company of the Texas Rangers.

"Did you take any part in the war of '46?"

"Of course I did. Do you think that when I fought in '36 I would stay away in '46? No, sir. I was among the first to answer to the call, though unfortunately I did not see much of the fight. I was wounded in a guerilla skirmish before Vera Cruz and was sent to the hospital, but before my wounds was dressed the regiment was off. Major Daniels gave me a wagon and I drove to the city of Mexico to join my company and returned with it to Texas.

"I came to California in the early part of '49 along with Colonel Hayes, one of the heroes of '46. We had a hard time of it crossing the plains and we thought we were never to see the Golden Gate. We left our mules and baggage on the road and had to make a great part of the distance on foot, I can tell you when we got here we were more dead than alive, but the gold fever caught us and we soon revived."

"Of course you would not remain at home during the civil war, Mr. Kelly?"

"Well, I did take a hand in the job. I was back in Texas, in Harris county, when it broke out and I assisted to put up and pack the two steamboats that captured the Harriet Lane, with 350 prisoners. That was the last of my exploits on the warpath, and I returned to this city, where I intend to spend my remaining days."

Mr. Kelly, considering his great age and the hardships incidental to a life such as his is remarkably vigorous. He has never had a day's sickness, unless from wounds, and his memory is excellent. His eyesight is somewhat impaired and he has all the pioneers's scorn for spectacles. He still, however, takes an attractive interest in politics and sets forth his opinions in a manner that brooks no opposition and with a brogue as rich and rare as though he had just stepped from Erin's isle.

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# THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

## Items of Interest to the Men on the Road.

## AN OLD TIMER IN NEBRASKA.

### Proctor Knott on the Drummer—A Good Suggestion—He Ranked Him—Small Orders—Omaha's Sunday Guests—Samples.

### An Old Timer.

"I made my first trip through Nebraska in 1872," said a drummer to a BEE representative. "I was traveling for a Chicago house and had the whole state for my territory. I could cover it easily in those days, too. The Union Pacific was completed to Cheyenne. Omaha was a rustling young city of 20,000 or so, Lincoln a promising bantling of 2,500 and Hastings unthought of. Pretty nearly the whole South Platte country was a wilderness, too lonesome to howl. I suppose I might just as well have owned a dozen or two counties now if I'd had a lick of sense then; but then I would have grown haughty and dyspeptic probably and might not be enjoying life half so well as I am to-day. I remember a year or two after that first trip a friend of mine bought a lot on upper Farnam street for $500 and I laughed at him for a sucker. He sold it a while ago for $18,000. I used to drive from Omaha to Lincoln by way of Fremont, Wahoo and Ashland. We thought then that if Lincoln got a railroad she might make a pretty good town in time. Columbus and Grand Island were struggling villages. Sidney was a holy terror, though. Tough? well, I should say. It was the outfitting point for the Black Hills and when a wagon train of those freighters got in from the Hills the way they made things jingle was a caution. Why, even after I had been going there for a number of years, one morning the landlord called me out on the porch before the hotel to show me a couple of fellows dangling from a telegraph pole. Saloons and dance houses! The woods were literally full of them. One particularly disreputable one was kept by a man named Joe Lane, about as impervious a gentleman, I suppose, as was ever turned loose. He went from Sidney to some place in Idaho, and after a year of his society the inhabitants passed him over the range with their compliments—that is, they lynched him. Lane ran a saloon and dance house in a building made of rough boards, a story and a half high and about a hundred feet long. The windows up stairs were a single pane of glass stuck in the wall of the house. That old shanty was the nest of perhaps the most abandoned batch of humanity, male and female, that ever got together. I was selling cigars and I had made a dozen trips to Sidney before it ever occurred to me to try to sell to Lane. One day a customer of mine asked me why I didn't go down and sell Jo Lane some goods. I told him the climate was too severe—I was afraid half a dozen or so bullet holes through me might let in too much raw wind.

'You come over with me,' he said, 'and I'll guarantee you will sell him a good bill of goods. Hardly anybody tries to sell him, and you can get whatever price you are a mind to.' Well, finally I went over and sure enough I did sell him a big bill. Cigars that I was selling for $35 I put up at $70 and so on. The house refused to ship the goods. The prices I had put on staggered them. I wrote them that Mr. Lane was sure to skip the country or be lynched some night, and as in either event they would lose whatever he owed them at the time, I had thought best to create a little sinking fund as we went along by getting the price of two bills in every one. They concluded to take the chances and shipped the goods. I sold Lane for a long time after that and the house made a nice thing on his trade, as I always got the same prices. I always managed to go down to his place in the day time, generally in the forenoon, when things were quiet and the chances for bringing away a whole skin were much better than at night when things were in full blast. One day Lane said to me, 'Charley, why don't you come down some night to a dance? I tell you we have ——— nice times here.' I told him frankly that I had never been educated up to a proper appreciation of the peculiar style of joviality in vogue there; that I was unused to having my attention distracted by being shot at while dancing, and so might not behave in a manner to do credit to him as my host. Lane laid one arm affectionately over my shoulders,—he was at his low-water mark of insobriety, too—and declared 'The first cuss who dares to annoy you in my house will get his blamed hide so full of lead it won't hold bran.' I appreciated his kindness, but felt obliged to decline the invitation nevertheless."

"But things have changed since then," the drummer continued reflectively. "Soon after the B. & M. was built and the South Platte country opened up. I worked the B. & M. out to Hastings then. From Hastings I would drive to Red Cloud and through the Republican valley. Yes, sir, things are different now. Then a man could work up a solid trade. I've had many a customer who would wait a week, maybe, for me, or send his order in to the house, rather buy of another house. Now a merchant usually buys of the first man that comes along and has what he wants."

### Proctor Knott on the Drummer.

Hon. Proctor Knott, ex-governor of Kentucky, at a recent gathering of the traveling men at Louisville showed his appreciation of the craft by the following: "But commercial tourists, travelers, evangelists or drummers—call them what you will—I like the craft. I have met them many a time and oft during my wanderings the last twenty years, and have always found them a genial, whole-souled set of fellows, as well as intelligent, energetic, honorable business men. In fact, I have been with them so much I know them by their backs. Do you see that fellow curled up on the car-seat there, sound asleep, unmindful of the roar of the train, the yell of the brakeman, or the ingress or egress of the passengers? He's a drummer. He rode forty miles last night through wind and rain and mud to make his point, and he made it. That debonnaire young man who is helping that poor, tired-looking lady, with her numberless bundles and her sick baby, he's a drummer, too. And the bright, jovial-faced youngster who is rising to give that venerable old gentleman his seat, is a drummer also, and so are those four fellows at the rear end of the car who are amusing each other and everybody around them with their flashes of wit and humorous stories. They are all drummers, the closest observers and the most entertaining narrators of curious and interesting facts in the world. It has been one of the leading characteristics of the commercial traveler from Sinbad the Sailor—the great prototype of the profession—down to my jovial and esteemed friend, Joseph Mulhatton, who, in that respect at least, is said to be far more gifted than the illustrious father of his country."

### An Important Notice.

The board National of directors of the Travelers Protective association has issued the following important notice to the members of the organization:

At the St. Louis convention resolutions were adopted appointing a committee to formulate a plan of accident insurance and present the same to the national board of directors at their December meeting. Unforseen circumstances positively prevented the meeting of this special committee, consequently no plan was presented to your board: but in view of the overwhelming vote in its favor at the national convention, and the universal demand from all parts of the country since that meeting, your board has deemed it imperative to take immediate action.

Before a charter can be secured for an accident association under the laws of Illinois, a paid-up capital of $5,000 must be shown, and all its officers must be citizens of the state of Illinois.

Owing to the impossibility of the Travelers Protective association to comply with such requirements under its present organization, your board has entered into contract with certain capitalists of the state of Illinois, who will advance the necessary capital to organize an accident association under the laws of the state of Illinois and in the interests of the Travelers Protective association.

At least one member of your National Bord of Directors shall be elected to the directory of the insurance association, and your national secretary to be their secretary.

The insurance department will share the offices of the Travelers' Protective association, and shall pay for the same one-half of the running expenses, including one-half of the secretary's salary, clerk hire, rent and all incidental expenses.

The general plan of this insurance association shall be similar to that of other first-class accident associations, as the enclosed application will show, and its benefits the same.

All members of the Traveler's Protective association in good standing will receive, upon application, an accident policy for $5,000 and $25 weekly indemnity free of admission fee.

All members in arrears shall receive a like policy free of admission fee upon making application and paying their Travelers' Protective association dues.

Any person eligible to membership, and who shall make application and be accepted by the Travelers' Protective association at any future time, shall receive a like policy free of admission fee.

Any person not a member of the Travelers Protective association desiring to take a policy in the insurance department can do so upon payment of $5 admission fee.

Your board of directors feel that the interests of the Traveler's Protective association are fully protected by contracts entered into and on file in this office, and which every member is invited and urged to inspect, and that they cannot too strongly recommend and demand the cordial support of every member having the good of our association at heart.

Members in good standing are urged to make immediate application for their policy.

A tangible benefit is now offered to every member of this association in good standing; let those whose dues are still unpaid at once forward the amount to the national secretary and treasurer, and be in position to receive this and other important benefits which we have reason to believe will be attained in the near future,

### A Fool Official.

Philadelphia Ledger: The comptroller of the state of Texas must be a democrat, and, as such, ought to know a little more about the constitution and state rights than to resist a decision of the federal courts declaring a law taxing drummers unconstitutional. He has directed county officials, it is said, to enforce the law until it is repealed by the legislature or "until congress by express enactment denies the right of the state to impose such taxes." That is an absurd position on its face. If congressional action should be founded upon constitutional limitations it would be unnecessary; if not so founded it would be inoperative and of no effect. The comptroller of Texas had better be guided by the federal court, at least until he has had time to read—say the first chapter in our constitutional history.

### Omaha's Sunday Guests.

There was a very small representation of the commercial travelers' fraternity at the hotels yesterday, the boys all who could, going to their homes to pass Christmas. Those, however, who were forced to put in the day in Omaha were grandly cared for at the hotels, where luxurious meals were served.

The arrivals at the Millard were: Ben Kohn, Newark; G. E. Morrison, Chicago; Fred W. Taylor, Baltimore; H. I. Mantz, Chicago; G. L. Coon, Philadelphia; John M. Comstock, Chicago; H. P. Miles, Boston; G. C. Perkins, Boston; H. R. Seymour, Chicago; J. J. Luken, Chicago; Walter Collyer, New York; H. Leyser, Milwaukee; Charles Bridge, Albany; A. M. Kellogg, New York; Ben Einstein, Chicago; Thomas W. Johnson, Peoria; W. O. Everett, Milwaukee; James Rafferty, St. Louis; R. C. Clark, New York; J. H. Parsons, Binghamton; F. C. Fisher, Chicago; Andrew Thompson, New York; C. W. Batell, New York; E. P. Esties, New York; A. S. Truesdale, Syracuse.

The arrivals at the other hotels were: C. B. Chase, Chicago; C. E. Rood, New York; S. H. Kohn, Chicago; J. E. Stewart, Newark, N. Y.; A. Acherson, New York; J. L. Mandell, St. Louis; A. F. Holden, St. Louis; Wm. Dickson, New York; M. Salinger, New York; W. B. Wentworth, New York; J. E. Kreybill, Kansas City; J. D. Ripley, New York; J. S. Davison, New York; S. P. Pollock, Philadelphia; J. T. Wertz, Boston; H. L. Terrill, New York; G. M. Scott, Salt Lake; A. Martin, Denver; S. M. Watson, Chicago; A. Ballenberg, Chicago; W. H. Axtater, Rochester; W. Merrill, New York; C. W. Manning, Boston; H. M. VanDuesen, Westfield; G. H. Harney, Des Moines; W. R. Gilbert, Columbus; D. Talbut, Camden, Me.; J. W. Grace, Baltimore; T. R. Muaady, New York.

### A Good Suggestion.

To the Editor of the BEE: There is quite a large number of traveling salesmen who make Omaha their home. It has been estimated that 300 is not too large a number to mention as living in this city. As yet there is no local organization of these salesmen in this city. In other towns of importance traveling salesmen are organizing, and the result is beneficial in more ways than one. During the holidays many of the Omaha representatives will be in the city and I suggest that they spend an hour or two of their time in taking steps towards the organization of a local post. A meeting held in the parlors of the Millard some day the coming week might result in a permanent organization of this kind. I am sure if some one takes the initiative and makes a start he will find hearty co-operation on the part of the salesmen of this city. TRAVELER.

### He Ranked Him.

Detroit Free Press: As a train was ready to leave the Central depot the other day a drummer who occupied two seats, or had prepared to, left the car to say good-bye to some one. When he returned he found his luggage on the wood-box and a strange man in possession of the seats.

"What does this—this'er—mean?" he demanded, as he drew himself up and took in the situation.

"Drummer, ain't you?" queried the other.

"Yes, sir."

"Drummer on $1,200 a year?"

"That's my salary, sir; but what has that got to do with this case?"

"A great deal, sir. I'm a lightning rod man on $1,500."

And he calmly crossed his feet and unfolded his newspaper, while the drummer sighed, gathered up his things and went into the next car.

### Small Orders.

In October a St. Paul firm who employed a number of traveling salesmen determined to enconomize, and discharged two of their men. One of these was on the road at the time, and the house wired him to bring in his trunks as they had no further use for him after November 1. The salesman responded that his contract expired January 1, and that when dismissed without cause he would insist on full pay to that date. In the same communication he reported the collection of several hundred dollars which he would remit from a certain paint. When the drummer arrived at that point he found awaiting him a letter from the house reiterating the instructions and thier determination that he should cease operation, in their name. The traveler retained the money collected, returned home after finishing his territory and demanded a just settlement from his house. He was threatened with arrest and every effort used to get him to yield. He was obdurate, however, and the house made settlement with him, paying him the full amount demanded.

The inaugural meeting of the Kentucky branch of the N. T. P. A was held in Louisville, Kentucky, Tuesday, December 20. The affair was an enjoyable one. Five hundred traveling salesmen from all parts of the south were present, and 120 new members were received. President O. P. Pindell of the N. P. T. A. delivered an address which is characterised by all who listened to it as one of the best ever delivered on a similar occasion.

The St. Louis post of the Travellers' Protective association held an adjourned meeting Wednesday afternoon. About forty commercial tourists were present. The meeting was held for the purpose of receiving the report of a committee appointed at the last meeting to obtain the money left over from the entertainment of the travellers last summer. The committee appointed reported that the money, amounting to $592, had been paid over to them by the entertainment committee. The executive committee stated that they would be ready to report on the club room in two weeks. It is said that the room will be established in connection with the Western Commercial Travellers' association.

### Remembered at His Wedding.

C. W. Wright, the popular day clerk of the Pacific hotel, Grand Island, was married in that city on Christmas eve to Miss Jessie F. Hedges. The traveling men, with whom Mr. Wright is a great favorite, made the happy couple some very valuable presents.

### Samples.

Mr. H. J. Miner, of this city, has accepted a position as traveling salesman with Vineyard & Schneider, dealers in wholesale notions and gents' furnishing goods, and will represent the firm's interests in Colorado. Mr. Miner is a gentleman of experience, and will doubtless be successful in his new field of action.

In the next issue the BEE will resume the publication of biographies of the traveling salesmen of this city and state. This very interesting feature was temporarily suspended on account of the difficulty in securing the necessary information, due in a great measure to the extreme modesty of the members of the craft. The entire list will receive attention, and in order to be correct and render mistakes impossible it will be well if those interested will send to this department at their earliest convenience the data for these sketches.

Among the gentlemanly knights of the grip who have journeyed from this city none have been more successful than L. P., C. W. and W. D. Pruyn. For the past four or five years these energetic commercial tourists have carried the banner of the Mound City Paint and Color company into every city and hamlet from the Mississippi to the Rocky mountains. And it is safe to say that where the Pruyn Bros. could not place an order none other need apply. Two of the brothers L. P. and C. W., have given up the road and are now engaged in other occupations in which their usual success attends them. Mr. W. D. Pruyn, the youngest brother, is now the only one upon the commercial highway. W. D. is a bright young man and holds up the high reputation of the brothers, scoring a new success on each recurring trip. Mr. Pruyn's territory is Nebraska, Colorado and southern Dakota.

## A MODERN ENOCH ARDEN.

### An Absent Husband's Return and His Startling Discovery.

A special dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat from Philadelphia says: Anthony Schuyler, of the Arlington hotel, sat in the snug little parlor of his hosterly this afternoon and told an Enoch Arden story, in which three of his neighbors were the principal characters. Arlington is a little village over in Jersey on the Morris & Essex railroad. Landlord Schuyler's story dealt with the adventures of Thomas Harkins, who formerly occupied a farm on the back roads, about half way between Arlington and Caristadt. The farm was used for dairy purposes. His household consisted of his wife and his hired man, James Callen. One day in the early part of last spring, Harkins came home from New York and his wife called his attention to the fact that the water was beginning to rise on the meadow. Having some grass stacked at a point near the edge of the river, he concluded to go out and see if he could secure it in case of a flood. He got into a boat some distance below his destination and rowed up the river. He did not return that night. When morning came and the day wore on, and still no tidings of him reached his wife, she became greatly alarmed.

During the night the water in the river had risen rapidly, and the meadows were covered with several feet of water. In the afternoon a thorough search was made along the river by several of the neighbors in boats. The search was kept up with vigor until a late hour in the afternoon, twhen one of the searchers came across a boat wedged between the piles of he bridge of the Greenwood Lake road that crosses the Hackensack. On examining the boat it was found to contain Harkins' coat. This discovery confirmed the fears of the searchers that the occupant of the boat had been drowned. The search for Harkins' body was kept up for some time without avail. Meanwnile Callen took charge of the dairy and ran the farm as usual. He had known Mrs. Harkins in Ireland before she married Harkins. Six weeks ago the supposed widow became Mrs. Callen, and about two weeks after the marriage Callen was taken sick with pneumania.

Two weeks ago, about 11 o'clock at at night, a knock came to the door of Callan's house. The man, who had partially recovered from his illness, went down. When he opened the door he saw Harkins upon the stoop. The sight was too much for the weak state of the invalid and his superstitious mind, and Callan fell in the hall in a faint. This brought Mrs. Cullen down stairs, and when her eyes rested upon the visitor she uttered a piercing scream and also dropped upon the stairs in a swoon. It was a long time before the man and woman regained consciousness.

When the pair had recovered themselves Harkins was informed of the condition of affairs amid the tears of his former wife, who believed him dead. For a time Harkins was dazed at the information and remained speechless. He could scarcely believe that his wife had forgotten him so soon. After hearing the story, and assuring himself that he was not dreaming, he turned abruptly around and walked away from the house, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Callen in a state of intense bewilderment.

"Harkins came to my house," said Mr. Schuyler, "a week ago last Friday, and for two days remained in his room, having his meals sent to him. On the third day he sent for me, and I went up to see him. He then gave me the above facts and related to me a remarkable story of himself. It appears that, as was at first supposed, on the day that he had disappeared, Harkins was caught in the strong current and after endeavoring in vain to get his boat toward land was swept on down the river. By the time he reached the bridge it was dark. Suddenly he received a severe shock from striking the bridge, and from that time had no recollection of what had transpired until he found himself wandering about the streets of Pittsburg. All was blank to him. He had not the slightest idea of how long he had been away from home or how he had reached Pittsburg. He was suffering from a stinging pain in the head. When he had fully recovered himself, his first thought was of returning home He remembered that he had friends in pittsburg, and at once began to hunt them up. He was successful in finding them, and soon had the means with which to return home, which he did at once, after being seven months away.

"His discovery on reaching home, he said, almost unnerved him, and he was at a loss what to do under the circumstances. His wife's apparent forgetfulness had been a great shock to him, and he intended to go away and leave her unmolested. Harkins asked me to go to the house that evening to get some papers and other articles for him. When I reached his former home I found that Callen had died the night before. The exposure and shock had been too much for his weakened condition. He was buried on the following day. On Friday evening Harkins sent me for his former wife. I returned with her and ushered her into Harkins' room. They had a long interview with each other. What passed between them of course I do not know. On Saturday morning Harkins went to Newark, and when he came back he told me that he had placed the sale of the stock on his place in the hands of a lawyer, and that it would remain in charge of the new hired may until sold. He also stated that he had condoned his wife's fickleness, and that they would both go to live on a small farm that he owned in Sullivan county, New York. They both left here for their new home on Sunday morning. Harkins, however, expects to return in a short time to wind up his affairs."

### What Busted his Trade.

There never was a madder man in seven states than was old Jake Kaiser the other day.

Jake Kaiser is a wholesale dealer in cigars and manufacturer of what he called a superior brand.

He had just consummated a trade in which 10,000 cigars were involved, and the money was about to be paid when he heard a familiar voice on the outside.

Jake and his customer proceeded to the door of the factory and the following conversation ensued:

"I say, Jake, here vas der cabbages. Dem leaves vas more bigger as der same size dot you hafe for tree months already yet."

Old Kaiser was gesticulating wildly trying to get the cabbage dealer to stop, but the latter continued:

"Holy Moses, Jake, look mit your eye on dot bunches of leaves; it vill shmoke shplainded goot."

Jake grew red and his teeth fairly ground each other, but the c. d. would not understand that he was killing Jake's trade.

"Yoost took der lot at der same price you paid der day behindt yesterday, though dhey vas more worth as two tollars."

The customer now began to suspect something, and turning to Jake said he would call again in the morning.

Shortly afterward the cabbage dealer, having thrown off his load in the barn, went into the office for his pay.

Old Jake's anger had now risen to its highest pitch, and when the cabbage dealer had got square in front of him Jake rose up in his might, placing both hands on the cabbage dealer's shoulders, giving him a violent shake, exclaimed:

"Do louse koph, you vas so shtoopidness like der tuyfel. On dot ackound I lose me dot trade, und der cabbage vas a drug store on der market in my barn."

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To be freed from the dangers of suffocation while lying down; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, putrid matter defiles the breath and rots away the delicate machinery of smell, taste and hearing; to feel that the system does not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a blessing beyond all other human enjoyments. To purchase immunity from such a fate should be the object of all afflicted. But those who have tried many remedies and physicians despair of relief or cure.

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