THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

A Tourist's Ode to March-A Choice Bit of Gossip.

POINTS FOR YOUNG TOURISTS.

Preparing to Recover Illegal Tax Collected From Commercial Men-A Singular Case-Omaha's Sunday Guests-Samples.

You are A blustering, windy month, by far The worst we have in all the year, We fear Each blast,

And curse thee while thy rigors last. Why do you come so soon in spring? The thing Which you

This year most properly could de Would be to wait till late in eight-Ty-eight,

Will be intent on politics just then. And yelling crowds whose throats with noise are skinned

A Bit of Gossip.

DENVER, Colo., March 16 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-Here is a bit of gossip for you between trains. Do you remember Dick Turner, a traveling man for Pilger Bros. steel works, Pittsburg! Well, he came out here to Denver eighteen months ago and entered Gregg's hardware store. We boys made his acquaintance and in two weeks he was one of us. He seemed to be a first rate fellow and the smoothest, keenest talker ! ever listened to. He had of course described great circles over the United States and it was a cenuine pleasure to hear him tell of cities and shows and people, even though you had seen the same hundreds of times. Dick could retouch the old familiar canvas until you could not recognize it. Nothing escaped

him; to hear his stories was like viewing Chicago under a solar microscope. Many will remember that easy swing of voice and words and manner as he twisted his long mustache and sent electric currents from his black eyes, whose genial warmth seemed to run all over you and to clear away

all despondency.

He surely must have had rare success as a traveling salesman, for he knew people by heart and constant friction had worn his native acuteness to a fine point, and if he decided to take a man's order it was inevitable. It was often wondered why he gave up traveling and settled down to the prosy life of a local salesman, but his excuse was that the only little woman in the whole world that he wished for a wife would not marry a

he wished for a wife would not marry a traveling man.

He worked faithfully, indulged in no dissipation except utmost devotion to the Knights of Pythias. He was the finest drilled "sword" in the city and was captain of a crack division. His fellows were proud of him and of course were much interested in the fact that he fixed himself out last September went down to St. Louis and got market the course went down to St. Louis and got market went down to St. Louis and got market. tember, went down to St. Louis and got mar-

tember, went down to St. Louis and got married.

After his return, just as soon as it was possibly proper, "Prank," one of the boys at the store, and the writer made them a call. We found them away out on Walnut street, in the snuggest little cottage in that neighborhood. We "sized up" the tmy parlor while we waited for Mrs. Dick to appear. Although it was most diminutive, it was superlatively harmonious. Now we knew that Dick himself was authority on asthetics, yet at a glance we recognized a woman's skillful hand in every arrangement, and we guessed just what sort of a little lady would lift the portleres to greet us. Well boys there is not an adjective in my lexicon which will express to you just how pretty was Dick's wife. No wonder he got married! We had judged him rash and had ridiculed and regretted his weakness; but—married to so pert, so sunny a creature! Why it was a very, very wise thing the state of the sunday was the state of the sunday was the state. weakness; but—married to so pert, so sunny a creature! Why it was a very, very wise thing to do. And wasn't Dick proud of her! His eyes thew kisses at her every minute.

It proved just as we predicted. He wasn't at drill half the time. Swords seemed to have lost their charm. "Oh, Dot wouldn't let me go. She is a baby about staying alone," he explained.

About three weeks ago "Prank" and Mr. Harris came to me with a letter from Dick's mother, Columbus, O., asking the where-abouts of her son, Richard A. Turner, saying that his family, a wife and two children, were in much need of his support. Horrors I Dick's family! I thew the letter down in dismay. "It cannot be," I said. "Just read a little furthur," urged "Prank," the description fits exactly—eyes, hair, height, everything. I tell you Dick Turner's the very chap. That's the reason his wedding. chap. That's the reason his wedding cards read Arthur R. Turner. Don't you remember how confused he grew when we asked him about that! Yes, sir. Answer every question, Harris."

"But, boys, be careful," I said, "Dick will not be triffed with, you know. He's a des-perate man when aroused, and he uses a re-volver like a professional. volver like a professional. He'll protect Dot to death. I tell you just let the affair alone, or be very sure he is the man."

"It is evident that he is the man," per-sisted Prank, "and he ought to be in the pen-itentlary this minute. Of course it will be hard on Dot, but isn't it just as hard on the other woman? Some one has been terribly wronged and it's our duty to straighten things out; he will find that the K. P. is not a coat cut for a bigamist to wear in comfort. Ha! I can see him now with his long mustache shayed off, his hair clipped and a striped suit

I saw that it was no use talking; they might have some fun out of it anyhow; so I kept quiet and waited to hear something

One week ago, towards evening, I was making my last entry. Dick was buttoning on his overcoat. At the door Dottie waited in her sleigh to take him home to dinner, he

in her sleigh to take him home to dinner, her rosy face with its fluffy frizzles and seal cap just peeping out of the soft robes.

As I looked up to bid Dick good night a strange lady entered and two officers were shadowing the door. She asked for gasoline stoves; seemed confused, undecided, and finally inquired if Mr. Turner were in.

"I am he," answered Dick, with his usual snavity. She opened her ever wider. "I

suavity. She opened her eyes wider. "I mean Richard A. Turner." "I am Richard A. Turner. What can I do for you!"
"You Richard Turner," she repeated slowly, searchingly. "Why, you are no more my Richard than the man in the

more my recommon!"

"Your Richard!" gasped Dick. "Well,
not if I know myself."
She looked heartbroken. "Forgive me. I
was so auxious to find him that Feaught at
straws." And she told him her sad story;
the same old story that hundreds of deserted

wives know so well.

Dottie's ponies shook their bells impatiently. Dick's voice was full of gentle sympathy. 'I met a man once with the same name as my own; we will find him; but you

name as my own; we will find him; but you say you are a stranger here and alone; my wife and I will be glad to help you."
"Prank" looked blank when I told him that Mrs. Turner No. 1 had appeared on the scene and was enjoying the kind hospitality of Dick and Dot.

CLIESS HALL. Points For Young Travelers. An English writer, in speaking of traveling salesmen, says: "Assuming that a man knows his business, he should nover think of traveling unless he has a good appearance and good manners. As all cannot have good

appearances, and as it is not in human nature to acknowledge our defects, I will put down a few attributes that do not tend to make a successful traveler. A man with a squint one who stutters, one who is always airing his political or religious opinions, one with a nervous temperament or poor health, or bad-

nervous temperament or poor health, or badtempered, one well informed, who continually displaying his knowledge tries to make
his listener feel his inferiority, all these are
unsuitable."

To this an old and experienced commercial
traveler adds in the St. Paul Globe: "The
one who is continually descanting on the demerits of his competitor's goods, and is never
thoroughly acquainted with the merits of his
own line is equally unimitable. While
there is a great deal of truth in the
foregoing attributes, or rather lack of
attributes it does not follow that a man with attributes it does not follow that a man with a single one of the defects may not in some lines become successful, and make an average good salesman upon the road. If, however,

the salesman could combine in his make-up good address, quick, perceptive qualities, plenty of perseverence (pluck), with a calm, even temperament, his success is assured. He should have a liking for the line in which he is engaged, or there should be a sufficient amount of fascination about it, as well as the business of traveling, to endear him to it, otherwise if he possesses all the good attributes, and none of the defects, "as a success he would be a failure." It is not the greatest talker who is the best salesman. The best travelers are born, not made, and the one who can say just the right thing at the right time, get into the confidence of the buyer quickest, as a rule gets the largest share of the persimmons.

This is a natural trait with some, and to This is a natural trait with some, and to

such the customer most frequently takes a liking. Still others are continually offending such the customer most frequently takes a liking. Still others are continually offending very many by their superabundance of bounce. Cultivating close observation would enable any traveler to perfect himself in the art (because it is none the less an art) if he would but give the subject thought and proper study. No matter what line of goods he be selling the traveler should be thoroughly well posted so he can clearly show to the buyer their points of merit over competing lines, and it is far better that he be enabled to do this without allusion to any other line or manufactory. No one can successfully soil a line of goods unless he thoroughly understands it, and the same is as true of the retailer as the traveler, and as the success of the one depends upon that of the other it is as strongly essential that the traveler thoroughly post the buyer as to points of merit that he, the buyer, may in turn become the successful seller. The moment you attack the line of goods a man has in stock, or is buying, that moment you attack his judgment and open the way for controversy. Often it means open warfare. One of the most frequent avenues of approach is the price question, and not unfrequently when a traveler sees no prospect of an order, he begins to talk and over prices, and if he is the price question, and not unfrequently when a traveler sees no prospect of an order, he begins to talk and quote prices, and if he knows an order is out of the question, such ruinously low figures that no house would honor an order if given. This has the effect very often of making the uninformed buyer suspicious of his house, and either through their representative or by letter he begins a controversy which too often ends in an open rupture. First impressions are always the best. The traveler should size up his man upon his first visit, which he will be able to do in a few moments running conversation, and having done so, attack him in the weakest point, which if successfully in the weakest point, which if successfully done will result in an order. One important thing for all travelers to remember is that their respective houses can only 'meet with success as their patrons are alike successful, and the latter can only be successful by first buying judiciously and selling understand-ingly. This being the case, the traveler be-comes an educator by thoroughly making known the marits of his wares, so they can be both bought and sold. A traveler should be thoroughly allied to his house, in full sympathy with their plans, goods and wares, and as earnest in his work as though it was his own, at no time letting an opportunity slip to advance their business interests."

A Singular Case.

A singular story comes from Pittsburg, Pa., which tells of the experiences of a traveling salesman in a house intected by "spirits" of the vasty deep. Alexander Ashbrook, a Philadelphia drummer, stopped in the village of Empire, near Steubenville, O., on the night of March 8, and took lodgings with a private family, the only hotel in the place being full. According to his story he awoke at midnight, and saw sitting in a chair at his beside a handsome young woman clad in a brown dress and wearing a white hat. in a brown dress and wearing a white hat. He was much astonished at the discovery, and asked the mysterious visitor what she wanted. This he repeated several times. Receiving no answer, he arose from the bed and attempted to lay his hands upon the woman, but she vanished before he could accomplished his purpose. At the same time the lamp in the room was extinguished. In the morning the hostess asked him if he had seen anything strange during the night. Relating the story as given above, he was informed that the description of his visitor tallies with that of a young woman named Nancy Weir, who was murdered in this same room about two years ago. The apparition Nancy Weir, who was murdered in this same room about two years ago. The apparition had been seen by various persons, the hostess said, and all were firmly impressed with the belief that it was a veritable ghost. A singular part of the story is that Mr. Ashbrook knew nothing about the murder until informed of it after seeing the apparition.

A Good Move. A number of Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York firms are making a vigorous effort cure the refunding of the District of Columbia license tax on non-resident commercial travelers. In August, 1871, the local authorities of the District, apparently under the authority delegated by congress, imposed upon commercial agents a license tax of \$250. The firms and travelers affected declared that the tax was unconstitutional, as it was a restraint on inter-state commerce, but the restraint on inter-state commerce, but the local officers rigorously enforced the act, and in a number of cases arrested the salesmen. A case was carried to the supreme court, and the tax was declared illegal. Nevertheless, the district authorities continued to levy the tax on the ground that congress alone had power over them in the matter. Finally the supreme court of the district upheld the travelers' position. The firms that were forced to pay the tax are now petitioning congress to refund the license moneys illegally collected. The prospects of success are good. John Henry Keene, jr., of No. 89 are good. John Henry Keene, jr., of No. 89 Morse building, Baltimore, is chairman of the committee and is anxious to hear from

Women as Salesmen. A writer in the New York Mail and Express says: In to-night's issue of your valued sheet you mention "the only successful woman drummer" in this country as Mrs. K. Kabok. For nine years past I have traveled west and south eight months out of the year, and met during that time at least 100 very successful "women drummers," or, as we on the road term them, "female electric lights of commerce." They are confined mostly to the millinery, fancy, flower and feather and speciality drygoods lines, and represent firms in Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Louisville, and prefer to travel south, where their sex assure them courtesies not so liable to be extended farther west. The last one I met was at Nashville, Tenn., and she repre sented a Dayton, Ohio, millinery house. She had two large trunks and conveniently forgot their weight of excess baggage when hecking them.

Omaha's Sunday Guests. Appended are the names of the commercial travelers who appended their "sigs" to the registry of the leading hotels of the city

The Paxton arrivals were: R. W. King, New York; John C. Caldwell, New York; M. Bergman, New York; A. S. Steifel, New York; R. E. Gill, Cleveland; J. Noonan, New York; George E. Cohn, New York; B. D. Caldwell, St. Louis, Gus Moser, St. Louis; S. B. Throp, New York; R. N. Shomaker, Cincinnati; W. S. Shomaker, F. S. Dane, Chicago; J. C. White, Chicago; F. X. Jones, Philadelphia; B. J. Deefendorf, Philadelphia; J. A. Armfield, New York; Wesley Browne, Chicago; W. H. Peden, New York; R. H. Pronafont, New York; F. H. Storrs, Hoston; J. S. Litts, Milwaukee, J. Hundford, Chicago; W. G. Calladay, New York; H. G. Fraise, Philadelphia; D. R. Chamberiand, Cincinnati; W. E. Brock Chicago; John M. Hill, Boston; A. W. Blye, Syracuse; A. B. Lamburn, New York; J. Myers, Boston; E. A. Lancaster, Chicago; A. H. Veeder, Chicago; G. W. Perkins, New York; J. V. Hurt, Dewitt; A. Vaid, Des Moines; H. E. Hass, Des Moines; M. Horton, Chicago; G. F. Swift, Chicago; F. B. Woodruff, Chicago; Arthur Wyman, St. Louis; S. M. Rasenthal, Chicago; C. C. Mitchell, Chicago; Spencer Arnold, Grand Rapids; W. E. Hutchins, Boston; E. Bull, New York; Frank Weeks, Chicago; Frank P. White, Chicago; N. J. Hill, Syracuse; T. H. Sheolin, Minneapolis; E. A. Warner, Providence, R. I.; J. G. Davis, New York; A. Ryder, Chicago; J. F. Gear, Boston; A. L. Carson, Moline, Ill.; W. H. Johnson, Chicago; C. Butterfield, St. Louis; A. S. Dexter, Chicago; F. H. Orentt, Philadelphia; John Clay, Ir., Chicago; Mark Shankland, Gloversville, N. Y. George H. Bush, St. Louis; E. G. Day, Syracuse, N. Y.; W. H. Quick, Des Moines; C. C. Darling, Providence, R. I.; W. H. Bravoort, Chicago; Lee Hern, Chicago; J. T. Bambaugh, Chicago; E. D. McEnnis, St. Louis; M. E. Er Louis; S. B. Throp, New York; R. N. Shomaker, Cincinnati; W. S. Shomaker,

MULHATTON'S BROTHER.

Terror of Idaho. HER "SHACK" ON THE SNAKE

Indulges in a "Tea". With the Female

The Summary Manner in Which She Disposed of a Too-Ambitious Husband-The Bravest Woman

win, Dubuque; W. Tischbein, New York; C. W. Manning, Boston; E. A. Cayne, Chicago; C. H. Clark, Providence, R. I.; F. E. Powell, Cincinnati; J. E. Redlugton, California; J. Stedman, Chicago; J. E. Netson, Chicago; G. P. Hutch, Dubuque; George R. McGee, Baltimore; A. Schener, New York; George H. Russell, New York; F. C. Handerson, Kansas City; J. G. Hitchcock, Chicago; Henry Schwartz, Philadelphia; George T. McGlaughlin, Boston; W. L. Swift, Chicago; John Z. Adams, New York; H. S. Russell, New York; J. M. Klaess, New York; H. C. Cloyes, Chicago; C. H. Palmer, Cincinnati; W. P. Stone, New York; G. H. French, Boston; R. W. Cross, Chicago; T. J. Gude, Massachusetts; J. Stem, New York; Stanley Bartlett, New York; E. Nelson, Chicago; W. A. McBarney, New York; T. C. White, St. Louis; T. P. Lawrence, Chicago; J. A. Davis, St. Louis; Gardner McKnight, St. Louis; J. W. Susmun, Boston; W. H. Siiverhorn, Chicago; C. Sadler, New York; W. Robinson, New York; M. Robinson, New York; John Ross, New York; E. C. Terry, Connecticut; H. Woif, Kansas City; Dr. B. T. Whitmore, Detroit, J. T. Russell, Chicago; J. W. Collins, New Brighton, Pa.; A. Beach, New York; J. L. Walker, Boston; C. E. Brown, New York; F. W. Sanborn, Boston; F. Keene, Lynn, Mass.; T. A. Scott, New York; V. B. Tuttle, New York; James Grant, Philadelphia; W. C. Bodman, Chicago; R. Henderson, San Francisco; J. P. Martin, New York; F. Murgandailer, Chicago; W. B. Taylor, New York; P. Morgan, Cincinnati; C. G. Smith, Milwaukee; Thomas Carleton, Boston; J. K. Nast, Detroit, George W. Best, Chicago; M. P. Voudaire, New York; F. M. Carsley, Chicago; G. W. Taylor Chicago; R. Crable, Chicago; A. M. Patterson, Detroit; A. H. Weber, St. Louis; C. D. Gamett, St. Louis; A. Marshultz, New York; M. Michalles, New York; E. S. Curdozo; New York; B. M. Cleveland; C. Buell, Cleveland; H. M. M. Clafton, Cleveland; S. A. Goldsmith, Connecticut; J. H. Gruen, Chicago; J. H. Dobbling, St. Louis; Davis Hawley, Cleveland; J. L. Denham, Cleveland; F. E. Powell, Clevinnati; J. Hallon, New Yo Writes a Denver correspondent of the Chicago Times: The bravest wo man on the American continent lives in the Little Snake range of mountains, between Yuba City and Rocky Bar, Idaho territory. She is pre-eminently brave and reckless by instinct and habit, I really believe that she could face Sullivan for ten rounds, and not get the worst of the meeting, either. At least that is the impression I formed after taking "afternoon tea" with her. and I have subsequently learned that a great many men better equipped from a physical standpoint than I share the same opinion. A few of the miners putting in the winter at Rocky Bar discussing the probabilities of the coming summer, informed me more than once that Mrs. Sarah McDonald was the "hardest customer" in the terri-tory. Ned Blakely, who left Chicago to come out and prospect and cure e pulmonary complaint, led me aside quietly as I was about mounting preparatory for the forty-seven mile ride to Yuba City and advised me kindly to steer clear of McDonald's widow. "You can make Yuba City by night," said he. New York; Sol Harris, New York; W. M. Johnson, Pittsburg; H. F. Fuller, Columbus, O.; E. B. Rowland, New York; C. F. Adams, Chicago,
Those at the Millard were; B. H. Heine, New York; H. W. Newlove, New York; R. G. Calder, Chicage; J. C. Zimmerman, New York; E. B. Pope, Kansas City; D. G. Edwards, Cincinnati; J. B. Crowell, New York; Sidney Ticnor, Philadelphia; H. J. Thayer, Chicago; Payl Grueber, Kansas City; George H. Atwood, Chicago; C. W. Fraker, Des Moines; F. S. Oliver, Chicago; A. Kuttmaer, Detroit; D. L. Mansfield, Chicago; J. S. Coole, Chicago; J. O. Shelly, Chicago; John A. Speck, Chicago; J. J. Paxton, New York; John G. Miller, New York; Frank Stevens, Philadelphia; William B. Norris, Chicago; George A. Dickenson, New York; William Hunter, St. Louis; T. A. Thorp, DesMoines; J. R. Newton, Kansas City; J. G. Barnard, New York; James W. Sargent, St. Joseph; D. B. McDonald, Detroit; A. L. Katz, New York; J. M. Patterson, Cincinnati; T. S. James, New York; T. J. Harding, New York; J. D. Blair, Chicago; C. F. Wright, New York; J. W. Patterson, Cincinnati; T. S. James, New York; T. J. Harding, New York; H. Lyser, Milwaukee; F. P. Davidson, New York; R. P. Dodge, Milwaukee; P. A. Seilig, Chicago; H. H. Lance, Des Moines; Frank Madden, St. Louis; George P. Rally, New York; F. S. Capron, Chicago; Walter Scott, Chicago; E. R. Booth, New York; W. T. Howard, New York; Aughorston, New York; W. T. Howard, New York; A. E. Rowley, Chicago; H. E. Billau, Chicago; G. S. Rimport, Philadelphia; T. M. Goodwin, Chicago; J. W. Cassell, Chicago; G. S. Rimport, Philadelphia; T. M. Goodwin, Chicago; J. W. Ludwick, New York; C. C. Towsley, Chicago; C. W. Pringle, Chicago; H. Bevin, Cincinnati; Jim McCulloch, Chi 'if you don't fall in with Sarah, but if you do the chances are that your friends will be troubling the territory officials about your fate."

I had heard so much about the woman that I asked Blakely for information. "Well, I don't know much about her," said he, "more than that she is the widow of Mike McDonald, a Scotch-Irish miner, who got the

WORST END OF AN EXPLOSION in a mine near Pocatelle, about four years ago. McDonald and his wife kept a sort of road-house before Pocatello was known, and she gained a reputation as a hard hitter by whipping Matt Whalen, who was known as one of the bad men of the west twelve or fifteen years ago. Matt stopped at McDonald's place one night with a couple of companions, and attempted to leave the next merning without settling his bill. He successfully knocked out the lady's husband, and was about leaving when Mrs. Mac called upon him to "do up" the rest of the family, at the same time felling him to the ground by a savage left-hander. Matt was thoroughly aroused, and started in to exterminate her, but in less time than it takes to tell it, she had mopped up the cabin and landed him in the sluice-box a dozen feet away. That gave her a reputation which spread from the Platte to the Columbia. When her husband died she married a man named Murfrie, and moved up in the Little Snake country. Murfrie was a good-looking young fel-low, and when Mac's widow exhibited a preference for him he did not look any further. She had a snug little fortune, and Murfrie wasn't fond of work. So he doubled up, and we didn't hear anything about them until a year ago, when Sarah rides into town one day and says that an undertaker was needed up at her place. 'Murf tried to git my stuff an' skip with that red-headed hussy over at Plimpton's on Thursday,' says she by way of explanation, 'and I caught him.

but he was too ambitious to suit me. SHOT MURFRIE THROUGH THE HEART, and appeared to take it as coolly as though it were an every-day occurrence. Well, Murfrie was buried and a warrant sworn out against Sarah for murder, but it has never been served. I don't be-lieve that it ever will be. The deputies will tackle a man, but there isn't money enough in the county to have that war-rant served. She's a bad woman, and I wouldn't let newspaper enterprise take me in her way if I were you. If you do, her history will be in your memoirs should you live long enough."

Murf was a purty good sort of a fellow,

Samples. Soon will the garb of vernal green Adorn once more the sedgy moat Soon will the youth of pensive mien

A number of blockaded knights of the grip gave an impromptu concert at Watertown, Dakota, March 3. The entertainment was in

Captain C. V. Bainsford, who for many

years has represented Peycke Bros., has bandoned the road and will enter the broker

The St. Paul Globe claims that Seneca De Lavergne is the father of the commercial travelers. Mr. De Lavergne began life on the road in 1848. Mr. De Lavergne is get-ting old yet he still caters to a large trade.

The Chicago Tribune says: If, as is pre

licted, the commercial drummer of the future is to travel without sample cases but

is to sell goods only by pictures and by his own representations of them, we should like to know what he is going to have to put in

he place of his sample case alongside him or

the car seat to keep young ladies and such like folks from sitting in with him.

C. T. Schwille, representing a leading Dallas, Tex., house, was arrested recently for not having supplied himself with a drum-

mer's license. Upon consulting the proper authorities it was ascertained that as Mr. Schwille represented a Texas firm, he must

comply with law by paying the tax or suffer the consequences. The United States court at Galveston had declared the drummer's tax unconstitutional, which rendered it in-operative against commercial travelers from

another state whereas there is no escape or redress for the Texas drummer as long as the law remains on the statutes, and repre-

the law remains on the statutes, and repre-sentatives of the law can be found to en-force it. The commercial man must pay a bonus for the privilege of doing business in his own state, while his brother from other territories has the freedom of the state.

Two great enemies—Hood's Sarsapa-rilla and impure blood. The latter is

utterly defeated by the peculiar medi-

At a recent lawsuit in Taxas thirteen

expert cattle-breeders swore that when cattle were branded in "the dark of the

moon" the brand will never get larger

than the first impression, no matter how much the cattle may grow. But if the branding iron is applied in the "light

of the moon" the scar will spread, and

the lighter the moon the larger the

FULL WEIGHT

PURE

CREAM

BAKING

MOST PERPET MADE

spread.

Hypothecate his overcoat.

age business in Omaha.

It was, therefore, with considerable apprehension of personal safety that I rode down through on the narrow track that had been beaten in the snow by the travelers between Yuba and the bar, and which led for a dozen miles along a minature valley that in summer must have presented a picturesque though rugged cast of scenic beauty. Now, however, it was covered with snow, which had drifted into deep banks, save where the road stretched out a tiny thread in the white field. I had ridden twelve miles, probably, and the sameness of the scene was getting a little monotonous, when observed a mile ahead a man, or what took to be such, on horseback. spurred up, anticipating a miner's company to Yuba City, and in a short time had ridden alongside and was about to speak when the figure on horseback turned, and I saw it was a woman. The terrible Sarah! And such a woman. Dressed in the garb of a miner, with high boots and heavy sombrero, dirty

and stained, with a fringe of MUD-COLORED BANGS under the brim and shading her she looked more like a border Mexican peon than a human being. I should say that Mrs. Sarah McDonald, or Murfrie, was forty years of age. She had shoulders like a man and eyes that one sees in the county hospital or Desplaines street station dock almost every day. The features were those of woman, but hardened and as rough as those of a man. Her eyes had once been blue. That she was muscular and quick I could see as she turned in her saddle to "size me up." She had a 45-90 Winchester with shotgun stock and excellent workmanship slung under the saddlebag and along the horse's flank, and a belt about her waist contained a Colt's 44 and hunting knife. She had the general air of a person who could care for herself in any kind of company. and I made up my mind to get out of it as soon as possible.

"Where y're goin' at?" she asked ooking at me and taking an inventory of my store clothes. I informed her that I was going to

Yuba City. "Where'd'ye come from?" I told her, and when she had] made a ew commonplace observations, to show that she had studied volapuk, she asked if I was going to ride through that day. I replied that such was my intention, when she put her hand on my rein, and said: "Well, I guess you can stop over night at my shack. I an't seen no company fur a long time 'cept them loafers down at the bar, and I want ter know sumthin' about what's goin' on in the sumthin' about what's goin' on in the world. You seem like a 'spectable feller."

I answered back, and she rode on in silence for a moment and hummed a bar or so of Its superior excellence proyon in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used bo the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the strongest, Purest and Most Healthful. Dr. Prize's Cream linking Powder does not contain Amnaonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in caus. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.

New York Chicago, St. Louis

asking if I were familiar with it. "Purty song, ain't it?" she asked, "it's just struck these parts. A ped-dler sang it at my shack the other

day."
Then she entertained me with some of the local gossip, and in an hour we reckon I can git along thout their help.

OUR NEW STOCK.

Of boys' and children's clothing for the spring, is the largest ever shown outside of New York city. Almost our entire second floor is now given up to this department, and it is without exception the best lighted and best appointed salesroom in the city. We display hundreds of styles of boy's suits, made up in the most beautiful and artistic manner and the extremely low prices we quote on them will be a surprise to everybody. A partial list of the bargains we start the season with are the tollowing:

200 strictly all wool good cassimere suits, for boys 4 to 13 years old at \$2.50. They are pleated, neat and well made: we recommend the material as strong and durable, being every fiber wool, and it is bevond a doubt the cheapest all wool suit ever shown.

200 elegant all wool fancy cheviots suits, in Norfolk style, at \$2.90 These are positively worth \$5.00.

As an extra bargain for this week we offer:

300 suits of a neat dark mixture, good Weight and adapted to this time of the year, nicely pleated and well made, at the extremely low price of \$1.25 per suit. Nothing like it was ever shown for less than \$2.50.

An immense line of new spring suits in light and dark colors for larger boys up to 18 years of age, at prices ranging from \$2.75 upwards. All sorts and qualities of knee and long pants from 25c up.

We cannot advertise all our bargains, a great many of them do their own talking in the store. All our boys clothing is well cut and made, and we take especial pride in turning out good fitting garments.

Not the slightest risk is taken in dealing with us. If there is the slightest objection to the fit, quality or price after you have the goods at home, you can return them and we refund the money.

Everything marked in plain figures, cash and one price.

Nebraska Clothing Company

Corner 14th and Douglas Streets. Omaha.

rode over a divide and, when well up, I saw half a mile ahead, a little adobe building that looked as if it might contain two rooms. There was a little corral and barn a short distance from the cabin, and half a dozen lean cattle were conspicuous figures in the per-spective. "That's my ranch you see there," said she; "'taint much of a place, but I guess you can make out."
"I urged important business at the bar necessitating my proceeding, but she cut me short by saying: "Look a'here, I don't want no poligies. It not safe to go on at night, and you're goin' to be my guest 'till mornin,' see."

I saw, and replied that I would be delighted, realizing that submission was the better part of valor. We rode up to the cabin, dismounted, and, after removing saddles and briddles, turned the horses into the corral, where Mac's widow emptied two pails of oats, giving my animal the larger share. We then went into the shack, and I was surprised to observe indications of feminine habitation. The furniture was simple and crude, yet there was an air of housewifely cleanliness about it that was in strange contradiction to the character of its singular occupant. The one room amply large, and the rough log walls were covered with newspapers and litographs with an occasional pictorial publication of ancient date. I observed a copy of the Chicago Times of October 10, 1876, and a portion of the same paper of January 4, 1879. While I was regarding the unique collection, including a photograph of John Mc-Collough as Virginius, Mrs. Scott Sid-dons, W. E. Sheridan, General Grant, President Lincoln, Maggie Mitchell, Lottie, C. W. Couldock, Mr. Lester Wallack, Harry Montague, Charlotte Cushman, Junius Brutus Booth, Caroline Richings, and a newspaper cut of "Long" John Wentworth, of Chicago, whom Sarah said her husband had known at one time, my hostess proceeded to "fix up" things and "git sup-

for an hour, during which she hummed a mosaic of old hymns and popular songs of long ago, and I watched her. There was something truly feminine about her in spite of the ill-fitting masculine clothes she wore, and once when she thought that I was not looking I saw that she was attempting to arrange the frowsy shock of hair, that had probably not been combed for a long time, using a bit of a mirror that had been resting against a Milwaukee beer bottle on an improvised dresser that had formerly been a shoe box. The bangs were easily arranged, with water as a substitute for bandaline, but the back hair, which had been recently sawed off at the nape of the neck, gave some trouble by resisting a comb whose teeth were now but reminiscences. She hurried to her cooking as I turned and in a few minutes had spread a table which gave evidences of her handiwork in its construction, and invited me to sit down and partake of a real savory baunch of elk, with bacon, fried potatos and coffee. I enjoyed the meal as boarding-house-fed stock usually enjoy primitive food nicely cooked, and told her so. Then the womanly in-

stinct came out. "Pshaw, 'taint nothin'. Eff'd known you wus comin' I'd a fixed up sumthin'.'
When she had cleared away the table which service she performed like a trained domestic, night had settled down, and she lighted a candle and went out to look after the stock, bringing on her return two big logs that would have resisted the strength of a muscular man. She put these down by the fireplace, and pulling some skins out of the locker, proceeded to arrange a couple of shake-downs on either side of the table. I fortunately had cigars and a flask of "Planet" which I displayed, and, after pronouncing the liquor the best that she had partaken of

"You're the first man wots sleeped here since Murf died," said she. I 'spose the boys at the Bar tole you 'bout DON'T HITCH TER MEN

since she was in 'Frisco, she indulged

in reminiscences.

like mos' wimmin. Mike, my husban', was a purty good feller. Me an' him wus married in V'ginia City in '69. He was a weak citizen though, but I had my way and we got along all right. We lived in a fightin' country, where a man had to look out for himself. Mike couldn't, so I did it for him. I an't never met no man that I was ever afraid of. I've had hard luck an' am lookin' out fur myself. People talks erbout me a great deal, but I don't care. I lives here alone an' nobody's goin' ter trouble me. I've got folks somewhere in Iowa, but I don't count much on 'em, and

\$500 CASH PRIZE.

The Omaha World will give a cash prize of \$500 to the person who correctly predicts the republican and democratic nominees for president and vice presithis year.

BULES AND CONDITIONS:

1—EACH PREDICTION MUST BE RECEIVED by the WORLD on or before June 1st, 1838, and must be accompanied by One Dollar for a year's subscription to the OMAHAWERELY WORLD, a splendid eight page paper, sent to any address.

2—If Several Predictions are Correct, the prize money will be equally divided among the senders, unless there are more than ten correct predictions, in which case the money will be of vided among the ten correct predictions first received by the World.

3—By Nominees is Meant those who receive and accept the nominations.

4—NOT MORE THAN ONE PREDICTION can be received from one person, and it must specify the full names of the four nominees and the office for which each will run.

5—The Prize Money will be paid within ten days after all nominees have accepted.

Address THE WORLD. Omaha. Neb.

Address THE WORLD, Omaha, Neb

I've got some stock an' a little money, and when I gits old I'll sell out an' hunt 'em up. I'm forty-three years old, but am strong and healthy. I puts on men's clothes because they're comfurtable. I don't want no wimmins frills an' frimpers in mine. No. I don't git lonesome. I looks out fur my stock, an' kin read a little. That's the way I spends my time. The boys at the Bar and Yuba don't like me, but make's 'em civil enough. They know's how I I 'spises men, an' lets me alone. That's what I want. I don't take no stock in em. You seem an innercent sort of 'eller and I wanted ter talk ter you about the states and the folks thar. Take that bunk thar; it's time to go to bed. Gimme yer guns an' I'll put em

away." I complied and was soon asleep, in spite of the novel situation. When I opened my eyes in the morn ing I observed the female paragon dealing out diversified English to a dog for some offense that I had not witnessed. After breakfast my hostess walked out to the corral and saddled my animal. The beast resisted a little and the "lady" actually lifted it from the ground in her wrath. When all was eady and I was about mounting silenced my thanks, and, with the information that I was too much of a 'tenderfoot" to be out in "these parts' told me to go home to my mother and civilization.

A Covington, Ga., paper says that Mrs. Hays, of that place, has a little girl twenty months old that can sing and carry a tune without assistance.

Arthur Schleman, of Sanford, Fla. killed a rattlesnake the other day and found in it a large rabbit. The animal had evidently been swallowed only a short time before, for it was still warm.

Choking Catarrh.

Have you awakened from a disturbed sleep with all the horrible sensations of an assassin clutching your throat and pressing the lifebreath from your tightened chest? Have you noticed the languor and debility that succeed the effort to clear your throat and head of this catarrial matter? What a depressing influence its exerts upon the mind, clouding the memory and filling the head with pains and strange noises! How difficult it is to rid the masal passages, throat and lungs of this poisonous mucus all can testify who are afflicted with catarrh How difficult to protect the system against its further progress towards the lungs, liver and kidneys, all physicians will admit. It is a terrible disease and cries out for relief and cure.

The remarkable curative powers, when all other remedies utterly fail, of Sarrono's Radical Cure, are attested by thousands who gratefally recommend it to fellow-sufferers. No statement is made regarding it that cannot be substantiated by the most respectable and reliable references. How difficult to protect the system against its

Hable references.

Each packet contains one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVEST, and an IMPROVED INHALER, with treatise and directions, and is sold by all druggists for \$1.00. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

STRAINS, SPRAINS, PAINS

arrived in one minute by that new elegant, instantaneous and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation and Weakness, the Curricura Astring plaster. The instantoning plaster. The most efficacious, the most agreeable, and the most speedy of all external agents for the relief of Pain and Weakness. At all druggists, 25 cents, five for \$1.00; or, postage free, of Potter Drug And Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Contagious Blood Poison.

Mr. D. B. Adams. Union. South Carolina, writes: "I was afflicited with a terribie case of blood polson for about thirteen months. I was treated by the best physicians, and used various kinds of remedies, but received no substantial relief. I finally tried the swith Specific, and about four bottles cured masound and well."

Col. B. H. Kleser, editor and proprietor of the Opelika, Ala., These, under date of August 3, 183, writes: "When I was a young man, through indiscretion, I contracted a disease which has stuck to me for years. Some five or six years since I was troubled with pains, so as to make it difficult for me to walk, Hawing advertised the S. S. in my paper for several years, I concluded I would try it to see if there was any efficacy in the meitine. I commenced using it according to directions and used half dozon bottles. I was once at a way station and, getting laft, I walked the seven miles and have never felt any raturn of the old maisdy, After experiencing the good effects I must say I am satisfied with the result. I am slaxy eight years of sign and I feel how like a young man and can so to the case when necessary and aspeting from six to eight thousand eans without any incoaverience. I send you this without any incoaverience.

venience. I send you this without soliciatien.
Mr. F. Woehl, 211 North Avenue, Chicago,
under date of Juno 12, 1887, writes: "I deem
it my duty to thank you for the cure I reectived from your excellent medicine. I contracted a very severe case of blood polsoning about two years ago. Hearing of your
medicine, I went to a drug store, the preprietor of which persuaded me to buy's
preparation of his own, which he said was
a sure cure. I used six bottles of his stuff
and grew worse all the time. At last I go
disguisted and despaired of a cure. I met a
friend who fold me that your medicine had
cured him. I went to the same druggist
again and demanded your medicine. Horeluctantly sold me twelve bottles, and I am
now perfectly cured. I write this for the
benefit of sufferers, to prevent their being
deceived by false representations. I thant
you again for the benefit derived from your
medicine."

Dr. J. N. Cheney, a prominent physician.

you again for the benefit derived from you medicite."

The control of control

SteckPiano

Remarkable for powerful sympa-thetic tone, pliable action and absolute durability. 30 years' record,

WOODBRIDGE BROS.



Alcott & Link

GLUCK & WILKINSON.