# THE KNIGHTS OF THE GRIP.

## A Friend Writes of the Drummer and His Calling.

## THE VISIT TO BEN HARRISON.

### Six Hundred Chicago Men Call on the Republican Candidate—The Struggles For the Traveler Vote—Gossip.

**A Friend of the Boys.**

Mr. C. L. Betts, an old time friend of the drummer, has the following article in a recent edition of the Dpoch under the caption "Drummers:"

It may safely be stated that not one drummer in ten likes his situation. After the novelty of the life wears off, an intense loathing of the "road" grows upon him. There is something utterly repugnant to the average man in being obliged, "willy-nilly," to hurry from place to place as if driven by an antique fury. To a married man it is especially so, and therefore most drummers are young and single.

The army of commercial travelers from this city alone has been estimated at 60,000, and, in my opinion, that is below the number. Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore are proportionately represented, and there is scarcely a town or even a village in the east that has not its contingent. In no other country has the drummer such a field to cover as in this. Many have the whole continent for a foraging ground, and the experienced drummer thinks no more of going to San Francisco, or Mexico, or St. Paul, than he does of going to Jersey City or Brooklyn. The "boys," as they are called, are known individually to men in remote country districts who have never left the shadow of their native burgh. Without them many a hotel would close up, and many a maiden would sigh in vain for the "latest" New York fashions. They have nearly superceded the picturesque peddler of our grandfather's days, for the "store" is everywhere and the drummer follows the store.

Drumming, too, though there are many indifferent specimens of its class, is a fine art. To suit yourself to the humor of your customer, to know when to be bold and when to be abashed, to flatter delicately, to persuade disinterestedly, to present alluringly, to tickle the ears of sour indifference with a good joke, to use the right word just in the nick of time to gain the wavering mind, is a triumph of diplomacy which can only be appreciated by the initiated. A story is told of Moore, of the famous London house of Copestake, Moore & Compton. Moore, from his wonderful success as a drummer, was called the Napoleon of the road, and such was the admiration of his brother salesmen for his abilities, that they used to help pack his trunks, so that by catching an early train he might increase his power of selling. There was one man to whom no one could sell, a stiff Quaker, who declared he would never buy from a drummer. Moore laid a wager that he would sell him a bill of goods at his first call. He was better than his word, for he sold him the coat off his own back, and a large bill of goods as well.

Everyone who wants to sell anything at wholesale is obliged to hire a drummer or be left behind in the race. The drummer's position then is always an important one, and if he is a good salesman he can command a high salary. There are some men on the road to-day getting higher salaries than judges on the bench, presidents of mercantile societies, and by far the larger proportion of literary men. So exacting in fact are its conditions that to find one thorough in all requirements is not very easy.

There is no doubt, therefore, that in spite of occasional annoyances to tradesmen, the drummer is a most useful trade institution. Like death and taxes, he has come to stay, and never fails to pay us his call. His mode of life cultivates an amazing fortitude of "check." The drummer simon-pure never "funks." Good trade, bad trade, or no trade at all, he, like Horatio, takes with equal thanks. He may go for weeks without a sale, and then atone for it all by a grand coup. Long did the southern states put the ban of a tax upon him. They had carried protection to its ultimate conclusion. But the drummer triumphed. He evaded the tax in every possible way. He fought them in the law courts and legislatures and now the obnoxious decrees are rescinded. Through his state societies he obtained from railway companies special rates on baggage, and from hotels on board. He may know nothing of Plato and little of Herbert Spencer, but for downright "cuteness" and worldly resource commend me to the drummer.

**Catering for Votes.**

The Merchant Traveler in speaking editorially of the way the two great political parties are struggling for the vote and political influence of the commercial travelers says:

It is gratifying in the extreme to note the anxiety of the two great political parties to possess the drummer vote. Column after column of interviews with prominent merchant travelers are published daily by leading political organs of both parties, striving to prove that the knights of the grip are unanimously in favor of this or that candidate, for or against the tariff, etc., etc. The only thing proved by all this, and the thing that pleases us most, is that traveling men as a class have become a recognized force in all branches of political and civil government; that their influence has come to be felt and appreciated, and that at last they have taken their rightful place in the social and business world. They deserved much more than they received in former years; it should be their care now to check any sudden ambition which might spring out of their present recognition, and, demanding no more than they are entitled to, see to it that their demands are complied with. Five or six men with the assistance of a gaudy bouquet cannot give away the influence of the traveling men of the United States, not even if the chairman be Mr. Richards. When "in behalf of the commercial men of the United States," Mr. Richards, at a political meeting, presented a party with a nosegay, he, unasked, spoke for an element that chooses to speak on political matters for itself, and he succeeded in getting himself, only, laughed at by republicans and democrats alike. The traveling man has grown too big to be handled like a child in a nursery. He carries a latchkey, walks on the brussels carpet with his own boots, reads his own paper, thinks and votes for himself. And he is all the better for it. Subordination is well enough in its place, but the grip man is not a soldier in the regular army. He is a man.

**An Association's Work.**

The Northwestern Traveling Men's association has paid out to date for death losses $1,045,000. This amount has gone directly to the homes of 209 traveling men, and it is safe to say had there been no such organization a large per cent of this number would have died without insurance. To prove this it is only necessary to converse with its members generally. Many of them will tell you that they have no need of insurance, that they are hearty, strong and lucky, but that they are glad to belong to the association for the privilege of contributing to the families of some less fortunate brother. In a word, they take pride in an institution that is all their own and the source of so much actual good.

**Visiting Harrison.**

A week ago to-day 600 traveling men went from Chicago to Indianapolis to pay their respects to General Harrison. Great preparations were made in Chicago for the trip and the citizens of the hoosier capital turned out en masse to greet the boys. Each drummer carried a large red, white and blue parasol, and they waved them up and down and cheered almost constantly. The streets along the line of march were crowded with spectators, who gave the Chicago boys a generous greeting as they passed. It was after 5 o'clock when the Harrison residence was reached. As General Harrison appeared on the steps he was tendered an ovation. Colonel H. H. Rude, of Chicago, delivered the address on behalf of his associates. General Harrison in response said:

"Sir and Gentlemen of the Commercial Travelers' Association of Chicago: I bid you welcome to my home. I give you my hearty thanks for this cordial evidence of your interest in these great principles of government which are advocated by the republican party, whose candidate I am. I am not unfamiliar with the value, efficiency and intelligence of the commercial travelers of our country. The contribution you make to the success of the business communities with which you are identified is large and indispensable. I do not doubt that one of the strongest props of Chicago's commercial greatness would be destroyed if you were withdrawn from the commercial forces of that great city."

The general spoke then at length on the relations of the north and south, both before and since the war, and the effect of the great interchange of commerce between the states and the part the drummer takes in the change.

Each man had an opportunity to grasp the hand of the next president of the United States and also meet Mrs. Harrison. Each man left one of his business cards in the mansion. The crowd created more enthusiasm than any delegation that had yet called upon his excellency to be.

**A Drummer Dissected.**

Mr. Milo W. Ward, in a speech made recently at the dedication of a new hotel, gave the following as his diagnosis of the commercial traveler or drummer:

It is easier to tell what the traveling man is than what he isn't. He is (no bad sense) all things to all men. He is the missing link. He is at the same time a hope and a realization. He is, from his employer's stand point, a necessary evil. If he takes an interest in base ball or politics, and he does, he is apt to plant new hats all along his route, but in losing the straw he wins the kernel. He is a "fisher of men," and baiting with promises, he always catches the gudgeon. If his "pointers" sometimes misguide, he still remains the merchant's mascot and "gets there just the same." Being a practical man, he doesn't sing all the time and forever, but stops occasionally for a meal, knowing that "eat or be eaten" is the law of trade. He is an emergency man—has perhaps created the emergency, but when created he is equal to it. "Mr. Barnes of New York" must have been a retired traveling man. When good ears are more effective than much jaw, he is also there. He makes the luxuries of to-day, and the necessities of to-morrow. He is an epigram endowed with individuality. He is the John the Baptist to business.

**The "Rusher's" Career.**

A writer in the Merchant Traveler gives the following as the part the "rusher" plays in the commercial field:

The "rusher" is seldom of continued popularity. He is the man who can always "do better in a new territory." His affability and ephemeral knowledge of a great many things which he displays to the best advantage surprises the merchant into admiration and secures to the braggart an order; but let him come again and his real worth is discovered. His ammunition was exhausted on his first visit, and his repetition of stale platitudes are without effect, and the merchant's admiration is turned to disgust.

**Omaha's Sunday Guests.**

At the Millard—E. L. Cobb, Philadelphia; B. M. Bideiman, Adrian, Mich.; H. Paul Gruchlin and A. B. Lamborn, New York; W. L. Wilson and O. A. Rohn, Chicago; James M. Laurence, St. Louis; Samuel H. Levy and A. Lindsay, New York; J. M. Norton and Nelson Forton, Boston; Thomas W. Johnson, Peoria; P. G. Hoffman and E. M. Ford, Des Moines; M. Misch and Henry Freund, New York; Emil Herbeck and George F. Reger, Philadelphia; W. E. C. Windsor and George H. White, Boston; George L. Atkins and Frank H. Cohen, New York; John H. Pickett, Des Moines; J. B. T. Hall and B. M. Herbet, Chicago; W. H. Griffith, New York; Louis Littman, Detroit; James P. Shoop, Canton, O.; C. Uhlhorn and A. D. Clarke, Chicago; John E. Nelson and George Sprangenberg, Boston; H. W. Elwood and G. N. White, Chicago; H. S. Been and W. N. Walker, New York; Thomas H. Copeland and F. B. Tuck, Boston; George H. Atwood and James Reed, Chicago; H. W. Young and T. E. Leahy, New York; E. P. Foreman and F. R. Grimes, Chicago; F. O. Wheeler, Kansas City; J. C. Bond and H. J. Straight, Chicago; George E. Brown and J. W. Dickenson, Boston; F. J. Mark and F. A. Silman, Chicago; E. F. Woods and W. J. Hatton, St. Paul; George Wesslisg, Cincinnati.

At the Paxton—Max Slinger, Philadelphia; E. G. Ormsby and E. W. Howe, Atchison; T. H. Linneen, Lockport, N. Y.; A. G. Ewing, Clinton, Ia.; John Flynn, Dubuque; C. H. Ingwersen and Isaac Baker, Chicago; E. Heath, jr., and M. J. Fogerty, New York; R. Izard and Spencer Munson, St. Louis; James W. Hatt and Joseph W. Dane, Boston; J. L. Murphy, Canton, Ill.; S. E. Wattis, St. Paul; J. T. Hinshaw and Charles D. Smith, New York; A. H. Wolf and S. H. Kahn, Chicago; W. H. Willgon, Louisville, Ky.; E. Harrison and J. B. Ettinger, New York; W. E. Thompson, St. Joseph; B. Rotschild and W. C. Lattimer, Chicago; Fred Wenner, Cincinnati; F. W. Sanborn and F. E. Webster, Boston; J. P. Woods and Paul Meyer, Chicago; Thomas Bailey, Little Falls, N. Y.; C. C. Clarke, Brooklyn, N. Y.

At the Murray—Carl Schumann, L. Ullman, E. W. Coggeshall, Harry O. Phillips, S. H. Prince, A. R. Peacock, W. W. Crowley, William Weidenkeller, G. C. Hudson, D. Parrington, Chris. Greis, William Grunt, M. B. Roberts, H. C. Edmiston, William A. McBurney, all of New York; L. Y. Weeks, C. F. Hays, S. N. Clugstone, G. O. Jordan, J. C. Wheeler, Sam D. Ruggles, A. G. Leichardt, J. B. Maguire, P. J. Baron, S. R. Graham, A. B. McKay and wife, C. H. Smith, N. V. Simms, C. H. Brackenbush, W. T. Carey, Oscar Durante, all of Chicago; T. P. Whitmore, Dayton, O.; A. J. Taylor, Rock Island, Ill.; E. W. Copelin, St. Louis; C. E. Bachman, Milwaukee; F. M. Stephens, St. Louis; J. Hosford, Boston; J. Smith, Kansas City; C. W. Henkle, Canton, Ill.; O. H. Martin, Canton, Ill.; D. S. Elliott, Sioux City; F. H. Hamlin, Canandaqua, N. Y.; R. M. Woods, New York; E. A. Stapp, Des Moines; H. H. Peck, Cincinnati; R. L. Cohill, Bluffton, O.; L. T. Mitchell, Racine, Wis.; C. E. Rommann, St. Louis.

Economy and strength are peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla, the only medicine of which "100 Coses One Dollar" is true.

**They Both Knew Her.**

Detroit Free Press: A stranger with a sad, tired look and a manner indicating that he wished to escape general observation, came wearily into a little western town the other day. He stopped at the town well to slake his thirst and bathe his flushed face and brow, and while he drank a denizen of the town drew near. He, too, had a careworn face and an air of general discouragement.

"Stranger here, aint you?" he asked of the wayfarer.

"Yep—stranger now, but I used to live 'round here."

"No—did you? Lately?"

"No; it's nigh onto ten years since I left."

"And you aint been back since?"

"No. There's been a good many changes, I see, since then, and I don't reckon there's many left I uster know."

"Mebbe not; who'd you know?"

"Well, lemme see—there was a woman named Watts I uster know—Sally Watts."

"Did you know Sally Watts?" asked the denizen of the town.

"Knowed her well. I—I—did you ever hear of Sally?"

"Yes, I—"

"Do you know Sally Watts?"

"Yes—I—I—"

The wayfarer looked carefully around, lowered his voice, and said cautiously:

"See here, mister, I've a favor to ask. It ain't much. Would you mind not mentionin' to Sally Watts that a stranger was 'round astin' fer her. She'd know it was me, an' I'd ruther have a hyener on my trail than Sally Watts. She's an idee I'm dead, an' I want her to cling to that idee. If you know Sally Watts, mister, mebbe you know how nigh she comes to bein' kin to the devil. If she ain't a Zantippy I never see one. Lookee here, stranger, you've got a sympathetic kind of a face, an' I b'leeve you'd know how to feel fer a feller that's went through what I've went through with, an' I feel as if I'd like to confide in you. Staanger, I useter to be married to Sally Watts!"

The recipient of this confidence gave a gasp and wrung the hand of the poor wayfarer, saying with fervor:

"Pity me, man; I'm married to her now!"

## ON THE LECTURE PLATFORM.

### The Old Lights are Gone Out—The Men Who Draw the Biggest Crowd.

Mail and Express: "Great changes have taken place," said the secretary of the New York Lecture bureau to-day, "in the lecture platform. Who have gone, do you ask? Once it was all Beecher, the eloquent; Chapin, the grand; Gough, the earnest; Saxe, the witty; Phillips, the silver-tongued; Nasby, Josh Billings and Artemus Ward, the funny; Bayard Taylor, the traveler; Dr. Hayes, the explorer; B. F. Taylor, the word painter, and Colfax, the smiling, but they are all gone now," and the secretary heaved a sigh of regret.

"What lecturers are left?"

"Well, there are George W. Curtis and Carl Schurz, Tilton Murdock, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Ann Eliza Young and Anna Dickenson, but they don't lecture any more. They plead age and infirmity, and a new set of entertainers have sprung up."

"Who are the new ones?"

"Let's see; there is Sam Jones, the sin destroyer; Joseph Cook, the orthodox; Ingersoll, the agnostic; Will Carelton, the farm poet; Eli Perkins, the platform humorist; James Whitcomb Riley, the poetical dislectition; Wilder, Lincoln and Burbank, the delineators; Mrs. Livermore, the earnest; Watterson and Sam Cox, the politicians; Nye, the eccentric; Burdette, the witty and Lyman Abbott, the solid."

"Who are drawing the audiences?"

"It is the best entertainer. The people want instruction and entertainment combined. Joseph Cook will draw in a theological seminary, but Talmage and Sam Jones and the humorists draw everywhere. The humorists like Burdette and Eli Perkins go back to the same audience year after year."

"What are the lecturers to talk about this year?"

"George Kennan will talk about Siberia, Charles Dickens, jr., will read his father's stories, Kate Field will recommend California wine, Willetts will discuss 'That Boy's Sister,' Dr. Collyer will give us 'Grit,' and Burbank will read Mark Twain's, Nasby's and Eli Perkins' jokes. Lew Wallace will tell about Turkish harems, Dougherty will orate on Daniel O'Connell, and Tanner will tell war stories."

**Eat With Comfort and Be Happy.**

It is by no means uncertain, but, on the contrary, a well ascertained fact, that upon the well being of man's stomach depends that modicum of happiness which is vouchsafed to him in this world. Dyspepsia, the foe of all others to the stomach's tranquility, and most to be dreaded, is a complaint to the preliminary relief and eventual cure of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is specially adapted. It enables those who use it with a reasonable degree of persistence to eat with relish, because it imparts a healthful appetite; to digest with ease, because it strengthens the stomach; and to assimilate the food which is eaten and digested, thus benefitting health, promoting flesh and sustaining the exercise of the physical and mental faculties. It, moreover, facilitates the secretion of healthy bile, actuates without discomfort the habit of body, and tends, when taken upon retiring, to produce healthy slumber. Malaria is conquered by it.

**Matrimonial Catechism.**

He was very practical, and in order to have everything fair and square beforehand he said, according to the Detroit Free Press:

"You know, darling, I promised my mother that my wife should be a good housekeeper and a domestic woman. Can you cook?"

"I can," she said, swallowing a great big lump in her throat.

"Can you make good bread? That is the fundamental principle of all housekeeping."

"Yes; I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread." She added under her breath: "Maybe."

"And can you do your own dressmaking? I am comparatively a poor man, love, and dressmakers' bills would soon bankrupt me."

"Yes," she said, frankly, "I can make everything I wear, especially pattern bonnets."

"You are a jewel," he cried with enthusiasm. "Come to my arms——"

"Wait a minute—there's no hurry," she said coolly. "It's my turn to ask a few questions. Can you saw wood and carry in coal?"

"Why, my love, I should hire that work done."

"Can you make your coats, trousers and other wearing apparel?"

"But that isn't to the purpose."

"Can you build a house, dig ditches, weave carpets and——"

"I am not a professional."

"Neither am I. It has taken the most of my life to acquire the education and accomplishments that attach you to me. But as soon as I have learned all of the professions you speak of I will send you my card. Au revoir," and she swept away.

And the disconsolate young man went to the nearest drug store and bought a two-for-a-quarter cigar, with which he speedily solaced himself.

Neglect kills injuries, revenge increases them. A neglected cold increases its injurious effects on the system till consumption kills, unless cured by Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy. It is ye reliable remedy of ye olden time.

**Lombardy Poplars as Lightning Rods.**

New Orleans Times-Democrat: Professor Asa Gray observed that the reason which lies at the bottom of the general belief on the continent of Europe that lightning strikes the Lombardy poplar trees in preference to others is coming to light. Green herbage and green wood—sappy wood—are excellent conductors of electricity. A tree is shattered by lightning only when the discharge reaches the naked trunk or naked branches, which are poorer conductors. An old-fashioned Lombardy poplar, by its height, by its complete covering of twigs and small branches, and their foliage down almost to the ground, and by its sappy wood, makes a capital lightning rod and a cheap one. Happily no one can patent it and bring it around in a wagon and insist upon trying it. To make it surer the tree should stand in moist ground or near water, for wet ground is a good conductor and dry soil a poor one. It is recommended to plant a Lombardy poplar near the house and another close to the barn. If the ground is dry the nearer the well the better, except for the nuisance of the roots that will get into it.

Ladies who value a refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Powder—it produces a soft and beautiful skin.

**Gum Chewing.**

Gum chewing is on the increase in this city as well as elsewhere. About two weeks since a traveling man who handles chewing gum on the side, boasted that he sold to a house in this city a single bill of gum that amounted to over $100. On the streets, in the cars and even at the theaters, ladies can be observed making their jaws move as if they were running by clock work. Gum chewing may be healthy, many claim it is—aids digestion, etc., but it looks far from the proper thing to see an elegantly dressed lady in a street car, walking on the street or in any public place with a large quid of gum in her mouth, and with the men it is nearly as bad, though with the latter it is much preferable to tobacco chewing. Oculists have lately discovered that excessive chewing of gum is injurious to the eyes and liable to bring on blindness; this may be true, but we have yet to hear of such a case, but, notwithstanding, that gum chewing is healthy or unhealthy, it shows bad taste for any lady to be seen chewing it in public. Chew at home, distort your mouth as much as you please, but when you go out leave your quid in some safe corner of your room where you won't be tempted to get it in your mouth.

He that knows nothing doubts of nothing. Do not let your doubts cause you to waver, for you may be assured that Warner's Log Cabin Liver Pills will cause the sluggish liver to resume its wonted functions and produce the results you desire. They are effective and harmless, being purely vegetable.

**Men in Battle.**

New York Tribune: General Henderson, of Iowa, was talking the other day of the little attention paid by men during the war to their wounds and he related this incident:

"At Corinth I was a lieutenant in the Twelfth Iowa. There was a man in my company whose gun had got clogged in some way or other and refused to work, and that fact utterly deprived this fellow of his nerve. I suppose he thought that if he had to face the enemy with a weapon worse than nothing he was a 'goner' sure. I saw what was the matter and so I said to him, and a man isn't apt to be very choice in his language at such times:

"'You infernal fool why don't you pick the tube out with a pin like you used to when hunting prairie chickens?'

"The words prairie chickens had a familiar sound and he accepted my advice and was soon all right again. A little later that man was badly wounded in the thigh, but he dragged himself behind a tree and didn't give up until he had fired his last cartridge.

"I saw another instance of what excitement will do for wounded men. At Doneison I was wounded in the neck and was in the hospital with a good many other men suffering from bad wounds. The next day after the battle we heard the sounds of cheering and were told that a flag of truce had been sent out. We knew what that meant. Now an hour before we heard that news we were all so badly wounded that we couldn't do the slightest thing without assistance, but when we knew that our army had won a great victory we forgot wounds and everything else and cheered and shouted like healthy men. The effect of that ebullition of enthusiasm was to reopen many a wound and in several cases relapses, but that was something we didn't consider or didn't care for."

Representative Laird of Nebraska, was in the group. "Fear," he said, "is a peculiar thing. I came to appreciate the horrors of war in a curious sort of way. After the battle of Hanover Court House, Virginia, on the 27th of May, 1862, I saw the dead piled up on the field. Their frightfully distorted faces, their gaping wounds, from which the blood still trickled in some cases, the shattered limbs and the general air of carnage was horrible to one not used to such scenes, as I was not at that time, and made a great and lasting impression on me.

"A few days later while watching some men drilling I fell asleep under a pine tree. And as I slept the horrors of what I had seen on the field rose before me, only more awful, if such a thing is possible. The agony on the contorted faces was so terrible that I could appreciate how these men had suffered, and all the hideousness of battle was brought so vividly before me that it was more horrible than even the real thing. While gazing on this picture in my dream I had this proposition presented to me, and it was put as plainly as if I had indulged in an argument. Something said to me: 'You have seen what war means. Will you take the chances and perhaps end as these men have, or will you try and save yourself by playing the part of a coward?' That was the condition that confronted me, and I realized just exactly what it meant. I made up my mind to take my chances, and I believe I can fairly say without vanity that after that dream I had very little fear of the consequences."

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**Gold-Plated Freckles.**

Baltimore News: That was an acute young woman, who, finding herself well freckled after a day's outing and no cosmetic near, touched each with a camel's hair pencil dipped in gold lye and the finest gold powder. The effect was piquant, aided by a dust of gold powder on the front hair. Of course she did not apply it with a polka-dotted effect, but so lightly the gilded gleam was only caught in certain light. A lotion of chloride of lime, made very weak and dried on the face in the sun for five minutes and washed off with lemon juice, followed by glycerine, will usually banish freckles. If they don't go at the first application they will with sufficient repetition. Or you may touch the freckles with javelle water, taking great care it does not touch the eyes, lips or the inside of the nose, and after a few minutes' washing off with lemon or vinegar. When I say that javelle water, used by laundresses, will bleach the hair, it is distinctly not with a view of recommending it, as it will undoubtedly kill the hair and injure the brain in time, as all hair bleaches and golden dyes do. The Italian wash for the neck may be some of the secrets of beauty tried by the Venetian society of ladies. They evidently did not stand for delicate applications, for they bleached their hair with soap lye and whitened their dainty necks with this searching preparation, which is a good thing for cleansing carpets: "Take a quart of oxgall, two ounces alum, two ounces sugar candy, two drachms camphor, beat them and mix with the gall. Keep it six weeks in the sun, dilute and put some powder of pearl in it and wash with it." Wheat flour mingled with honey and vinegar was applied as a paste to the face when red and erysipelatous. Barley water, with bitter almonds beaten in it, lemon juice and wine was a cooling and softening face lotion. Camphor gum, the size of a goose egg, was infused in a pint of water a month and a tablespoonful of this in three of milk was a wash prized for coarse faces. Wrinkles are the dread of court beauties, and many are the recipes to avert them, though it is always "to cleanse the skin and brighten the complexion." One balsamic water said to remove wrinkles is barley water strained through cloth, with a few drops of Balm of Gilead in it, allowed to stand several hours, with frequent shaking till it dissolves and the water grows milky. "If used only once in twenty-four hours it takes away wrinkles and gives the skin a surprising luster." Washing the face in acid buttermilk is a country cosmetic, still in favor for sunburn, freckles and scaly skin. The juice pressed from cucumbers is altogether preferable, and, although of old repute, is a fashionable London preparation. The juice of milkweed also is a proprietary lotion for the face, sold by the modish cosmetic artists abroad. These vegetable lotions being gummy, protecting and detersive, refine the skin, and, unlike spirituous washes, do not bring out the hair on the cheeks of ambitious beauty.

**Inventions of the 19th Century.**

The steamboat, the reaper, the sewing machine,
Cars running by night and by day,
Houses lighted by gas and heated by steam,
And bright electricity's ray.

The telegraph's click speeds like lightning released,
Then the telephone comes to excel it;
And, to put on the finish, the last but not least,
Is the famed little Purgative Pellet.

Last but not least is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellet, because it relieves human suffering, adds to the sum of human comfort, and enables the relieved sufferer to enjoy all the blessings and luxuries of the age we live in.

**The Parade Association.**

Kansas City Times: The Kansas City Parade association, to whom is due all the credit for the general pleasure given by the trades display and the still greater pleasure of the Priests of Pallas display, was organized in June, 1887, for the avowed purpose of promoting the growth, increasing the welfare and widening the renown of Kansas City. In the few months intervening between the date of organization and the day of the first parade the happy idea was conceived, acted upon and most successfully carried to a brilliantly creditable consummation. This was not accomplished without the most laborious industry and the expenditure of a great deal of money and of time, which with the men composing the association is the equivalent of money. Every member worked hard and gratuitously. No salaries nor perquisites were paid. The movement was one for public good, inspired by private enterprise. It success was not more appreciated than it was deserved.

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THE HOMESTEAD,
424 Paxton block, Omaha, Neb.

**A Physical Concatenation.**

Detroit Free Press: "I don't know what will come next," a good old lady was heard to remark the other day. "John is near-sighted, you know, and his wife hard of hearing, and now they've got a red-headed baby."

Paris has just built itself a new opera house that couers nearly three acres, has a cubic mass of more than 4,000,000 feet, and cost the trifle of 63,000,000 francs.

ANCHOR LINE MAIL STEAMSHIPS
ARE STRICTLY FIRST CLASS AND AMONG
The largest, fastest and finest in the world
passenger accommodations unexcelled.
New York to Glasgow via Londonderry.
DEVONIA ..... Sept. 29th | ETHIOPIA ..... Oct. 20th
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NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL VIA QUEENSTOWN.
The Celebrated Transatlantic Steamships CITY OF ROME. Largest and finest Passenger Steamer in the World. Oct. 3rd, Oct. 31st
Saloon passage to Glasgow, Derry, Liverpool, Belfast or Queenstown, $50 and upwards per Glasgow steamers. $50 and upwards for City of Rome. Second-class $35. Return tickets at reduced rates made available for either route, offering excursionists the privilege of seeing the North and South of Ireland, the Rivers Mersey and the picturesque Clyde. Steerage $26. Anchor Line drafts payable free of charge, sold at lowest rates. For book of tours, tickets or further information apply to
HENDERSON BROS., 72 La Salle St., Chicago
Or to any of our local agents.

GOLD PEN GIVEN AWAY. Particulars free "WEEKLY HOMESTEAD," Omaha, Neb.

# GRAND EXTENSION.

Our store has again become to small for us, and we have just completed arrangements for additional room. We have leased the adjoining three story building now occupied by Robert Purvis. This building will be immediately altered and fixed up for our use, and we expect to have the same ready for occupancy by the middle of October. The new addition will give us a separate spacious entrance and large show windows on 14th street, and when connected with our present store, we will have the largest Clothing House west of Chicago.

We had contemplated to take this additional building next spring, but the immense increase in our business and the enormous stock we are getting this season, has forced us to make immediate arrangements.

As we have to give up considerable space of our present store to the workmen during the time alterations are in progress, we will be very much crowded and have decided to unload such goods, which are mainly in demand now and can be moved quick.

Underwear is one of the departments, which requires more room than others; we have an immense variety, all new and this season's styles. We have always been headquarters for these goods; no other house ever attempted to compete with us. In order to move a good share of our stock within the next few days, we have now put prices on them which will make it a big inducement for anybody to lay in his seasons supply.

Hats are going fast enough, but they too, take up so much room. We want them to go still faster and the prices are made in accordance.

Ladies' should not fail to visit our boy's department this week. We have an immense stock of Suits and Overcoats, and we will make special low prices. You can buy two suits of us for what you would have to pay for one suit elsewhere.

# Nebraska Clothing Company

Cor. 14th and Douglas Streets, Omaha.

**Thomson's Celebrated GLOVE-FITTING CORSETS**

HAVE NEVER BEEN EQUAL TO PRESENT MAKE.
MORE POPULAR THAN EVER,
A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.
Three Lengths
Short, Medium and Extra Long.
Twelve Grades.
Highest Awards Granted.
THE BEST GOODS AND CHEAPEST QUALITY.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
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SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
Mention the Omaha Bee.

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Among a few of the numerous points of superiority enjoyed by the patrons of this road between Omaha and Chicago, are its three trains a day of DAY COACHES, which are the finest that human art and ingenuity can create. Its PALACE SLEEPING CARS the equal of which cannot be found elsewhere. At Council Bluffs, the trains of the Union Pacific Railway connect in union depot with those of the Chicago & Northwestern Ry. In Chicago the trains of this line make close connection with those of all other Eastern lines.

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The Best Route from Omaha and Council Bluffs to
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TWO TRAINS DAILY BETWEEN OMAHA AND COUNCIL BLUFFS

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The Only Distilled Bitters in the United States. The only Bitters recognized by the United States Internal revenue laws as a Proprietary Medicine. Lawfully Patented. No. of Patent 149,573. Contains no fusil oils, no essential oils, no foreign substance or damaging drugs. A perfectly pure medicine, compounded from Pure Root Herbs and Old Peachy pleasant to the taste, quiet and decisive in its effect. Cures Dyspep