THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

A Brilliant Old Boy Dies in the Douglas County Poor House.

"EOE" PEYTON'S SORRY ENDING.

The Wrong Man Tracked-A Little Girl That Was "on"-Bright Lines of Poetry-Palatial Club Rooms.

On His First Tour.

He put up at a wayside inn In Brattleboro' county, And couldn't quite suppress the grin Suggested by its bounty.

He chaffed the vokels ranged about, Exciting wildest laughter; With ancient jests he made them shout Until they shook each rafter.

Quaint observations from him rilled. Pertaining to the tavern, And e'en the provender that filled His hunger's aching cavern

At last, worn out by jokes sublime, The drummer, sad and weary, Began the shaky stair to climp, To gain the pillow cherry.

He doffed his clothing, checked and brown, And then, his full strength throwing Into his chest, began a-down The great lamp chimney blowing.

The lamp against this action rash Emitted several flashes, And gathered in nis great mustache, His cycbrows and cyclashes.

He fied, like any sheeted ghost, Downstairs, head first and fleetly:

It all was clear unto the host, Who murmured softly, sweetly: "You first the wick should downward turn, Then blow, not like a gampus,

But like the zephyr in the fern, Upon the quiet campus. "You bring to mind, I must insist,

That object of all pity, The guileless agriculturist Hotelling in the city !" R. K. M. in Puck.

Death of "Bob" Peyton. "Rattle his bones over the stones, He's only a pauper whom mobody owns."

Never did these words, that have been rebeated the world over, suggest a more intensely melancholy meaning than when exemplified yesterday in the burial from the Doughas county poor house of as brilliant a man as ever went down to a pauper death. The lines are hard, indeed, and pity 'tis that fate ordained them ever to describe the close of Robert S. J. Peyton's career.

Many business men and particularly traveling salesmen will be shocked at the announcement, for only a little more than six months ago Peyton was swinging over the country a prince of good fellows among a host of friends.

The why and wherefore of his rapid descent is best and most fully told by that old expression-he was his own worst enemy.

expression—he was his own worst enemy. And in this case liquor was the principal part of that worst enemy. Six weeks ago County Poormaster Ma-honey found a man in the Bohenian quarter of the city who was "about dead and hadn't a cent. "It was learned that the noor follow had been wandering aimlessly about down there until he became too weak to stand and the learner for and shelter. there until he became too weak to stand and had charitably been given food and shelter, such as they were, by the occupants of a hovel. After keeping him for some time and being unable to do so longer the occupants notified Mr. Mahoney, who came and re-moved the stranger to a ward in the poor house. The immediate circumstances of his sinking to such a condition or how it was sinking to such a condition, or how it was that he came to be in that part of the city will perhaps always remain a mystery, though it was probably the result of a long W. R. Webster, New York, T. A. Thompson, Chicago; T. Gering, Cincinnati, O.; J. G.
Chase, St. Louis, Mo.; John Ringling, W.
Miner, Chicago; W. F. Slater, Denver, Col.;
C. P. Hill, St. Paul; W. E. Carroll,
Chicago; J. E. Hosmer, Auburn, N. Y.;
N. B. Smith, Chicago; L. M. Bennett, Chica-co, H. Mitchell, Chuttareorg, Tonn.; J. M. continued spree.

he came to **a** full of being in the poor **a** dying man he sealed his When he realization house and a lips as to his family connections, and stolidly awaited the speedy death which his excesses had now brought inevitably near.

He was educated in Scotland and was probably the most expert chemist over turned

"wife," the hotel clerk reads you through, WEDDED UNDER DIFFICULTIES. and the laws can pull hard, as in the case of the "Bard" who has never since been "two. Don't paint a town red, or get the big head. Don't get so your clothes are two small, just

Very Right Indeed.

As a rule the merchant can be better satis-

fied by making his purchases from the travel-

ing man than by indulging in a personal ex-

cursion to the house, says the Denver Grocer.

The reason of this is plain from the fact that

you are approached instead of approaching.

There is a reputation to be sustained by the

variety you are apt to overstock or purchase a mess of unsalable truck of which you would scorn to think of while badgering the travel-

ing man of the house; on your own dung heap.

The Spring Hen Joke.

.Dickson of Chicago, one of the gravest and

most polite men on the road, stopped at a

hotel not long ago where spring chicken was

the piece de resistanc of the menu. When

the waiter brought his portion to him he tried

it with his knife, and then critically began to

examine it. The waiter noticed him and coming around, said: "What's de mattab, boss? Anything wrong wid dat chickin?" "No, waiter. There's nothing wrong as far as I can discover."

'What foh yo' done look at hit dat away,

"Did you say it was spring chlcken,

"Yes, boss, dat's what de bill says." "Ah! Well, I was merely looking for the spring, that's all. Please bring me my des-

She Was "On."

Westboro Tribune: The commercial traveler's little daughter had been taught al-

ways to conclude her little prayers with these

"God bless papa and bring him safely home

Saturday night." One week he came home Friday, and that night he heard the infantile petition solemnly rendered, but with the following startling and

Samples.

It will be pleasing to the many friends of Henry A. Hirsey, so long a member of the old Pioneer tobacco company of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Henry A. Hirsey & Co. of Chicago,

and a frequent visitor to Omaha in the inter-

est of plug tobacco, to know that he is again in the field in the interest of James G. Butler

The annual meeting of the Missouri divis-

ion of the Travelers' Protective association was held at St. Louis last week. The report

of the president shows the association to have 960 active members and 203 associate mem-bers. Last year the association had 120 ac-

tive and 45 associate members, which shows a very excellent increase indeed.

Omaha Sunday Guests.

"Cnestnuts, Lord! He here now !"

sert.

words:

philosophic addition

& Co. of St. Louis.

Atlanta Constitution: Bony Driggers was a character. shut your mouth close, and the next trip, of course, you'll think you know more than it all.-The Road. Nature exhausted herself in adding a variety of incongruous supplements to

his make-up that were continuous sources of surprise and dismay to his parents as they developed, one by one, during his growth. His face was a study in physiognomy, from the roots of hay-colored hair, down to his narrow, retreating forehead to

where his squint eyes bulged out like twin beacons set on either side of the base of the promontory of his circumlocutory nose.

drummer and it consists in selling goods where goods are not wanted. To do this he flashes up every inducement and quotes his very lowest prices. The samples he displays Beneath the twisted beak of that snuffling appendage yawned a mouth that was protected by a row of yellow, are the newest, the freshest and the best adapted to the trade. He is your friend at protuding teeth, so gruesome that they the house, fights for your interests and sees your orders are shipped promptly. While your presence at headquarters shows you are kept the thin upper lip in perpetual retreat. Poor Bony! His real name was Napest of something, and in consequence, prices are given, and in the mammeth

poleon Bonaparte Driggers, which was such a cruel satire on the looks of the boy that folks called him Bony, for pity's sake. If his face was ugly his figure backed it up. Stoop shouldered and narrow chested, his legs were so crooked that it was said that his mother used a

reap hook in measuring the clothes for his breeches. More than this, he talked through his nose and listened-well, he didn't listen much, for he was deaf as a post, and nothing short of a yell in his good ear could make him understand.

In the same community lived a maiden whose unloveliness was a mightmare for the dream of Bony Driggers.

That was Samanthy Slayback. Tall and tiresome, she tried to reduce her altitude by curving out her spine and pulling her thin neck down betwixt her angular shoulders. Her features were egular in their irregularity. Her keen little green eyes could scarcely discover that ip of her turned-up nose, and she

until her lips had practiced a smirk were twisted clear out of line. Her head was covered with a shock of brick-colored hair, and there were two

colors of freckles on her thin, weasened cheeks. One sturdy champion remained of all her front teeth, and that stood out in an aggressive manner, as if defying the ravages of time. Against this tusk rested a snuff-brush, in a nonchalant, devil-may-care sort of a way, as if it were a constant reminder of the inde-

pendent spirit of its bearer. You might have dropped a plumb line from the point of her chin to the tips of her toes, and there would have been no contact between it and her five

feet six of perpendicularity. Worst of all, she was near-sighted, and was consequently kept in blissful ignorance of her make-up, as she could not press her nose and chin close enough to

the looking-glass to enable her to see her own imperfections. This hopeful couple fell in love. Not as things generally go, altogether by contraries in such matters; but on the other hand, their similtitude was only marred by different styles of uncomeli-

ness. One would have supposed that in such an affair as this, if the parties were satis-fied with each other, no one else could could possibly have the heart to complain, but such was not the case.

Omaha Sunday Guests. At the Casey—A. W. Vanderman, Denver; A. C. Minor, Chicago; H. P. Snell, Chicago; J. E. Darbelly, Chicago; H. W. Farrar, Kan-sas City; R. W. Goldsby, Kanasa City; E. H. Dyna, Chicago; B. E. Sprately, Memphis, Tenn.; W. C. Burroughs, New York; D. J. Tippett, Brooklyn, N. Y. D. Zortman, Har-risburg; J. A. Testman, Chicago; J. F. Kir-kendall, Chicago; H. C. Oates, Chicago; B. F. Myer, Cincinnati, O.; C. L. Bar-ber, Cleveland, O.; R. J. Loekard, Pittsburg, Pa.; T. S. Farrel, Boston; G. B. McCalmont, Bradford, Pa.; George D. Hall, Boston, Mass.; J. F. Williams, St. Louis, Mo.; R. A. Austin, Chicago; C. C. Winters, Clincinnati, O.; J. H. Talmadge, L. M. Bennett, Chicago; J. H. Bliss, city; W. R. Webster, New York; T. A. Thompson, Chicago; T. Gering, Chicinnati, O.; J. G. Chicago; T. Gering, Chicinnati, O.; J. G. Old man Slayback disliked Bony most heartily, and he said: "Ef that blasted yeath worrum puts his foot inside o' my door I'll larrup the hide off'n 'im. The idee o' my S'manthy bein' tied up with sich a low down pack as that 'ere! W'y I'd see 'im in Pokytaglio

fust!" In the same neighborhood, but on the other side of the river lived 'Squire Leatherhead, who was an inveterate fisherman and an mediocre farmer.

He would not have given one hour on the banks of the Ockolockoochee river, in red-bolly season, for the finest tenacre field of corn in the county.

ar, B. Shith, Chicago, L. M. Bennet, Chicago; go; H. Mitchell, Chattanooga, Tenn.; J. M. Janell, St. Louis, Mo.; Charles H. Carpenter, Chicago; F. G. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.; W. Husch, Chicago; William Hudson, Chicago; C. McClellan, Chicago; W. Ware, Philadel-phys. C. A. Wortspan, Chicago, Theorem. 'Souire Leatherhead and I were great cronies, and many's the day we have sat on the banks of that sluggish stream and vatched our feathered corks floating or the curling eddies of wine colored water. waiting for a nibble, while the soft winds crooned a lullaby among the swaying boughs of the stalwart pines, and the red birds flitted from brake to brake like a flash of light illuminating the sombre surroundings. One morning in the early part of May I chanced to be at Squire Leatherhead's home, and after a few squints at the sky he thrust his finger into his mouth, with drew it and holding it up a half minute,

"Bont's gone," said the 'squire, "Who "Hit's me an' Bony, "cried the woman. "Me an' S'manthy," squeaked the man. "Great joewhillikins." exclaimed the

she could not recognize him. 'Squire Leatherhead-don't ye know megn

She turned to her companion and we could hear her repeating to him the name of the 'squire, for Bony's deafness prevented his hearing across the stream. "Is that you, 'squire?" squeaked Bony. "In course hit's me. What in the name common sense d'ye all want?"

"We've run away, and pap's a'ter us, an' maybe bud Joab, with the gun. Oh, Lordy!" squealed S'manthy, as she laid her head on Bony's shoulder, apparently heart broken. "We want to get merried, 'Squire,'

yelled Bony, as he pressed his arm around her waist and tried to assume as "defiant an attitude as his bow legs would permit, "Can't we git across?"

"Kin ye swim?" "Bony kin, but I can't," sobbed S'manthy. "Let 'im take ye on 'is back."

She repeated the suggestion to Bony, who released his hold of her waist and drew back from the bank of the stream. "He's afeard to resk it," whindled S'manthy. "Oh, mercy, Lordy, what shall I do-oo-hoo-hoo?" Have ye got the licenses?" bawled the

Squire. "Yes, sir, Bony's got 'em," and ex-plaining to her lover the purport of the query, the latter pulled off his hat and removed from the crown a white paper

which he held up yelling: "Here they aire, 'Squire; signed, sealed an' delivered, so help me God!" "I'm not a-swearin' ye, ye blamed idjit. Kin ye read 'em?"

"Say's 'kin ye read 'em?" said S'man-

thy to Bony. "Yes, siree. Ef ye doubt my word, I'll show ye," and he proceeded to spell out the words, one by one. "That'll do. I b'lleve ye're straight,

but ef ye fool me, I'll wring ye're blaned neek, an yourn too, S'manthy, Do ye wanter git merried?" cried 'Squire at the top of his voice. "Yes," shrieked S'manthy.

"That's what we're here fur," yelled Bony, who for the first time understood

a question. "Well, I'm a reglar lected jestice o the peace for the twenty-hundredand - twenty-fi'th - deestrick - understand?"

"Yes," cried S'manthy.

"I do," yelled Bony. "I tell ye what I'll do-(great powers o' Yeurip, I'm gettin'a crink in my neck hollerin' so much)-ef ye'll answer the questions I'll harness ye up 'thout cross'n the river, seein's ye're in sich a conniption.

"Will ye, shore 'nough? Oh-ao-hoo-hoo!" shrieked S'manthy, "hol' me up, Bony, fur I b'lieve I shall shurely die

"Did ye hear me, Bony?"

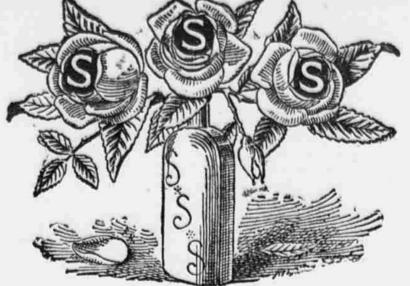
"Yes, an' much obleeged." "Look out then. Pick yer years, so's ye kin hear the deckleration, Bony, ad' min' now, you've got ter come an' gimme two days' work soon's ye kin cross the river, ye hear?" "Yes, I'll be thar."

"I'll come, too," shrieked S'manthy. "An' bring them licenses, so's 1 kin sign 'em in form o' law."

"I'll tend to that," cried S'manthy. "Here goes—Dearly, beloved, we have met, tergether—(watch my hook thar) o, silibrate-kin ye hear?'

"Yes," answered S'manthy. "Yes," answered Bony, bending for, ward with his good car turned toward the 'Squire, in an attitude of intense at tention.

"A-hem! Whar wus I?-(Ding the luck! I b'lieve I got a bite. Pull up my hook and see'f the baits eat off). Here we go-Bony, Driggers, do, you, take, that, 'ere S'manthy, Slayback, to be, yore, lawful, an' wedded, wife? (O, the devil, I left out part, but hit's only a form



As the elements that give color to the rose are conveyed in the sap that circulates through the capillaries of the shrub on which it grows, so does the blood convey the elements that paint the check of beauty with the ruddy glow of health-"The bloom of opening flowers." But in order that this beautifying process of nature may be in the highest degree successful, it is important that the sanguinary fluid be kept in that pure and wholesome condition so surely and so easily attainable through the use of S. S. S.

I take pleasure in submitting the following statement of facts that you may know the great benefit that has resulted from the use of your Specific in the case of my little daughter, now ten years of age. The child, when two years of age, had a severe attack of scarlet fever, which left her called soltening of the bones. In her fifth year she happened to a slight accident which resulted in the dislocation of the bones. In her fifth year she happened to a slight accident which resulted in the dislocation of the bones. In her fifth year she happened to a slight accident which resulted in the dislocation of the bip joint, and, from the initiation thus set up, terrible abscesses of the hip ensued. The abcesses, despite the best medical treatment that could be obtained, remained for three years, discharging continuously. At this time, through the influence of friends, I put her on your S. S. S. When this treatment was commenced the abcess was very large, having six perforations, puss

when this treatment was commenced in a access very a spiculae of bone came out, and by discharging through them all. During this treatment several spiculae of bone came out, and by the time she had inished her fifth bottle the abscess had entirely healed, her appetite and general health had been restored, in short, she was well and happy, and so continues. MRS. J. A. WIEGNEK, Lower Main St., Slatington, Pa.

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A CURE FOR ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS. Internally taken in doses of from thirty to sixty drops in a half tumble of water will cure in a few minutes Cramp, Sprains, SourStomach, Colle, Flatulence, Heartburn, Cholera Morbus, Dysentry, Diarrhon, Sick Headache, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness, Sleeplossness, Malaria, and all internal pains arising from change of diet or water or other causes.



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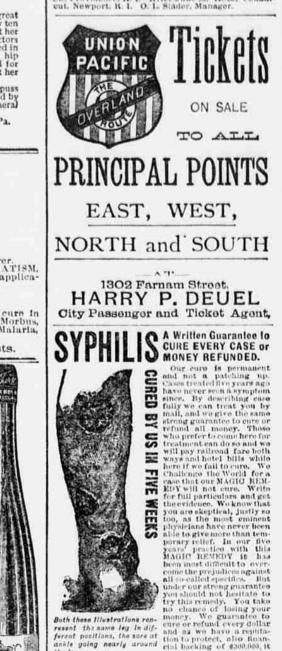


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Riesling

THE CHARTER DATEL DEL, MONDAL, JUNE 2, 1890.

"We want to cross," answered the

'Squire to me, "I'll bet hit's a runaway match-well, what in the thunder an' blue blazes aire ye up to?"

"Who aire you?" squealed the maiden, whose near-sightedness was such that

out by a European school. But he couldn't let liquor alone, and soon after his making a brilliant start in the world he became almost hopelessly within its power.

He was with several of the leading drug houses in the country. At one time he was chemist for Park, Davis & Co., Detroit, the largest wholesale drug house in America. He was also chemist of the Omaha Medical

college for a long time. At the time of his decease he was fortyeight years old. He is said to have been married, although as yet it has been impossible to ascertain anything in the way of information regarding his family relations. Too bad, too bad, that so bright, so genial and capable man as "Bob" Peyton should find a grave in the potter's field.

Tackled the Wrong Man.

E. Strausberger, who travels out of Chicago, tells The Bee that he has a first class kick a coming, and he seems to be very right about it. Last Saturday in Kearney an expressman named F. L. Sutton, and who is No. 14, charged him \$1.50 for moving six trunks 100 feet, or from the Union Pacific to the B. & M. depot. Mr. Expressman evi-dently thought he had a veritable jay in tow. Upon discovering his mistake he cut his bill in two, but Mr. Strasburger proceeded to inform the mayor of the city regarding the im-position and the prospects are that Sutton's buildozing break will cause him to pay \$10 and costs before he gets done with the travelng man from Chicago. If more of the boys on the road would take

the pains to make examples out of these fel-lows who try to impose on them it would work a vast deal of cash good to the profession in general.

Omaha Brothers Please Notice! 1000 The organization of the commercial travelers of New Orleans materialized last week, at the elegant club rooms, No. 4 Carondelet street when 150 "knights of the grip," together with a host of invited guests, assembled to do honor to the occasion. The Commercial Travelers' association dates its existence from the early part of the year, and their first recorded effort at concerted action was incidental to the mardi-gras festivities. Then it was that the necessity of suitable club rooms became manifest, and carnest effort has resulted in securing their present magnificent quarters. The old Boston club building was decided upon as a suitthe mounters, elaborate alterations and imthe ment ess elaborate alterations and im-provements were made, placing the commercial travelers' club room among the models of its kind in the city. Entering the spacious hallway and go-ing up a flight of Brussel carpeted stairs the parlors are reached. These parlors are lux-uriously furnished with velvet Brussels car-pets, truestried chairs and satters. Proof. tapestried chairs and settees. pets, tapestried chairs and settees. Proof-print engravings and paintings line the richly papered walls. A handsome carved ma-hog my Emerson plane and costly statuary complete the surroundings of elegance and comfort. To the rear of the parlors is the sitting room, leading to a bar. The third floor is occupied as the billiard and pool room, two Brunswick-Balke and Collender billiard tables and one pool table constituting Proof billiard tables and one pool table constituting the outfit. Bath rooms, store rooms and pri-vate sitting rooms are distributed throughout the remaining portions of the building oach spartment being provided with electric bells.

Quite Wholesome.

Oh, knight of the grip, on your maiden trip, listen unto me. Beware of all, there's many a fall, 'till your second trip you'll see. First, don't know more than all the rest who ever made the trip, for they know you well and they'd laugh like - well,

at the amount of "duds" in your grip. Don't get "too soon" with the chamber mald, with "step in and see my samples." She may "step in and see my samples." She may give you one, with her strong right arm, as on your form she tramples. Don't make a date with a yeatter girl because her eyes are bright. "Yeas she will go walking, not allowed to do talking," and you'll walt out-give all night. Don't take a "sister" or a

ua; C. A. Wortman, Chicago; L. Tant Philadelphia; H. P. Strake, Chicago; W. J. Davis, New York; C. J. Hull, Boston, Mass ; Divis, New York; C.J. Hull, Boston, Mass., William Scott, Milwaukee, Wis.; F. W. Moss, Chicago; E. B. Griffin, Kansas City, Mo.; A. M. Stone, Philadelphia; G. W. Okes, Baltimore, Md.; E. C. Brage, Balti-more, Md.; L. R. Waterman, Albuny, N. Y.; J. E. Comstock, New York; B. F. Hill, St. Joseph Mo.

St. Joseph, Mo.

An Absolute Cure. The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for all sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINT-MENT. Sold by Goodman Drug company at 25 cents per box-by mail 30 cents

A Large Petroleum Steamer.

A large petroleum tank steamer has just been launched in England. It was built for a Persian firm for the transport of petroleum between Baku and Astra-kan. The steamer, which is built in two halves so that it can be taken to pieces for the sake of passing locks, 253 feet long, 28 feet broad and 11 feet deep, She carries large steam pumps for the filling and emptying of the sel. There is also accommodations for passengers, both on deck and in a saioon, and electric lights are used entirely.

The quality of blood depends much upon good or bad digestion and assimilation; to make the blood rich in life and strength giv-ing constituents, use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier; it will nourish the properties of the blood from which the advantage of the blood from which the elements of vitality are drawn. \$1 per bettle.

A Vigorous Kicker.

Joseph Mansfield of Elizabeth, N. J. is a young man who plays foot ball, and the other night as he was coming homo three dogs attacked him. With a fine drop kick he laid one dead, sent a second flying in the air with several broken ribs and so scared the remaining dog that he ran away.

The only railroad train out of Omaha run expressly for the accommodation of Omaha, Council Bluffs, Dos Moines and Chicago business is the Rock Island vestibule limited, leaving Omaha at 4:15 p. m. daily. Ticket office 1602, Sixteenth and Farnam st., Omaha.

Northern Men in Georgia.

The Northern men residing at Atlanta have organized the Northern Society of Georgia. Its object is to promote social intercourse, to disseminate reliable information concerning the south, to discourage sectional animosity and to promote new enterprises and industries.

Change of life, backache, monthly irregu larities, hot flashes are cured by Dr. Miles' Nervino. Free samples at Kuhn & Co., 15th and Douclas and Douglas

A Strong Will on a Slate.

Seven of the supposed-to-be-sharpest and wisest lawyers in the country have bank. made wills, passed away, and the said wills have been broken all to flinters by heirs and other lawyers. An ignorant Missouri farmer wrote his will in four lines on a slate and it stood three lawsuits and ten lawyers.

Fits, spasms, St. Vitus dance, nervousness and hystoria are soon cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine. Free sampless at Kuhn & Co., 15th and Douglas.

Never Tasted Water,

There is a lady living in Clarke county, Ga., who has never tasted or taken a drink of water in her life.

remarked: "I knowed it. Dad burn it! Ye can't fool me. The win's f'om the sou'west, an' the weather's gwine to clear up. I'll bet ye my hat we kin jest rope in the red bellies this mornin'.

"Isn't the river too full?" I asked. "No-o. J hearn from it yistiddy, an'

hit's fell a 'ot. Jest the right time Moon's south at leben o'clock, an'-I'm gwine a-fishing'. "What about that piece of grassy

corn?" "Oh, ding the corn! I'll marry a couple 'fore the week's out, an' make 'em pay me a dollar, an' that'll hire two hands for a day, an' I'll take them an' the old emern an' the younguns, an' I'll clean that corn patch as slick as peas." The result of the argument was as might have been expected. I was longing to try my luck in those tempting

waters, and my argument was made solely to stimulate the 'squire. in his desires. So, gathering up our tackle, after

turning over a few slabs in the eelworm bed, and securing a nice lot of those miniature reptiles that are so irresistible to the taste of a red-belly, we started

away. By the way, do you know they culti vate those worms down there? A little crimson worm, from one to three inches long, white stripes around them and a knot near the middle, and they smell worse than a nigger chopping cotton. But the big, glistoning, red-bellied perch loves them better than a baby

loves stick candy. Hook a couple of them on a small Limerick brad hook that has been woven on to a fine silk line with a light cork on it, and the upper end of the line fastened to a long. tapering cane pole, and you are fixed for fishing.

O, my beauty. But I am digressing from my story, and I must return to my subject.

The sun rode high in the heavens when we reached the bluff where the 'squire kept his boat tied, and as we scrambled down the bank he peered anxiously beneath the foliage of the big tupelo, and, turning to me with a look of disgust, he ejaculated: "Durn my liver of the boat ain't gone!

Some cuss o' the earth has stoled that boat. I wish I had 'im 'twixt my thumb an' finger; I'd crack 'im like a mit-the

good-for-nothin' hellyon!" "That's rough luck," said I. "Yes, an' we'll hafter fish f'om the The moon'll soon be south, so

here's at it, dad drat it." Sulting the action to the word, we were soon seated in the shade of the overhanging bank, watching our corks

for a bite. . . . "Hello!"

The challenge came from across the stream, and the echoes went flying helter-skelter through brake and fen, and we both started with surprise, for there appeared on the opposite bank a

man and woman. "Hello!" answered the 'squire, "what d'ye want?"

"What must I say?" yelled Bony "You hol' your grip. 1'm runnin' this 'ere shebang. The answer is, 'I do?'" "Mus' I say it?"

"In course, ye infernal idjit-" "I do-oo?"

"Now S'manthy, hit's yore time-(Watch my cork thar; I b'lieve to my soul hit's a red belly)-S'manthy, Slay-back, will, you, take, that, 'ere, Bony, Driggers, fur-yore-lawful-an'-wed-ded-husban', to-stick-to-him-(Drat the luck. I've strained my voice so's I've forgot the form-'

"What mus' I say?" "Don't say nothin', ye blasted num'-skull, till I tell ye-to, stick, to, him,

through, thick an' thin-(Durn it, that's not adzactly the way; but it soun's like poultery an' they wan't know the differ nee "Alfre ye waitin' on me?" cried

S'manthy. "Shet up, I tell ye. Hain't ye got no

sense?-(For God's sake, watch my cork -whar was I?)-toll, death, you part? D'ye hear, S'manthy?" "I wi-ll !"

"O durnation! We hain't got to that

O-av-hav, hav! Won't he never git done? Hol' me up, Bony, fur I b'lieve l shall shorely die-"Shet up, I tell ye. The answer is 'I

will,"" "I wi-ll-ll! I tol' ye that onct."

"None o' yer impydence. Jine yer right han's-(thar went that cork abobbin' agin.) Know, all, men, by these, presents-(Is that the way it starts off? No, lemme see, Ef, thar's, anybody, here, present, what's, got, any, objections, to this, ere, perceedin', let, them, say, so, now, or forever, hol', the'r peace-kin ve hear?"

"Yes," answered S'mantha, "do hurry Pap's a'ter us, an' I b'lieve I shall ap, faint-

"Keep quiet, I tell ye. (I'm gettin' a whoppin' bite-watch my cork a minit.) n, the, name, of, the, state, of, Georgy, I, pro-nounce, you, man, an' wife, an whom, God, hath, j'ined, to-gether, le no, man-(watch that cork) put, asunder! Salute your bride---'

And down the bank he scrambled. grabbed his rod, and drew out a great. shinning redbelly, while S'manthy reached down and drew Bony so close to her loving bosom that she lifted him clear off the ground; but Bony was good grit, and clung to hav neck like a possum to a persimmon limb. "Now aire ye satisfied?" bawled the

squire. "I am ef Bony is." "I'm shore I feel mighty good over it,

an' I never kin furgit you, 'squire." "Don't ye furgit to come an' do them

two days' work. "We'll be thar a day a'ter tomorrer, of the weather's fitten," cried S'manthy. "Ye mus' come to see us, an' bring your ol' omern to see my ol' omern, soon's we git fixed up," yelled Bony, with

a bowlegged swagger. • "Ye better git out, now, stiddler stop-pin' thar, for the ol' man Slayback 'lf een a'most maul the stuffln out'n you el

10. 0. D. Unred From L. G. Bprates Urr, BL W. Madusu M. Chrospier 10 Saret Ling Saret Ling Saret Ling Saret

he ketches ye afore he cools off. Izi git-tin' another bite-look out," and as the happy couple disappeared, he landed another big red belly.

I drew up my hook and a cooter had gnawed all the bait off while I was watching the wedding under difficulties.





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