

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

Some Interesting Yarns About Strange and Funny Adventures.

A DRUMMER'S HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

Getting into the Wrong Room—A Pocketbook Gets a Man Into Serious Trouble—A Smooth Jewelry Robbery.

Talking about funny and odd adventures, why I have had enough while on the road to fill a big volume.

Some half a dozen drummers were seated in the corridor of an uptown hotel, when some one suggested a story.

They had arrived in town in the afternoon and were taking a rest preparatory to getting to work the next day.

They were in the party of a representative of a western woolen goods house, a publishing house, a fur house and a hardware firm.

"Let Loy tell some of his yarns," suggested the woolen goods man.

Loy had uttered the opening sentence, and he was known to be brimful of anecdotes.

"I have got lots of galls so have you, boys, and I don't mind the people I pushed through the crowd."

"I have got some yarns that I can tell you," said Loy, looking at the other drummers.

"You've got some good yarns," said the man in the black and white striped shirt.

"I've got some good yarns," said the man in the black and white striped shirt.

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black alligator pocketbook, and that I must have taken it. I protested, but it was of no use.

"That's mine," said the man. "I protested, but it was of no use. I was searched."

"Count the money," said the official in charge.

"It was counted. There were three tens, two fives, two ones and 32 cents in small change."

"The Chicago man was there. He looked penitent, but gave me the slightest idea how I looked."

"Then he abjectly apologized to me and told all about the money."

"I had an appointment, that evening with a big woolen man and had a chance to tell a big bill."

"I'm sorry my name was called and I was told I was charged with highway robbery."

"The complaint was called, and as he stepped up to the judge he said that he had not been robbed at all and was very sorry for the trouble he had caused."

"Then he abjectly apologized to me and told all about the money."

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WILL HE NOT COME AGAIN?

The Strangely Tragical Story of a Young New Yorker's Death.

STILL HAUNTED BY A PALLID FACE.

Both Bride and Groom are Gone, but in Their Mansion Her Spirit Ever Watches for His Return.

At No. 324 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street there stands an old-fashioned house, says the New York Morning Journal. Evidently it was built more than an hundred years ago, for it is the style of architecture popular in old colonial days.

The house is square in its construction and is two stories in height. A wide veranda runs around the exterior of the building, which is covered with vines, which from the street look like a canopy of green cloth.

The house is unoccupied now, and in fact has been so for the past thirty years. No one cares to live in it for the reason that it is said to be haunted.

But it is a wide, roomy mansion, and if it were not for its reputation would long since have been occupied.

Fifty years or more ago Edward Jamison lived in this old homestead. He was a young man when he moved into the house, which was part of an ancestral fortune inherited from his grandfather, who built the structure.

Jamison was a young man about town, well known to the residents of the city. He had been educated at Harvard college, and he spent several years in travel. His father was a member of the Jamison family, for years well known in the political and social world of old New York.

The elder Jamison was an only son of old General Jamison, the founder of the family, who died in France, leaving his fortune to his son, the young man already spoken of.

Young Jamison did not keep the fortune inherited from his father for any length of time. Horses, carriages, dogs, wine and women were soon exhausted, and he was, at the time of his grandfather's death, down almost to his last dollar.

The death of old General Jamison, however, put him in possession of still another fortune, and it was with a glad heart that he moved into the ancestral home from his bachelor apartments downtown.

A year after coming into his grandfather's fortune Jamison's friends were surprised at receiving invitations to his wedding.

It was a most fashionable affair, his bride being Miss Caroline Edwards of Newport, R. I., a daughter of one of the most exclusive and wealthy of Puritan families.

The young couple started in life at the ancestral home of Jamison most happily. They entertained largely and were noted for the lavish manner with which they greeted their friends.

Jamison used to drive a team of white blooded horses around Harlem, and they could reel off the miles at a pace which left everything else on the road far behind.

A few hours later Jamison was brought back to his home dead.

His team had run away with him, and he was thrown out of his sleigh to the ground and instantly killed.

The terrific shock of the death of her husband seemed to change Mrs. Jamison's character entirely. Her reason was not exactly lost, but she would stand for hours looking out of the window where she last waved good-bye to her husband, awaiting his home-coming.

She did not seem to understand that her husband was dead, but with a white, anxious face, day after day, stared blankly out of the window in the vain hope of seeing him.

People passing the handsome mansion used to look up at the window where stood Mrs. Jamison and would say with bated breath: "There is the mad lady."

One day the news was circulated around Harlem that Mrs. Jamison was dead. She had hanged herself, it was later learned, in an upper room of her home.

Whether she had suddenly realized that her husband was dead, or whether her wild madness had taken a suicidal turn, was never definitely known, and from the social standing and wealth of her family the matter was washed up. No coroner's inquest was held and nothing was known about the tragedy except to the Jamison family and a few intimate friends.

As neither Mr. nor Mrs. Jamison had children, the estate and fortune passed to a distant branch of the family living in the west.

The old mansion was rented and people were rather surprised at the decision of a widow to see the new tenants move out.

For awhile the mansion was not occupied, but finally another family moved in. Three days later they also moved out and to friends told a remarkable story.

They said that when they first occupied the mansion they constantly heard strange noises. First would be heard the pattering of feet walking around in an upper chamber, which would be followed by a low sobbing cry. When the family went into the room from which the noises came nothing was to be seen.

But as soon as they left the room again would be heard the sound of weeping and the steady tramp of feet.

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the right nor left, but stared blankly into vacancy.

She walked toward the window and stood for a moment, looking out into the street.

Proven with horror, the young man seated in the room watched her. At last, gathering his wits about him, he jumped and ran to the window for the purpose of seeing whether the woman there was flesh and blood.

But when he reached where she was standing she had disappeared, and he fell to the floor in a faint.

On the following day his family moved out of the house, and the story of what he had seen was told to a few intimate friends.

From the description of the woman he had seen, it was evidently Mrs. Jamison, for when he was shown a picture of her fortune he immediately identified it as being the same as the mysterious woman he had seen.

Since then no one has occupied the house, and it is rapidly falling into decay.

People, however, to this day remember the story of Mrs. Jamison, and it is said that often can be seen the white face of the dead woman looking out of the window of the upper story for her dead husband's return.

Tickets at lowest rates and superior accommodations via the great Rock Island route. Ticket office, 1602-Sixteenth and Farnam streets, Omaha.

How to Educate Women.

Once give full scope to the expression of woman's powers, in any and every form of activity that may correspond to those powers; relieve alike from fear of poverty and dependence, and from the tyranny of enforced inactivity, and womanhood will blossom into beauty and strength and loveliness of character.

Herbert Underhill, writes Mrs. Helen E. Sturtevant in the Forum. Especially in the home relations of women will this be apparent. As an earnest thinker upon the subject has said, "It is inevitable that the removal of any external pressure of necessity to marry for the sake of a home and support will have a tendency to elevate the standard of marriage, first among women, and then among men."

One of the greatest forces to happy marriages is the existence of the mercenary spirit on the part of parents and daughters. Nothing will so effectively remove it as the possession by young girls and women of satisfactory, honorable, remunerative occupations, and the countenance and approval of society in the pursuit of them.

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Climbing Mount Tacoma.

Mount Tacoma, Washington, rises to a height of 14,444 feet, and up to the present time only twenty-nine persons have climbed to its summit, of whom Miss Fay Fuller of Tacoma is the only woman.

The party with whom Miss Fuller made the ascent on September 10

consisted of Rev. E. C. Smith, R. R. Parish and W. O. Amisen of Seattle and Leonard Longmire, the guide, of Yelm, says the New York World. Experienced mountaineers say that Mount Tacoma is the most difficult American peak to climb. The ascent of the first 7,000 feet was made on horseback, through dense forest, across dangerous streams and beautiful natural parks, known as the lower gardens of Eden, consumed nearly four days. Then began the ascent on foot, which was perilous in the extreme. At 12,000 feet the wind blew a hurricane over the snow and blue-green glacier. Several crevasses had to be crossed, some of which were large enough to drop a house in. The summit was reached at 4:30 p. m. August 10. It is about two miles across. Standing on the top the climbers could see below them two large craters looking like immense bowls with a central conical rim. The large crater is about three-quarters of a mile across. They are filled with snow and solid ice, with the same amount of the circumference in the bare rocks rising about sixty feet in some places. The steam keeps the rocks bare all the time. Coming down from the summit, where they could hardly stand on account of the steam, heated the water, dissolved in the crater and examined the steam jets, looking as if a row of boiling kettles were placed along the ridge. They sat on the rocks and were soon damped with moisture and parched by the heat, and the steam heated the water, dissolved in the crater and examined the steam jets, looking as if a row of boiling kettles were placed along the ridge. They sat on the rocks and were soon damped with moisture and parched by the heat, and the steam heated the water, dissolved in the crater and examined the steam jets, looking as if a row of boiling kettles were placed along the ridge.

Science Overcomes Deafness.

Just now the medical world is engaged in discussing the new device for deafness called the Soudan Disc.

Died of Grief at His Nephew's Death.

Andrew Yerkes, a prominent young man of Northville, Mich., died at a late hour the other night.

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