THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

Little Girl Who Failed to Appreciate a Kind Hearted Deed.

SAD EXPERIENCE OF A LOCK MAN.

How a Couple of Irrepressibles Startled the Natives-They Nearly Come to Blows-Changed Conditions of France.

The Pullman section of the Chicago express had just pulled out of the union depot when a drummer dashed through the gateway. He sighed as he saw the last sleeper disappearing in the distance, and then walked with a dejected air over to the track where the second section of baggage cars, smokers and day coaches lay. In a few moments the signal was given and the train moved slowly out of the depot. The drummer glanced around him. Among the passengers he spied several of his ilk, but they were traveling salesmen of a grade that do not usually take Pullmans, consequently he heeded them not. In front of the car sat a little girl with her head buried in her arms, which were spread on the window sill beside her. A mass of golden ringlets fell upon he shoulders A large man sat beside her, evidently her father. At the next station the man rose without a word and left the train, leaving the little one alone in the seat. She still slept. Half an hour passed and the ringlets moved. an hoar passed and the ringlets moved. A pitcoos, haggard little face was slowly raised and two large, frightened eyes looked strangely around the car. Then the little head sank down upon the arms and the child went to sleep. Later, when the drummer tried todoze he kept thinking of those tearful, loaely eyes, and often during the early part of the night he glanced at the mass of golden curls before the form of the property of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of the property of the sight had a face of he glanced at the mass of golden curls before him. Two o'clock in the morning found him wide awake. The little girl moved again. Once more she looked around with the same scared expression on her puny face. The other passengers were curled up in their seats, and no one but the drummer saw her. His heart was touched. He pitied the child in her loneliness. Walking to the front of the car, he sat down beside her and tenderly stroked her curls. When he asked her name she did not answer, but her and tenderly stroked her curis. When he asked her name she did not answer, but drew further away from him. Where was she going? At this question she looked sul-len and cross. Would she like something to eat? No, she shook her head and pouted.

"Well, my dear," said the good natured drummer, "I will see that you do not get lonely before daylight, at any rate. Would you like me to tell you a story that my mother used to tell me when I was small like You!"
The drummer then proceeded to tell the child a fairy tale, and followed with another,

and still another, before he stopped. The lit-tle face did not brighten. The child stared through the window at the dim outlines of the mountains past which the train was speeding. The drummer tried another plan. He told a funny story about a little boy who built a fire in his father's silk hat, and he laughed so heartily when he had finished that the little girl looked up in astonishment. Then a bright smile stole over her face. The drummer felt encouraged. He had begun another funny story when the child, still wearing the same amused look, drew from her pocket a card, which she held up before her persevering entertriner. On it was written:

"This little girl is on her way to Philadel-phia, where friends will meet her. She is deaf and dumb." drummer took one sheepish glance

around him to make sure that none of his passengers were looking and then back to his seat, curled himself up with his overcost for a pillow and went to

In a Drummer's Lifetime.

nis belief with \$10 against a proposition that
no one in the store could pick one of the
locks within ten minutes. In just three
minutes after the money was up F. B. Gibson, representing a rival lock firm, had
picked one of Douglas' warranted safetys.
As a result of the wager the lock expert is
today wearing a pair of fine gold cuff buttons, each being a \$5 gold piece appropriately
engraved as follows: "Awarded to F B So recent is the origin of the modern commercial drummer that, like the "fortyniner," representative pioneers in this line are yet in the land of the living and still on the road. As a concoctor of colossal yarns and a never failing fountain of anecdotes and humor, the drummer has no rival, at least not in the general estimation of the public His fund of spirits is no small portion of his stock in trade, and this, together with his acquired and nimble knowledge of human nature, makes him as dextrous a focund as suc-

cessful an advocate, commercially speaking, as the trained lawyer is in the legal forum.

A drummer's story of the commercial changes in the life and conditions of this country within the memory of some of these veteran knights of the road would make an interesting and picturesve volume, and one sure to be widely read. Here is an opportun-ity for the right man to make the most of One of these old-timers, who began his life-long career as a commercial traveler in 1836, and to whom his brethren are soon to give a testimonial, in speaking of his experiences the other day, and of the changed conditions of travel, etc., remarked:

'In 1839 I took a trip south, utilizing every possible mode of locomotion by land and water, by horselack and by foot as well, it taking me 226 days to cover the territory be-tween Montgomery, Ala., and Columbus, Miss. Now I go about in vestibule cars and put up at palatia hotels instead of tenting or staying in a log but. staying in a log but. I ascend the rivers in magnificent steamers, whereas I used to be glad to get keel-boat transportation. I send a telegram and get an answer in an hour. Formerly I had to wait two months for answers to my letters. I used to write with quili pens and seal with wax wafers. Since I have been on the road I have seen the invention or perfection of the railroads, the telegraph, the screw-propeller, the sub-marine cable, the telephone and the electric

The American drummer's story is yet to be written. To be done well it should be done soon, ere some of its most characteristic links are missing and its chain of events hopelessly broken.

On the Train.

Blossom (to drummer sitting by open window)-Excuse me, sir, but that open window

is very annoying. Drummer (pleasantly) -I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it.

Blossom-I wish you would close it, sir. Drummer-Would like to accommodate you, but I can't.

Blossom-Do you refuse to close that window, sir!

Drummer-I certainly do. Blossom—If you don't close it, I will.
Drummer—I'll bet you won't.
Blossom—I'll go over there, I will.
Drummer—I'll give odds you won't.
Blossom—I'll ask you once more, sir,
Jou close that window!
Drummer—No, sir; I will not.

Blessom (getting on his feet-Then I will,

Drummer—I would like to see you do it.
Blossom (placing his hands of the objectionable window)—I'll show you whether I will

Drummer (as Blossem tugs at the window Why don't you close it!

Blossom (getting red in the face)—It—
sppears—to be stuck.

Drummer-Of course it is. I tried to close

"Them Drummers Beat All."

A few weeks ago I boarded the train at my home, the Garden City, said John T. Waldorf, and after securing a seat in a halffilled car began to size up the passengers while waiting for the train to start on its journey toward the scene of my annual vaca-

tion, Santa Cruz. The car contained among the mixed crowd always found on the rall two of the geaus I. O. T. E. drummers. The I. O. T. E. in this case stands for "I own the earth." These worthies were about as near opposite as possible, for while one was sleek, loud-voiced and sported a plug hat, the other looked careless, spoke low, and generally in monosyllabies, and his head gear was in keeping with his general appearance, being one of those soft hats that can be rolled up and put into

The sleek looking one of the pair, who had probably been talking almost continuously since loaving San Francisco, barring the sev-

eral times he sought an inspiration in a su THEY FELL BACK INSTANTLY.

eral times he sought an inspiration in a sus-picious looking straw covered flask, seemed to have secured his second wind, and just as the train was pulling out of the San Jose depot he started in with great animation. His com-panion, who had slipped down in the seat so far that the top of his head was just visible, seemed to held about the same position as the interlocutor of a ministrel show, as his answers wore brief and it was just to me that he de-For They Saw a Huge Serpent Outlined Against the Wyoming Moon.

were brief, and it was plain to me that his de-sign was to keep up the conversation while the possessor of the plug hat startled "the ALMOST AS BIG AS A CABLE. He Chased the Hunters but Stopped

Their conversation to me was immensely funny, knowing as I do what a beautiful city and desirable place of residence San Jose really is, but one old lady who sat directly to Swallow an Antelope and Was Finally Killed by a Well behind the irrepressibles took it all in as gospel truth.
The sieck-looking individual began, his ut-Directed Volley. tersaces being mostly in short, jerky sentences, a style of speech peculiar to drummers, and the following conversation ensued:
"This is San Jose, eh?"
"Yes."
"Horrible place."

"People half civilized here; bave regular bull fights in the street. That so?"
"Fact, I assure you."
"Terrible place for heat, ch?"
"Yes."

"People sleep outside in summer. Believe

By this time the old lady was simply horri-fied, and leaned forward in open-mouthed amazement drinking in every word as it fell

"Is it so that people went about the main

"Yes, for a whole month."
"Terrible place for earthquakes I'm told!

"Heard they didn't dure put up the Hotel andome in town on that account!" "Yes, no big buildings in town."

"Just think of it. Don't see why people ve in such a town."
"Worst place I ever heard of."

The man with the soft hat seemed to be getting tired of romancing about San Jose, so

"Some in my sample case in the smoking

They arose and made their exit, and the old lady breathed easier after they were gone. I took the seat vacated by the drum mers and soon engaged her in conversation She soon resumed her wonted equanimity.

and I learned that she was just from Massachusetts and was intending to take u

her residence with a married daughter in Watsonville, but from what she had heard from the drummers she was half inclined to

I told her what a beautiful place San Jose

is, that it is never oppressively hot, that the nights are cool and delightful, that boats never traversed our main streets, that bull-

fights were unknown and that in the history

of the place no one had ever been killed or even injured by an earthquake,

Before the train reached Watsonville I had convinced her that the drummers were base

fabricators for whom the mantle of Anania

and the gown of Sapphira would not make a vest, and at her destination, where her

overloyed relatives gave her a hearty recep-tion, she bade me good-bye, remarking at the

Touched Douglas for Ten.

A. W. Douglas, representing the big Sim-

mons hardware company of St. Louis, lost

\$10 worth of confidence in a lock of famous

reputation while in Omaha the other day.

He was trying to sell some of the pattern to

Himebaugh & Taylor when a bystander inti-

mated that Douglas' locks were no good, as

they were so easily picked. Douglas said

that this was impossible, and finally backed

his belief with \$10 against a proposition that

Gibson by A. W. Douglas for picking — lock Omana, October 24, 1890."

Register the Drummers.

desires the prosperity of his employer and

his city and state should get in this week and

register and make it a point to be home on

Tuesday of next week to vote. Every whole-sale merchant in Omaha should order his

commercial men to register on Friday or Sat-

Citizens of Omaha at home and abroad should

remember that the remaining days of registration

A Remarkable Gotham Cat.

Side. It is the property of Miss Clara

goes far to prove that cats have the

power of reason as well as instinct, says

the New York Morning Journal. The animal's name is Mollie. She lives with

Among the numerous tricks which

Mollie performs is to lie on her back and

personate death. No amount of slapping

or knocking about will arouse Mollie

from her lethargy until her mistress

Miss Guerlin has made a suit of cloth-

ing for her pet and on state occasions

she arrays Mollie in petticoats and skirts

and puts a queer little bonnet on her head. Then Mollie stands on her hind

legs and walks gravely around the room

to her own satisfaction and the delight

But Mollie, notwithstanding her ac-

complishments, is not generous. She does not allow any of the other cats around the house to drink milk from her

saucer. When one of them approaches

and tries to lap from Mollie's saucer she

deliberately raises her paw and upsets

Unless more care is given to the hair the oming man is liable to be a hairless animal;

hence, to preveat the hair from falling use Hall's Hair Renewer.

The Mustache and the Character.

There is a great deal of character in

the mustache. As the form of the upper lip and the regions about it has largely

to deal with the feelings, pride, self-rel

ance, manliness, vanity and other quali-

ties that give self-control, the mustache

is more particularly connected with the

When the mustache is ragged, and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there, is a lack of proper self-control. When

it is straight and orderly, the reverse is the case, other things, of course, taken

If there is a tendency to curl at the

outer ends of the mustache, there is a

tendency to ambition, vanity or display

When the curl turns upward there is

geniality, combined with a love of ap-

ward there is a more sedate turn of mind

not unaccompanied by gloom.
It is worthy of remark that good-na-

tured men w'll, in playing with the mus-

tache, invariably give it as upward in-

clination, whereas cross-grained or mo-rose men will pull it obliquely down-

Ctilizens of Omaha at home and abroad should

1602. Sixteenth and Farnam streets is the new Rock Island ticket office. Tick-

ets to all points east at lowest rates.

remember that the remaining days of registration are Friday, October 31, and Saturday, Novem

probation; when the inclination is down

into account.

ber 1.

expression of those qualities or the re-

her mistress at No. 62 Avenue D.

There is a remarkable cat on the East

The intelligence of this feline

are Friday, October \$1, and Saturday, Novem-

urday of this week.

tells her to get up.

of the whole family.

the milk upon the floor.

Every drummer who lives in Omaha and

"Them drummers do beat all."

from the lips of this modern Ananias. That incorrigible continued.

"Bad town for floods!"

treet in boats jast winter!

"Worse than Ecuador."
"Have them often!"

"About twice a year

"How far out is it?"

ie turned the conversation

"Let's go and take a smoke."

There has been for some years in circulation throughout the vicinity a rumor of an enormous serpent which had its haunt in the Sweetwater mountins, lying north of this place, says a Wyoming correspondent of the New York Press. This serpent was supposed to have been one "Heard a thousand people dropped dead from sunstroke there last summer?"
"That's a low estimate."
"That's a low estimate."
"That's a low estimate."
"The this time the old lady was simply horrithat was found about ten years since in a bunch of bananas imported by Michael Costello, a fruit dealer, and which escaped before it could be killed. It was then only about three feet in length, but was pronounced by Costello, who is a native of South America, to be a young anaconda. Whether the same or not, hunters and the people who live in the mountains have reported from time to time, coming across a snake measuring many feet in length, and with a body large in proportion, but which always was overtaken.

> These stories grew in size and frequency, until it was said that those told of the sea serpent were eclipsed by the accounts given of the one inhabiting the peaks of the Sweetwater. But the thing has long ceased to be a joke among the small farmers and herders living near there, for sheep and fowls, and even an occasional good sized calf or colt, have disappeared so mysteriously as to preclude all idea of having fallen prey to panther or grizzly and to cause suspicion to fall on the monster snake. In addition to these losses, it is considered dangerous for the mountaineers' children to wander far from home, for it is credibly related that a child of Ephraim March, straying from its companions while on a blackberry expedition this last spring, encountered the snake, which, according to the little fellow's account, was making towards him, when a pet deg following him darted at the serpent in his defense and was at once caught, encircled by the snake's folds, which crushed him to death, after which he was caten by the reptile, which operation gave the child time to get back to its companions. The boy is only five years old and too young to have fabricated the story, which is further corroborated by the continued absence of the dog. Numerous parties have been organized

> to search out the anaconda and capture it alive or dead, but have proven unsuccessful, as the creature, with rare astuteness, has refused on such occasions to materialize. On Saturday last, however, the big snake was finally met in open field and fair battle. A party of hunters, comprising three or four of our most prominent citizens, had camped for the night on a grassy knoll, about the foot of which ran a small stream, by which the horses were tied. They had been asleep some hours when aroused by the startled scream of one of the horses and the instant stampede of the rest as they broke their stake ropes and rushed madly down the valley. The moon was shining brightly, and by light the gentlemen enabled to discern a lying on a shape close to the banks of the little stream. and on approaching the object, which looked like the straight black limb of a tree, were soon satisfied of its nature by seeing an ugly head, with bright, wicked eyes, lift itself for a calm survey of them. and were nearly overpowered by a waft of its fetid, powerful breath. They fell back instantly to a respectful distance and then, taking as careful aim as pos-sible, fired on the serpent, but the only effect apparently produced by the volley was to cause the snake to draw out its full length from the heap of rocks about which it had coiled itself in and out to

start towards them. Seeing this the party readily recalled what the copy books had taught was the best part of valor and beat a hasty retreat up the little knoll. This was gained just as the snake reached its foot. It seemed about to pursue them to the summit, when a diversion occurred that distracted the reptile's attention from the hunters. During the afternoon a female antelope, having with her a couple of young ones, had been killed, also one of the fawns by accident, and the other had been taken alive and tethered close to where the big snake paused to deliberate over pursuing the party up the knoll. It would probably have not have seen the animal had not the frightened animal given vent to a piteous bellow, ran as far as the length of its rope would allow, and when checked fallen on its knees. The snake instantly writhed in its direction and with a rapidity almost incredible wound itself about the fawn, which continued for a second or two crying in a stiffed, horror-stricken way, till, as there was heard a sickening crunch, it suddenly became silent and the head dropped to one side. The snake immediately uncoiled itself and stretching out its folds until it lay nearly straight, with its head

close to the dead antelope, covered the carcass with spittle, repeating the process several times. The moonlight shining full upon the spot enabled the gentlemen to watch the proceedings closely, and, presuming on his snakeship's preoccupation, ventured to the edge of the hillock in order to observe the curious sight of the anaconda absorbing into his own body one that seemed three times its circumference. Having enveloped the antelope in its glutinous saliva, the snake commenced the slow process of swallowing it, and, taking first the head, the fawn gradually disappeared, while the body of the serpent swelled in the same ratio, until it seemed as if the sleek, dark skin would burst. When the antelope had been entirely absorbed the snake raised itself and was evidently about to crawl off when, the play over, the spectators avenged the poor fawn by a well directed voiley at the anaconda's head. It was wounded badly, and in its death agony writhed and twisted hideously, attempting again and again to coil itself or to crawl as far as the rocks bordering he stream, but was too much hurt to make much progress. However, so vio-

At last the snake grew quiet, and thinking it dead the gentlemen ventured to descend and were bending over to examine it when the snake, rearing itself with an expiring effort, flung itself nearly into the air and with itstall dealt Mr. Marshall Hope a blow violent enough to knock him backward twenty

lent were its switchings and twistings

that the nimrods declared that the air sung with them, as the cut of a sapling

twitched rapidly in the hand will make

though it was some time before the hunters would trust his seeming quies-

When measured he was found to be exactly thirty-five iget and seven inches. It was with the greatest difficulty that horses were induced to haul the anaconda back to town, for they seemed to regard the careass with the utmost hor ror. The skin was stuffed by a local taxidermist and placed on exhibition before being sent to the natural history association at Cheyenne.

Citizens of Omaka at home and abroad should remember that the remaining days of registration are Friday, October 31, and Saturday, Novem-

THE FORGOTTEN MILLIONS.

Genuine Americans Who Live Well on a Small Amount.

The cost of bringing up a family of five or six children comfortably in the town of Mount Desert does not exceed \$250 a year if the house, a garden patch and cow-pasture be already provided from savings of the husband and wife before marriage, and if the family, as a whole, have normal health and strength, writes President Eliot of Harvard in the Century. Very few heads of families earn more than that sum in a year; for, although a day's wages in summer is commonly \$1.75, work is scarce, the win-ter is long and few men can get more than five months' employment at these wages in a year. The man and boys of a family can, however, do much for the common support, even when there is no work at wages to be had. They can catch and cure fish, dig clams, trap lobsters, pick the abundant blueberries on managed to get out of the way before it the rocky hills in August and shoot ducks at the seasons of migration. Wild nature still yields to the skillful seeker a considerable quantity of food without

Dwellers in a city may wonder how it is possible for a family to live so cheapy, but there is no mystery about it There is no rent to pay; the schools are free; water costs nothing; the garden patch yields potatoes and other vegetables, and the pasture milk and butter; two kerosen lamps and a lantern supply all the arti ficial light needed at a cost not exceeding \$2 a year; the family do all their own work without waste; there is but one fire, except on rare occasions, that single fire is in a stove which delivers all its heat into the house; the wife and daughters knit the family stockings, mittens and mufflers, mend all the clothes and for the most part make all their own.

The ready made clothing which the men buy at the stores is very cheap (\$10 to \$15 a suit), being made of cotton with but a small admixture of wool. The cloth is strong and warm and looks fairly well when new, but soon fades and wears shabby. For children the old clothes of their elders are cut down, the wear being thus brought on new places. The Hessian girls wear proudly her grandmother's woolen petitionats, and well she may, for they are just as good and handsome as they were sixty vears ago. A Scotch shepherd's al wool plaid withstands the wind and rain for a lifetime. The old Swiss porter, who is carrying the mounted traveler's valise over the Gemmi, puts on a thick woolen jacket of a rich brown celor when the shower pegins, with the remark. "The rain won't wet me, sir; this coat has kept me dry for twenty-five

years." The American farmer and laborer use no such good materials as these, and therefore they and their children look shabby most of the time; but their clothes are very cheap in first cost, and, like the cotton clothes of the Chinese, they answer the main purpose of all clothing. In a city the best clothes of the city must always be put on; in the country but seldom! Shoes and boots must be bought for the whole household, New England, and the coarser sorts are durable in proportion to their price For protection from rain the Desert man who is obliged to be out of doors in bad weather uses in sailor fashion no rubber clothing, but suits of oiled cotton cloth, which keep out not only water but wind, last long and cost little-\$2 to \$3 a suit. However hard it may be for city people to understand it. the fact remains that \$250 a year is a sum adequate to the comfortable and wholesome support of a family of seven or eight persons in the town of Mount Desert, provided that a house, a garden and a pasture are secured to them

Citizens of Omaha at home and abroad should emember that the remaining days of registration are Friday, October 31, and Saturday, .. ovem

WOOING THE DEVIL.

Falling in Love with a Russian Woman a Rather Serious Thing.

Among the middle and lower orders of Russian society the model wife is she whose good conduct and slavish obedience to the will or whims of her hus-band give him no excuse to lift hand or rod against her and who never beats her husband when he is drunk. beating their husbands is, however, a recognized phase of Russian social life Among the cheap chromos that adorn the walls of village tea houses and trakters, one of the most familiar scenes is a drunken moujik on the ground and his wife beating him in no gingerly

manner. The merchant's wife and daughters still keep out of sight, in accordance with oriental custom, when male friends call on the husband, and when they go shop ping the husband and father goes with them, assists them with their bargains and pays the bills. The merchant's wife paints her cheeks and is very fond of bright-colored clothes.

You often see them arrayed from head to foot in garish red. She spends the greater part of her time in drinking tea. smoking eigarettes and gossiping with visiting friends. There is a saying that "a merchant's wife can drink a whole

samovar of tea. Her mental abilities are held in light esteem by her spouse and his friends, who, though keen merchants, are, for the most part, men of seant education. They will tell you that "a woman has long hair, bur a short mind," that she is a child of the devil, and that when you fall in love with her you fall in love with the evil one. It is considered bad luck to meet a woman when you are going fishing or shooting. In the churches "neither women nor dogs" are permitted to penetrate the inner sanctuary, though men and boys are freely admitted.

Citizens of Omaha at home and abroad should remember that the remaining days of registration are Friday, October 31, and Saturday, Novem-

THEY MATE FOR LIFE.

White Swans are Models of Devotion in Their Domestic Relations.

In this country the white swan is the best known of the family, a pair being found on almost every piece of ornamen-tal water of sufficient size; they may be said to exist in a state of semi-domesti cation, being undoubtedly the descend-ants of the wild swan, which lives in large flocks in the temperate and cold

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climates. It is therefore necessary to pinion individuals retained in captivity n order to prevent their escape when he migratory instinct comes upon them. According to Yarrell the common swan was introduced in this country about the swelfth century, and therefore has a good right to be considered as a domestic

twaterfowl, while it also possesse the proud distinction of hav-ing being long considered as a royal bird, only to be held in England by subjects as a privilege from the crown. During the breeding season the swan becomes very savage and is then dangerous to approach.

The male and female swan pair for ife and are models of devotion one to the other. The male bird may be seen during the period of incubation either swimming as a sentinel or seated close beside his mate, half hidden by the water reeds, among which the nest is sually built.

Their food consists in great part of equatic vegetables, but they are large eeders and consume snails, small fish. cels, as well as the various sorts of in-

They are extremely long-lived, and have been known to live for more than The plumage of the birds is of a daz-zling whiteness in both the male and female, the latter being rather the smaller in size of body. The feet and

smaller in size of body. The feet and legs of both are black, the bill orange ed, with a black tubercie at the base. When hatched the young are of an ashy gray, becoming white when about two years old.

FELL OUT OF HIS BERTH.

Very Funny Experience of General Passenger Agent Eustis on a Sleeper.

Some ludicrous experiences are occasionally met with by the occupants of he upper berth, says the Chicago Herald. P. S. Eustis, the general passen-ger agent of the Burlington road, encountered one of them during a trip from Chicago to Omaha several years ago. The weather had been intensely hot and when Mr. Eustis crawled into his upper berth, which he occupied by choice, he determined to depart from his usual custom of retaining his underclothing and eded to shed it. It might be well to state that Mr. Eustis is long and thin and it is only by sleeping on the bias and letting his feet hang over at one corner of the berth that he enjoys anything like rest in the ordinary sleeper. How-ever, this is not relevant to the story. Transpiring freely and almost suffocated by the heat, the railroad man sat up in his berth somewhat after the style of a camp chair and began to work himself cose from his dripping underclothing. He tugged wildly at his singlet, pulling it up from the neck, but after gathering n nearly all the under sheet on the berth he changed tactics and worked from the base up. In peeling this gar-ment he skinned his knuckles against the berth roof, but as a good member of the Episcopalian church said nothing audibly. Then he tackled his balbriggan underdrawers, and after a number of exceedingly clever gyrations shook them loose, but in unraveling them his cling-

ing summer hose still remained.
Then began the real tug of war. He was warm both physically and mentally, narrative; and when at last driven to and so were the socks, only not mentalbut they were mighty obstinate ugh. Revolving around as on a though. pivot, Mr. Eustis worked desperately at hose socks, and just as the right one left his foot the car gave a sudden jerk and the gentleman, losing his balance, lid under the curtain rod and dropped with a mighty crash into the aisle

Everybody was undressing and a Everybody was undressing and a ing history of Tiberius, Caracalla, and dozen heads popped out between the other Casars, and the pleasure they curtains to see who had been killed. | took in watching the agonies of tortured Those who were prompt to look saw a children. Thereupon I resolved to very slim figure clad only in a striped imitate and surpass these same Cæsars, sock, making a frantic effort to hide and that very night began to do so.

behind a pair of curtains. In falling Mr. Eustls bumped very hard against a DR. MCGREW lady who occupied the lower berth oppo-site and who was leisurely disrobing when he so unceremoniusly jarred her system. She yelled loudly for the porter when she saw the naked apparition, and her screams only ceased when Mr. Eustis, from his position behind the curtains, apologized for the intrusion and explained his accident. To relieve any embarrassing feelings that this story might create it would be proper to state that the berth under Mr. Eustis was occupied by a railroad official, who helped to rub arnica on his friend's bruises that same evening. Since this event Mr. Eustis has never, under any circumstances, attempted to disrobe in a sleeper, yet, strange to say, he conti nues to occupy an upper berth whenever he is on the road.

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nuts in the Solomon Islands. In the Solomon islands the market

quotation on a "good quality" wife is 10,000 cocoanuts. The money of the islanders, says All the Year Round, consists of strings of shell beads about the size of a shirt button, well made, and strung in fathom lengths of two kinds, "red" and "white" money. This is the base of the currency, above which comes dog's teeth, which are the gold of their coinage. Only two teeth from a dog's jaw are legal tender. A hole is drilled in each, and when a native has accumuated a sufficient number hestrings them together and wears them as a collar. Such a collar may be worth as much as £20. Porpoises' teeth are one-fifth the value of dog's teeth, and rings of marble-

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enough to knock him backward twenty feet into the brook. But the next instant, with a long quiver all over its great body, the anaconda was dead, thirty, make their way to more genial that the same and the store of the world.

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