

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

Little Girl Who Failed to Appreciate a Kind Hearted Deed.

SAD EXPERIENCE OF A LOCK MAN.

How a Couple of Irrespressibles 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 slipped 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, smelters 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 her 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. A piteous, haggard little face was slowly raised and two large, frightened eyes looked strange upon the car. Then the little head sank down upon the arms and the child went to sleep. Later, when the drummer tried to doze he kept thinking of those large, lonely eyes and often during the early part of the night 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 young face. The drummer was curled up in the seat, and she saw that the drummer was asleep. 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 drew away from him. Where was she going? At this question she moved again and cried. Would she like something to eat? No, she shook her head and pouted. "Well, my dear," said the good natured drummer, "I will get you something to eat. I am 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 he followed with another, and still another, before she fell asleep. The little face did not brighten. The drummer looked through the window at the dim outlines of the mountains past which the train was speeding. The drummer tried another story. He told a funny story about a little boy who built a fire in his father's sick bed, and he laughed so heartily when he finished that the girl looked up at him in astonishment. Then a bright smile stole over her face. The drummer felt encouraged. He had begun another funny story when the child said she had heard of an animal lock, drew from her pocket a card, which she held up before her perspiring entertainer. On it was written: "This little girl goes away to Philadelphia, where friends will meet her. She is dead and dumb." The drummer took one shrewd glance around him and saw that some of the fellow passengers were looking and then slunk back to his seat, curled himself up with his overcoat for a pillow and went to sleep.

In a Drummer's Lifetime. So recent is the origin of the modern commercial drummer that, like the "forty-niner," representative pioneers in this line are yet in the land of the living and still on the road. As a connoisseur 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 exploits is so small portion of his stock in trade, and this, together with his acquired and nimble knowledge of human nature, makes him as dextrous a foeman as successful an advocate, commercially speaking, as the trained lawyer is in the legal forum.

Every drummer who lives in Omaha and 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 the first of November. The commercial men to register on Friday or Saturday of this week.

Citizens of Omaha at home and abroad should remember that the remaining days of registration are Friday, October 31, and Saturday, November 1.

A Remarkable Gotham Cat. This is a remarkable cat on the East Side. It is the property of Miss Clara Gaerlin. The intelligence of this feline 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 her mistress at No. 52 Avenue D.

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—If you won't, I will. Blossom—If I go over there, I will. Drummer—I'll give odds you won't. Blossom—I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window? Drummer—No, sir, I will not. Blossom (getting up from her seat)—I will, sir. Drummer—I would like to see you do it. Blossom (placing his hands on the objectionable window)—I'll show you whether I will or not, sir. Drummer (as Blossom tugs at the window)—Why don't you close it? Blossom (getting red in the face)—It's open to be stuck in. Drummer—Of course it is. I tried to close it before you came in.

"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 half-filled car began to size up the passengers while waiting for the train to start on its journey toward the scene of my annual vacation, Santa Cruz.

The car contained among the mixed crowd always found on the rail way of the genus 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 spotted a pug hat, the other looked carelessly, spoke low, and generally in monosyllables, 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 one's pocket.

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

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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 one such party, however, the big snake was finally met in an 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 its light the gentlemen were enabled to discern a dark shape lying on a pile of rocks 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 wail of its fetid, putrid breath. They fell back instantly, and, as they retreated, it then, taking as careful aim as possible, 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 whole of the serpent 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, and also one of the fawns, which 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 been seen the animal had not been frightened into giving vent to a piteous howl, 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 rapidly almost incredible wound itself about the animal given vent to a second or two crying in a stifled, hoarse-sickening wail, till, as there was heard a sickening crunch, it suddenly became silent and the head dropped to one side. The snake immediately uncoiled itself, 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, prepared as his snakeship's preoccupation, ventured to the edge of the knoll 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 volley of fire. 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 the stream, but was too much hurt to make much progress. However, so violent were its switchings and writhings that the nimrod declared that the air sung with them, as the out of a sapling twitched rapidly in the hand while it made it.

At last the snake grew quiet, and thinking it dead the gentlemen prepared 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 its tail dead beat a blow so violent that it was 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,

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It is therefore necessary to pinion individuals retained in captivity in order to prevent their escape when migratory instinct comes upon them. According to Yarrell the common swan was introduced in this country about the sixteenth century, and therefore has a good right to be considered as a domestic waterfowl, while it also possesses the proud distinction of having been 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 life 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 beside his mate, half hidden by the reed roots, among which the nest is usually built. Their food consists in great part of aquatic vegetables, but they are large feeders and consume snails, small fish, oysters, as well as the various sorts of insects. They are extremely long-lived, and have been known to live for more than fifty years. The plumage of the birds is of a dazzling whiteness in both the male and female, the latter being rather the smaller in size body. The feet and legs of both are black, the bill orange red, with a black tubercle at the base. When hatched the young are of an ashy gray, becoming white when about two years old.

Very Funny Experience of General Passenger Agent Eustis on a Steeper. Some ludicrous experiences are occasionally met with by the occupants of the upper berth, says the Chicago Herald. F. S. Eustis, the general passenger 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 on, and proceeded 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. However, 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 loose from his dripping underclothing. He tugged wildly at his singlet, pulling it up from the neck, but after gathering in nearly all the under sheet on the berth he changed tactics and worked from the base up. In peeling this garment he skinned his knuckles against the berth roof, but as a good member of the Episcopal church said nothing audibly. Then he tackled his braibaggin underdrawers, and after a number of exceedingly clever gyrations shook them loose, but in unraveling them his clinging summer hose still remained. Then began the real tug of war. He was warm both physically and mentally, and so were the socks, only not mentally, but they were mighty obstinate though. Revolving around as on a pivot, Mr. Eustis worked desperately at those socks, and just as a sudden jerk left his foot the car gave a sudden jerk and the gentleman, losing his balance, slid under the curtain rod and dropped with a mighty crash into the aisle below. Everybody was undressing and a dozen heads popped out between the curtains to see who had been killed. Those who were prompted to look saw a very slim figure clad only in a striped sock, making a frantic effort to hide

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