THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

Nerve and Cheek as Defined By a Celebrated Lady Drummer.

MRS. STEWART'S SECRET OF SUCCESS.

A Duel With Lassoes—A Horrible Scene Witnessed in a New Mexico Village—Honeymoon Incidents.

A tall, stout woman, with a fresh complexion and big, brown eyes, walked up to Clerk Fields at the Gibson office yesterday and enquired after an express package which she had been expecting, says the Cincinnati Times-Star. As she moved her right hand a big diamond glittered and gleamed in the electric light.

"That," said Mr. Fields impressively, after the lady had walked out of the main entrance to Walnut street, "is Mrs. L. E. Stewart and is a traveling saleslady for a ladies' underwear house in New York city. Her expense account is one of the largest in the country and the orders that she sends in to her house make the managers get up and buy another diamond or promise a sealskin cloak."

From a talk which a Times-Star man had with Mrs. Stewart, he fully believes every word that Mr. Field said concerning the lady. She enjoys the distinction of being the leading lady drummer of the country, and carries her honors lightly indeed. There is a delicious brusquenoss, a what might be easily called masculine naivette, about her that is impressive and at the same time charming. She is a thorough business woman, with just enough of the feminine tenderness to make her an ideal common-sensed woman.

"This talk about women not being able to travel alone is all bosh," said Mrs. Stewart. "Here I have been traveling for the past five years, and I have yet to see the man who has grossly insulted me. It all lies in the woman. If she is determined and plucky she can go through the world as easy, if not easier than a man traveler. You see, there is a certain gallantry about a man which is certain to exhibit itself when in the presence of a woman, and naturally, therefore, I get a great deal of help and kind attention on my trips."

"What should be the main requisite in a good traveling saleslady?"

"Hustle," was the terse rejoinder of Mrs. Stewart, and she gave it with a pleasant smile. "If a woman is endowed with that one quality, why demme—excuse me but I don't believe in mincing words—she ought to get along. There is a big difference between cheek and nerve. The first is pure and unadulterated brassness; the second is clear-cut, scintillating go-aheadativeness. The first has the effect upon a customer of causing him to lose respect for the saleslady, the second is the surest seed to raise the plant of admiration. I know I'm not cheeky, and demme—excuse my language—if I don't think I've got the right kind of nerve."

"Mrs. Stewart defined nerve and cheek very well," remarked Clerk Fields, "as we hotel clerks have reason to know. For instance, some time ago there came a female stenographer to the hotel in company with on old railroad manager. She was just beyond the blushing side of 28, and possibly was in the shadow of the thirties. She was given a good room, and then the trouble began. She wanted fresh ice water ten times a day, kicked at the meals, growled at the miserable weather, took offense at the merely cursory glances of half a hundred traveling men, wagged her tongue viciously at the delay of the elevator, grumbled because there were no matinees at the theaters on Friday, remonstrated in no mild tones with the housekeeper because her room wasn't tidied a few minutes after she arose from bed, and did a hundred other things well calculated to make hotel guests and employes feel that there were more disagreeable things in life than an insurance agent or a persistent borrower. Now, in the face of all this, what do you suppose this girl told me in a wild burst of rapturous, child-like confidence?

"'Mr. Clerk,' said she, 'I hope you don't mind any annoyance I may have caused you, for I am a woman of the world, left an orphan quite young, and I've imbibed a goodly amount of nerve.'

"I recovered from the blow by the liberal use of tonics and cold water."

A Duel With Lassoes.

Mr. J. R. Johnson, a Chicago traveling man who returned lately from a trip through New Mexico, says he was the witness of one of the most horrible duels over fought in that land, where the shedding of human blood excites but little attention and the slayer of a fellow man, if the killing is done in anything like a fair fight, goes scot free. Mr. Johnson says he was in the southern part of New Mexico, taking a wagon ride with his samples, when he arrived at the little village of Sebolla. His driver was a Mexican and acted as interpreter. There was no hotel in the place, but they succeeded in obtaining accommodations at a house which was a slight remove from a stable.

After making out a supper as best he could Mr. Johnson sat in front of the house enjoying a cigar. Inside he could hear the pretty daughter of his host laughing and chattering. The girl was evidently the belle of the country, and knew it. She was about fifteen years old. Early in the evening a young Mexican rode up. He was tricked out in all the finery affected by the horsemen of that country and, from the effusive reception accorded by the girl, he was undoubtedly a favorite. While the merriment was at its height another young man rode up, dressed enough like the first to play the twin brother act. He was as well received as the first by the girl, but it was plain that the first comer looked on the second with jealous eyes. A few minutes later the driver informed Mr. Johnson that there would be trouble, for the men were rivals and the girl was a thorough coquette.

The two herders had been in the house a short time when loud talking and quarreling were heard. Mr. Johnson went in, attracted by the noise, and saw at once there would be a fight. The girl, pleased to be the cause of such a row, showed her pearly teeth, and her black eyes grew brighter still as the excitement increased. Finally the rival lovers appeared to have come to some agreement, and, appealing to his interpreter, Mr. Johnson found that the men had determined to fight a duel with their lassoes. It was a bright moonlight night as they rode out to the prairie. There were about a dozen in the party. Mr. Johnson tried through his interpreter to patch up a peace, but the man said the Mexicans told him to mind his own business, which he concluded to do. A rapid gallop took the party far enough out into the plain to allow the duelists free room to ride at will.

"How terrible the affair would be," Mr. Johnson says, "I had not the slightest idea, or I certainly would not have been a witness to it. The two men stripped to the waist. They were bareheaded. There was none of the formality and politeness which mark the duels of civilized men. They simply hated each other and desired to kill. The last spoken word of each was a curse. Their horses were put facing each other close together. At a given signal they rode slowly past each other, went about twenty yards, turned and were ready to fight. Lasso in hand, they slowly circled about, each keeping a watchful eye on the movements of his rival. Suddenly a his was heard, and a lasso flew through the air from one man. An alert eye and a quick dodge caused it to fall short, and before it could be recovered the other had thrown his rope, but it, too, was carefully evaded. This continued for several minutes, many throws being made and avoided. The deadly loop was thrown by experts, but they were also dodged by men who had studied the art all their lives.

"At last the smaller of the two men sent his lasso whistling through the air. I saw the other throw up his hand and arm to ward it off, but the loop settled down over his head and arm, and in a flash it was tight. It was all done in the twinkling of an eye. Both horses were on the run while the loop was fastened tight about the man's neck and arm. He was jerked out of the saddle, and then in some way his boot caught in the stirrup and he hung screaming between the two horses, the lasso cutting into his flesh as the two horses strained apart as if trying to tear him in two.

"It was simply awful. The victorious man was yelling like a demon and urging his horse to greater efforts. I could not stand the sight, and rushed forward to cut the rope and free the unfortunate man, but before I could reach him his boot gave way, and the other started his horse running over the prairie, dragging the inanimate body of his rival, which was fast being reduced to a shapeless mass. Round and round he circled, until at the awful sight I fainted. When I recovered consciousness I was on a bench in front of the house and the payty had dispersed. On the plain lay the body of the victim of the duel and in the house were the girl and the victor, laughing and talking as if nothing had happened."

A Thrilling Experience.

As a party of gentlemen sat in an up-town restaurant a few nights ago discussing some juicy chops and Pommery, one of them, a New York drummer, related the following, to which he was an eye witness:

"Something over two years ago I was doing the west in the interest of a New York wholesale house, and wound up in San Francisco on a Sunday forenoon. After lolling about, reading papers and finally discussing an admirable dinner at the Palace, I started for a ride toward Golden Gate park, taking one of the cable cars. It was then about 3 o'clock, and the avenue leading toward the park was densely crowded with vehicles of every description. It seemed that every one owning a carriage of any character, from the road cart to the landau, was enjoying the delight of driving in the delightfully tempered sunshine. All ages, sexes, and conditions were lining the sidewalks as well. I could almost imagine it some extraordinary fete day, so great was the number of the populace who were out for an airing. While admiring the life and movement of the scene, I heard a shout, as if from a by-street which we were approaching, and the next moment a huge express wagon, drawn by two powerful iron-grey horses, dashed around the corner, barely missing a cab, and pursuing their mad flight into the thick of the pleasure drivers. No one was upon the seat, the horses having probably been left standing, and become affrighted. That they must collide with some of the frail vehicles in their path seemed inevitable from the crowded condition. I looked on as they galloped furiously past the car, my blood fairly freezing with horror at the sight. It seemed almost miraculous that nothing had yet been encountered by them, that they could run twenty-five yards further without wrecking some of the other carriages, and probably killing their occupants, seemed impossible. While gazing upon the flying runaways I caught but a bare glimpse of a figure on horseback that flashed swiftly by the car window. Turning my glance to him I perceived that from his sombrero, his huge stirrups and pied mustang, that he was a vaquero — then the truth dawned on me, he was in pursuit of the flying team. Already he was fast nearing them, and his lariat was circling in the air; a moment more and the swift noose had swung through the air and fallen nearly over the neck of the near horse. The trained mustang, at a gesture, it seemed, had settled itself squarely on its muscular haunches, and the unlooked-for jerk pulled the big gray violently upon the pavement, his mate going to the ground with him.

"Dozens of vigorous hands were at their heads before they could struggle to their feet, and almost in the wink of an eye they were loosed from the wagon. You should have heard the crowd cheer that cowboy as he and his gallant little mustang moved up the avenue—it was an honest, western yell that almost created an earthquake. No, he would not have any collection taken up for him, and likewise refused to give his name. You incredulous fellows may think it a fiction, but I assure you it is not, and the files of the 'Frisco papers of the day will verify my tale."

Honeymoon Incidents.

On Friday of last week a happy couple boarded the Housatonic express at a small town up in Massachusetts. Instead of taking the drawing-room car they went into the smoker and made themselves perfectly at home. From their conversation it was soon learned by all the men in the car that they had been married that day and were on their way to spend the honeymoon at the groom's home in Jersey City. It was also evident that there had been a good deal of liquid refreshment at the wedding feast, and that it was just beginning to get in its work. When the train reached Merwinsville the couple had had several little spats, and bad blood began to get warm between them. At this station a dapper little chap, a drummer, got on the car and sat in front of and facing the bride. She was at once smitten with his dudish charms and began an outrageous flirtation with him. The groom objected to this and chastised the little chap, but the bride sided with the vanquished. When Hawleyville was reached the little man left the train and stood at the car window. Just as the train started he beckoned to the bride, who jumped up reached the car platform and swung gracefully off. Her husband of a few hours started after her, but as the train was going at a good speed a brakeman detained him. At the next stopping place, Boston, thirteen miles from Hawleyville, he got off the train and started to walk back, muttering that there would be trouble when he reached Hawleyville. The runaway wife and the drummer had in the meantime taken the train for Fishville.

Last week a young couple from Birmingham departed from the paternal home amid a shower of rice for New York. There was plenty of room on the Naugatuck train, but when they got on the New Haven division at Bridgeport the car was pretty well filled. The best they could do was to find seats on the opposite sides of the aisle. Before the next station was reached the young groom had occasion to speak to his wife, and as he leaned over to do so a quantity of rice rolled from his hat brim to the floor. The gentleman who sat in the seat with the bride saw the rice, blushed, and apologizing to the still more blushing bride, gathered up his traps and entered the smoking car. The groom changed his seat at once and was happy.

Samples.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirk of the Shirk house, at Sac City, have made everlasting friends of the knights of the grip by closing their house and nursing an Omaha drummer through a serious case of the diphtheria. Although they lost considerable custom by so doing, they will be rewarded in the long run, for traveling men, as a rule, never forget a kindness shown to one of their number.

Do not go traveling without a bottle of Salvation Oil. It cures a bruise at once. 25 cents.

An eastern man advertises for a boy to "open oysters with a reference." Oysters do not generally obtain references, but millions can truthfully testify to the miraculous power of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It knows of no such word as "fail."

Nebraska's Counties.

ARAPAHOE, Neb., Nov. 13.—To the Editor of THE BEE: To decide a bet please inform me in THE BEE how many organized counties there are in the state of Nebraska.

PERRY L. HOLE.

ANSWER—There are eighty-nine organized counties and one unorganized—Arthur.

The Lady Godiva must have had exceptionally long hair since it completely concealed her lovely person. Since Ayer's Hair Vigor came into use such examples are not so rare as formerly. It not only promotes the growth of the hair, but gives it a rich, silken texture.

Buried an Empty Coffin.

Soloman Seal was married to Amanda Whittington in New Albany in 1888. By this marriage a boy child was born and lived to be one year old, when it sickened and died, says a Columbus, Ind., special to the Chicago Herald. The father and mother disagreed as to the place of interment of their child, the mother wanting it buried at New Albany cemetery, the father at the cemetery in this city. The corpse was prepared for burial at this place and the father took a last farewell look at the dead babe and went from the room. The mother then quickly took the body from the coffin and concealed it in the residence. The funeral proceeded and the empty casket was duly buried. On the following day the mother went to New Albany, Ind., at which place the body of the little babe was interred according to the wish of the mother.

FAMOUS RATTLESNAKE'S DEATH.

It Was Over Eleven Feet Long and Had Nineteen Rattles.

The largest rattlesnake ever seen in Georgia was killed Saturday in Lee county upon the plantation of Secretary of State General Phil Cook, says the Atlanta Constitution. The snake has errorized the neighborhood for years, and its death Saturday was the occasion of a jubilee celebration among the darkies in that vicinity. Even the white people joined in the general feeling of relief that so dangerous and dreaded a neighbor was rid of at last. The snake, by actual measurement, was a little over eleven feet long. It had nineteen rattles and a button.

The snake has been hunted for years, and traps innumerable have been devised for its capture. Its den is an impenetrable section of the Kinchafoonee swamp. Near this is a cypress pond, and between the swamp and pond is the road. Hundreds of times its track has been seen across the road. People who had not seen it were loath to believe the stories told about it, but the truth finally became established and the Lee county rattlesnake became famous from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The snake has swallowed young pigs, chickens, rabbits, and other small animals, and was dreaded by the negroes like a ghost. It was difficult to induce them to travel the road at night.

Last Saturday the snake was found across the path near the pondby Mr. Phil Cook. Without disturbing it Mr. Cook went off for help, returning with three or four negroes armed with hoes and clubs. Stealing up near the snake the negroes fell upon it, and with the hoes and clubs finally killed it. It was cut open and in its belly was found a full-grown buck rabbit. This probably accounts for the dormant and comparatively helpless condition of the snake and the ease with which it was dispatched.

The snake was then thrown across the shoulders of one of the negroes and carried to the house. Though the negro was a stalwart, muscular man, he staggered under the load.

There is nothing like Dr. Thomas' Electric oil to quickly cure a cold or relieve hoarseness. Written by Mrs. M. J. Fellows, Burr Oak, St. Joseph county, Mich.

A Yankee from Salisbury.

I was one of the crowd of union prisoners which dug the long tunnel and escaped from the prison pen at Salisbury, N. C., says a writer in the New York Sun. Those of us who had worked the hardest had the first show on the night when we broke through into the railroad cut. As fast as we got out we took different directions, as had been planned. I went up the Yadlin river, hoping to get into Virginia. I had a $20 gold piece—one which I had carried in my boot heel for three months unknown to any one. It was given me by a citizen of Salisbury in exchange for $5,000 worth of confederate gold bonds.

I made fair progress to the north that night and the next day. As evening came again I was forced to stop at a farmhouse and ask for something to eat. My request was readily granted, and when I rose to go the man of the house observed:

"Stranger, they say a lot of Yanks got clean out of the pen at Salisbury the other night."

"Is that so?"

"And they've scattered over the kentry like so many rabbits."

"Yes?"

"And they say that whoever brings one back gets $100."

"Well?"

"Well, I reckon I'll hitch up to the cart and drive you back."

"What! Do you take me for an escaped Yankee prisoner?" I exclaimed.

"Sartin we do," replied the farmer and his wife in chorus.

"You are greatly mistaken. Would a Yankee prisoner have this with him!"

I laid the gold on the table. Perhaps it was the first twenty either had ever seen. It seemed a fortune to the poor family.

"I'm going to leave it with you," I continued. "You can give me some meat and meal and a bedquilt for it."

They were perfectly satisfied of my identity and where I had come from, but the man held the gold in his hand and said:

"Mother, he'un can't be no Yank."

"In co'se he ain't," she replied. He'un must be a confederit contractor lookin' after hogs an' co'n."

"I reckon."

"An' it's our dooty to help he'un get through."

"Of co'se."

"Then you put up the stuff fur him, wnile I tell him the best route, an' in case any sojers call here an' ask if we'uns has seen any of them Yankee prisoners, we'uns is to say to they'uns that we'uns haven't even seen a hair or heard a hoot.'

I was captured near Rochford and returned to the pen, but it was no fault of the people who gave me such a lift on my way.

Through coaches—Pullman palace sleepers, dining cars, free reclining chair cars to Chicago and intervening points via the great Rock Island route. Ticket office 1602, Sixteenth and Farnam.

Didn't Consult the Owner.

A lot of us were waiting at Syracuse for the train from Oswego, when we noticed an old man and his son, the latter about twenty-five years old and built like a horse, says a writer in the New York Sun. Something seemed to be troubling the boy, and by and by the old man slipped around and put us on. Said he:

"Bill has got a bile on his left leg about as big as a pint cup. He's had it two weeks, and I got him to town to have it lanced. Come to git here, he hain't got the sand. Sunthin' orter be done, and I've thought of a way."

"Well!"

"I'd bust the bile in a York minit if I could get the chance, but Bill suspects me. If one of you fellers would go up and tap him he'd be the most thankful man in the country after it was over."

You will always find some one in a crowd ready to offer himself up for anything. The man in our crowd who volunteered was traveling through the country with a fireproof paint. He was a slim, cadaverous chap with a wheezy voice, and he said to the father:

"Old man, I'll do it. I've had biles for the last twenty-five years, and I know what it is to suffer. All of you keep quiet and I'll have Bill singing hosannas in less'n five minutes."

He stepped out of the crowd, wandered around for a bit, and, as Bill became interested in a railroad notice tacked on the wall, the humanitarian approached him and dealt him a smart kick on the calf of his left leg. A wild yell and a jump followed, and then the room was filled with hats, dust, coats, legs, and boots, and we pulled Bill off to find the paint man lying unconscious and apparently tied into fourteen knots. A doctor who was present worked over him for ten minutes before he opened his eyes. Bill and the old man had slipped out long before that, and we had to pick up two teeth, a crushed hat, a broken watch chain, a smashed watch and some pieces of cloth, and laid them beside the victim. He stared at us for a minute or two, cleared his mouth of blood, and then sat up to say:

"Bill had a bile. I was fool enough to try to bust it for him, and Bill busted me instead! Gentlemen, place me on a bench and leave me to my reflections. I want to figger out if I hain't a dangerous man to be allowed to run at large."

A Country Party Analyzed.

In books what delightful parties assemble together in country houses; ideals, types, an invariable hero and heroine. In real life what a difference, says London Truth. Take up a paper and read the list of visitors assembled at some great house. Their names sound well—how mellifluently the sound of titles falls on the British tympanum—but if you happen to know the special men and women these names represent, what a change! My last analysis of a party of this kind was as follows: A fat, fatuous man of about fifty, with the frivolity and boisterousness of fifteen; an elderly, vulgar woman, with the life motto, "Myself first and the rest nowhere, well acted up to, in great things as in small;" her daughter, a commonplace, uncultured girl, ignorant to the extent of not even knowing the traditions of her own historic name. An inane beauty, with a husband to whom the blessing of a house of hereditary legislators affords the opportunity of making public his irrepressible asinine qualities. But enough. How dreadful the plain, unvarnished truth is capable of looking—for nought is here set down in malice—my nerves give way before the dire task of holding the mirror up to nature.

The Irish-Scotch Tunnel.

A meeting has been held in Belfast to consider the desirability of carrying out the project of making a tunnel between Ireland and Scotland, from a point known as Gobbins, on the Antrim coast, to Portobello on the Scotch coast at Wigtonshire, says Galignani's Messenger. Mr. Barton, C. E., explained the nature and extent of the project, but stated that further investigation would be necessary before a full or satisfactory report on the subject could be submitted for consideration. The length of the proposed tunnel, he said, would be thirty-three miles, and the probable cost of construction would amount to between £8,000,000 to £10,000,009. Resolutions were adopted recognizing the advantages which would accrue to the commercial classes in Great Britain and Ireland if the proposed tunnel was completed, and stating that, in the event of its being found on further investigation that the project is feasible, the government should be asked to give such financial assistance as would enable the work to be carried out.

Converted Into Sausages.

The firm of Musche & Bayne, dealers in old horses, doing business at No. 21 Straight street, in Patterson, N. J., took possession of a dead horse, carted it to a stable, removed the entrails, and hauled the carcass to Louis Summers' bone yard and slaughter house at Dundee, Bergen county, says a dispatch to the Globe-Democrat. When asked what they intended doing with the dead animal one of the men employed by the firm said that in less than ten hours the flesh of the dead horse would be undergoing a process in a sausage factory on Staten Island.

"How do you send the animals there?" was asked.

"After removing the hide and entrails we cut them up into quarters and haul them to Summers' place, where the quarters are cut into smaller pieces, salted and packed into barrels and then shipped to Staten island."

"Do you send many there?"

"Yes, we gobbled up seven at Preakness the past two days."

Sage Couldn't Afford Them.

It is related of Russell Sage that while attending a meeting of one of the numerous boards of directors of which he is a member, a box of cigars was brought by order of a moderately well-to-do member of the board, says the New York Times. The box was passed to Mr. Sage, who mechanically took out a cigar. Holding it to his nose he exclaimed, "Ah, that has a fine flavor. What do you pay for these cigars, Mr. —?"

"Only $20 dollars a box, 20 cents apiece," was the reply.

"What?" exclaimed the frugal Russell, in a tone of intense disapproval, "20 cents apiece for a cigar! That is too steep for me. I cannot afford such an expensive luxury." And Mr. Sage walked over to the table on which the cigar box had been placed and took a couple more of the cigars and put them in his pocket.

Latest Discoveries of Science.

One of the most valuable and interesting Series of Papers ever published will be contributed to The Youth's Companion by Prof. Norman Lockyer, of South Kensington Museum; Sir Richard S. Ball, Astronomer Royal of Ireland; Prof. E. S. Holden, of Lick Observatory; Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton University; Prof. Shaler, of Harvard; and Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer.

The Giffard Gun.

The Giffard gas gun, to the uninitiated, hardly differs from any ordinary rifle, except that a small touch steel tube runs from the lock along the barrel for a distance of about nine inches. In this insignsficant looking tube there is contained a liquid strong as the strongest poison, for a single drop of it is enough to send forth the death-dealing bullet with a force equal to 500 pounds pressure on the square inch. And this it accomplishes so silently, so entirely without outward and visible signs of the inward working, that if this gun is ever adopted as a weapon of war the battles of the future will be as silent as were the attacks of the savages who knew of no other weapon than the primitive bow and arrow.

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

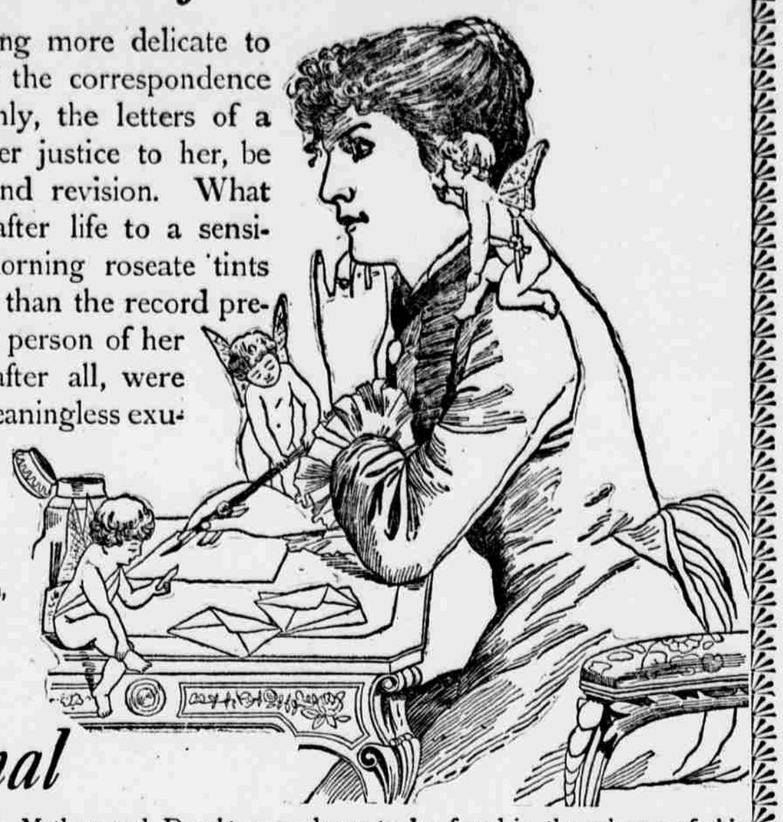
A Noreman's Grave.

The New Hampshire Historical society is interested in what is supposed to be the grave of a Norseman of the tenth century, at Hampton. Three-fourths of a mile north of the beach is an uncovered boulder, three feet long by two thick, which has scratches in the form of a cross at the bottom and top, and certain marks claimed to be of Norse origin. The "grave" is near by, but has not been opened.

Spain's Population.

An increase of about one million people in thirteen years in Spain is attributed in a great measure to the success that has attended the changes in the hygienic condition of the cities and larger towns.

Liberties of our Daughters.



"There is no one thing more delicate to decide upon than that of the correspondence of a young girl. Certainly, the letters of a school girl should, in sheer justice to her, be subject to examination and revision. What can be more painful in after life to a sensitive woman, when the morning roseate tints of illusions have vanished, than the record preserved by some ill-natured person of her indiscreet letters, which, after all, were but the out-cropping of meaningless exuberance, yet, alas! liable to grave misconstruction."

So writes

Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren

ir le under the above caption, in the November

Ladies' Home Journal

Sound sensible advice for both Mothers and Daughters is always to be found in the columns of this leading Journal for Ladies and the family.

Handsomely printed and daintily illustrated, it has won its way into nearly **Half a Million** of our best families.

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