

### A Drummer's Yarn.

My friend, whom I will call Norvell, is not a drummer in a professional way, but frequently makes a trip for the benefit of his own establishment. He is a versatile genius and his travels are generally productive of both lucre and knowledge. I met him recently and his salutation was:

"Do I look like a countryman?" I replied that I failed to discover anything in his make-up that would indicate a recent arrival from the country.

"Well, sir, let me tell you," said he, "that for the first time in my life I have been put down for a greenhorn. Yes, sir, a veritable greenhorn and no mistake."

"Well," said I, "did you succeed in removing that impression?"

"Well, now, I should relax my classical features."

And under promise of "no chestnuts" he proceeded:

"Quite recently I had occasion to run over to Boston, partly on business and partly for pleasure. The pleasure I expected to derive from attending a dinner given by an old army friend of mine. We had a jolly time, and I started the next afternoon for New York, but afterward concluded to stop in New London. I was sitting on the deck of the boat which runs between Providence and New London, smoking a cigar and trying to amuse myself with my thoughts and occasionally with viewing my surroundings. I noticed that nearly opposite where I was so comfortably sitting there sat an individual who was evidently sizing me up. There was nothing very striking in the fellow's appearance excepting, perhaps, a huge diamond in his necktie. On our arrival at New London this individual kept quite close to me, and as I was registering at the hotel some one tapped me on the shoulder. On turning about, I recognized my diamond-studded fellow-traveler. Said he: 'I beg pardon, sir; are you not Mr. D. of Brooklyn?' 'No,' I replied, 'I am Mr. So-and-so,' giving him some fictitious name.

"Ah, then, I have made a mistake. Mr. D. is a drummer for a house in Brooklyn, and having reason to believe that you were he, I took the liberty of approaching you. Hope there's no offense. By the way, 'spose we take a drink?"

"Feeling pretty certain that my new found acquaintance was one of Hungry Joe's disciples, I determined to make his experiment on me as interesting and expensive as possible. I accepted his invitation, ordered the best brandy and a bottle of soda, after which we smoked the choicest brands afforded at the hotel, all at his expense. After more affability on his part, during which I discovered that his object was to have me change my quarters and accompany him to his hotel—which proposition I of course declined—we had something more at his expense, and then excusing myself I retired to my room.

"After supper, while I was loitering about, along came my friend again, and he opened up with a proposition to wine me. I had no desire for the wine, but hated to lose an opportunity to make him spend his money, so I acquiesced and we drank the wine and we smoked—at his expense. Then we strolled about, talking of nothing in particular and everything in general. Finally he exclaimed, with something like exasperation, 'Say, if you want an evening's amusement, come with me down to my hotel. There's a lot of us drummers down there and we are going to have a little game.'

"As I saw no prospect of ridding myself of his company, I agreed to go; so we started, but I was revolving in my mind how I should get rid of him, when, as we were walking along, he said quietly, 'Do you know, my dear sir, that I am the oldest drummer on this road?' 'What you,' I said, 'the oldest drummer; why, sir, it is impossible. I attended a dinner in Boston last evening given by a man who has been on the road over fifty years.'

"I remembered that my Boston friend, while gesticulating, had revealed the loss of two fingers from his right hand, during the war, and what is more, said I, 'it is a remarkable fact that this old drummer has but two fingers on his right hand.' 'Well,' said my confidential companion, 'what has that to do with it?'

"Why," said I, 'he wore off the other two carrying samples. He is also tongue-tied from talking off the skin gamblers that tried to take him into camp. You should see his tongue. He has had it photographed. A cannibal would relish that tongue pickled or smoked. All swelled up from bluffing off New London skins and smoking too many cigars at their expense. He is a physical wreck, I regret to state, in every respect, from having turned himself into a walking beer vat, all at the expense of these funny little New England skins who—'

"But my fiction had done its work. I was suddenly left without an auditor. The poker sharp, with one amusing glance, compounded of fright, surprise, disgust and sheepishness, had recognized his blunder and fled. I stole through the moonlight back to my hotel, and aided by the somnolent effects of the bunko sharp's brandy, champagne and Reina Victorias, slept the sleep of the just."

Brooklyn was ahead.—*Brooklyn Times*.

"I HEAR you have bought a horse, Mr. Flaherty?" "Yes, I have; an' a foine baste he is, too." "Trotter?" "The bist in the alley, sor." "Ah! Has he a record?" "Murtherin' Moses, sure he has the bist record of any horse I ever saw." "Indeed! What is it?" "For ating oats, sor."

### Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!

Who, in taking passage in a great transatlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the *Storm King* may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman was helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and in ambition, man confronts, unaided, gigantic tasks and commands applause for his magnificent achievements. But, all unexpectedly, an alarm comes—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous excitement, irregular habits, overwork, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveler*.

### How to Steal.

"You ask me to tell you how a man reconciles his judgment with a life of systematic stealing. Well, that is answered easily enough. They don't do it." The speaker was Col. A. G. Sharp, the Chief of the Postoffice Inspectors, who has, in one capacity or another, spent many years of a life not yet passed the middle line in tracking down and bringing to justice that class of criminals who violate trusts reposed in them.

"Take the case of Bruggeman," continued the Colonel. "He was an honest man and an upright citizen; his great ambition in life apparently was to get together enough money to complete the payment on his house, and thus secure a home for his family, in whose society he found his chief happiness. When he saw this opportunity of making money his judgment undoubtedly condemned it. It told him that it was wrong, and that in the event of discovery he would be ruined for life. But the desire for sudden acquisition, for the rapid accumulation of money, overcame his judgment. He had not the moral courage to resist the temptation, and so fell. It was not because his judgment had proved defective, that his reason had failed him, but because this desire for money overpowered them and became the dominant influence of his life. I can well understand his state of mind when in court, as the sentence was about to be imposed, he had nothing to say but blame for himself.

"I used to be an Assistant Warden in Penitentiary," went on the speaker, after a brief pause, "and in that capacity came in contact with a great many criminals. I have been told by thieves that when they first began to steal they were troubled in their minds to such an extent that they could not sleep, and would be afraid to meet most people in the streets. The second thief did not disturb them so much, and finally reached a state of mind that they would steal with the same unconcern as they would eat their meals. Their conscience, their moral nature was deadened, and they no longer were disturbed by thoughts which at first made them start at shadows. But this is the ordinary experience."—*Washington Star*.

### Ways of Sleeping.

"Men have different ways of sleeping," said the proprietor of a downtown 15-cent lodging-house. "Some can't sleep unless their heads are turned in a certain direction. I reserve one of my beds every Saturday night for a man who comes in from the country. It heads northwest and southeast, and he says that is the only way he can sleep. But most of my customers are poor men, and so tired that they are glad to throw themselves down and sleep away.

"Some bury themselves in the bedclothing until you would think that they would surely smother. Others lie on their backs, and this is the kind that snores. See these linen strips! When a man snores so loudly as to disturb the others, I tie up his chin so softly as not to awaken him. He don't snore any more after that. I have to keep awake all night on the lookout for sleep-walkers, who might injure themselves if not cared for."—*New York Sun*.

### Wanted.

As good health on Sunday as during the rest of the week; the same ability to attend religious meetings as to engage in the usual active duties of life.

As great care in listening to religious instructions as is given to scrutinizing each new dress, cloak, bonnet, etc., worn by those in attendance.

As great ability in learning our own faults as those of our neighbors. With the supply of this want the world will soon be renovated, society much improved, and all made happier.

Weather to suit all, or, better still, people who are disposed to be suited with the weather.—*City and Country*.

### Supremely Delightful

To the emaciated and debilitated invalid is the sense of returning health and strength produced by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When that promoter of vigor is tested by persons in feeble health, its restorative and vitalizing potency soon evinces itself in improved appetite, digestion, and nightly repose, the sole conditions under which strength and nerve quietude is transferred to the human system. A gain in flesh of course ensues upon the restoration of digestion and assimilation. As surely as winter follows the fall of the leaf does disease shadow the footsteps of declining strength, when the premature decadence of vial by is not arrested, Marasmus, consumption, and other wasting maladies are prompt to fasten upon the unfeasted. Avert disease, therefore, with this grand enabling tonic, which not only renewa falling spirits, but mitigates and counteracts the infirmities of age and those of the gentler sex. Rheumatism, malaria, liver and kidney troubles yield to it.

The distinguished U. S. Senator from Indiana, Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, certifies that in a case of rheumatism he obtained instantaneous relief from St. Jacobs Oil. He says it is a remarkable remedy.

### How Champagne Is Made.

In France the making of champagne is a process requiring extreme care and attention at every stage for at least two years. The grapes are picked with especial pains to keep any of them from falling or receiving bruises. Only the juice of the first pressing is made into high-class wine, and the quantity of this shall be drawn is regulated by weight. Four hundred kilograms are allowed for every forty gallons of wine, and when the desired quantity has been obtained the pressing is stopped. The protruding edges of the mass which have escaped the heavier pressure are cut off and subjected to a second pressure, the juice from which is called the first *taille*. A third pressure gives the second *taille*, and a fourth the *redeche*, juices that are considered fit only for the workmen. When the scum has risen in the wine-tubs it is taken off, and the casks are filled and fumigated with sulphur and put away, not quite full, in the cellar, for fermentation. The wine is racked off into other casks when the fermentation has subsided, and becomes quite clear by the time the December frosts set in. It is then mixed, by bringing together thirty or forty casks of the same growth, and blended. Tannin is added to neutralize grease and deposits, and as much alcohol as is required. At a later stage a masque or deposit forms on the side of the bottle, the removal of which requires much care and skill and manipulation for several weeks. Afterward a syrup of sugar and alcohol is added, in proportions varying according to the country to which the wine is to be sent. Finally, the bottles are corked, wired and set on end.

### Longfellow's Birthday Book

is a beautiful present to give any lady. But there is a little book published in pamphlet form, with no pretensions to literary merit, that would be as appropriate, and might be the means of saving a life. It is called Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on diseases of women for whose peculiar troubles the "Favorite Prescription" is especially designed. It is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts and colored plates, and will be sent to any address for ten cents in stamps, by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"MATSUNKEE" is Japanese for daisy. You can call your girl or another man's wife a "matsunkee" now with impunity.

### Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot; 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stage, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any first-class hotel in the city.

WHEN are sportsmen like fashionable tailors? When they make good "bags."

**The houses we live in**—in other words, our bodies—are held on repairing leases. We must prop and sustain them when they exhibit signs of weakness and decay, or they will inevitably break down. In Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, the debilitated, the bilious, the rheumatic, the consumptive, will find the most genial tonic and restorative ever offered to the suffering invalid. It contains no alcohol, and therefore leaves no sting behind.

WHY are trouble like dogs? Because the smaller they are the more they annoy you.

### Gen. Grant's Book.

The American Publishing Co., of Hartford, Conn., make the claim that the publishers of Gen. Grant's book exhibit bad taste in assuming as original for that work some of the features advertised as new therein. The Hartford people say that several of the important features were original with a biography of Grant published by them before the General thought of writing his book, and that the title, "A Personal History of U. S. Grant," was used on the biography published by them on their first edition, and has always remained the same, but has been almost identically appropriated for the General's book. Among the features found in the latter, but claimed as original in their book, are the famous "Fort Donelson Surrender" letter, the portrait of Grant when a Lieutenant, at 21 years of age, and the celebrated horse-buying story.

### "Put up" at the Gault House.

The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago, corner Clinton and Madison streets. This fair-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class. HOYT & GATES, Proprietors.

PURE Cod-Liver Oil, made from selected livers on the sea-shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

**The Akron Sewer Pipe** is the best in the world. See advertisement in this paper.

ONE greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two to three days. Try it.

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