

ITINERARY OF BILL NYE.

THE GREAT GOOD OF SENTIMENT ON THE WILD AND WOOLY WEST.

The Upper Mississippi—Divergent Editorial Writing—Flamboyant Ear of a Conductor—Sorrows of a Scotchman.

(Copyright, 1890, by Edgar W. Nye.)

IN THE DROWN COUNTRY, TO THE HAZARD OF HIS REPUTATION, HE WENT AT MY EXPENSE.

We are now at the head of navigation in the upper Mississippi country, which even in winter is most beautiful. I hope next summer to take a boat at Buffalo, and go the length of the lakes to Duluth, hence down to the Gulf—railroad—leave the same boat till I can get a reply to the letter I just wrote to the superintendent—

to St. Paul and thence down to St. Louis. From St. Louis to Omaha and the mountains. The upper Mississippi has never been adequately described. Though I lived there twenty years, I was always so busy trying to solve national questions that I did not get a chance, I was endeavoring part of the time to prove that trade would keep people poor and break up happy homes and a part of the time I was proving that a high tariff would do the same. One was as easy as the other and the salary the same.



I TOOK OFF MY FUR HAT.

Going up the road the other day, with the broad and delectable bosom of Lake Pepin glistening in the crisp air and pulsating beneath the bright, declining sun, and sweetly damped by the historic Golden Rock from which the beautiful but plainly educated Indian girl leapt to her death, I thought of those dear old days when Minnesota had not yet been admitted to the Union and the interurban lines between St. Paul and Minneapolis could be bought for a string of glass beads, even as William Penn purchased the site of Philadelphia in the cab of a locomotive engine later on.

It was in Pennsylvania only a short time ago that we met, running out of Altoona, the justly celebrated conductor who can extend his ears by the aid of a horn at will. I do not recall his name, but I do remember that after I had asked him something about whether we were late or not several times, he held his hand to his lips and shot his ear out at me like the warm, dank nose of a baby elephant.

He has a national reputation that way, it seems, but I did not know it. Others who knew both of us enjoyed the meeting very much. Since that I have been less inquisitive about trains. One can hardly realize how strange the sensation is when he is greeted in that way by one to whom he has no letter of introduction.

I also took a ride out of Philadelphia in the cab of a locomotive engine later on. It was the Henry F. Shaw of the Baltimore & Ohio, and I had to get up at 6 o'clock a. m. to do it. I was in the cab, and having been to the Union League club to see some friends the evening before, who had detained me, it did not matter. Securing a good seat was a matter of course, and I mean this in the society sense, for that kind of cotton waist has little to do with the life of the engineer one of the cab. We rode out to Chester and there, at all I know about it. I heard a roar, a hiss, a snort, a whistle, a ring, the quick rumble of the pilot, the rasp of the mud valve, the low vibration of the crowd sheet, the surging of the cut off, the sigh of the monkey wrench, and we were off.

At that moment the ruddy fireman, Mr. J. Metzger, with the wide, old, doxy-looking U. V. E., ran a poker into the hop-maw of the engine, letting out a flame which reached my lip and gawze like limbs, gently scorching the hair on the base of my Dr. Jigger underwear, roared at the top of his lungs and drowned my voice.

And do you not at times have to throw her over and run for the woodbox or jerk the poor child of some unknown Pennsylvania duke from the track, handing her back to her parents, and then, at \$2.30 therefor, at the same time getting laid off for thirty days for not keeping out of the way of the regular through express, besides having to pay a full penalty, which is worth far more than a child especially where it was a poor child with several brothers and sisters? And do you not think, serious as it is, that it is worth more or less, especially among working people, should have little to do with the running time of trains?

At this point I was quite exhausted, and so was the engine. So the engineer did not hear me. I took off my plug hat, put out a little fire that had started on the top of my head.

"I suppose you have loved ones who recognize your whistle and at night put a lamp in the window or four times for worms and five times to indicate 'buck wheat cakes for breakfast.'"

"He pulled the handle of the under feed throttle and threw a large lump of bituminous coal at a dog who was not of gentle birth as we scooted into a tunnel, and all conversation was drowned in the roar of a boiling yell and screech and roar and spit and double whistle as the eccentric chased the drawhead over the swift flying cylinder in escapement with a doubly echoed statement like that of Wall Street on a busy day. So he lost that remark."

"But oh, sir," I exclaimed to the fireman, who loves a beautiful girl and time can you not tell me something brave and beautiful that I can make a dear little story of, something that will bring tears to eyes unused to weep, something that I can put in the holiday number of a nice paper with pictures in it? Did you never save a young girl from a bear?"

"Yes," he said, as he mopped his brow with a fireman's handkerchief. "I used to know a gentle old cuss here on our run who did odd jobs and worked faithfully. He had a sweet little flaxen haired child. Can you hear that?"

"Yes," he used to come down town evenings and we would meet at 'The Busy Bee, to visit and play a game of Old Stedje. We never played for drinks, but we would often, when it was time to go home, offer to shake each other for the drinks. I do not drink now, even beer."

"And what was this shaking for the drinks?"

"Why, nothing at all, only we shook poker dice for the beer, and the one who rolled the highest was to buy the drinks."

"And how odd was this flaxen haired child you speak of?"

"She was then 12 years old. At the time of the accident, however, she was about 15. It was a foggy night. We were late. You will notice that I use good grammar. Put the printer on that, something that will bring tears to eyes unused to weep, something that I can put in the holiday number of a nice paper with pictures in it? Did you never save a young girl from a bear?"

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WE AND THE WORLD.

The world is the same the whole world over. In every country and every clime. Men love beauty and bees love clover. And will to the distant end of time.

The world is the same old world forever. The fruit forbidden we taste and sever. Our hold on the heart's pure paradise.

The world's today is the world to-morrow. And both shall be the yesterday. Our joy and grief, our love and sorrow, Like our father's thoughts pass away.

There's nothing new and there's nothing old. Each day is the dawn's fresh wings. Our hearts have music sweet and golden, Or discord, just as we touch life's strings.

From the Chicago Herald.

The safest and most reliable remedy for the usual diseases of the hair is Dr. Bull's Baly Hair Ointment, containing nothing hurtful. Price 25 cents a bottle.

If you live in a low, marshy district, where the miasma arising from decaying vegetable matter, pollutes the atmosphere, the use of Laxative is an absolute necessity. It drives miasma from the system and costs only 25 cents.

China, Glass, QUEENSWARE

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