

THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER'S ROMANCE.

From the Sun.

No one who saw the tawdry finery of his tinsel trappings and the cheap appointments of the famous Signor Salviatorina as single handed and alone he prepared the paraphernalia for his tight-rope performance which had brought him his glory would have ever imagined that there was time or space in his busy life for a romance. The signor was a peripatetic perambulator of the rope, and his field of performance lay in country towns, where it was his wont to stretch his narrow pathway across a street from roof to roof of houses whose owners were willing to extend that privilege to him in exchange for tickets to "The Great and Only Megatherian Concert," which followed the outdoor exhibition. Yet he had a romance, and there were in it those elements which one greater than the Signor Salviatorina might easily have crystallized into a melodrama that would have stirred the applause of a thousand galleries.

"The greatest act I ever done," he said with a natural and easy disregard of accent and syntax. "I done in an Ohio town about ten years ago. I was doing my turn there for a week, as it was the county fair season, and I was following their trail like a sleuth, for they brought people to town and helped my business, never none too good. The third night of my performance, which was a half-hour exhibition in which before the concert had begun, I had gone up on the roof to get things ready, and while I was pottering around snugly up the rope and seeing that there wasn't any loose cogs to be dropping, I heard a screech up through the scuttle hole leading to the roof and the next second out popped a woman like one of these here jumping jacks. It gave me a hard pull on my nerves, but I flew over to see what the matter was. It was my landlady—and here I want to say that when I stop for any time in a town I go to a boarding house where I can get a rate that won't break me. Got to do it in this line. Can't give it all to railroads and hotels.

"In this case I not only stopped at this boarding house, but the landlady let me stretch my rope from her roof to the roof of the house across the way, and as it was the main street of the town, it was convenient all the way round for me. The only drawback was that the lady had a half-crazy husband that never had done anything for her when he had his senses, and now she had to support him and take his abuse of her every time he got a jealous fit, which was every time she had a new boarder that was anything for looks and style."

Signor Salviatorina stopped a moment at this remark, stroked his little chin whisker, and smiled retrospectively. "She had only been polite to me because I had been polite to her, as any gent should be when there is a pretty woman around, and the landlady was the prettiest little woman, about as big as a piece of soap, I had met."

"As I was saying, when I got to her she had slung the cover to the scuttle hole over it and was sitting on it with her jaw set and trying to stick her foot into the roof to help hold it down. In a mighty few words she told me her husband was on the chase after her with a hatchet to kill her and he would be up from below in a minute. She wasn't a bit scared as I was, for I didn't have much experience in that kind of business and didn't know what to do. I didn't have anything to defend myself or her with, either, and the more I thought of the situation the more I began to think how many dangerous than walking a tight rope fifty feet above the earth, and me as innocent as a babe. The little woman told me to bring a barrel full of sand and there was over in one corner of the roof and we'd set it over the cover of the scuttle to hold it down. I done it as fast as I could, and when we had the barrel there and about fixed, the crazy husband come slashing in with his hatchet. As luck would have it the sand fell in his eye and knocked him off the ladder below and the barrel got stuck in the hole, so the little woman and me had a minute or two to think, and she done the thinking."

"Are you afraid?" says she.

"Some," says I, nodding toward the scuttle hole.

"I mean of me?" says she smiling.

"Not much," says I.

"Are you strong?" says she.

"That's part of my act," says I, "but not against a crazy man with a hatchet," says I, wondering what she would do next and about how long it would be till the crazy man was on deck with his tomahawk gleaming in the air.

"Then," says she, "grab hold of me right quick and carry me across the rope over to Mrs. Peck's house so's my husband won't get at me with that axe."

"She had more nerve in a minute than I had in a week, but when she said that my best horse and me come to me, and without any more talk I reached for my balancing pole, and, stooping down so she could get on my back, which she didn't like very much, I made a quick run for the end of the rope just as the crazy husband come out of the scuttle through the barrel and tumbled down on the roof half-smothered with sand. I told her to hold tight and do the pratin' for both of us and I thought I could get her through safe. I don't know how I ever got out on that rope with her on my back, for that wasn't the way my profession done business, but I got there, and as I shot out with the woman clinging to me the people in the street below set up such a yell as I never heard before, and I come near losing my balance, for I knew, and they didn't, why this feature that wasn't on the bills was being showed.

"The crowd yelled about twice, and then all of a sudden got me across the rope with the hatchet and man recognized him, for all the people in the town knew the kind of a fellow he was. At the same time the crowd got still something came to me telling me to nerve myself, for the crazy man would cut the rope and drop me and my load in the street, to be crushed into a shapeless mass, and I came near letting go and dropping before I was dropped. I couldn't see what was going on behind me, and all the little woman knew she was whispering to me to go ahead, because we were safe if I only kept my path. I didn't know whether she thought about the man with the hatchet or not. Likely she did. It wasn't her to mention it, though, under them circumstances.

"While I was thinking about him cutting the rope I was getting along it

toward the safe end as fast as I could, the little woman hanging on till she nearly choked me, but it didn't hurt, and I was standing it beautiful. It's funny how a man will find pleasure in life when there's so much in sight that ain't, and I nearly forgot the man with the hatchet thinking about the little woman's arms holding onto my neck as the one hope for her life. But it was for only a second; then I felt a jar on the rope and I choked and braced myself, for I was sure that the crazy man was beginning to cut, and I knew that three or four links would be enough. I waited for the second jar, but it didn't come, and in its place come a spring to the rope, as if a weight had been taken off of it, followed by a swishing sound and a dull thud on the sidewalk fifty feet below us. At the same time the crowd sent up a groan as if every person in it was hurt. I didn't know for sure what had happened, but I guessed that that crazy man, like most any crazy person or a mad dog, only had room in his mind for one thing at a time, and when that was there wasn't space for any more. He wanted to kill his wife, and the only way he knew how to do it was with the hatchet by cutting her to pieces. It did not strike him that he could kill her by cutting the rope and letting her drop to the ground. That was too much for him. He knew an easier way, and, as she was out there on the rope not forty feet from him, he would go out there and kill her. Crazy people have such a crazy way of doing things, don't they? He did, and when he took his second step out on the rope he went over and down to his death. That's what had made the rope spring back. I guess the little woman must have had some feeling as to what had happened, though she never said a word, because when I at last stepped safe on to the roof and the crowd yelled a hundred times louder than they did before they knew what they were yelling about, the little woman let go her hold around my neck and dropped at my feet in a dead faint; and I didn't blame her, either; it was time for somebody to faint, and if she hadn't a done it I would, sure pop. Her doing it gave me something else to think about, and I got her down stairs as quick as I could where the women took charge of her and soon brought her out all right.

"I guess that's all there is to it," smiled the signor, picking up his balancing pole and pointing to a date line and some initials on it. "This is the one that staidied us over, and the little woman had them put on there when she become the blushing bride of Signor Salviatorina," and the Signor bowed with a sweep that would have entranced an audience of millions.

QUEER NAMES OF PLACES.

Interesting Discoveries in the Course of a Personal of the Postal Guide.

Calf Killer is the peculiar name of a postoffice in Putnam county, Tex. Alabama has its Brickyard and Oregon its Bridal Veil. Broadloaf is in Vermont, Bobtown in North Dakota, Beehive in Georgia and Autumn Leaves in Wayne county, Pa.

Albino is the significant name of an Alabama town.

There is a Cistern in Texas, Rain in Nebraska, and Pump in North Carolina. It seems unfortunate enough to stop at that, but the "Postal Guide" goes further and gives California as the only place to Wash, and Illinois or Minnesota to Iron. At this rate, when can the Man whom we find only in West Virginia ever get his fine shirt laundered?

Indian territory has Cheek, Ohio has Gall.

The only Cheaphill is found in Tennessee, and the only Ordinary post offices are in Kentucky and Virginia. Whatever you find elsewhere is extraordinary and high-priced, says the Omaha World.

Cash can be obtained in eight states, but Kentucky and Virginia are the only ones giving a Cheek, and when you get it you are compelled to go all the way to Maryland or Tennessee to find a Bank at which it can be deposited.

The ladies are supposed to have a special fondness for Bargaintown. There is only one in the United States. It is in New Jersey.

Tennessee and Indian territory each has a Bob, but there is no Robert anywhere.

Five different states claim the Best postoffice.

North Carolina has the trinity of Christian graces, Faith, Hope and Charity.

Our own Nebraska is the only state in which you can find Best. Stand up for Nebraska.

For Benefit go to Virginia. You will also find a Chum there.

The Cloud is in Michigan, and the Thunder in Georgia, but the Storm rages in Arizona.

The "Postal Guide" is surely Democratic, as it reports Confidence in only two states—Missouri and West Virginia.

Kentucky is satisfied with only a Crum.

There is a Boy in Tennessee, but no girl anywhere.

You get the Result in New York.

Nine states, including Nebraska, offer you Bliss, but Texas is the only place where the Beauvias is allowed, and Oklahoma has the exclusive claim on Cupid.

South Carolina and Missouri ought to get together; the former has Catarrh and the latter Cureall.

Candor is found in North Carolina and Drag in Georgia; Briar in Texas and Rose in Kansas; Bride in Tennessee and Grooms in New York; River in Indiana and Bridge in Oregon; Brief in North Carolina and Lawyers in Virginia; Big Isaac in West Virginia, and Little Indian in Illinois; Calm in Ohio and Hurricane in South Dakota; Burnside in Iowa and a full Board in Kentucky.

Colorado has a Chromo.

Quite a number of postoffices seem to have been named after young ladies. Such names as Cora, Ada, Bertha, Blanche, Alice and Amy occur in profusion.

A few of the other names worthy of mention in the small part of the "Postal Guide" thus far gone over, are as follows: Buzz, Bran, Calico, Burnside, Bush, Cave In Rock, Allright, Arnie, Agreeable, Talkinrock, Balloon, Bangs, Cute, Center Sandwich, Convenience, City Price, Bogus, Aimwell, Backbone, Goodluck, Cobb, Cheerful, Boom, Brush, Alto, Bantam, Changeover, Bonnet, Box, Angel, Banister, Chat, Bovine, Barefoot and Barefoot.

Church Statistics.

There are about 120,000 ministers of the gospel in the United States, 180,000 churches and 25,000,000 communicants.

GOLDSMITH'S



BAZAAR.

FEBRUARY SALE OF MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Night Gowns, White Skirts, Corset Covers, Drawers, Etc.

Fresh from the rural factories comes this big collection of snowy undergarments. No taint of sweat shop or crowded city tenement about them. Every stitch honestly taken. Every garment cut and put together by nimble-fingered experts. To make this Muslin Underwear memorable we shall halve our own legitimate profit, and by so doing more than double our output, thus giving you a buying opportunity of the last importance from a money saving standpoint. February is looked upon as replenishing time in this important item, and you are cordially invited to make out your list and come prepared to buy liberally. Such chances do not often occur.

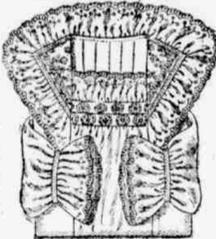
This Muslin Underwear Sale of ours is raised to the dignity of an event in our yearly merchandising, an event that strongly appeals to your sense of economy, and you can ill afford to pass it lightly by.

Sale Begins Wednesday, Feb. 2

Upon Second Floor. Take Elevator.

Night Gowns

One of the strongest features of the sale will be the Night Robe offerings. It's easy to prove the honesty of the bargains. Suppose you get a full, generous pattern, figure out the cost of material, trimmings, etc.; figure the time and sewing worry, then compare your total with the cost of any similar garment in this stock. You'll be astonished at the saving there is in the ready-to-wear garments as we sell them.



- Night Gowns of Fair Muslin..... 19c
 - Empire Gowns with tucks and embroidered yokes..... 49c
 - Empire Gowns with tucks and embroidery trimmed and sailor collars..... 59c
- Special attention is called to all of the finer gowns from 98c. upwards. They are simply unequalled.

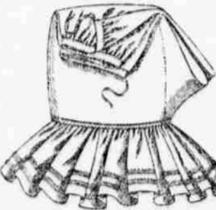
Long White Skirts

These lots will not go a-begging for buyers. All made of good cotton or fine cambric, trimmed as you would order them if made by your own home seamstress. Priced at about the retail cost of bare materials, and all the sewing worry saved.

- Skirts with tucks and embroidered ruffles..... 39c
- Umbrella Skirts with several tucks and wide embroidery ruffle..... 59c
- Umbrella Skirts of finer qualities and richer laces and embroideries, from 85c. to \$4.98.

Drawers

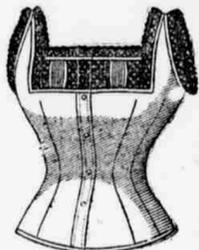
To give you just the items here with descriptions and prices of the different lots, will be sufficient to throng the counters with pleased buyers during the entire period of this sale.



- Children's Drawers with tucks, 8c. and upwards.
- Ladies' Drawers, wide hem and cluster of 3 tucks..... 15c
- Ladies' Drawers, with 3 tucks and embroidery ruffle..... 25c
- Ladies' Umbrella Drawers, cluster of tucks and wide embroidery..... 39c
- Ladies' Umbrella Drawers, with lace edge and insertion and linen ruffle..... 49c

Corset Covers

The quickstep prices which stamps every item in this big sale are nowhere more in evidence than here. We think that you'll agree that the following lots are wonders of good workmanship, good material and price cheapness. Many of the lots will not last the sale out. Hadn't you better try to be among the first?



- 100 dozen Corset Cover, of good muslin, well made and perfect fitting..... 7c
 - 75 dozen Cambric Corset Covers, V shaped, ready to trim..... 12 1/2c
 - Cambric Corset Covers, V shaped, trimmed with embroidery..... 15c
 - 100 dozen various styles of Cambric and Muslin Corset Covers, V neck, high and square neck, trimmed with neat embroidery, at 25 and 29 cents—which beat the world.
- Several very fine numbers of French Corset Covers from 39 cents to \$2.49.

Children's Wear

- 50 doz. Slips, like this cut, at..... 25c
 - 100 styles of Children's Slips and Short Dresses, varying from..... 49c to \$4.98
- We lay special claim toward these particular lines.



A Baby

Does not wear out its little undershirt—it outgrows it. The first place to become too small is under the arm, at arm-hole.

Mothers know this, and that is why the "Alma" Sleeve has met with such general favor, for it will not bind under the arm, but will keep its shape after washing. Be sure and ask for the "Alma" and look for the guarantee which is on every garment.



Complete Outfits of Muslin Underwear to Match.

Usual Monday Bargains in every department throughout the house. Remember, that we are selling Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats, Capes and Reefers at one-half and one-third their actual value.