Wichita Eagle

THE WAYSIDE INN.

BILL NYE WRITES TOUCHINGLY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY TYPE.

Hotels He Has Lived and Almost Died In—A Bell Boy Who Wanted to Do His Duty—Putting a Cat Off the Train. A Man's Letter.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]

IN OHIO.

I have just paid my bill at the Smearkase House, and my physician says that the bites will all be well in a few days. The Smearkase House is a relic of the early history of the United States, "them good old days" when people were perfectly simple in their tastes and got along without underclothing. Those were the grand old days when men drank coffin polish and licked their children into curvature of the spine if they enjoyed anything on Sunday.

We often hear about them good old days when neighbors used to come and visit each other for two weeks at a time, spreading famine and other contagious

SOAKING THE CODFISH.

juvenile complaints among the children right and left. In those days papa went and soaked a codfish in the creek as soon as he had baited the visitor's horse. I can see the wan smile of the large salt codfish now as my grandfather took him down from a nail in the attic. I can see also his ruptured bosom full of rock salt, and I can hear him quarreling with the other odors of New England as he started gayly for the brook. Even now I see his low, retreating forehead and hear his fragrance knocking the bark off the tree as he goes away where he can soak his head.

The Smearkase House is run by an elderly man, who does better at breaking colts than he does in editing a menu. We stopped here over twenty-four hours. Rates two dollars per day and split your own kindling wood. Guests wishing to take a bath are requested to apply at the office for roller towel and other facilities. After bathing guests are requested to return mackerel tub to the office, as other guests may be waiting to take bath. For bell boy, ring two times and then go and do it yourself. For meals wanted in room, wring the neck of the large Shanghai rooster in the back yard twice and cook same on oil stove. Fire escapes on this house are exclusively for guests of the house. Any one seeking to escape on one of our fire escapes and not patrons of the house will be fired.

The other day at another hotel I was robbed of my bathroom. Fortunately I was not in it myself. While I was at tea the bathroom was purloined from my room and given to another man. Some of my things were in it at the time. It was one of those bathrooms connected with two rooms. The other man was more profane at the office than I was, so he got the bathroom. I could never accomplish very much by my profanity, anyhow. I was taught at home to avoid it in conversation, and so it often happens that men who are gifted that way get the bridal chamber while I am given the suicide room.

Thus it happened that when I returned to my cheery little cupboard, No. 808, series B, I found that some one had swiped my bathing place, together with a rich oriental bathrobe which I bought two years ago at Ober-Amergau of Judas Iscariot. He was also understudy for Pontius Pilate, and this robe was one he wore while on the bench.

I would not have lost it for a good deal.

It is a glorious season of the year in which to travel over our country and see the brown fields take on their living of green. As the train pauses at a little station the odor of the Maltese pussy willow comes in at the window, while far away the peculiar, happy hearted song of the blackbird comes over the April scented meadows. At the station I see a lad stepping high, like a blind horse, and I know that he is just going barefoot for the first time this season. His feet are very white, whiter than they will be again till next April, and he is trying to sell a small tin pail full of frogs' legs. The conductor says that the boy will close them out at a sacrifice, as he has been trying now for two weeks to sell them and frogs' legs do not improve with age.

Crops in Ohio are looking unusually well. Winter wheat under the careful auspices of Governor McKinley is looking thrifty and very rank indeed. Rhubarb is looking very robust this spring. Cowslip greens are plenty and good. Why should we enter into direct competition with the foreign market by the removal of our tariff when cowslip greens are so abundant and the pokeberry season almost upon us as I write?

Last week we stopped at the Cobb House. I call it the Cobb House because I am wary about giving the correct name. A friend of mine once wrote up an account of this same house, giving the correct name of the hotel and the proprietor. The latter ran the house then as he does now, purely by brute force and main strength.

He ran the elevator then just as he does now, by means of the surplus energy of his butter. If he could get a storage system for his butter power he could move buildings at a slight expense.

My friend wrote up the hotel, as I say, and told the truth about it. Then in the rush and hurry of business he forgot about it till two years later when something brought it up in his mind. Something gave his memory a slight jolt, he says. Memory is not located where he thought it was.

He says he had to poultice his memory all that summer. He thinks now that he was reminded of the article by the landlord.

That is the reason why I speak of it as the Cobb House. Some commercial men who have tried it call it the Pest House. That is a good name for it.

The ham one gets there always seems to be what was left over from some other man's breakfast. You have no doubt eaten that kind of ham. I do not know who uses his tablecloth when it is clean. I know that he does not.

One day I asked a visitor who called at my room what he would like, and he said he believed he would take a brandy and sarsaparilla. Brandy with a small bottle of sarsaparilla, he said, is an excellent spring tonic, and the sarsaparilla completely disguises the taste of the brandy.

I rang and told the waiter to bring up a seltzer lemonade for me and a brandy and sarsaparilla for my friend. He was gone quite a long time. We thought he had gone out to the baseball game and we almost gave him up. By and by he came panting to the room with a brandy and a bottle of Dude's sarsaparilla. He had tried three drug stores, it seems, before he could get the sarsaparilla at all. That's twice I have had the same experience.

Once Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, Mr. Amos Jelyffe Walker and Dr. Franklin Worthington Hays, of Indianapolis, with two or three other friends, sat visiting in a room at the Dennison House. Possibly it was my room. Anyway, during the evening one of the party offered to extend to me the hospitalities of my room, and so pushed the electric rosette on the wall, and when the boy came we saw at once that he was a new boy. He had recently come to the city from a small town in Indiana called Alick, that being a nickname for Alexandria. The boy was just trying to be a bell boy for the first time. He was more familiar with the ethics of scalding hogs.

Everybody gave his order. Mr. Walker said he would take "an Apollinaris." The boy was gone quite awhile. Some thought he had gone home to Alexandria to get something. By and by he came back and brought everything except Mr. Walker's beverage. He could not get that. The chemist down stairs did not have it.

"What did you ask for?" queried Mr. Walker.

"Why, I asked for what you told me to ask for," said the boy, as he fell over a china cuspidor and then scratched his back against a welcome wardrobe. "I told him you wanted a pound of arus."

"Possibly if you had asked for half a pound," said Mr. Walker, "you would have got it. I almost wish now that I had said half a pound. It would have been enough."

So the boy went back to see if he could get half a pound of arus.

We notice in our travels recently the decline of the buffalo overcoat in the northwest. It was at one time as much a characteristic of the northwest as the sunbonnet is of the south. Below Mason-Dixon's justly celebrated line the sunbonnet is remarkably prevalent. Quite generally it is made of black material. The black sunbonnet is one of the saddest things I know of. Especially is this true if it has lost its vertebra. One can stand the vertebrated sunbonnet, but not the other kind. In fact it cannot stand itself.

The flipflap sunbonnet, made of crape or black calico and belonging to the radiata or mollusk family, would cast a gloom over a hanging and take away all its cheerful aspect. The enervated sunbonnet made of a large black pancake that soured before it could "raise" is a sad sight. While I have been tempted in my youth to sneak up into the fragrant recesses of a freshly starched white sunbonnet and linger there for an instant, I do not think I could have done so if it had been one of the black and nervously prostrated variety. It seems so now at least.

The buffalo overcoat, however, is passing away. Two years ago I noticed in St. Paul and Minneapolis only seven or eight of them, and they were almost en-

PUTTING THE CAT OFF.

tirely bald. With the extermination of the buffalo, I judge that the buffalo overcoat will become more and more difficult to obtain. I have reasoned this out during the past winter besides doing my other work. Thought comes easily to me. I am getting accustomed to it now, so that it does not produce a nervous shock any more. I am getting so I like it.

The soldier overcoat has passed away, and soon the buffalo overcoat will go. The old gentleman wearing a large gray shawl and a gimlet cane, carved out by a convict in the state penitentiary, is also fading away.

Yesterday one of these gentlemen got on the train outside of Cincinnati, with a large black workbasket capable of holding about a half bushel. When we got to Hamilton he slipped out at the rear platform and opened a basket, ejecting a large and melodious cat therefrom.

It was a tall, gaunt cat of the Theodore Thomas variety, and he had a wild expression of countenance like John J. Ingalls when a powerful electric light strikes his spectacles just right.

The cat lit out down the track like a long, black pencil mark, and I'll bet my West Shore dividends for this year that he was in Cincinnati two trains ahead of the old man in the gray shawl.

The following letter was shown me by a physician friend of mine in Ohio. He sends it to me to show that women do not have a monopoly on the postscript business:

1892.

Shelby ohio march eight Docter —— sir I got one of your pamplets on the treetis of inhalling medisins up the nose and was tol see Mrs baker who is a sufferer from your treetis & tiru them I am induced to write you and ask off you your lowest terms off treatis for we are not able to pay much as we have been a paying out & paying out for sickness & still no better so I that I would write you and give you my simptoms head aches pain in chest bronchio tubes affected shortness of breath with a good deal of hawking and nervousness once in a while a slite feaver and also chillness now please let us no in next mail what you think you can do for me and the least you can do it for direct to Shelby richland Co Ohio

BENJAMIN KRIPPS.

ps am billious and have bin all the time have to take medicine all the time & is my wife and not me that is sick B KRIPPS.

Isn't that just like a man, to go on that way all through the letter without stopping for breath, feed, water or semicolons, and then lay the whole business off on his wife?

Bill Nye

A Boomerang Joke.

YE SINFUL BOY SINGS.

"Hooray! Hooray! I've changed their boots, and now
Await the morning and a lovely row."

YE JOKE LOVING BOARDER IN 16.

"Now is my chance! The boots of 17
I'll fill with water—he'll be mad, I ween."

DENOUEMENT.

The boots he thinks his own he kicks within,
With eyes a-twinkle, on his lips a grim;
But oh, dear me! How things about will whiz,
When morning shows the boots he filled were his.

—Harper's Bazar.

An Apparent Mystery.

Bingo—I went to a dry goods store the other day to settle my wife's account, and, by Jove, do you know, she didn't owe a cent!

Kingley—Great Scott! What was the matter?

Bingo—She had transferred it to another store.—Cloak Review.

Some Difference.

Druggist—There you are, sir. One twenty-five.

Customer—Excuse me, but I'm in the trade.

Druggist—Oh I beg pardon. Ten cents.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

When the Good Didn't Die Young.

"So you still insist that men were more honest in the olden days than now?"

"Sure. You see when a man was pretty certain of living 150 to 900 years he could afford to be honest."—Indianapolis Journal.

"My Housemaid."

Who, as our Dresden wreck we scanned,
Protested, with assurance bland,
"It come to pieces in my 'and?"
My Housemaid.

Who "tidies" things each Monday morn,
And hides—until, with search outworn,
I wish I never had been born?
My Housemaid.

Who "turns" my study "out" that day,
And then contrives to pitch away
As "rubbish" (which it is) my play?
My Housemaid.

Who guards within her jealous care,
Mending or marking, till I swear,
The underclothes I long to wear?
My Housemaid.

Who cultivates a habit most
Perverse of running to "The Post"
To meet her brothers (such a host!)
My Housemaid.

Who, if she spends her "Sundays out"
At chapel, as she does, no doubt,
Must be protractedly devout?
My Housemaid.

Who takes my novels down (it must
Be, as she vows, of course, "to dust"),
And thumbs them, much to my disgust?
My Housemaid.

Who "can't abide" a play or ball,
But dearly loves a funeral
Or Exeter's reproachless Hall?
My Housemaid.

Who late returning thence, in fits
Of what she terms "Hystorics," sits—
And this day month my service quits?
My Housemaid.
—London Punch.

A CURE.

A Sure Way at Last to Cure the Toothache.

The left side of his face was fearfully and wonderfully swollen, and he could only see out of the eye on the opposite side.

"What's the matter with your face?" asked a friend when they met on the morning train. "Did you walk against the edge of a door last night while feeling around for a match?"

"No," replied the man with the swollen face, smiling a farfetched smile that rippled over the rosy excrescence like the first faint flush of dawn on a brindled dog, "it's a plain, everyday toothache."

"It aches every day then?" asked his friend.

"And every night too," replied the patient sufferer, as he held one palm against his cheek for relief.

"Why don't you have it pulled?" asked the sympathizer.

"That is the obvious question to ask; but the reason is that I'm afraid of having my jaw dislocated, and that would never do, as most of my business consists in talking through a long-distance telephone. Now, suppose I wanted to talk to a man in Chicago and only had sufficient strength in my jaw to reach Pittsburg?"

"That would be rough on you," replied the other thoughtfully, "but you ought to follow my plan. I have very frail teeth, I believe. Some of them are polka dotted like the envelope of a coach dog, and once upon a time I could not inhale a mouthful of cold air without being almost lifted out of my shoes. And now they never ache at all. I can chew molasses candy like a college girl and allow ice cream to melt in my mouth."

"What in the world did you do?" asked the sufferer, whose tooth was jumping all over his head and whose expression was that of a drowning man reaching for a proffered pole.

"Why, simply this: I went up town and secured board with a dentist. And if a tooth begins to ache I simply walk half a block in the direction of home, and the pain flies to the four winds even as a poor man flies to the court house to have a mortgage canceled."—Detroit Free Press.

A Definition.

The difficulty of defining certain very simple words is known to no one better than to the makers of dictionaries. The word "life" has bothered definers a great deal; and one lexicographer was unable to do any better, in making his dictionary, than adopt a schoolboy's definition of the word. "What is life?" asked the schoolmaster. "Being alive," answered the boy; and the lexicographer put it in his dictionary as his formal definition of the word—"the state of being alive."

The most elaborate scientific definition of the word does not define it better, because men of science do not really know what life is. In a certain text book of science, used in a great college, the definition of the word was the following:

"Life is that property residing in an organism by means of which it is enabled to appropriate materials from other organisms, and assimilate them to its own structure."

There was in the class which was going over this subject a youth to whom an understanding of this formidable definition was simply impossible. He was called upon, one day, by the professor, to tell "what life is."

the definition, which he had laboriously committed to memory. But it had now utterly gone from him. He was not the youth, however, to sit down without making any answer at all; so he boldly said:

"Life, professor, is all a fleeting show."

He said it so sincerely, and the answer seemed to reflect so faithfully his feelings at the time, that the professor smiled and said:

"I don't know but that is as good a definition of it as any."—Youth's Companion.

Plenty of Flowers.

The Rev. Dr. Cuyler was seventy years old a few days ago, and received gratifying tokens of regard from many friends. The drawing room and study were fragrant with roses and flowers and were a bower of beauty. It occurred to some one to bring a faithful servant who had been knitted by interest, association and affection with the life of the household through years of tender and trusting service up to the drawing room to see the evidences of the loving remembrance in which the good man was held. She examined the gifts with great interest, and expressed her delight in these glowing words to Mrs. Cuyler, "I tell you, ma'am, the doctor couldn't have had more flowers sent to him if he was dead!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Augurs and Augers.

He had been telling her fortune in a last vain effort to make himself entertaining, and he flattered himself that he had succeeded.

"I think," he said, "if I had lived in the old Roman days I should have been one of their augurs."

"Augurs?" she queried wearily, "is that what they bored people with?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Pirate.

Charlie—Edith Grigson is a nice girl, but her father is a regular old pirate.

Chappie—A pirate! How do you make that out?

Charlie—Well, I know from experience that he is a free doctor.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

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CORNER & FARNUM

ROYAL COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS

The only Coffee Roasters and Spice Grinders in the state of Kansas. Carry a full line. Lowest prices. Teas, Coffee, Spices, Herbs, Baking Powders, Extracts, Cigars, Spray Yeast, Etc.
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ROSES,
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CHAS. P. MUELLER,
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First quality French China for decorating. Everything in the line of Artists' Materials at St. Louis or Chicago prices. The only exclusive Art store in the state. Mail Orders promptly attended. Catalogue free. Telephone 588
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Complete Stock in all the Departments.
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Can furnish anything in Seed at
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MAXWELL & McCLURE,
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This is a two-thirds size cut of our 50 cts. Japanned bows, nickel-plated shears.
A reliable dealer wanted in each town to handle our goods.
On japanned bows and nickel-plated blade shears, from 50 Cts. to $1.50. Button hole scissors, from 65 Cts. to $1.00. Embroidery scissors, from 50 Cents to 85 Cents.
Ladies desiring reliable Scissors or Shears should ask their dealer for the ROYAL WORCESTER BRAND (and take no other), as they are warranted. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us the advertised price, and we will send same, postpaid (10 Cents extra for registering) by mail.
Write at once and secure agency before it is too late. Liberal Discounts.
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We carry a full line of Sugars, Coffees, Syrups, Teas, Spices, Cigars, Tobacco, and all goods usually wanted by the trade. We have largely increased our stock and facilities for taking care of our trade and are now located in the building known as the Cracker Factory building, one-half block north of the Carey Hotel. Telephone 229.

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TOMBSTONE POETRY.

Some Specimens That Are Old, but Always Good.

The tombstone poet belonged to a time that is past. He lies in his own grave now and he would find his occupation gone if he could return to life. He would be surprised and saddened by the fact that an advanced stage of civilization has made his poetry unpopular, and that his rhymes touch the risibles instead of the hearts of those who read them now.

The modern man or woman does not weep over an epitaph like this, said to be on a tombstone in an old Connecticut cemetery:

Here lies the body of Jane Brent:
She kicked up her heels and away she went.

The following epitaph is of both modern and ancient origin, the last two lines having been added by some unfeeling wag:

Mary Ann lies here to rest,
With her head on Abraham's breast.

Which was all right and proper enough until the wag added:

It's very nice for Mary Ann,
But rather tough on Abraham.

In an old cemetery in Spencer, Mass., may be found this:

Here lies the mother of children seven,
Three on earth and four in heaven;
Those who died desiring rather
To go with mother than to live with father.

And while the following is not poetical in its construction, it tells the whole truth with a touching simplicity of detail:

ANN E.,
Wife of Jeremiah Walters, died November 16, 1808, aged 60 years, 5 months. She was a true and faithful wife to each of the following persons:

Enoch Francis,
John Sherman,
William Dennen,
J. Walters.

The round faced, puffed cheeked cherubs, with their expressions of perfect rapture, do not appear on the modern tombstones, but they abound in all old New England cemeteries, and are queer examples of what was once thought beautiful and appropriate for tombstone ornamentation. The writer remembers seeing on one of these old tombstones a carving of a chrysalis just below that of the cherub. Below the chrysalis were the words, "Resurgam as she was," while below that of the grinning, round faced cherub, with its head set flat on its shoulders, were the words, "Resurgam as she is."—Detroit Free Press.

She Was.

The car was not half full, but the youth in the new spring suit plumped himself down by the side of the handsome girl in gray.

"Possibly—aw—you are holding this seat," he said, with an engaging smile, "for some gentleman?"

"I was," she said, with a little sigh of disappointment, "but he doesn't seem to have come."

And the youth in the new spring suit presently got up and wandered on into the next car ahead.—Chicago Tribune.

The Cold Fact.

Virginius (at curtain)—Another wretched house. Sure, some ill planet must be reigning now.

Manager (coldly)—Ill planet? Bad star, I should say.—Life.

Tale of Two Cities.

Mr. Gotham—Ha, ha, ha! That's good! The papers say a man in Philadelphia was run over by a funeral procession. Ho, ho, ho! Such a thing couldn't happen outside of slow old Philadelphia.

Mr. Broadberim—A similar accident has happened in New York only recently.

Mr. Gotham—Impossible.

Mr. Broadberim—It was a rich man's funeral, and the relatives were going back to the house to hear the will read.—New York Weekly.

All Off.

"Have you seen the new comet, George?" she asked as she glanced at him keenly.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then," she said firmly, "our engagement is at an end."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because that comet is visible only during the hours that immediately precede daylight."—Washington Star.