

#### THE PACK PEDDLER.

He Still Lives in Illinois—Alphonsus's Type.

I had been thinking that the old-style pack peddler was no more, or that he existed only in out of the way localities like the Ozark Mountains or Philadelphia. I was mistaken. The man with the pack is as common in the farming districts of Illinois as grasshoppers or prickly heat.

The oldest inhabitant in my neighborhood, who lives across the field from me, says that one pack peddler has nested in our part of the country time out of mind. Where he comes from with his assorted conglomeration of dry goods and hardware nobody knows. Also where he goes after he has exhibited his wares and turned an honest nickel is a mystery. This general merchandise peddler has made a number of descents upon our house in the last year, but if he has no better luck with his other patrons than he has with me he isn't much interested in the banking system of the country.

There comes a knock at the back door just at meal-time. I open the portal and see an overhead individual in the act of crawling from under what at first I take to be our new tarpaper henhouse. The apparition quickly shapes itself into an peripatetic retail store, unlimbering for action.

I try to head him off by saying, "There will be nothing doing today, Alphonsus."

Treating this remark with silent contempt the tradesman begins loosening six buckles and a bedcord.

I watch him a moment and then remark, "You need not take down your shutters and open for business, Felix, my friend, for there is absolutely nothing doing."

"Handkerchiefs?" he suggests, reproachfully.

I shake my head. Then he begins to unpack and lay out his entire stock, naming each article with a rising inflection.

"Suspenders? Felt soles? Clotheslines? Horseshoes? Stove-pokers? Chimney pots?"

"Have you any watermelon on ice?" I ask.

"No," he replies, quite seriously, "but here is a fine remnant of watered silk. No? Clothepins? Spectacles? Laundry soap? Tooth brushes? Garden hose? Split shingles? Axe handles? Door mats? Ox yokes? Insect powder?"

"No, no," I say. "I'm sorry, Augustus, but we send to Paris for all our goods."

"Could I sell you a good snow shovel?" asks the anxious salesman.

"No, we have our snow delivered already shovelled."

"Horse blankets?" he insinuates.

"No? Collar buttons? Needles? Farming tools? Railroad spikes? Bed slats? Pressed bricks? Barbed wire? Coal bins?"

I leave the door open and go back to the table. After a while I hear the buckles and straps being adjusted and when the weary merchant has donned his burden and made a mile or so toward the setting sun, I think the incident closed. Then my wife comes downstairs in a breathless state, clutching four pennies in a fevered grasp, and says: "He hasn't really gone? Oh dear! And I wanted so much to buy white thread to finish my sewing."—Chicago News.

#### Too Many For Him.

"Your odd announcement collection will be none the worse, I think," says a correspondent, "for the following item: In a window of a little bookstore in Eighth avenue, New York, was recently heaped a great pile of Bibles, marked very cheap—never before were Bibles offered at such a price. Above them, in big letters, was this inscription:

"Satan trembles when he sees, Bibles sold as low as there."

#### ARMY BALLOON STATION.

Aerial Headquarters at Omaha Will Cost \$1,000,000.

Some time this month work will begin on a new army station for the development and trial of war balloons at Fort Omaha. The government is spending \$1,000,000 upon the work, and the headquarters of the aerial department of the United States army will be established there.

A steel house for the storage of the balloons when not in use has just been completed at a cost of \$100,000. Harper's Weekly. It is entirely of steel, and is indestructible. The building is 200 feet long, 90 feet wide, and 75 feet high. It weighs three hundred tons.

One of the features of this house is the size of the doors. These are seventy-five feet high and weigh fourteen tons apiece, yet they will slide open or shut by the pressure of the hand upon a lever. There are 120,000 iron rivets in the building.

At the back of the balloon house is a building in which the hydrogen gas will be manufactured.

Col. W. A. Glossford, who is in command at Fort Omaha, spent a year recently investigating the balloon department of the French, English, German, and Italian war departments. A series of experiments with balloons and aeroplanes will be begun under his direction.

#### A SCIENTIFIC RUBE.

Knew More Than the Expert When It Came to Local Conditions.

"We were sitting around the store in the bar of the little hotel in a Maine town," writes an electrical salesman in the Electrical Review, "when the electric lights flickered and went out.

"From the darkness came a solemn voice that said:

"Electric lights all out, 'b'gosh, and yet it ain't blowin' hard either. Somethin's happened to the dynamo, maybe."

"I had been selling electrical supplies to the little lighting companies for several months, but I had never heard this particular idea expressed before.

"I laughed long and loud, and was all the more amused when no one joined me.

"After they had lighted a big kerosene lamp I proceeded to explain to the crowd that incandescent lamps can't be blown out by the wind. When I had finished the old rube who had commented on the lights said:

"Look here, young man, if you knew a little somethin' about local conditions and about your own business, you'd know that the wires in this township are hung up slack on the poles in some places, and that they get to slatting in a good stiff breeze. When they do, there's a short circuit that puts the line out of business."

#### Well Up.

"Is your son derelict in his studies, Mrs. Comeup?"

"Yes, indeed, he is, and it makes us so proud of the dear boy to have all his teachers say so."—Baltimore American.

It is a good omen, to the Boston Herald, that the legal profession inseparably associated with the past history of political and social evolution in this country should be sensitive to altered conditions within and without the profession, and to criticism, of which there has been not a little of late years.

When a man has worked desperately for fifteen hours a day for fifteen or twenty years and got a little money ahead, it is amusing to the Norfolk (Neb.) News, to hear his neighbors tell how lucky he has always been.

A young woman who applied at Southwark, London, for an award under the workmen's compensation act for the loss of three fingers on her right hand, obtained the sum of \$24.

# FALL GOODS

## NOW

## Beginning to Arrive!

By first week in October we expect to have it complete. All the New Fall Staples are in and going at less than former wholesale cost. Big line

Fancy Dress Gingham, Calicoes, Percales, Shirtings,

OUTINGS, BLEACHED and UNBLEACHED MUSLIN

See the big line of **B. Ward** Fall Suitings, going at

# 14c

Worth 25c and 35c, but for a short time they go at this price.

## OUR REMNANT COUNTER

IS ALWAYS

## FULL OF BARGAINS

When in Palatka, make our store your headquarters.

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220-222-224 Lemon Street.

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