

Agencies Wanted.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.

PITTSBURG'S GIRL DRUMMER.

SHE IS A FAVORITE, BUT SHE WON'T STAND BEING SNUBBED.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

A trim little woman skipped lightly from the steps of a Baltimore and Ohio passenger coach at the Chestnut Street Station the other night. Walking ahead of her were Senator Thomas V. Cooper and wife, who came in the same car from Washington. There was something about the female that would attract a second glance as she hurried off in her neat-fitting, long plush coat, showing just the lower plaits of a stylish woollen travelling dress, and a jaunty bit of a brown velvet bonnet bobbing with her head as lively as the convenient grip-sack rattled which she carried in her hand.

"That's a travelling saleslady," remarked a train hand. "Yes, she's a regular female drummer. She travels on the road regularly and makes herself quite at home in the car. She's not over eighteen years old, though if you heard her talk you'd think she was twenty or more. She's as bright as a dollar, and a very pleasant and ready talker. She lives in Pittsburg travels for a millinery house and is very popular with her customers."

In all her travelling alone between Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington she is said to have suffered no annoyance or insult. Though quite free to make and pick acquaintance with fellow-passengers of her own sex, she carries herself with lady-like dignity and yet her manner might seem a trifle familiar to strangers unacquainted with the fact that she virtually makes her home in the cars. It would be hard to tell just how many new-comers on the line have had their journey shortened by the pleasure of her company. It is said that her bright and interesting chat has touched sparks of friendship in the bosoms of many fair travellers whom she has met. Mrs. Senator Cooper and she parted great friends. An incident which shows her composure occurred on her last trip South. After travelling some distance with a party homeward bound from California, she seated herself beside one of the women and opened up a conversation with some remark about the weather.

"I don't think I know you, miss," exclaimed the woman, with a haughty air, and drawing herself away as from a thing unwholy.

"Excuse me, madam," said the young daughter of trade, jumping up like a flash, "I thought I was addressing a lady."

A CERTAIN well-known fashionable Parisian lady emphatically rules the roost. When literary "lions" dine with her, she gives each guest his turn to speak. One evening lately M. Renan was talking, when another guest ventured on some remark in an undertone. He was peremptorily silenced; but, when M. Renan had finished, the hostess touched the silver bell she keeps by her side, and said, "Now, sir, you can speak."—"But, my dear madam," rejoined the guest, "I only wanted to ask for some more spinach!"

Mrs. SUNDENLY RICH: "I wish to buy one of these globes."—Clerk: "Here is one, madam, that is used in all the schools."—Mrs. S. R. "Well, if you will have me a few more islands painted on those empty places I'll take it."

Inquiries.

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THOUGHTS UPON THE PAST YEAR, 1887.

Good-by, good-by, old Father Time,
How quick thou doth disappear;
With thy staff in thy hand, thou hast given space
To the bide of another year.

How short does it seem since thou entered in,
To partake of our joyest cheer;
And now thou art gone with thy wonderful page,
True record of the by-past year.

Silent, but sure, thou hast journeyed on,
With thy cold and thy chilling breath.
Entering the palace as well the cot,
Pronouncing those words "I am death."

And now, as I count o'er the list of my friends,
Those friends that I knew so well,
I find from this world of sorrow and sin
Some have taken a last farewell.

The beautiful flowers, with their petals so bright
Which shed all around rich perfume,
They are faded—and now in the old churchyard,
There they rest in the silent tomb.

And the aged ones too, with their hoary hair,
Who tarried with us here till late,
They also have gone, and have entered in,
I trust through the golden gate.

While I am spared from the reaper's scythe,
My Father has kept me here,
To praise him, I trust, with a grateful heart,
For his love in the by-gone year.

JOAN KELLY.

C. C. Poorhouse.

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ZINGS VON VOOT RAHZER HAF LEFT OONZET.

He. "Acht how bettry are zose Green Leafs on your Cown!" She. "So glad you admire them. It's an idea of my own." He. "Kvite scharming! Zoy remind von of Ify clinging rount an Olt Ruin!"—Punch.