



is a mighty fine poy wid a great pig head, and wid someting in it, and dat's more dan I can zay for you."

Laughing heartily at the crest fallen Snide, Jim made off and was soon on his way, whistling along towards his next stop.

Now Mr. Snide was in his own estimation a great man. Tall and lean, twenty-eight years of age, his general appearance was launt and awkward, with a peculiarly mean, ill-favored cast of features, as though Dame Nature, cross with herself at her own misproduction, had stamped him misanthrope, a cynical, snarling cur, eaten up with the egotism of his own conceit. It may appear strange to some that such an individual should have been selected to represent so large and high class a house, but such was the case, and can only be accounted for on the broad principle that extremes sometimes meet.

The firm that Mr. Snide was travelling for was similar in every detail to that of Smith's, only they were much larger and carried on a much more extensive business. Messrs. Alfred Goodman & Co. were accounted the very topmost firm in the trade, and hence, Snide had a much easier and more profitable position than our friend of Jobson, Watchem & Screwit. Mr. Goodman had been an old traveler himself. He was kindly, geniality and generosity itself, esteemed and beloved by all who knew him, liberal and fair in dealing with the clerks. Herbert Snide carried the finest and most varied stock on the road. He had much more liberal expenses allowed him, while the house treated their customers with every leniency and consideration. The great difference between the two men and their business relations laid in the fact that it was the first mentioned who sold the goods and not the house, while in the latter case it was the house that sold and not the traveler.

It was ten thousand pities that a happy combination in each case could not be arrived at, but such it was. Snide was pompous, overbearing, proud and mean. Scrupulously particular in his dress and person, one would at first sight have mistaken him for an elegant and refined gentleman, but on closer contact the analysis disclosed a very poorly educated, small-minded, ignorant man, evidently tolerated by his firm out of kindly good feeling.

Just in proportion as Smith was esteemed by his fellow travelers, so was Snide disliked. Many were the good and generous acts of Jim, while those of "Duddy Bert" were equally as much beneath contempt. Many of the boys would not speak to him, as he was continually misrepresenting what they had said. On more than one occasion he had falsely given it out that Smith was laid up, or was "not coming that way, this trip," thereby trying to secure any business that might be reserved for Jim—dishonorable, unfair means that no honest traveler would dream of resorting to, and consequently, as this became known, so did it earn him the contempt he deserved.

"Ah, let me see, said Snide, as he entered Green's store, 'you have just had the great and only Mr. Smyth here.'"

"Yes," replied Mr. Green, going on busily with his work.

"I see he seems to be very thick friends with the old Dutchman. Hardly fair to you, eh, old man?"

"And why not, pray?" quickly retorted Green.

"Well, because I have heard the old beggar say that he would freeze you out, even if it cost him all he was worth to do so."

This was a mean attempt on Snide's part to curry favor

with Green, with whom he had always considered himself as first favorite. Continuing in the same strain he told him that Smith was doing a mighty mean thing, selling the Dutchman goods under regular prices, so that he could undersell and cut out Green, and was filling Hockstadersmith's head with whole packs of lies about him.

At last the storekeeper turned on him. "Mr. Snide," he exclaimed, in a passion of anger, "it is you who is telling the lies. Leave my store, sir, and if I want any goods of your firm I will write them direct for them, but a man like you I'll have no more dealings with whatever."

This both awed and alarmed Snide. Coward-like, he wiggled out of it as best he could, and ultimately left the town with neither sales nor orders.

For several days both men pursued their trip, neither meeting the other, though several times nearly doing so.

In the meantime Jim had received a package from his house enclosing three samples of the new "Flukellem" filled case. The 18 size hunter was very attractive in appearance, a nice finish, with a gold color. The shape was all that could be desired, flat, neat, and arranged so that it could be turned into an open face, if so desired.

The maker's guarantee inside described it as being made of "Two thick plates of metal, with a gold plate between, being the cheapest solid case of the kind for the price, and warranted to wear for ninety-nine years."

"Ha, ha," exclaimed Jim, "same old thing, same old style, only a gold plate on the inside this time between the two metal plates; of course, it will wear for ninety-nine years; don't they think themselves smart. Well, what's this?" as on further investigation he drew forth from the package three complete watches, with a note from the firm telling him how they "had been successful in purchasing at a much reduced price, the whole of the celebrated "Kalamazoo" watches, series 'X,' 'Y,' and 'Z,' and trusting he would be able to secure some large orders for them." Now the usual price of the "Kalamazoo" watches, both ladies' and gentlemen's, was \$3.50, but Messrs. Jobson, Watchem & Screwit's large purchase enabled them to place them on the market at \$2.75. Smith made a big push with his new "special," and sent home large orders.

Snide soon heard of his rival's success, and wrote home to his firm to try and follow the example of Jobson, Watchem & Screwit, as he was thereby losing his hold on the trade. It was not long before he received an encouraging reply from his house saying that they had procured the whole of the stock, at an immense reduction, Tittle-bat & Titmouse's "Conundrum" watch, which they could sell at half its original price, viz., \$1.50.

Snide's hard features almost merged into a smile when he thought of the fun he would have in cutting and underselling Smith, but even greater was his joy when he found that the firm had sent him a sample of the new "P'rap's" filled case, for which they were to be the "sole wholesale agents." Now, at first, he was puzzled to know what really was the chief point of merit in the "P'rap's" filled case. He cudged his brain (save the mark) in vain, and at last was forced to give it up in despair, concluding that as it looked all right it must, of necessity, be so, especially as the accompanying certificate bore the usual stereotyped guarantee: "The outside layer of this case warranted to be of solid rok. gold."