

THE TRIALS OF A BRIDAL TRIP.

Commercial Travellers Have Some Jolly Fun.

"Say what kind of a hotel do you keep?" said a green looking man, as he stepped up to the counter and registered his name and added "and wife" after it.

"Can a newly-married couple settle down here for two or three days and have a quiet visit with each other and not be scared out of their boots?"

The hotel man said they could go right to their room and stay there three days or three weeks, and never come out to their meals if they didn't want anything to eat.

"But what is the matter. Have you been annoyed?" asked the hotel man.

"Annoyed! that don't express it. We were married day before yesterday at St. Paul and went to a hotel.

"I live about sixty miles west of St. Paul, and the travelling men put up a job to make me tired. There were about 100 of them snowed in at St. Paul, and I'll be darned if they didn't keep us awake all night. They knew we were a bridal pair, and they bribed the bell boys and porters to let them act for them, and when we rang the bell for a boy a drummer for a Chicago cigar factory came in and wanted to know what was wanted. I ordered a pitcher of ice water, and a Milwaukee drummer for a grocery house brought it in, and he looked at my wife, who is bashful, and made her feel real bad.

"I didn't know they were drummers until the next day or I should have killed some of them. I rung the bell for coal, and a travelling man who posts railroad cards around and works up excursions came in and fixed the fire and stayed and poked it for half an hour. He asked so many questions about how long we had been married that I wanted to thump him; but my wife said we didn't want to have no row the first day we were married. I rung for a chambermaid to clean up the room and bring some towels, and it was half an hour before she came; and I went to the office to see about my trunk, and the chambermaid stayed about a half an hour and was very interesting, and my wife said she was a real pleasant, affectionate sort of creature, far above her station, and I tell you I was mad when I found out that it was a smooth faced, handsome young Jewish drummer for a Milwaukee clothing house who was in with the gang, and he gave the chambermaid \$3 to loan him an old dress so he could play chambermaid. When my wife told me that the chambermaid patted her on the cheek and said that she was the sweetest bride that was ever in the hotel and asked her for a kiss, and my wife said she thought it would be no harm to kiss a poor chambermaid and encourage her, I wanted to kill him, and I went down to the office the next morning, but the smoothfaced cuss had gone to Fargo. It was all the landlord could do to hold me. Well, while we were at supper somebody got into the room and put cracker crumbs into our bed and we found a cold oil-cloth floor mat over the top sheet, enough to freeze anybody. But the worst was at night. We had just got comfortably into bed when there was a knock at the door and I got up, and the watchman was there and he said he wanted to point out to me the fire escape, so I could get out in case of fire; and I went out into the hall, and he took me way out to the end of the building to show it to me, and while I was looking

out of the window my wife came running down the hall, and begging me to save her. I asked her what was the matter, and she said as soon as I went out a man that looked like a porter came into the room and told her to fly and save herself and to follow her husband. She felt awful when she found there was no trouble, and we got back to our room half froze. I have got them fellows down time. The fellow who came out to look at the fire escape - drummer for a Philadelphia millinery house, and the one that scared my wife out of her wits travels for a harse factory at Rochester, N. Y. My wife says she would know him, because he has a big gray moustache and wears a diamond collar button in his shirt. She said she thought he was pretty stylish for a porter at the time. They woke us up several times in the night to tell us what to do in case we were sick, and in the morning, before we were up, a waiter brought up our breakfast. He said the landlord sent it up, and he just stood around until we had sat up in bed and eaten breakfast, but when I found that the waiter who brought it up was a travelling man for a reaper factory at Rockford, and remembered how darned impudent he looked at my wife, I could murdered him, but the clerk said he had gone to Winnipeg. It was just about as bad coming down here on the sleeping car, and I think half the passengers on the car were those same drummers that were snowed in. It was colder than Alaska, and I would order extra blankets and they would steal them. I had about twenty blankets put on the bed, and in the morning there was nothing but a sheet over us. And every time there was a blanket spread on us there was a different porter put it on, and I think all were travelling men. Every little while somebody would pull back the curtains and sit down on my berth and begin to pull off his boots, and I would tell him the berth was occupied and that he must have made a mistake, and he would look around at us as innocent as could be and ask our pardon, and then go out and damn the porter. Once I felt somebody feeling about my berth, and I asked what was the matter, and the fellow said he was looking for my wife's shoes to black. Then about every fifteen minutes the conductor would open the curtains and hold a red lantern in and ask for our tickets. I think they punched my ticket sixty-five times. Anyway it looked like a porous traveller in the morning. I think it was the travelling men who were acting conductor, but I was sleepy, and I thought the best thing I could do was to let them punch it. Well, about three o'clock in the morning somebody punched us and said it was time to get up, as all the passengers were up, and we would have breakfast in fifteen minutes. And then we hustled around and got dressed the best way we could, lying on our backs and kicking our clothes up in the air and catching them on ourselves when they came down. I got my pants wrong side before, and lost everything out of my pockets, and my wife lost her hair and had to tie a handkerchief round her head, and then we had our berths made up and sat up till daylight, and the porter found my wife's hair and pined it to the curtain of a berth occupied by a preacher from Oshkosh, and he kicked and got mad about it, and wandered how it got there, and swore about it, and I think he travels for an Oshkosh carriage factory. Oh! I never had such a night—or two such nights—in all my life, and what I want to know is, if we can be quiet here, and get a little sleep, and not be annoyed."

The hotel man told him if anybody came around to bother him to knock him clear down stairs, and the colored man showed him a room, and they have not shown up since. It is confounded mean in travelling men to get snowed up and form a syndicate to have fun. They will cause themselves to be disgraced if they keep on.

Talk to Mothers.

The winter evening ate upon us, and the time for games is close at hand. Here is a game for the twilight hour as well. Now follow me in statement and question. "I am thinking of a word that rhymes with chair." One of the party replies by a question, thus, "Is it to be bold?" The author of the thought answers, "It is not date," and repeats the statement. Another asks, "Is it a pronoun?" again the answer comes, "It is not their." Another, "Is it a place?" "It is not there." "Is it a lion's den?" "It is hair." This is the true answer, the secret word, and it rhymes with chair. The guesser thinks of a word, and the play goes on as before. The true answer must be the very word thought of. If the word is fair, and the answer given, fare, payment for traveling, or food for horses, it is wrong. It is a pleasant game for any number of persons, and teaches to give clear, concise definitions, which is not quite so easily done on the moment as one may imagine.

And mothers, while the children are thus busied, let me have your listening ears for awhile. I want to speak of the girls. Some one has said, "There are no girls, first babes, then young ladies." 'Tis too true. The beruffled, sachet-tied little girl must neither run nor romp, lest the delicate fabric be torn; but it is, "Go out, dear, and play in the yard," followed by such a long list of don'ts that were they remembered by the little one, there would scarcely be a spot she dare sit upon, or a stone jumped over, or a light of bliss to a young child—a mud pie, or dirt spooned up by her own chubby fingers. Let your girls be girls in happy childhood as long as you can. In after years it will be to them a bright, sunny picture in memory's halls. Clean dirt is healthy. A mother of a pale, delicate child, with no seeming makady, applied to her physician for the cause of feebleness and lack of animation, so unnatural. He, knowing her well, replied, "She is dying of neatness," and urged the mother, as she valued the child's life, to dress her suitably and have her play out-of-doors in the dirt every pleasant morning. At first the parent was horrified, but was prevailed upon to try the remedy, and the best possible result followed. Let the little ones romp, jump and shout; the lungs, feet and arms need the strengthening process.

Childhood is the only one period of life free from care, and mothers, let the children under restraint, enjoy it to the full; I refer now to those from two to six years old. In my own childhood home, many children came to it from no homes, and it was the custom of my mother to allow them every pleasant morning to play in the yard with sticks, stones, dirt, or what not; then at noon, or earlier if the sun was hot, to come in, a few minutes rest to cool off, followed by a refreshing bath, clean clothing throughout, an hour's sleep or more, and then a pleasant, happy child was ready for dinner. The afternoon was spent in the house with clean playthings or picture books, while mother sewed; but never ready to answer childish questions, or comfort tumbledowns. Then came the early supper of plain food,

the nightly romp or bo-peep, and the while robed youngsters, having said the little verses and "Now I lay me down to sleep," were ready for bed. They never asked to sit up longer, it did not occur to them that such a thing was possible, for they had learned that when mother said "now" about anything, it meant the present moment. How much trouble some mothers make for themselves by saying one thing and meaning another. A few evenings since, at a friend's home, Mr. B. said to her seven-year old daughter, "Come Nellie, it is time for bed now, unbutton your boots." "I don't want to go to bed yet," mother is reading the paper and time goes on. Then again it is, "Come Nellie, it is time for you to go to bed, unbutton your boots." No answer this time, for the curly head lies on the rug fast asleep, and there she remains a half hour, and finally, half waking and half carried, goes screaming to bed. That same little one calls me Auntie, and one day I overheard her telling her mother "when Auntie says no, she means no, and when she says yes, she means yes." What a comment from a child.

And parents, one thought more; when your girls are indeed young ladies far in their teens, do not encourage them to leave the home nest, unless necessity compels, to seek a living. If Providence has blessed you with the means, keep the daughter at home. I would not disparage the efforts of those who must earn their own living. The writer, since the age of seventeen, has done the same; but in every well regulated family there is enough of woman's work to be done, and I believe that a pure, sweet, womanly character is best developed within the precincts of home. —BEATRICE BEE.

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