

A TURBULENT PASSENGER

DISPUTE OVER A TIME TABLE

A Traveler on His Way From Kansas City to St. Louis Has a Lively Conversation With an Old Lady Who Captures His Shady Side While He Is at the Water Cooler and Then Tongue Lashes Him For Wanting His Police—Some of the Things That Were Said and Done—The Good Woman Did Not Like Himswinger's Coals and Tan Shoes—Drummer Who Feared Would Elude With Her.

"Human nature is the same, the world over," said the man across the table as he stirred his coffee, and the train is the best place to get the cream of it.

"The other day, while on my way from Kansas City to St. Louis, in a day coach, I met my seat to two ladies, who disregarding my suit case and coat, had taken possession of the water cooler and were drinking of it. This I did not mind as there were plenty of seats vacant. Soon after the newcomers had arrived they began to buy and eat fruit, using a time table which I had secured and marked for my convenience, as a receipt for the peeling and seed. This annoyed me just a little for I could not get a fresh one until I reached the end of my journey, but I said nothing.

THE ROW WAS ON IN EARNEST.

"It's mine, was the sharp reply, the hand closing on my wrist. Thinking of my wrist with a vice like grip. The turn was so sudden and so unexpected that I lost my equilibrium.

"My time table, good lady, is all that I want," said I as meekly as possible.

"No, I don't like you, nor none lak you. What you got on that long time table?"

"I wore a long automobile coat, or duster, to protect my clothes, and the old lady did not like that. Seeing a temper I had in mind I decided to fight it out just for fun.

"Madam, you wouldn't mind my taking my suit case out of here so that you could have more room for your feet?"

"No, it ain't got no business in here now."

"I ain't none of your dear, an' don't you call me that nuther."

"Pardon me, sister, but I meant to be pleasant to you."

"I wouldn't choose any of your pleasantness. It's just lak you drummer chaps. I've heard of your doin's before."

"She thought I was a knight of the grip, and feared that I would flirt with her. That was interesting.

"My coat—that's it hanging there at your head, where I put it before you took my seat."

"Tain't your seat! How come it your seat?"

"I am not claiming it, mother, but just explaining how my coat got there—that's all. No, it is your seat by the right of possession, and I should not ask you to move if I had to hang on the bell cord."

"You make out lak you're powerful perils, but the way you drummers do, nobody—not even an old woman lak me—kin tell what you're up to."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I am not a drummer. I live 1,000 miles from here, and am on my way home to see my wife and little girl. I have tried to behave myself and it grieves me to think that I offended you, but I am sure you will not say that I did it intentionally. I entered this train early this morning, at Kansas City, and picked this seat, where the sun would not shine on me, and occupied it. Later you and your friend came in and captured it while I drank at the water cooler, and I had originally selected one that you good taste made you prefer to the many empty ones that were here when you came. That is the whole story. I wanted to see my little girl, and she came for it. You took hold of my arm—something I never permit any woman but my wife to do."

"You know that ain't so," declared the disputant hotly. "I never held your arm."

"Look now, my dear, and see if you have not my wrist."

"That was the blow that killed me for she still held my wrist, although I had dropped the folder. Here a bit of color mounted the pale wrinkled cheeks.

"SOME SOAP DID NO GOOD."

"I love to see a pretty woman blush," said I smiling from ear to ear.

"You shut your mouth. I ain't blushing! I wish my brother was here, I'd make him crack your head."

"Your brother—where is your husband or your son?"

"I ain't got none as I have never been married."

"O, I see, you are still enjoying single bliss—a charming old maid."

FARMERS DISCUSS SIGNS

The Bird That Flies in the House and What It Portends.

"I am a little uneasy this morning," said a late rising Observer man when he met Mr. Baxter Caldwell, who enjoys the country life, out on the Sugar Creek road, yesterday.

"What's the matter?"

"A bird flew in my room while I was dressing a while ago and I used to hear my mother say that such was a sign of death in the family. I am not superstitious, but I would rather the birds would stay out."

"There is nothing in that old saying," said Mr. Caldwell. "I have heard it myself. One night a screech owl flew in my window and I picked up a stick and killed him."

"That was a sure sign of death," said the newspaper man.

"Yes—I got the owl."

"The only thing that consoles me is that my bird was a Jenny wren—a house bird."

Miss Havis Improving.

Miss Mattie Havis, the young lady who ran away from her home here and journeyed into South Carolina while temporarily deranged, is getting along nicely now and her relatives think she will be entirely recovered in a few days.

Young Man Has Leg Amputated.

Samuel Broom, a 15-year-old son of Mr. William Broom, underwent the amputation of his left leg yesterday morning at St. Peter's Hospital.

The Barn Fires Ceased.

"Have you noticed that we have had no barn fires in the county since Mary Massey, the crazy negro was sent to Goldsboro, more than six months ago?" said an observant citizen yesterday.

Death of Mrs. Love.

Mrs. A. C. Love, aged 66 years, died Wednesday night at her home in Crab Orchard township. She is survived by two children, Mendie D. H. Wilson and Emma Bradshaw.

Death of a Little Child.

Nora, the 8-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson, of Berryhill township, died yesterday morning after a short illness at 9 o'clock. The funeral service will be conducted this morning at 11 o'clock at Williams' chapel.

Lost Four Fingers.

The 11-year-old son of Mr. J. E. Cochran, of the Cochran Showcase Company, of Belmont, had his four fingers on the right hand cut off by a cutting knife yesterday afternoon.

WHERE IS DE BREWERY?

A Greensboro Visitor Wanted Beer But Mr. Harris Could Not Comfort Him—Two Young Men Give Him Encouragement.

Mr. Roland Harris, the genial head clerk at the Selwyn, is an onlooker in Vienna, and very few good things escape his cunning eye. In talking with an Observer man yesterday he said:

"I have watched North Carolina go dry, and it has afforded me some pleasure. Several years ago, while clerking at the Benbow, in Greensboro, I witnessed something that I shall never forget. One of our guests, a Mr. Hendrick Schultz, of New York, who had never been South before, became very thirsty for beer one Sunday afternoon. All day he had insisted that I could get him some beer if I would, and by 4 o'clock he had become a nuisance.

"Peer, man; peer, mine got, if I don't get me beer I'll die—that a country, no peer nowhere!" That was what he gave me every few minutes until he was so exhausted that he fell asleep in his chair. I felt sorry for the old fellow but could not help him.

"It was so hot that I could hardly keep on what few clothes I had. Late in the day two young men, who had heard the German quarreling about the lack of beer, came in and sat down. I asked: 'Boys, where have you been, you look cool and refreshed.'"

"Why," declared one, 'we have been out to the brewery.'"

"Mr. Schultz, who appeared to be sleeping, jumped up and said: 'Where is it that brewery?'"

"The boys were joking, and when my friend realized it he witted."

Mary Jane Stumps Her Toe.

Mary Jane, the big street roller, executed a highland fling at the square, late yesterday afternoon, and presented a lady's white dress and a gentleman's face and collar with mud. Old Mary, puffing and blowing, was trying to climb out of a hole when she stumped her right foot on a railroad tie, and slipped.

"Ker-swish" went the mud, and lots of nice clothes were soiled. One dear girl, wearing drop stitched stockings, had to go home for repairs.

"O, my coat, she glomped as she felt the cold loblolly patten against her pink ankles, and off she did trot, as mad as a horset.

Some Chinese Clings.

Mr. Robert Underwood, of Gaston county, was in the city yesterday, exhibiting some beautiful peaches—Chinese clings—grown on his place. From his orchards this season Mr. Underwood has sold many bushels at the rate of 35 cents a peck. His farm is in River Bend township. The peaches shown here were large, clean-cut and rich in color and flavor.

Many Birds This Year.

Winters say that the crop of birds—quilt—this year is very fine. The dry weather during the hatching season helped to create the number large. The farmers bring good reports. They see coveys every day.

BEST THE WORLD AFFORDS.

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