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THE C. O. D. MAN.

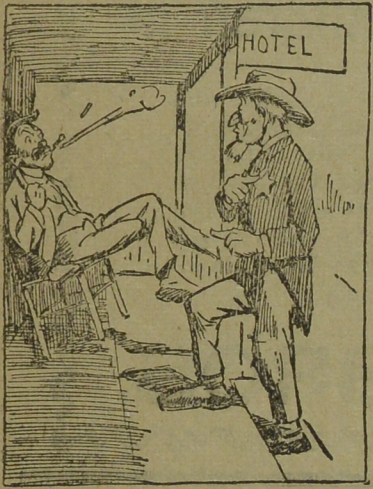
AN INTERESTING STORY OF HIS EXPERIENCE ON THE STUMP.

He Takes an Injured Candidate's Place, Speaking in Labor's Cause, and Pleases the Crowd—Also Decides a Parliamentary Question.

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"It happened three or four years ago," said the C. O. D. man as he shoved the quarter into his pocket without ostentation. "I was wandering over southern Michigan, and one day I came upon a buggy which had broken down on the highway and injured two men who were riding in it. There was a political campaign on, and both the men were political speakers who were on their way to attend an open air meeting. I went to the nearest farmhouse for help, and after they had been assisted there one of the men said to me:

"I am due at that meeting at 2 o'clock. I am down to speak on the labor question. If you'll get on to the



"STRANGER, I'M ON TO YOUR RACKET." horse and ride into town and let it be known that I can't show up, I'll give you \$2. I've been two weeks preparing my speech, and it's a corker, and it's too bad I'm knocked out like this."

"Have you got your notes with you?" I asked.

"Of course."

"How would it be if I should look them over and take your place?"

"Say, man, are you a tramp or what?" he asked as he looked me over.

"Something of a tramp, but more of a dilapidated gentleman sauntering over the country for the benefit of his health. I've made a political speech or two in my time, and I'm pretty well up on the labor question."

"By George, but it might do—it might do! If you could get through with it, it would make a great hit. Look here, now, I'll give you the names of a couple of my friends in town. You ride on and go to them. If they are satisfied that you can make a speech, and you carry it off all right, I'll guarantee you \$10. Don't fool with it, though."

"He handed me the notes, and after glancing over them to see the line he had taken I told him I'd tackle a speech. The farmer hitched up a horse to drive me to town and fetch out a doctor, and I had forty minutes to post up in as we drove along. The men I was told to see looked upon the matter as a good joke and rushed me ahead. There were about 400 electors at the meeting. It was a laboring man running against a lawyer for a county office, and when I got up in my rags I represented labor down to the ground. Everybody laughed and hooted for the first three or four minutes, but gradually they gave me a show. I didn't make much use of the notes except for statistics. I simply drew a picture of a breadwinner toiling from daylight to dark to get on, with ambition to better his condition, and I had 'em cheering me in less than fifteen minutes. I held the crowd for an hour, and when I left the platform every man wanted to shake hands with me. I had a hundred invitations to take a week off, and the two chaps who had put me up handed over \$10 apiece, and taken all around it was what you might call a glorious occasion. I got away as soon as I could and resumed my journey, and three weeks later when I was in Indiana I read in the papers that my labor candidate had come in under the wire a winner. I flattered myself that I had contributed somewhat to bring about the result, but I only did it to oblige, you know."

"It was the \$20 I got out of that political picnic that got me into trouble a week later," continued the dilapidated. "One day when I had struck a small town after a tramp of twenty miles the feeling came over me to get a shave and a hair cut, and then to sit down to a square meal and to sleep in a

regular bed. It was a foolish idea, and I should not have given way to it, but I went ahead and brought disaster. I had got cleaned up and had my meal and was smoking a five cent cigar on the hotel veranda when the landlord sent word to the constable that he had a suspicious guest in his house. Up comes the constable with his silver star all burnished up for the occasion and says:

"Stranger, I'm on to your racket, and you must come with me. Don't resist. If you do, I shall shoot you dead in your tracks!"

"What's my racket?" I asked.

"Bank burglary. But I shall nip it in the bud. I spotted you as you come into town. Put your wrists into these handcuffs and come along!"

"It's no use arguing with a country sheriff or constable," wearily explained the C. O. D. man. "They are always looking for fees and always have a big thing on hand—in their minds. I've been arrested a hundred times over on 'suspicion' and have found it a waste of breath to say a word. When we got to the lockup, he put irons on my legs and sat outside the door all night, and for a few hours he was the biggest

man in that town. In addition to a big revolver he was armed with a shotgun, an ax and a crowbar, and every hour or two he pounded on the door and informed me that he'd blow my head off at the slightest sign of attempted escape. Next morning I was arraigned before a justice of the peace. He was fat and baldheaded and solemn, and he put me down as a desperate character. He started right in to land me in jail, but I handled my own case and inside of ten minutes had him all tangled up. I also had the constable guessing what damages I might get for false imprisonment, and to put an end to a bad half hour they turned me loose and gave me \$3 to leave town. I stayed long enough to quote the statutes to them and hear a local lawyer tell the constable that he'd probably have to go to prison for five years for false imprisonment, and then I resumed my journey. My entry was very tame, but my departure was almost a triumphal procession.

"It might have been three months later and 200 miles away that I attended a public meeting in a town one night. It had been called by the taxpayers, and there were several hot debates over contemplated improvements. The chairman wasn't as well posted as he might have been, and when an amendment was offered to a resolution he insisted on putting the resolution to a vote first. A dozen voices cried out that he was wrong, and a dozen more that he was right, and they were having a nice old row over it when I got up and quoted Cushing's Manual on the point. To say that my appearance and statement created a sensation is drawing it mild. One faction wanted to throw me out of a window, and the other wanted more Cushing, and in the end I was provided with a suit of old clothes, two meals and a lodging, and when I left town next morning I was told that the opposing faction had been beautifully knocked out. As for the C. O. D. principle, it saves bookkeeping, prevents mistakes, beats a cash register in telling you how much capital you have on hand, and I hope to see it universally adopted in time." M. QUAD.

Her Reproof.

"The chimney is smoking," he said.

"Yes," she retorted. "That's the effect of bad example. Usually the chimney has consideration enough to do its smoking out of doors."

Thus it came about that he finished his cigar on the back porch.

As It Sometimes Seems.

"Willie, do you know what happens to bad little boys?"

"Sure."

"What?"

"They have more fun than the good little boys."—Chicago Post.

He Knew Him.



Jones—Clark? Ah, yes! His sayings are in everybody's mouth. Brown—Um! I've noticed he's not very original.

Reassured.

"Your son seems to be a good deal of an idealist," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"I'm awful glad to hear you say that," replied Mrs. Meatenard. "Josiah's always tellin' the boy he ain't got an idea in his head that's worth 2 cents. Still I guess it's just paw's rough way more'n anything else."—Chicago Record-Herald.

And the Cards Are Out.

"If I only had an ambassador at the court of love!" sighed the bashful swain.

"A minister would be good enough for me," replied the demure maiden.

"Arabella!"

"Herbert!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Few Specials for To-morrow, SATURDAY, June 7

For Ladies.

160 pairs sample Corsets, sizes 20, 21 and 22, worth 50c. to \$1.25, to-morrow choice for 38c. pair. A big range of new Blouses in all kinds of material, made of latest patterns, perfect fitting, from 50c. 65c. 90c. to \$1.30

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LADIES' WRAPPERS AND UNDERWEAR.—Our collection of Wrappers and Whitewear is worth seeing. Wrappers from 70c. 95c. \$1.15 to \$2.00. Whitewear at Makers' prices. Our Ladies' Boots and Shoes are the best values we have ever shown and every pair guaranteed. Ladies' Trimmed and Untrimmed Summer Hats. A nice collection of Straw Hats, all this season's styles, trimmed or plain. Our prices are considerable below that of ordinary Millinery shops. Your inspection solicited. Straw Hats for Misses' and Children from 10c. 20c. 25c. 40c. to \$1.00

A Few Leaders for Gentlemen.

To-morrow we will offer to men 25 dozen colored Dress Shirts, short and long bosom, latest patterns, perfect fitting, all sizes at 68c., regular price, \$1.00. 3 Linen Collars, any style, 4 ply for 25c. 15 dozen Braces 25c. kind, to-morrow 15c. pair.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.—Men's Underwear in all qualities from 45c. 60c. 80c. to \$3.00 per suit. To-morrow we will sell all our \$6.00 to \$7.50 suits at \$5.00. Come and take advantage of this offer.

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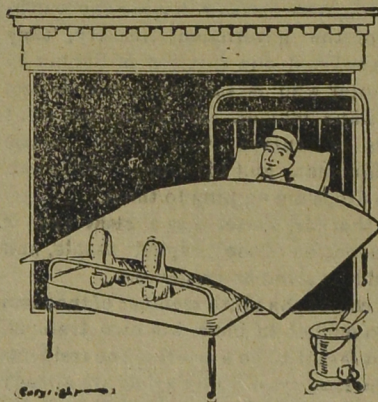
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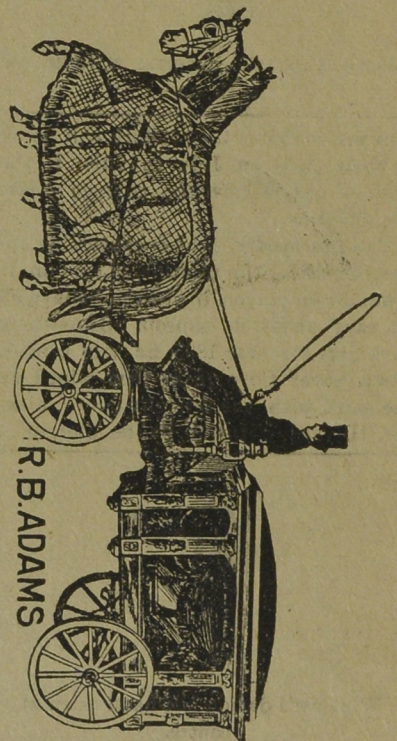
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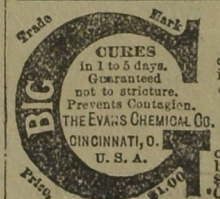
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