

LIKE ENOCH ARDEN HE WOULD NOT STAY DEAD

How P. J. Thomson, Wanderer Extraordinary, Returned to Savannah After Forty-seven Years to Find His Wife With New Husband and New Children—Wants Only to Die Where He Was Born.

TORN from the arms of his young wife and baby daughter by the fortunes of war, exiled from Savannah by the order of General Sherman, whose army had just completed its famous march through Georgia to the Sea, P. J. Thomson, recently of Kentucky, wanderer extraordinary, has returned to his native state for the first time in 47 years, only to find his wife happily married to another man and the mother of many children; his daughter, whom he left an infant, grown to womanhood and nursing babies of her own, and his sister scarcely able to recognize him.

With the lines of the years scarred deeply into his weather-beaten face, and his back bent with the burden of many days, the heart of the old man cried for the red old hills that he had wandered over as a barefoot boy, and for news of the little family from whom he had parted in his youth. He wished to rest his bones in the ground that nourished him, and to feel for the last time the breezes that the "Gulf Stream, that wandering summer of the sea," brings to Georgia's shores. And so he turned his footsteps back toward the land of his nativity, and as a consequence involves his wife in a matrimonial tangle not yet unraveled.

For after having spent the better years of a long life as the wife of another man and the mother of his children, the old woman is inclined to look askance at this husband of her early youth, whom she can now remember only dimly, and whom she has so long believed to be lying in an unknown soldier's grave upon one of the many battlefields with which the bosom of the south was reddened. She is as shy as a girl in the presence of her former husband, but she continues to live with her second husband.

A Man Without a Home. Bert Jones, kindly eyed, white whiskered, who wooed and won the young Mrs. Thompson, after she had given up her husband for dead, is not inclined to part at this late date with his life companion. He looks upon the advent of Thomson as a rather humorous incident that will break the monotony of existence for his women folks a little while, and then be forgotten. He cannot conceive that there may be a real interruption in the established order of things, and as to his wife's leaving him—he accepts the suggestion with a laugh. These two together have been the architects of too many human lives to allow a dead man come to life to break the placidity of their conjugal relations. Enoch Arden is supposed to look through windows upon happy firesides and then to disappear again.

The story of the adventures of Thomson is of intense interest. Through all the years he has been a man without a home, a wanderer, seeking always after the will-o'-the-wisp of a fortune that forever eluded him. The one discordant note in the harmony is that he never made an attempt to return to his wife and home after having been sent north by the federal soldiers.

Thompson's Early Life. When the war broke out Thomson, not yet of age, enlisted for six months. On the expiration of that period he went into a cavalry troop and saw much service in Virginia and Tennessee. The beginning of the last year of the war found him in a hospital in Savannah. Becoming convalescent, he obtained leave to visit his family in Pembroke, where he learned for the first time that he was a father, and for a brief and only period of his life held his baby in his arms. While he was still at Pembroke Sherman and his legions swept across the state. Bidding his wife a hasty goodbye, the Confederate soldier took refuge in the swamps. That was the last that Mrs. Thompson now also Mrs. Jones and the wife of two men, ever saw of her husband.

Driven from his hiding place by hunger, Thompson made his way across the Ogeechee river bridge and fell into the hands of a federal outpost, by whom he was promptly dispatched into Savannah, a prisoner of war. He was detained there and furnished with rations for a time, but an order finally came that no more provisions were to be served, and this, together with an offer of transportation north, left Thompson and others in similar predicament no alternative but to go into the land of the enemy as hostages of war. He was sent by a boat to New York, where he remained until the war closed.

Escaped Death in Cyclone. After the war Thomson wandered into the west. Why he chose the west instead of the south and home has never been satisfactorily explained. He lived for a time in Cincinnati, but driven by the unrest that was in him, he continued his wanderings over the greater part of the western country,



stopping for a time like any bird of passage wherever chance placed him. He peddled goods for a livelihood, worked on farms, cut timber in the forests—did anything that came his way that offered bread for his hungry mouth. He never wrote to find out what had become of his wife and child.

After a brief time he found himself the proprietor of a cross-roads store near Mound City, Kan. Here, he says, he cherished the hope of some day achieving a competency and of returning to Georgia with means to search for his people. But at night a cyclone swept over the land while he covered in a cellar and in the morning he found his store distributed over a number of counties and himself again homeless and penniless. Nothing remained of his possessions but an old tub, which alone had withstood the storm and remained to mock him in his loss. He again became a wanderer, setting his back steadily upon wife and home and child.

He moved into Kentucky and again began to build up his shattered fortunes. He became the proprietor of a general store and again began to dream dreams of a competence. But a disastrous fire visited him, and he watched all his earthly goods go up in smoke. After the fire he peddled fruit trees in the mountains, and watched the distillation of the yellow corn that had waved its golden banners over Kentucky's sun-kissed hills. He walked with the feudists in the Kentucky hills for a number of years, braving flood and storm in the pursuit of his several peddling occupations.

Worked His Way Home. Recently he decided to carry out his long cherished intention of returning to Georgia. Old age was now coming upon him fast, and with the coming of age his mind turned upon the past. He worked his way across the intervening states and came at last again to Pembroke. But all the friends of his youth had disappeared. Many of the old families were broken up. The little slabs in the churchyard told him where most of the people he knew had gone. The graves of his father and mother he found there. No trace of his wife and child could be found. A chance acquaintance told him that his sister had married and was living in Savannah.

He found his sister, Mrs. Jessie Davis, after some search, and convinced her, with some trouble, of his identity. From her he learned that his wife, after giving him up for dead, had married again, and with their daughter, who was also now married, lived in Blitchton. He offered no reason for having abandoned his family so long, and his sister did not press him upon the point.

May Woo His Wife Again. Thomson went on to Blitchton to see the wife of his early manhood and his middle aged daughter, whom he remembered as a little child. He spent a day at the home of L. A. Schuman, the husband of his daughter, whom he saw mothering sturdy men and women whom she had brought into the world in the years that had transformed her father from a veteran of twenty-one to a bent and broken wanderer of sixty-eight. With the assistance of a picture taken before he went away, and by recalling intimate instances of her baby days, he succeeded in convincing his daughter that he was her father.

Means to Stay in Savannah. Thomson has announced that he will spend the rest of his days in Savannah. Precisely what are his intentions regarding his wife are not known. He has given no indication of what procedure he will adopt in this respect. It is generally believed that he will not make any endeavor to interfere with present arrangements. Jones will certainly fight for his wife, although he has exhibited every indication of being friendly to Thomson unless the latter puts up a fight. Mrs. Thomson Jones will undoubtedly prefer to remain with the latter. She mourned Thomson for dead many years ago, and she cannot recognize the father of her daughter in the aged visitor.

But her position is delicate as well as humiliating. She has two living husbands, which is a little beyond the pale of the law. However innocent

she may have been, she is now living in a state of polygamy. To desert her last husband after all these years and go to a perfect stranger is a little more than could be expected of her, and yet her position as the wife of Jones is a trying one. Nobody blames her, but those who know the circumstances are wondering what the outcome of the tangle will be. Her numerous offspring by her last husband would not consent to her leaving the roof of their father even if she wished to do so.

Not Sure He is Her Brother. If Mrs. Thomson had gone into court and had her husband pronounced legally dead before she married the second time all would have been well. But so certain was she that he was dead that she did not take this precaution. Possibly some technicality of the law will come to her rescue. The matter has not been inquired into. With her the matter is simply that here are two men, both living, whom she has recognized as her husband, and both of whom are the fathers of her children.

Thompson is back in Savannah, at the home of his sister. She declares that while she has accepted him, she is not at all sure that he is really her brother. She does not believe that a real flesh and blood brother could drop suddenly from nowhere in particular after an absence of 47 years. Everybody is afraid to take the matter into court for fear of further complicating the situation and bringing out trying points heretofore overlooked. The consensus of opinion seems to be that Thomson ought to disappear again and remain dead. Or, better still, he ought to have remained in the west, and not come back to trouble his wife at all.

Jones is apparently waiting for the other man to make the first move in the case. He holds the trump cards in that he is in possession of the disputed wife. "And possession is nine points of the law, you know," he says with a laugh. He is not letting the situation work him much, either. It is probable that as long as Thomson does not move he will allow the matter to drop. And Thomson appears inclined to be quiescent. He will remain with his sister for the present. There is plenty of time to make his plans for the future.

Has Fund of Strange Tales. This is the basis upon which the matter stands at present. Thomson's ambition seems solely to be among his own people—to make a little niche somewhere where he can spend the remainder of his days and earn five feet of ground in the end in which his bones may rest along side those of his father and mother.

Why Thomson did not tramp toward Georgia instead of continually away from it is a secret that remains locked in his own bosom. On this point he has been consistently silent. He talks of his adventures pleasantly and of the affairs of his family humorously, but any questions leading up to his reasons for remaining away go long invariably silences him.

Thompson shows his age more than his wife. His face is finely lined and wrinkled. His shoulders are a little bent, but they are of great breadth, and would indicate that he was a man of great physical strength in his younger days. His teeth are white and fine, and his smile is pleasant and infectious. He has at his tongue's end the "blarney" that comes to all who put their feet upon the road. He has a fund of strange tales always ready to tell, and he apparently takes delight in relating them. He is a pleasant companion, and there is much crude wisdom buried beneath his experiences.

All Georgia and the south is interested in the strange case. Everybody has a solution of the difficulty to offer. The theories advanced are as thick as dust in vacant houses. But it is not theories that are troubling these old people. It is hard facts—facts that drive thought home as with the impact of a hammer. What is to be done? Suppose Thomson demands his wife at the hands of Jones? What will the consequence be? Mrs. Jones cannot deny that she is the wife of Thomson under the law. Then what will the consequences be to the children who have been born to her in the intervening years since Thomson disappeared?

CONFLICT OF LANGUAGE. Austria-Hungary steams with jealousies and hatreds, with prejudices of race and conflicts of language. It is admitted that were the differences in language overcome the quarrels would cease. Germany has realized that she can never hope to subdue the Polish national movement until the Polish language is destroyed, and so she is forcing German down the throats of the Poles without mercy. The languages of China are said to be as many as a hundred in number, says the Toledo Blade. Each province, each district, sometimes cities and villages, have their own peculiar dialects. The Manchu has difficulty in understanding the Chinaman of South China. During the heat of the rebellion the Chinese tested the Manchu suspects by making them count. There was one number at which the Manchu always betrayed himself. China has been a mere heap of semi-independent states and autonomous governments. But now she has hopes of graduating into a world force, a true nation. In the light of the fact that the Chinese cannot get upon a common plane of language that hope seems impossible of fulfillment.

One of the great French aeroplane builders has constructed a veritable aerial taxicab. The machine has a body which looks like that of any taxicab. The passengers enter by a side door and view the landscape below through mica windows. Pneumatic cushions protect the passengers in rough landings. The pilot sits in front of the machine, like a chauffeur. There is even a speaking tube to facilitate communication between the passengers within the taxicab and the chauffeur. A 100-horsepower engine is mounted on top of a cab, and with it the fuel tanks. The spread of wing is 43 feet from tip to tip, and the over-all length is 45 feet. Ready for flight, without passengers, the aeroplane weighs 1,540 pounds.

The Eiffel tower changes its dress every five or six years at a cost of from \$14,000 to \$16,000. The date is at hand when fifty painters will find occupation for three or four months in covering the 180,000 square yards of its surface with a new coat of paint. The shade has yet to be decided upon. The Eiffel tower started twenty-two years ago in orange, wore red in 1893, golden yellow in 1899 and silver white on the summit and chrome yellow at the base in 1907. There are persons who would vote for an invisible shade of khaki for the coming renewal. The tower is now used as a wireless telegraph station, as a post for an electric device to prevent hailstorms and as a guiding mark for aviators.

A woman in Kansas City has applied for a divorce, pleading that she has to wear the same dress in which she was married in England seventeen years ago. When women serve on juries or on the bench it will not take them long to decide such cases against the defendant or to suggest laws which permit of his being sent to prison for the rest of his natural life.

Debating as to whether a college man at graduation is worth \$15 a week is a good deal like arguing about the worth of a horse. Everything depends upon the individual specimen under consideration.

South Carolina wants to erect a monument to Queen Isabella of Spain, the patroness of Columbus and his co-worker in the discovery of America. At last it has struck this country that it is worth while to turn some attention to the woman in the case.

The hen has entered the industrial ring and smashed the egg trust to smithereens. Now the great American eagle is hiding his head in shame as the greater American hen cackles defiance at him as the national bird.

A London highbrow tells that a cat can hear sounds inaudible to the human ear, but our neighbor's cat refuses to pay any attention to the heated comment we make on his nightly concert.

A convict in an Arizona penitentiary where the honor system of parole has lately been established broke his word and escaped. This proves the rule by having the expected happen.

The increased demand for white dress fabrics for summer is regarded in the New York hosiery market as an infallible indication that white hosiery will be popular. Accordingly, the stocking mills are stocking up.

The New Jersey farmer who breaks his hens of the setting habit by substituting snowballs for eggs has as much chance of winning our sympathy as a snowball has in the regions beyond the River Styx.



WARM WEATHER STYLE NEW TAFFETA WRAPS.

COSTUMES FOR LITTLE MAIDS ESPECIALLY BECOMING.

Short Sleeves and No Collars Will Be the Rule—Very Little Trimming on Hats—Wraps Continue Short in Length.

The little maid's dressy summer frock is still to be collarless and short sleeved, but when this cut is unbecoming to a child, as it would be for a thin little maid not in the best of health, it is an easy enough matter to add a guimpe and undersleeve of tuck or plain net to either style.

In point of coats and headgear, the mother who wants her child to look well must surely consider the styles set forth by the juvenile shops, for somehow these people seem to get the best ideas going for children's wraps and millinery. There is a delicious skimpieness about the trimmings of the little hats—just enough and no more—and while suggesting the adult cuts of older garments the wraps are also simple and bewitching. With the long coat there is a tendency to round the fronts of all, but if called "long" the wrap is still some inches short of the skirt bottom and often quite as short as the knees. For dressy use one shop showed a number of these curtailed coats in pongees of various sorts, silk, poplin, satin and lined veiling. The pongee affairs sported deep collars and cuffs of the popular ratine lace, the collars often with the deep back dip used for the



Instead of a regulation cape the summer girl will wear over her thin frocks at the beach or for out of door dining one of the new shades. The wrap pictured is sleeveless, though often sleeves are added; and the coat tails falling almost to the skirt hem at the back are particularly smart. The wrap is made of blue in a smoky violet shade and platings of the silk trim it all around the edge. The long silk gloves, embroidered on the wrist, are lavender to harmonize with the coat, but the smart buttoned boots are white, to match the frock.



The Lingerie Hats the Wee Lassie Wears With Her Little Wash Frocks.

Quaker model, and the cuffs in a straight, loose piece merely buttoning over the bottom of the sleeves. With the plain satins and silks, which were in every color as well as in black, there was sometimes an under collar in a stripe, this and a touch of the same on the sleeves giving the coat a very dashing appearance. A favorite hat of the season is shown in the picture, the two pretty

MUCH FUN AT HOBBY PARTY

Clever Idea of Girl With Some Originality That is Well Worth Being Imitated.

A party given recently by a clever girl which was both original and entertaining and proved to be a great success was a hobby party. The invitations were worded in the following manner: "Come to my party on Wednesday night and wear your pet hobby; also state in your acceptance what is your favorite dish."

The groups that assembled in the big living room were just the funnest conglomeration imaginable, the "eccentricities of genius personified," as one girl expressed it.

There was the postage stamp fiend wearing a motley collection pasted on various parts of her clothing, even her face, hands and hair bore a sticker from some place. The girl who was making silk quilts out of her party gowns and those of her friends was arrayed in a costume by the side of which Joseph's historical coat of many colors would have looked a sad and sober garment. Bugs, butterflies, toads and lizards played in most lifelike attitudes over the clothing of the naturalist in the crowd, and the girl who went in for physical culture wore a necklace of miniature Indian clubs and dumbbells. Of course, the camera crank went around trying to "take" everybody and the autograph collector was on hand with book and pencil. A golf enthusiast wore a golf suit made of calico in a brilliant Scotch plaid and topped it with a Tam o' Shanter. Fastened to his buttonhole was a small case of golf clubs, such

little mushrooms being the sort of headgear liked for little maids who will spend a good part of their time in the country or else wear rather simple wash frocks all summer long in town. The top hat is of white linen with a hand-scalloped edge and a garnish of pink satin ribbon. The lower one is of white duck, braided and embroidered, and of course each hat may be unbuttoned from the crown for laundering.

This washable species of millinery is very convenient for the wee girls who soon ruin more elegant hats, and despite its simplicity such millinery has, nevertheless, a very choice air. The dainty little hats can easily be made at home, and if there is no gift for the embroidery and braiding stitching may finish the edges. MARY DEAN.

Vicarious Penance. "Have you given up any pleasure as a penance during Lent?" "Certainly. I've given up giving my wife money for matinee tickets."

as are sometimes used for dinner favors. One of the drollest figures was the man devoted to making hand-made furniture; he had a set of doll's chairs, table and bed, which he had in a basket, and insisted upon showing everyone how perfectly they were constructed. Altogether it was a most amusing party.

When refreshments were served it was seen how the hostess had endeavored to cater to the likes of her guests.

Children's Wear. Great variety exists in the application of punch-work, says the Dry Goods Economist. This stitch is used in medallion effect, as a background to bring a design into strong relief, or to form the whole or a portion of a design. An excellent illustration of the last mentioned method of application is noted in a poppy design with punch work petals, which comes in scarfs and pillow tops, and in a highly favored butterfly design with punch work wings, the latter being one of the favorite designs for guest towels.

Fashionable Fixings. Many of the latest blouses which are worn under coats have lace ruffles at the wrist. Many of the newest coats still show the side fastenings, some starting slightly below the waistline, and others up at the shoulder. Cape collars extending over the shoulders are a feature not only of many heavy coats, but also of house and street gowns.

Crepe de chine is enjoying a decided popularity.