

BEHIND A COUNTER.

MILLIONAIRE'S SON FINDS HIS HEART'S CHOICE.

They Are Married, and Now Society Is Whispering That the Groom's Father Is Indignant and Will Disinherit His Son.

When Cupid starts out to unite two hearts he generally accomplishes his purpose, though he may take strange and unthought of ways to bring this about. The story of one of his latest tricks lurks behind this notice, which occurred late in the past summer, in a Boston paper: On Aug. 3, at the church of the Ascension, Roxbury, by the Reverend Edward L. Atkinson, pastor, Horatio Bigelow, 22, of Boston, and Mary Alice Reece, 21, also of Boston.

Horatio Bigelow is the eldest son of Albert S. Bigelow, the copper king of Boston and Cohasset, whose wealth runs away up into the millions—between twenty-five and thirty millions so report goes. The son of a many-times millionaire is not supposed to go in quest of a wife among the silks and satins and ribbons of a dry goods store. Perhaps young Mr. Bigelow had no thought of finding a wife among such environments, but he did, nevertheless. It was a case of love at first sight on the part of both. Miss Reece was pretty, young and refined in bearing and manner, though her home was not among those of the aristocratic ones of the Hub. Her father is a worthy mechanic and veteran pensioner of the civil war. In the summer of 1893 Horatio Bigelow, then a junior at Harvard, went to the store of Jordan, Marsh & Co. to make some purchases. In the back end of the store at one of the counters there stood a sweet-faced little woman with the softest of brown hair, drawn smoothly away from a low, broad forehead, and with

It would have taken more than a human woman to bid him go alone when he had her heart fast in his keeping, and so when the vacation time came at the store Mary timidly placed her hand in her lover's, and the wedding notice in the Boston paper tells the rest. The girl, being a Catholic, preferred to be married by a clergyman of her faith, but to this the young man would not agree, because, he reasoned, his parents being Protestants, their forgiveness would be more easily won if the ceremony was performed by an Episcopal minister. And so at a little mission church, on August 3, the son of a millionaire and the daughter of an American mechanic were made one. After a two weeks' honeymoon the bride returned to her parents' home, still, to them, plain Mary Reece.

The first of September found the long cherished plans of the Bigelow family matured. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bigelow told their son good-by at the train door, not knowing that in another parlor car sat their daughter-in-law. The next morning found the young couple off from New York for their long voyage.

The news of the wedding came to the father of the groom as a terrible shock, while the family of the bride, being a strict Catholic one, regret that Mary was married by a Protestant minister, though the mother says she can not but be glad that her child's romance has ended so happily for her. In club circles it is rumored that Horatio Bigelow will be cut off without a cent. In the meantime the young couple are spending a second honeymoon in the flowery kingdom of Japan, with a limitless letter of credit.

BRIDEGROOM 123 YEARS OLD.

Aged Dr. Charles Smith Weds a Woman Many Times His Junior.

Dr. Charles Smith, physician, who was born in Illinois, and who once practiced in New York, and who claims

THE FIRST WILD BILL

WAS NOT SO WILD AS NAME INDICATED.

He Had a Few Notches in His Gun, However, When He Died with His Boots on at Deadwood—The Work of an Avenger.

The current picture that represents "Wild Bill" as a wavy-haired, dare-devil looking desperado may as well be shelved. It was taken from a portrait made in crayon for "Buffalo Bill" Cody and from memory. But the real Wild Bill was a very different sort of man. In looking over some effects that had long lain undisturbed, J. B. Edwards, one of the first settlers of Abilene, Kan., and who went through the wild and woolly days when Hickok was marshal, recently came upon an old-fashioned daguerreotype of the frontier hero. It represents him as he was when he came to Abilene, then a cowboy headquarters, to keep peace among the unruly cattlemen who made their way over the trail from Texas.

Hickok was then in the height of his glory, and though he had killed a few men, his career was not stained with the deeds that made his name discreditable in later years. He had been in Ellis and Hays City, where he had trouble with cattlemen, and had been acting the scout along the Platte, as well as dealt a fine hand in faro at divers and sundry resorts of the west. He went to Abilene to succeed Tom Smith, who is said by all the old settlers to have been far the better man before—or behind—a gun.

J. B. Hickok when he became marshal was a handsome man. He was about six feet high, with a somewhat womanish face and long, fine hair, of which he was very proud. He had an impressive manner, a well-proportioned

end with as much care given to his hair as the most careful lady bestows on her tresses. He strutted around town, and, with one Dave Tutt, a partner and friend, did up the tenderfeet at poker in a manner that was marvelously skillful. Then one day the two fell out over a game of poker in which they were opponents. Tutt staked his watch against Bill's money and the latter won. Tutt was furious and accused Hickok of cheating. There were hot words and both went out threatening to shoot on sight. The next morning both were on the street, armed and looking for each other. Bill wore Tutt's watch. As Wild Bill



DAVE TUTT.

walked along the south side of the square Tutt came in sight about eighty yards away. They halted and both drew their guns and fired. Tutt fell dead; Hickok was unhurt, though the ball passed two inches from his head and buried itself in the wall of the old Shepherd building. It was his only duel, for he was not quarrelsome and the gamblers avoided him, knowing well his ability as a shot.

As has often been told, he met his end in Deadwood, being shot from behind by a man who had followed him for years because of the death of a brother, whose taking off was the gambler's act. Hickok's guns were beside him and he reached for them but his strength was gone. His slayer was taken out and ran the gauntlet of a party of good marksmen, but escaped them all and fled into the mountains, never to be heard of again. It was considered a poetic justice that the killer should meet his death at the hands of an avenger. Other avengers had tried it, but none was quick enough before. The miners buried him on the wooded hillside near Deadwood, and for a long time his grave was unmarked. Then one day an admirer of the old scout "struck it rich" and put up a monument that is one of the unique cemetery adornments of the nation. It bears a bust of Hickok, beneath are two crossed revolvers chiseled in the granite and a scroll recites his virtues. Some years ago an effort was made by a number of rich California miners to get permission to move the body to that state for burial, but nothing came of it. The people of Deadwood have in the grave one of the chief attractions of the place, and would be loth to allow its removal.

It is somewhat curious that though he went through life as "Wild Bill," he had nothing in his name that warranted the title. It was in fact stolen from his elder brother, who was killed in some dangerous mission during the war. When William died, the younger Hickok, John B., became "Bill" and later "Wild Bill." It was perhaps his superb marksmanship rather than any other quality, unless it might have been his expertness at cards, that made Hickok great. He that as it may, he has a secure place in the history of the frontier, and any relation of cattle-trail days that omits his deeds and misdeeds is incomplete.

Battle of an Eagle and a Lobster.

Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, an elder brother of Rider Haggard, the novelist, recently returned from a trip to Newfoundland, and tells of a remarkable sight he saw while sitting on the seashore with a guide with whom he had been fishing for salmon in the Terra Nova river. They had been watching for some time the evolutions of a white-headed eagle, called by the Newfoundlanders a "crip." After soaring round in several circles above and in front of them, the eagle suddenly dashed down into a pool of water near them on the beach and reappeared holding an enormous lobster in his talons. It was an old lobster, with a huge claw, white with barnacles. The eagle had him clutched firmly around the back, and at first the huge claw hung helplessly down, the barnacles shining white in the sunlight. This was only for a second, though. The ripples on the recently disturbed pool had not yet died away when the captive lobster suddenly awoke to the seriousness of the situation, and to think with him was to act. Up moved the great white barnacled claw until it seized the eagle round the neck. There was a furious fluttering and beating of the eagle's wings, a melancholy squawk from his choking throat, and then, tumbling and rolling head over heels in the air in a confused mass, down came eagle and lobster again, splash back into the pool. The two spectators of the scene rushed forward, thinking that they could perhaps in some way secure both combatants, for the splashing of the conflict continued in the shallow water. But they had hardly time to pick up a stone apiece to throw at the eagle before the lobster, feeling himself at home again, let go his hold. With his neck all torn and devoid of feathers, away flew the bedraggled eagle in most melancholy guise to a neighboring cliff, while the lobster, to give Col. Haggard's own words, "still brandishing his enormous claw in defiance, remained smiling at the bottom of the pool."



HORATIO BIGELOW.

tioned, sinewy form, not an ounce of superfluous flesh, and in the exhibition of his strength acted the bully at times. Once, when the city council was in session, J. G. McCoy, now of Kansas City, being mayor, and A. A. Hurd, attorney for the Santa Fe, city clerk, one of the members was needed to make a quorum. He purposely absented himself and remained in another part of the building. Hickok went after him and brought him into the council chamber on his shoulder, where under the rules that antedated those of Reed he was counted as present.

Wild Bill was not noted for his bravery in facing an adversary. He killed two men on the south side of the Union Pacific track one day. They were Phil Cole and Mike Williams. The marshal was standing in a door of a saloon and they came up the street. Without warning he dropped Cole, and then as Williams came running killed him also. The indignant cattlemen offered a reward of \$10,000 for Hickok's dead body. He went about as usual after that, but always walked in the middle of the street and carried for a weapon instead of the usual ready revolver, a double-barreled shotgun, sawed off to a length of eighteen inches. With such a protector he



J. B. HICKOK.

could not be approached with much safety. He was afraid of his life and showed it. Soon he left town and drifted into the mining camps of the mountains. He killed some more men and was the pride of the saloons in the new camps. He was a bluffer of huge ability and often made the crowd think he was doing a brave thing when he was simply counting on the timidity of his victim—and seldom in vain. He fought a duel once in Springfield, Mo., after the close of his career as a scout and before going farther west. He had become a gambling-room hero, tall, symmetrical, weighing 200 pounds,

DEATH IS ITS SEAL.

THE DOINGS OF THE K. K. K.'S. IN PHILIPPINES.

The Society Is Steeped in Blood—An Initiatory Ceremony Terrible in Its Significance, with Vows of Darkest Meaning.

The K. K. K., the abhorrent secret society of the Philippines, has thriven like a poisonous weed, surrounding itself with a miasma of foulest crime. Sunny Italy has her dreaded Mafia, whose stiletto-clasping fingers reach out even into other lands and claim secretly doomed but unsuspecting victims. Russia's Nihilists are a haunting terror to her rulers and the haughtiest and wealthiest of her nobles. The very name of the organization strikes with the chill of death on hearts that know no other fear. The Thugs of India do their deadly work moved by a common impulse, emanating from a central source—the serpent-wise, serpent-wicked heads of their murderous order that live and die unknown, but are obeyed as swiftly, unquestioningly and as surely as Azeazel himself. The horrible scenes of the Indian mutiny and Toussaint's insurrection were made possible by previous secret meetings, secret oaths and secret signals; and in our own country the Ku Klux Klan of the south, the Mollie Maguire of the coal region of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the White Caps of the middle west, have all, with intent to right some real or fancied injury, banded themselves together by hidden mysteries and worked in concert for some desired end. To this class of secret societies does the K. K. K. of the Philippines belong.

In the open story of the Philippines and in the various books and articles which have been written about these islands since they sprung into unexpected prominence in the horizon of national affairs, the Katipunan (erroneously spelled Catapunan) society is spoken of as being merely a "strong political organization"—the "strongest in the Philippines," in fact. But while it most assuredly is this, its secret aims, achievements and potentialities are such as to secure for it a position in its own peculiar way second to that of no organized aggregation of oppressed, mutinous and revengeful humanity in the whole wide world. Death was its foundation thought; death its countersign, its emblem, its seal, its penalty and its weapon. In the days when it was first grudgingly acknowledged by the Spanish rulers of those long-suffering Malaysian islands that this rapidly growing and widely extended organization was becoming a menacing power of which it was necessary to take serious account in all their calculations and plans for the future, every member of the order was a legal outcast. He was, in the estimation of the Spanish, a modern Cain, except that he did not bear the protecting mark of God's brand upon his brow.

Proscribed, hunted and persecuted, the Katipunans held to their belief and purposes with a tenacity that boded ill for their oppressors. They held their meetings, performed their rights and ceremonies, initiated new members, invented new methods of action, inaugurated new movements, issued new orders and enforced them, despite all the efforts of those in authority to suppress, disperse and destroy them. The Katipunans, though visible, are as elusive and mocking as a will-o'-the-wisp. They appear here and there as the fancy moves them—like the ignis fatuus, proving by their very existence the presence of something noisome and death-dealing, and leading their ill-fated pursuers into trackless morasses and deep-sunken pits where no hope of escape or rescue can ever come.

Under the Spanish rule the spirit of revolt grew strong in every Filipino



BANNER OF THE K. K. K.'S.

breat, the owner of which was not either a dotard or a craven. Where a crust forms over hidden and ever-increasing fires that crust must sooner or later inevitably break and expose to the world the raging hell beneath. The mutiny which took place on the evening of January 20, 1872, in Cavite, was such a rending and the breach then made never healed. On that evening the native soldiers stationed over this place revolted, without having previously given any understood sign of discontent or rebellion, and massacred their officers—the men whom they had fol-

lowed, looked up to and obeyed until that moment—as deliberately, unconcernedly and mercilessly as if they had been vagrant curs. No European who was in or near Cavite during that night of horror when murder, cold-blooded and long-meditated, held dominion over the erstwhile peaceful town, can ever forget while memory endures, a single dragging moment of those awful hours. It had been arranged among the natives that a simultaneous outbreak should take place at Manila, but through some misunderstanding or some act that precipitated the climax the men at Cavite took the initiative with results most disastrous to the cause they had so close at heart.

For one night they seemed to be masters of the situation, but the next morning the Spaniards, aroused for once out of their usual state of arrogant indifference and haughty unconcern by the potentialities of this most unexpected and surprising obstacle in the smooth and somewhat sluggish current of their official existence, mustered force sufficient to quell the insurrec-



USED AT INITIATION.

tion and restore at least a semblance of security to their own positions. The failure of the movement so long planned and hoped for plunged the Philippines into worse difficulties than they had before even dreamed of. In Spanish eyes after that disastrous fiasco every native was a mutineer at heart, and no man of Philippine birth was so humble or so insignificant as to escape the blighting breath of suspicion. Arrests were made by the wholesale. Honest farmers who had no thoughts above or beyond their daily toil and the success or failure of their crops were classed in the same category and doomed to suffer the same cruel experiences as the professed agitators, the political tricksters or the high-bred Tagalos, who had good reason to rebel, even though they might have too much policy and too keen an appreciation of the insurmountable difficulties of the situation to yield to their natural impulses. Many of the men directly concerned in the mutiny were taken to Manila, and there suffered the death penalty at the hands of their own whilom comrades in arms. Others were less mercifully dealt with, as torture in its most agonizing and excruciating form was decreed for them before death was allowed to end their misery.

Five of the vows are substantially as follows:

I.—"I will die slowly by the most hideous torture, before I will divulge anything that I know, learn or conjecture about this very exalted and honorable union."

II.—"I will execute at any cost to myself and others, immediately, unquestioningly and exactly, all orders received by me which are accompanied by the 'sacred and secret word.'"

III.—"I will cherish active and undying hatred against all Spaniards and other foreigners."

IV.—"When the order comes I will personally assist to slaughter, at once and without mercy or distinction, all foreigners within reach of my revenge."

V.—"I will keep these oaths while my life lasts, and should I forget or disobey them in the least part I will expect and most rightfully suffer the most horrible death."

Picture Explained.

A well-known photographer of New York recently had his country house overhauled, says the San Francisco Argonaut. A new skylight was added and extensive alterations were made in the roof. The men engaged on the job took their time and did not overwork themselves, which did not prevent the roofer from presenting a bill almost as steep as his calling. When the owner of the house expostulated it was evident to him that the men had to be paid for their time, and they had spent several days on the job. "No wonder," said the photographer; "and then he produced a number of snap-shot photographs, representing the men on the roof of his house as taken from the attic window of an adjoining building. Some were sitting smoking, some were reading newspapers, and others were lying on their backs. "Why," said the astonished roofer, "these are my men." "Exactly," responded the owner, "and these pictures explain why they took such a long time over the job."

New Women of Japan.

Tokyo Cor. Chicago Record: Fujiyama has been the scene of a very unusual performance. An old woman of 93 is said to have ascended the mountain at the head of six women, all more than fifty years of age. That is progress with a vengeance, considering that in former days no female, young or old, was permitted to desecrate the sacred mountain by treading on it.

Not a Yachting Expert.

His angel—They say the Lucania can steam 25 knots an hour. Her sweet—that is quite right. His angel—I suppose they steam them so that the poor sailors can unite them more easily.—Stray Stories.



THE COPPER KING'S MANSION.

brown eyes veiled by long black lashes. The pretty saleswoman could not help noticing the look of more than ordinary interest that the handsome young man bestowed upon her, and an answering light came into her own bright eyes. But the well-bred young man would not think of thrusting himself upon the notice of the young woman without the formality of an introduction. But the introduction was more easily managed than he feared it could be. Being well known to an elderly woman manager of one of the departments, the young man asked her to present him to the sweet-faced girl clerk, and later in the afternoon this was done. At first the elder woman hesitated to do so, as she told him the younger woman had been most carefully reared and was no ordinary "shop girl." The evident earnestness of the young man soon assured her that he was serious and that there was something more than the desire to engage in a flirtation that led him to make the request.

Every evening for some time after this the pretty girl found her devoted admirer waiting for her at the shop door when her work for the day was over, and in the morning among the yards and yards of trimming on her counter there were placed the freshest of flowers. For a long time the girl did not know that the young man was the son of one of the richest men in the United States. This knowledge came to her through the twittings of her companions about the devotion of young Bigelow. When she learned this she begged Mr. Bigelow to discontinue his attentions, as she knew his parents would be much displeased if he persisted in his courtship, but, with the eloquence that only love is capable of, he begged her to throw such fears aside and consent to become his wife. Then her sweetheart began to visit her in her home, and, when the mother and sisters met him they pointed out to the girl the numbers of unhappy wedded lives that were the result of such marriages. But the pretty sweetheart had made up her mind by this time that whether rich or poor there was only one love in the world for her.

The fall and the winter and the spring passed away, the courtship running more smoothly than many others have done when all interested in the two most important figures were quite agreed. Young Bigelow's parents knew nothing of his sweetheart, and while he studied away at college they were planning a trip around the world for him after his graduation. The young son and heir was quite agreed to this, but had in mind an additional plan of which the parents were not advised. He told Mary Reece about this visit to Japan, the Orient, and Europe, and



MARY A. REECE.

the patriarchal age of 123 years, was married in Atlantic City, N. J., the other day to Miss Sallie A. May, a daughter of Leon May. The ceremony occurred at the bride's home on South Delaware avenue. It became public on the records of the board of health office.

"When Dr. Smith came in," said Pastor Cross, "I was surprised when he told me he was of that age. I placed him on his honor and he told me that his age was 123."

Dr. Smith declared that his age had been correctly recorded, and that he celebrated his one hundred and twenty-third birthday in the latter part of September. "My father, Henry Smith, lived to 120, and so did my grandfather," said Dr. Smith. "I was born near Cairo, Ill., but went to Germany when three years old. I took my degree from the Jena university and have traveled all over Europe. I remember clearly the time when Bonaparte was living, and have had a very eventful life." His appearance is that of a well-preserved man of 70. His wife is 41 years old.

British Jokes.

A British humorist is a rather rare bird, deserving of mention. One Alexander Stewart has just published a book called "Mr. Miggs' Opinions." Mr. Miggs is a shoemaker. Here are two of his jokes: "A man what respects himself gets no hurt, and a man that does not respect himself, why you might cover the road from here to hell with broken glass and he'd get there by a subway without knowing anything about it." "An Englishman hasn't a chance with a Scotchman for the reason I give, that he's mean, but, unfortunately honest. A free living man has no chance against him."—New York World.