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Examine this page

A DAY OF WEDDINGS.

Platz-Parker.
(Thursday's Daily)
"As a walled town is more worth-
ier than a village, so is the forehead
of a married man more honorable than
the bare brow of a bachelor."

Surely yesterday was a day of wed-
dings and gay departures. The air
has been full of anticipation, myster-
ious whisperings, parties, luncheons,
showers and festivities in general for
the month of June and its prospective
brides.

All morning the friends watched
the lowering skies, hoping that the
sun would shine, and it burst forth a
little before three o'clock, the ap-
pointed hour, so "happy is the bride
that the sun shines on."

The marriage of Miss Maude Parker
and Dr. Charles H. Platz occurred at
the home of the bride's sister, Mrs.
J. J. Sullivan.

The house was profusely decorated
with pink and white carnations and
smilax. The dining room table was
draped in the dainty smilax. The
stairs, down which the bridal party
was to proceed, was a bower of white
syringes, the banisters being entire-
ly hidden with it. Miss Nanette
Cunningham of Grand Island, at the
piano in the back parlor played the
wedding march as the bridal party
came down the stairs. They were pre-
ceded by little Lorina Evans and
Stella Robinson as ribbon bearers,
who stretched the ribbons to form an
aisle for them to pass through. They
took their places before the Rev.
William Oash of the Episcopal church,
under a bower of smilax and ferns
where they repeated the vows of the
impressive ring service, that made
them man and wife. The bride was
given away by Judge Sullivan. She
wore a gown of white wash chiffon
trimmed in Valenciennes lace, over
silk and carried a large bouquet of
bride's roses. After the marriage,
the guests, seated in the various rooms
and on the front porch, were served a
two course luncheon.

As the bride went up stairs to dress
for her journey, she threw her bouquet
from the first landing. It was caught
by Miss Florence Whitmoyer.

Dr. Platz is one of Columbus' most
successful young professional men,
whose future is full of promise. His
bride is a sister of Mrs. J. J. Sullivan
and Mrs. Lloyd Swain of this city.
She has lived here much of the time
and has made herself very popular in
Columbus society. The out of town
guests present were: Miss Nanette
Cunningham, Grand Island; Mr. and
Mrs. Landers, Genoa; Mr. A. G.
Parker, Platte Center; Mrs. Morse,
Lincoln; Miss Mata Shopper, Havelock;
the Misses Winterbotham, David City;
Mrs. Critchfield, Fullerton; Mrs.
Petermichel Valparaiso; Mrs. Hulst,
Omaha. They left on the 5 o'clock
train for a visit of ten days to Omaha
and Blair.

Ragatz-Davis.
Also at three o'clock, at the Metho-
dist church, occurred the marriage of
Miss Louise Davis to Mr. Henry N.
Ragatz. The church was profusely
decorated with roses and evergreens
and across the front was an arch of
roses and evergreens. As Miss Emily
Ragatz, sister of the groom, played
the wedding march, the bridal couple
unattended came in and stood beneath
the arch before the Rev. L. R. DeWolf
who pronounced the words that united
their lives.

Only fifty guests, the relatives and
most intimate friends were present.

Don Echols and Frank Farrand acted
as ushers in seating the guests.

The bride wore a gown of white
organdie over silk and carried a bou-
quet of bride's roses. Miss Ethel
Henrich of Council Bluffs, the only
out-of-town guest, will doubtless be
the next bride, if the old adage
holds true, as she caught the bride's
bouquet.

After the ceremony the company
repaired to the Meridian hotel where
an elaborate two-course luncheon
had been prepared. After the lunch-
eon and a brief reception in the
hotel parlor, Mr. and Mrs. Ragatz took
a carriage for the five o'clock train.
They left for a two weeks trip to Illi-
nois and Wisconsin where they will
visit relatives. On their return they
will be at home temporarily in a part
of the house occupied by Miss Fearer.

Mr. Ragatz is the eldest son of Mr.
Henry Ragatz and is associated with
his father in business here, while his
wife is the niece of Mr. Hugh Hughes
and has won a host of friends for her-
self. Their friends remembered them
with a great number of beautiful and
costly gifts.

As the five o'clock train
pulled in, the carriage bearing the
two bridal parties started from the
north door of the Meridian hotel and
the path could easily be traced from
there to the cars. If life's happiness
and good luck can be measured in rice,
their lives will never see a cloudy
day, as the road was white with rice.
Then there were old shoes and rose
leaves for extra measure. They were
surrounded by host of their friends
who showered them till they fled,
with their collars turned up and hats
pulled down, to their sleeper.

And here it occurs to us that the
grooms have had little mention. Of
course they wore the conventional
black and probably felt uncomfortable
and generally in the way. One pros-
pective bride a few years ago remark-
ed when asked about her future hus-
band's part in the ceremony, "Oh the
man counts for so little, before or
after, just so he is here." But while
this may not be strictly so, he really
gets very little attention at the cere-
mony.

One merchant said that he sold
about one hundred pound of rice in
ten minutes yesterday afternoon.

A Fifteen-Inning Game.

(Monday's Daily)

The best game of the season, and
one of the best games ever played on
Columbus grounds, or any other old
grounds for that matter, was the game
yesterday with Central City. It took
fifteen heats to decide the race, and
the home boys won by a nose.

Lohr and Jones did the battery act
for Columbus and they did an elegant
job. Lohr fanned out just twenty-
three men in the fifteen innings and
they were all ball players too. The
Central man was not so slow either.
He struck out 16 men. The atmos-
phere around the grounds is still con-
siderably battered and rent where it
was hit so hard and often, although
unintentionally.

The visitors scored one little score
in the first inning, and that was all.
Columbus gathered in one in the sev-
enth, and that was all for some time
to come. The batteries on both sides
were almost unapproachable and the
fielding was equally good. But four
errors were made throughout the game
and they were not costly.

The game continued at the ratio of
one to one without the aid or consent
of either side for fourteen and a half
innings. Finally, in the last half of
the fifteenth, Micko sneaked around
to third base, and with one man out
old Joseph Lancaster Mahaffey picked
up a large club and hit the ball an
awful jolt just as it was going by him.
While the men from Merrick county
were looking up the ball and binding
up its wounds Micko hurried up and
got in. Mr. Mahaffey was a martyr
to his own heroism because they ap-
prehended him at or near first base
and put him out. Final score, 2 to 1
on the side of Columbus.

The National league couldn't put
up a better exhibition or one more
worth going to see. A good crowd
was at the game. The Central City
boys were a gentlemanly lot and know
how to play the game.

Masonic Installation and Banquet.

(Saturday's Daily)

Last evening Lebanon lodge No. 58
A. F. & A. M. held a public instal-
lation, and after the ceremony tender-
ed a delightful banquet to about two
hundred members, their wives and
daughters and invited guests.

The Masonic hall was taxed to its
utmost to contain the attendant
throng. The impressive installation
ceremony was opened by Past Master
J. E. North as installing officer with
a short address, saying that Lebanon
lodge had not in the past few years
observed the public installation of its
officers, but that he believed it was a
good plan and one which brings the
lodge in closer touch with those out-
side.

After music by a quartette and a
prayer by Rev. G. A. Munro, the fol-
lowing officers were duly installed:
J. C. Eshols, w. m.; W. I. Speice, s.
w.; G. A. Scott, j. w.; H. A. Clarke,
treas.; J. B. Meagher, sec.; H. Ragatz,
steward; M. Brugger and E. N. Ragatz,
assistants; Rev. G. A. Munro, chaplain.

After the officers had been installed
and prayer by Chaplain Munro, a vocal
duet was beautifully rendered by Mr.
and Mrs. J. E. Erskine. A recitation
by Mrs. J. D. Stires, entitled "Mrs.
Johnson on Masonry" concluded the
exercises and the guests repaired to
the banquet hall. The hall was beau-
tifully draped in bunting and flags
and the tables decorated with cut
flowers. At each plate was a favor of
a pink or white carnation.

Edgar Howard acted as toastmaster
and in a few well chosen words intro-
duced the speakers of the evening.
The following toasts were proposed
and responded to in very happy manner:

"Reminiscence of the craft in pion-
eer days." Hon. J. E. North, p. m.
"Masonry and Patriotism." O. J.
Garlow, p. m. "Masonic character
building." J. D. Stires. "What Ma-
sonry means to me." G. A. Linstrum.
"Good of the order." M. Brugger.
"The duty every Mason owes to his
lodge." Hon. J. G. Reeder.


The following young ladies attended
the guests: Misses Louise Echols,
Ethel Farrand, Marie Zinnecker,
Emma Zinnecker, Helen Brugger,
Theresa Gack, Rose Rasmussen, Ima
Rasmussen, Clara Reeder, Dorothy
Post, Mary Howard, Margaret Nau-
mann.

Taken as a whole, the affair was
one of the most enjoyable that has
occurred in Columbus for a long time.

Mrs. O. S. Rainey requests the per-
son who got the wrong umbrella at the
Masonic banquet last night to call on
her and exchange.

The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,
Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,"
"The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign
of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," etc.




ILLUSTRATED
BY F. D. STEELE

The Adventure of the Empty House

No. 1 of the Series

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Weekly.
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It was in the spring of the
year 1894 that all London
was interested and the
fashionable world dis-
mayed by the murder of
the Hon. Ronald Adair
under most unusual and

inescapable circumstances. The public
has already learned those particulars
of the crime which came out in the police
investigation, but a good deal was sup-
pressed upon that occasion, since the
case for the prosecution was so over-
whelmingly strong that it was not neces-
sary to bring forward all the facts.
Only now, at the end of nearly ten years,
am I allowed to supply those missing
links which make up the whole of that
remarkable chain. The crime was of in-
terest in itself, but that interest was
as nothing to me compared to the in-
conceivable sequel, which afforded me
the greatest shock and surprise of any
event in my adventurous life. Even
now, after this long interval, I find my-
self thrilling as I think of it and feel-
ing once more that sudden flood of joy,
amazement and incredulity which ut-
terly submerged my mind. Let me
say to that public, which has shown
some interest in those glimpses which
I have occasionally given them of the
thoughts and actions of a very remark-
able man, that they are not to blame
me if I have not shared my knowledge
with them, for I should have consid-
ered it my first duty to have done so had
I not been barred by a positive prohibi-
tion from his own lips, which was
only withdrawn upon the tid of last
month.

It can be imagined that my close in-
timacy with Sherlock Holmes had in-
terested me deeply in crime and that
after his disappearance I never failed
to read with care the various problems
which came before the public. And I
even attempted more than once for my
own private satisfaction to employ his
methods in their solution, though with
indifferent success. There was none,
however, which appealed to me like
this tragedy of Ronald Adair. As I
read the evidence at the inquest, which
led up to a verdict of willful murder
against some person or persons un-
known, I realized more clearly than I
had ever done the loss which the com-
munity had sustained by the death of
Sherlock Holmes.

There were points about this strange
business which would, I was sure, have
specially appealed to him, and the ef-
forts of the police would have been
supplemented or more probably antici-
pated by the trained observation and
the alert mind of the first criminal
agent in Europe. All day as I drove
upon my round I turned over the case
in my mind and found no explanation
which appeared to me to be adequate.
At the risk of telling a twice told tale
I will recapitulate the facts as they
were known to the public at the con-
clusion of the inquest.

The Hon. Ronald Adair was the sec-
ond son of the Earl of Maynooth, at
that time governor of one of the Aus-
tralian colonies. Adair's mother had
returned from Australia to undergo the
operation for cataract, and she, her son
Ronald and her daughter Hilma were
living together at 427 Park lane.
The youth moved in the best society—had,
so far as was known, no enemies and
no particular vices. He had been en-
gaged to Miss Edith Woodley of Car-
stairs, but the engagement had been
broken off by mutual consent some
months before, and there was no sign
that it had left any very profound feel-
ing behind it. For the rest the man's
life moved in a narrow and convention-
al circle, for his habits were quiet and
his nature unemotional. Yet it was up-
on this easy going young aristocrat that
death came in most strange and unex-
pected form between the hours of 10
and 10:20 on the night of March 30,
1894.

Ronald Adair was fond of cards, play-
ing continually, but never for such
stakes as would hurt him. He was a
member of the Baldwin, the Cavendish
and the Baginbelle card clubs. It was
shown that after dinner on the day of
his death he had played a rubber of
whist at the latter club. He had also
played there in the afternoon. The
evidence of those who had played with
him—Mr. Murray, Sir John Hardy and
Colonel Moran—showed that the game
was whist and that there was a fairly
equal fall of the cards. Adair might
have lost 45, but not more. His for-
tune was a considerable one, and such
a loss could not in any way affect him.
He had played nearly every day at one
club or other, but he was a cautious
player and usually rose a winner. It
came out in evidence that in partner-
ship with Colonel Moran he had actu-
ally won as much as £400 in a sitting
some weeks before from Geoffrey Mil-
ner and Lord Balmora. So much for
his recent history as it came out at the
inquest.

On the evening of the crime he re-



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It struck me that the fellow must be some
poor bibliophile.

precious books in the eyes of their
owner. With a snarl of contempt he
turned upon his heel, and I saw his
curved back and white side whiskers
disappear among the throng.

My observations of 427 Park lane did
little to clear up the problem in which
I was interested. The house was sepa-
rated from the street by a low wall
and railing, the whole not more than
five feet high. It was perfectly easy,
therefore, for any one to get into the
garden, but the window was entirely
unobtainable since there was no water-
pipe or anything which could help the
most active man to climb it. More puz-
zled than ever, I retraced my steps to
Kensington. I had not been in my
study five minutes when the maid en-
tered to say that a person desired to
see me. To my astonishment it was
none other than my strange old book
collector, his sharp, wizened face peer-
ing out from a frame of white hair, and
his precious volumes, a dozen of them
at least, wedged under his right arm.

"You're surprised to see me, sir,"
said he in a strange, croaking voice.
I acknowledged that I was.
"Well, I've a conscience, sir, and
when I chanced to see you go into this
house as I came hobbling after you, I
thought to myself I'll just step in and
see that kind gentleman and tell him
that if I was a bit gruff in my manner
there was not any harm meant and that
I am much obliged to him for picking
up my books."

"You make too much of a trifle," said
I. "May I ask how you knew who I
was?"
"Yes, sir. If it isn't too great a liber-
ty I am a neighbor of yours, for you'll
find my little bookshop at the corner of
Church street, and very happy to see
you, I am sure. Maybe you collect
yourself, sir. Here's 'British Birds'
and 'Cottrell's' and 'The Holy War'—a
bargain, every one of them. With five
volumes you could just fill that gap on
that second shelf. It looks untidy,
does it not, sir?"

I moved my head to look at the cabin-
et behind me. When I turned again
Sherlock Holmes was standing smiling
at me across my study table. I rose to
my feet, stared at him for some sec-
onds in utter amazement, and then it
appears that I must have fainted for
the first and the last time in my life.
Certainly a gray mist swirled before
my eyes, and when it cleared I found
my collar ends undone and the tingling
after-taste of brandy upon my lips.
Holmes was leaning over my chair,
his hand in his hand.

"My dear Watson," said the well re-
membered voice, "I owe you a thou-
sand apologies. I had no idea that you
would be so affected."

I gripped him by the arms.
"Holmes!" I cried. "Is it really you?
Can it indeed be that you are alive? Is
it possible that you succeeded in climb-
ing out of that awful abyss?"

"Wait a moment," said he. "Are you
sure that you are really fit to discuss
things? I have given you a serious
shock by my unnecessarily dramatic
reappearance."

"I am all right, but indeed, Holmes, I
can hardly believe my eyes. Good
heavens, to think that you—of all
men—should be standing in my study!"
Again I gripped him by the sleeve and
felt the thin, stony arm beneath it.
"Well, you're not a spirit anyhow,"
said I. "My dear chap, I'm overjoyed
to see you. Sit down and tell me how
you came alive out of that dreadful
chasm."

He sat opposite to me and lit a cigar-
ette in his old nonchalant manner.
He was dressed in the seely frock coat
of the book merchant, but the rest of
that individual lay in a pile of white
hair and old books upon the table.
Holmes looked even thinner and keener
than of old, but there was a dead white
tinge in his aquiline face which told
me that his life recently had not been a
healthy one.

"I am glad to stretch myself, Wat-
son," said he. "It is no joke when a
tall man has to take a foot off his
stature for several hours on end. Now,
my dear fellow, in the matter of these
explanations, we have, if I may ask,
for your co-operation, a hard and dan-
gerous night's work in front of us. Per-
haps it would be better if I gave you an
account of the whole situation when
that work is finished."

"I am full of curiosity. I should
much prefer to hear now."
"You'll come with me tonight?"
"When you like and where you like."
"This is, indeed, like the old days.
We shall have time for a mouthful of
dinner before we need go. Well, then,
about that chasm. I had no serious
difficulty in getting out of it for the
very simple reason that I never was
in it."

(To be continued.)
Notice to Bidders.
The board of education of Columbus
desires bids for the erection of a gym-
nasium building. For plans and
specifications, call at the office of
McAllister & Cornelius or at the office
of Chas. Wardman, architect. Bids
opened July 8, 1905.

W. A. McAllister,
Chairman Building Committee.

Huge Task.
It was a huge task, to undertake
the cure of such a bad case of kidney
disease, as that of C. F. Collier, of
Cherokee, but Electric Bitters did
it. He writes: "My kidneys were so
far gone, I could not sit on chair
without cushion; and suffered from
dreadful backache, headache, and de-
pression. In Electric Bitters, how-
ever, I found a cure, and by them was
restored to perfect health. I recom-
mend this great tonic medicine to all
with weak kidneys, liver or stomach.
Guaranteed by Chas. Dack druggist,
price 50 cents."