

INCIDENTS OF THE ALTAR.

Jack and I—They Died for Unrequited Love.

CLAIMED BY SEVENTEEN WOMEN

How He Won a Widow—Marriage in Venezuela—An Old Man's Darling Ruined by His Wife—A Wedding in Mid-air.

Jack and I. I was so tired of Jack, poor boy, And Jack was tired of me; Most longed for sweets will soonest fly; Fate had been kind and we, To foolish spendthrift hearts, made waste Of life's best gifts with eager haste. Oh! tired we were. Time seemed so long When everything goes well! The walls of home rose grim and strong; Like prisoners in a cell We clanked our marriage chains, and pined For freedom we had left behind. Tired, tired of love and peace were we Of every day's calm bliss! We had no goal to win, since he Was mine, and I was his; And so we sighed in mute despair, And wished each other anywhere. But sorrow came one day—the pain Of death's dark, awful fear: Oh, then our hearts beat warm again; Then each to each was dear. It seemed that life could nothing lack, While Jack had me and I had Jack.

Died for Unrequited Love. Leavenworth, Kan., Special: A tightly corked bottle was found in the Missouri river, this morning, near the sugar works, which enclosed the following message: "I am about to make a fatal jump. I regret my course, but it is all caused by love. The object is Miss Belle Howard, of Lawrence. I have been night operator at Lawrence for the past six months. The finder will please publish this in all the papers so that my family may know where I am. R. H. Drummond." No other evidence has come to light to show whether Drummond kept his promise or not.

DETROIT, April 10.—George Shear, a farmer living about fourteen miles back of Harrison, went to Gladwin recently to get married, but when he returned he sought the company of a girl he had married another man, and all he got was her best wishes and a chunk of indigestible wedding cake. He put the cake away in a trunk, and Sunday he went out and hanged himself. He was thirty years old, and had a good farm and money in bank.

He Got the Widow. Atlanta (Ga.) Special: Lafayette, the county seat of Wilkes county, has under martial law for several days. The affair grew out of the marriage of a colored couple. Mrs. Bailey was the widow of a colored man who had left some property. W. J. Johnson, a contractor, sought the hand of the widow and property, to which her sons, Jeff and Lee, objected. The groom swore out a peace warrant against the sons and a possession warrant for the widow. The sons were heavily armed, however, and resisting arrest. The mayor called out the citizens and it was only on the appearance of these imposing forces that the sons surrendered and Johnson had a chance to change the widow's name.

Seventeen Women Claim Him. A Detroit special to the New York Herald recites the following remarkable story: Detectives claim to have information that no less than seventeen women claim a man named Brown as husband, but they are as yet unable to lay their hands on him and confront him with the numerous Mrs. Browns. His latest victim is an intelligent German girl named Annie Winter, twenty years old, and until just before her marriage was a cook at No. 484 Woodward avenue. She says that she saw an advertisement in one of the English papers here for a housekeeper and sent an answer to the address given, and she was told by the man Brown called at the house to see her. He told her his wife and family were dead and engaged her. He promised Miss Winter \$3 a week and every comfort to become his housekeeper. Next day he wrote her that he was terribly struck with her, and that he had received her best, and asked her to marry him. The deluded girl wrote him that she would do so if he convinced her she could trust him. He answered that he would always love her, etc., and the following Saturday evening, when he asked her in person to marry him, she accepted: "I consented," said she to-day, "because he seemed to me to be such a good man." A week later they were married, and last Monday he deserted her. He borrowed \$300 of her small savings and stole all her jewelry when he left.

Marriage in Venezuela. Says a Venezuela correspondent: "In the far interior there are no churches of any kind, and it is only at intervals of many months, even of years some-times, that priests can visit these distant villages to baptize and marry, and hence results a curious state of things as far as marriage is concerned. Men and women are accustomed to live together as husbands and wives in strict honor and faith until the priest does come to marry them. Then both church and state legalize the union and all children resulting, and no one finds fault. I saw one man in Caracas whose wife had borne him sixteen children in succession before he married her. Then the opportunity came and they are looked upon as being entirely on equal."

An Old Man's Darling. Memphis, Tenn., Special to the New York: Three weeks ago Andrew J. Smith, of Byhalia, thirty miles from here, was married to Mrs. Burford. He was seventy-four, she twenty-four. He has two married daughters living in this city, she another husband. Mrs. Burford is a pretty brunette. She was married to a man named John Burford, a worthless drunkard, who deserted her within a year. She returned to her parents. Shortly after the death of Mr. Smith's wife Mrs. Burford visited her brother, who lives near Mr. Smith. The latter fell in love with her and they were married very secretly at Bolivar, Tenn. A week later Mr. Smith's daughters heard of the marriage, by which they were out of their father's fortune. They investigated Mrs. Burford's past life, and finding that she had never been divorced from Burford, went to Byhalia and had her arrested for bigamy. The father engaged counsel to defend his wife, and sent her to Arkansas to sue for a divorce from Burford. Smith vows that he will again marry her and leave her all his property.

Married in Mid-Air. Cincinnati Special to the Chicago Mail: A queer divorce case came up in Judge Evans' room, in which Samuel C. Young was the plaintiff and Laura Schwartzel defendant. Young is the man who made balloon ascensions and parachute descensions at Coney Island last summer. In 1884 he was in the business of giving balloon ascensions over the country. In order to add interest to these displays it was his custom to hunt up some couple in each town he went to who were on the verge of marriage and get them to be married in

the balloon. At Allegheny City, Pa., he had secured two people who were willing to be married in the balloon. On the day of ascension the couple to be married failed to materialize. Rather than disappoint the multitude Young determined to have a mock marriage performed. Laura Schwartzel was traveling with him as his employe, it being her duty to make ascensions for him. Leading her to the basket, they, with the magistrate who had been engaged for the occasion, stepped in, and while floating dreamily in the azure blue the ceremony was performed. Not until weeks afterward did it occur to Young that it was a genuine marriage. It frightened him. He informed Laura. She was frightened, too. Straightway she fled a petition in court asking to have the marriage set aside. She fled an answer and cross-petition praying the same. Both claimed that it was a mock marriage and they have not lived together since. Evidence establishing the above statements was heard, and Judge Evans took the case under advisement.

Married Her Step-father. Bridgeport, Conn., Special to the Morning Journal: Nine years ago Mrs. Martha Wakeley and her daughter Ann were living at Salem, in the state of Oregon. Mrs. Wakeley was a widow with a charming daughter. Mr. Anson Tuttle was introduced to the widow and after a brief courtship married her.

After two months of wedded life Mrs. Tuttle was startled one morning at finding her daughter absent from her room, from which all her personal effects had also disappeared. Mr. Tuttle was supposed to be away attending to business until a letter came to Mrs. Tuttle, informing her that her husband and daughter had fled. For over a year she received, at irregular intervals, sums of money that she knew came from either her daughter or her trunk husband. The letters were mailed from different cities in the east. Finally the remittances ceased to come, and Mrs. Tuttle applied for, and succeeded in securing, a divorce.

Five years afterward Mrs. Wakeley became the wife of James Alden, who was engaged in the fishery business on the Pacific coast. Recently Mr. Alden sold out his interest in the concern and came to Trumbull, the home of his childhood.

Mrs. Alden often visits this city to do her shopping. Last Tuesday while entering the dry goods establishment of W. B. Hall & Co. Mrs. Alden was started at beholding a face strangely familiar. Simultaneously Mrs. Alden was recognized and mother and daughter stood face to face. Quietly they walked down Main street, thence to the residence of her daughter, where an amicable settlement was effected, owing to the fact that Tuttle is dead and the runaway daughter the happy wife of a respected citizen.

Dean Swift's Receipt for Courtship. Two or three dears and two or three sweeties, Two or three balls or two or three treats, Two or three serenades given as a lure, Two or three oaths how much they endure, Two or three kisses in one day, Two or three times led out from the play, Two or three tickets for two or three times, Two or three love letters writ all in rhymes, Two or three months keeping strict to these rules, Can never fail making a couple of fools.

Counted and Married in Four Hours. Philadelphia special to the Globe-Democrat: Romantic young folks and staid heads of families out in West Philadelphia, one of the most exclusive and aristocratic sections of this city, are all in a flutter over this little notice, which appeared in a morning newspaper: LOVER-SAVAGE—O April 11, by Rev. Charles D. Sinkinson, at his residence, 1105 South Fourth street, Camden, N. J., Mr. William H. Loper to Miss Mary F. Savage, both of Philadelphia, Pa. The announcement is simple and matter of fact enough in its form, but the story underlying it is one to stir the imagination of the romanticist and do much to sweep away the false impression that Philadelphia youth is devoid of sentiment above the humdrum notion of the Quaker ancestors. For to tell the truth this marriage notice beats the record of quick courtship and marriage, as far as known in polite circles at least.

Miss Savage that was, Mrs. Loper that is, since her romantic adventure of Wednesday afternoon, is the daughter of a prominent citizen of West Philadelphia, a substantial business man, with a bank account to fore or assure his comfort and well-being from a practical standpoint at least. She is young, petite and extremely pretty.

On Wednesday morning Miss Savage went out to make some calls. She was attired in a lovely spring gown and wore the latest little bonnet, from which her blonde curls peeped out bewitchingly. During her promenade Miss Savage encountered Mr. Loper, who had been an occasional caller at her father's elegant residence, but whose attention hitherto had not been so marked as to foreshadow any serious designs as the accidental meeting brought forth. Mr. Loper was apparently so much smitten with the young lady's charms that he begged the favor of being allowed to accompany her to her calling trip. Permission was graciously granted, and the rounds of calls being finished the young gallant suggested that she should go to the matinee with him. She accepted the invitation, and it is veraciously stated that she bought the tickets. At the end of the first act he proposed to her. She laughed at him, thinking he was only joking. When the curtain went down for the second act he renewed his proposal, and so earnestly that she asked time to consider it, which was willingly given. No sooner was the third act finished than the softly murmured yes. After the matinee was over the engaged couple halted a passing street car and crossed to Camden, where they were married. The whole affair occupied three hours and fifty minutes.

Ruined by His Wife. A New Britain (Conn.) special to the New York Herald details the following remarkable story: Charles Gluder, a middle aged man employed as a chaser in a factory in this city, married Maggie Barnes, a pretty young woman whom he had met by chance the year previous. At that time he owned a few thousand dollars' worth of property, which he had accumulated by hard work at his trade. To-day Gluder is a ruined man.

Gluder had not been married many months when the young wife succeeded in persuading him to deposit his money in the savings bank in her name. He had such confidence in her that he never asked any questions when she found excuses for being absent from home for several days at a time. She became intimate with a young woman named Mrs. Helen Hunter, of South-ington, and spent much time in her company. Mrs. Hunter came to the city last summer and visited Mrs. Gluder, whom she told that a mutual friend of theirs—an old maiden lady, a Miss Jennie, who was lying at the point of death in the White Mountains—was about to make a will in their favor. Mr. Gluder consented cheerfully to allow his wife to visit Miss Jennie with Mrs. Hunter, even paying for their tickets and

furnishing them with ample money to defray their expenses. They returned after about a week's absence and reported that Miss Jennie had given them to understand that they would be her principal legatees. Mr. Gluder eagerly swallowed this palatable news, and indulged in visions of future wealth. During the summer his wife and Mrs. Hunter easily convinced him of the necessity of their visiting Miss Jennie on several occasions. They represented that there were relatives of the maiden lady who were trying to influence her mind and that it was necessary to frustrate them. The only way this could be done was by visiting Miss Jennie frequently, thereby showing their regard for her.

Mrs. Gluder and Mrs. Hunter went off in November ostensibly for the purpose of visiting Miss Jennie. By an accident Mr. Gluder discovered that his wife had withdrawn \$1,000 from the savings bank which he had deposited in her name, and had also taken away \$1,000 raised by mortgaging property in Waterbury. As his wife did not return Mr. Gluder went to Mrs. Hunter and inquired as to his wife's whereabouts. Mrs. Hunter informed him that Mrs. Gluder had gone with Miss Jennie to California and intimated that if he would pay her expenses to the Pacific coast she would bring back his wife and the \$2,000. Gluder swallowed the story and paid her \$150.

The next interesting point in the story was the receipt by Mr. Gluder of a letter from Mrs. Hunter on February 3. It stated that the \$2,000 would be returned to him, but that Mrs. Gluder had become tired of married life and had decided not to come back to him. The envelope bore the New Haven postmark, but the letter itself, which was dated January 10, did not contain the address of the sender. Mr. Gluder at once instituted an inquiry. He learned that his wife and Mrs. Hunter had been in New York, where they did up the town for a week, or until the \$150 was exhausted. Finding that he had been swindled by the two women out of all his money, Mr. Gluder submitted the matter to the police and had both arrested. They were brought into court yesterday and held, Mrs. Hunter in \$500 bail and Mrs. Gluder in \$200 bail for trial.

CONJUGALITIES. Wilkesbarre, Penn., has had five elopements among its "toniest" married people in the space of one week.

Miss Olive Green and Ivory White were wedded in an Iowa town recently, Rev. Mr. Black performing the ceremony.

A Rochester girl has asked police protection against a too-constant lover, whose ultimatum was a wedding or a funeral.

Lee Jerome, a waiter in a hotel at Wichita, Kan., has just married Mrs. Hettie Zimmerman, a widow worth \$300,000, whom he wooed on at the table for nine months.

The Rochester Union refers to the families in that city "who are raising girls for the export trade," meaning girls who are expected to one day marry wealth and a title. There are a thousand blanks to one prize in that lottery.

Mr. Dawson, of Marion county, Ind., now in his seventy-sixth year, has been married in his seventh decade. He began marrying in 1832. None of his many wives have been over thirty-one years at the time of their marriage.

A Maine schoolmistress received a few years ago from her lover, debts for California lands which both of them considered worthless. She has just sold them for \$250,000. She has now cruelly refused to marry the young man on the ground that he is only a fortune hunter.

"A spirit marriage," which had been widely announced and ridiculed in the newspapers, drew a large crowd to a San Francisco church the other day. The woman spiritualist who had been booked to wed the young man on the ground that he is only a fortune hunter.

One of the Cleveland hotels is sheltering quite a number of newly married couples. A large number have been married since it opened. Two such parties arrived the other day, and one pair was somewhat verdant. The groom had quite a serious time in registering, and at last looked appealingly at the sympathetic clerk and asked, "How do you spell wife?"

In a consignment of eggs just received from Cambridge, Mass., a great variety is described in following inscription in lead pencil: "Ellen Anderson, age fifteen years and six months on March 14, 1888, height four and one-half feet, complexion fair, hair brown, large eyes, weight 105 pounds, will receive sealed proposals of marriage until she reaches the age of sixteen, but reserves the right to reject all proposals."

Stony Bridge, Pa., is promised a novel wedding next month. The ceremony will be performed on the bridge in the village. The large structure will be decorated with bunting and the national colors. When the ceremony ends a large balloon will be sent up from the top of the bridge and the band will play "Up in a Balloon." Congratulations will follow and then there will be dancing and games. There will be ten bridesmaids and ten groomsmen in attendance. The bridal pair will take a palace car for their wedding tour the same afternoon.

The inhabitants of Carrizo Springs, Texas, were treated to a sensation on Monday. The parties were Jacob English and Sallie Fortner, proprietress of the principal hotel of the place. When last seen the couple were in a buggy on the open prairie and heading for Lardo, fifty miles south, where by this time they have been married. English is twenty-four years old, is a cattleman and has been married once before. Sallie Fortner is but twelve years of age. Her relatives say they will scalp English if they ever set an eye on him again.

Atlanta (Ga.) has quite a sensation. Some days ago a man, sixty years old, and blind, who paraded as the owner of a gold mine in Montana, visited Atlanta, and shortly after succeeded in winning the hand of a girl, aged 18. He lavished money upon her, and the couple got along swimmingly until Tuesday, when the groom was arrested on the strength of a dispatch from Effingham, Ill., which stated that "the old sinner played the same game in that town." The western wife is enroute to Atlanta, and the husband in the meantime lies in jail. The new wife is disconsolate, but believes implicitly in her husband.

She Revised the Laws. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton recently told a story about the way in which she began her work of reforming the world. When she was a girl of ten or twelve, she used to see her father, Judge Cady, administering law from the bench. She noticed that the judge, in laying down the law or giving his decision, always referred to the law books for guidance. She set to work in his library reading these books and as she thought he could not say anything but what he found there, she carefully tore out and burned those passages that contained precedents or decisions of which she disapproved. How could he, while on the bench during a trial, make application of anything not to be seen in the books by which he was guided? She discovered a great deal that was offensive in every law book that she inspected in his library. Out came the pages, which she cast into the fire until the book suited her, and she felt sure that her father would be compelled to confine himself to such law as she left. She kept on at this work for a long while, until she was caught at it; but by that time a great part of Judge Cady's law library had been spoiled in her efforts to reform the world.

Among the people of to-day, there are few indeed, who have not heard of the merits of Prickly Ash Bark and Berries as a household remedy. Teas and drinks have been made of them for centuries, and in hundreds of families have formed a reliable remedy in rheumatic and kidney diseases. Prickly Ash Bitters now take the place of the old system and is more beneficial in all troubles of this nature.

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