

ASERPENT MID THE FLOWERS.

A Parisian Dame's Fatal Passion for a Young Botanist.

SHE SOOTHED HIS DYING HOURS

The Queer Complications Cupid Wrought in the Lives of Four People—A Gypsy's Love.

Little Romances.

The art of the French playwright or novelist was not needed to gild the dramatic story of a Paris lady who has just committed suicide at Gennevilliers, a suburban town.

Accomplished and beautiful to an extraordinary degree, Mme. Marot had reached her thirty-eighth year, with her purity still unsoiled. The idol of an affectionate husband and a charming family, she has long been one of the most delightful members of that select circle which still adheres to blood as the sine qua non of admission to its ranks.

About a year ago Mme. Marot made the acquaintance at the house of one of her friends of a young man who, like herself, was an ardent botanist, of a poetic temperament, and possessed of exceptionally pleasing manners. The acquaintance ripened into friendship of a platonic character, and the young man became a frequent visitor at the Marot mansion, M. Marot taking quite as much to the agreeable young man as his wife had done. Nothing could have been more arduous in its simplicity and more suggestive of the innocence of primeval Eden. They arranged to fly together and write M. Marot a full confession of their guilty affection for each other. A convenient day was selected by the couple as their future home, as there was little chance of meeting former acquaintances in the quiet town. Having hired and furnished a simple villa for her reception, M. Jadon carried out the programme arranged, and the following day M. Marot received a letter informing him of the event and dealing him a blow which shattered forever his belief in human nature, and turned his hitherto sweet and amiable disposition into that of a critical and hopeless morose man.

M. Jadon proved soon the truculent nature of his disposition, and had scarcely possessed himself of the treasure he had so furiously coveted before the spell of its attraction began to wane. In a very short time he became cool and inattentive to the woman who had sacrificed everything to gratify his caprice, and three months after their first appearance in Gennevilliers he left the town without even vouchsafing her a word as to his intentions.

Mme. Marot then appealed to her husband in a pathetic and entirely truthful letter, whose piteousness could scarcely have failed to wring forgiveness from her outraged lord had he ever read it, but that with a number of others which followed it, was returned with the terrible words, "Refused at their destination," branded on by the official stamp. Stung to despair by the utter hopelessness of her situation, Mme. Marot finally decided on that last resort of the hope-bereft mortal, suicide. The servant was horrified one morning to discover her mistress dead when she went to awaken her. The police were summoned, and it was discovered that an overdose of morphine had effected her release from troubles which had become unbearable. A letter addressed to her mother, a widow, living at Cannes, explained the matter entirely, and a few days later she was buried in the quiet little cemetery, without a friend to follow her coffin to the grave.

Some twenty odd years ago George E. McKibben, a lusty young fellow full of hope and promise, was married up with the country in San Francisco. A pretty young woman from Salt Lake City entered the scene, and soon Cupid had done his work and the young folks were engaged. The course of young love did not ripple along as smoothly as might be expected, and the usual lovers' quarrel that is part and parcel of every eternal vow of constancy made a breach between the two hearts that beat as one, and the engagement was broken. Shortly after the girl went one way and the young man the other, and the world jogged on as of yore.

McKibben married and his first love married, and in their respective hearts the image of the other was forgotten. Then one day McKibben died, and, strange to say, his early love was made a widow about the same time. Yet neither knew of the other's affairs at the time, and when later an attractive woman crossed McKibben's path he hoped and won her and made her his wife, McKibben the second. His old Salt Lake girl had in the meantime not been idle. A handsome young fellow laid his hand and fortune at her feet, she married a second time and lived a happy wife until typhoid fever carried off her loving spouse, and once more she was a widow.

On March 20 last, Mr. McKibben was granted an absolute divorce from his second wife in Los Angeles, Cal., and came east to live. The once Salt Lake City girl, now a "maven" fair and stately, again met Mr. McKibben, and once more Cupid played his pranks. The quarrel was made up, and McKibben found he was talking to a Mrs. Sarah M. Lawrence. The day was fixed upon, the ring bought, and a bargain was struck. Friday, Clerk Bird in Philadelphia issued the marriage license, and George E. McKibben, aged forty-six, and Sarah M. Lawrence, aged forty-four, are by this time man and wife.

The Pittsburg Times thus describes a somewhat peculiar wedding that took place in that city: Samuel R. Welsor, aged seventy-two, Edith Pearl Wilson, aged fifteen, were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock. About two hundred invitations had been issued, and the rooms, which were profusely decorated with flowers and evergreens, were filled with a throng of guests.

The ceremony was to take place at 8:30 o'clock, but owing to the delay of the minister's arrival, it was considerably later when the wedding was held. A wedding march from Beethoven, performed on the piano, the couple entered the parlor and stepped under a wreath of ivy, being preceded by Mrs. Annie Weaver, who acted as bridesmaid, and W. P. Weaver, who acted as best man. Rev. C. E. Locke, of the Smithfield Street M. E. church, performed the ceremony, which was followed by the usual congratulations. The appearance of the unique couple gave the lie to their ages, and the seeming to do about eighteen, and the lady's hearty appearance of Mr. Welsor would do no discredit to a man of fifty. This is the third time that he has gone through a marriage ceremony.

The bride and her maid were dressed in heavy white brocade, and, referring to this fact, Mr. Welsor, nudging the reporter, said in a stage whisper, with

a dramatic air: "Them dresses cost money, young man, and I'm the party as stands it, sir. O, well, it comes pretty blamed high, but then it is the best time—I guess," he added in a sort of dubious manner.

An elegant supper was served shortly after the ceremony by Caterer Gilefaust, and some first-class music also contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion. The presents were numerous, consisting in the main part of silver and chinaware, the whole list being coincided by a \$5,000 house given by the bridegroom to his wife.

Many amusing incidents occurred through the evening. The parlor sanctum of Mr. Welsor was entered by the crowd, who broke into laughter at the sight. The walls were tastefully decorated by circus posters of all dates and age, which generally announced that Samuel R. Welsor, otherwise the "Spirit King of Magical Realms," alias "The Sorcerer of the Yellow Wand" or "The Court-Chajoler of the Indian Throne," for short, would perform that evening without fail. Admission, 25 cents; children—two for a quarter.

This will be explained by the fact that Mr. Welsor is an old circus clown. Thirty-five years ago, in New York, Albert Stage and Harriet Fisk were married. They lived happily together until the rebellion broke out, when the husband left home to follow the fortunes of war and was soon lost to his friends. About this time a wealthy cousin arrived from Colorado. This was Charles Fisk, a fine looking young man, who had amassed a fortune. In years past Fisk had been a suitor for his cousin's hand, but was rejected. Upon his return to find her a widow he renewed his suit with success. Shortly after the wedding he had been returning to Colorado, bringing his wife and stepson. After a residence of several years in Colorado he moved here, and he prospered as a contractor and accumulated considerable property. In all these years the son of Albert Stage has been nearing his old home, and he thus advanced manifested a desire to ascertain whether his father was living or dead. By chance he unearthed a clue that led to the discovery of his father in Florida. He opened a correspondence at once. Prior to this time his mother and step-father had separated, owing to discords in their lives. Their son induced his father to come to Wichita. When he came he stood for the first time in long, weary years in the presence of his wife and child. Explanations followed, and the two were married a second time. After his separation Fisk went abroad, but returned about a year ago broken down in health and purse. Mrs. Stage took him in her house and cared for him until his death a short time ago.

The daughter of a merchant at Eastbourne, England, became so enamored of a young gypsy that she induced him to elope with her. They took with them a small tent, but could not pitch it the first night, so sought shelter under a hedge. They tramped day after day and camped out at night in the Sussex lanes. The runaways passed on to Brighton, Uckfield, Tunbridge Wells, and Woolwich, followed by their father and the police, but it was not until the pair were found living in the tent on Plumstead marshes that they were overtaken. The gypsy was taken before a magistrate, who, on learning the facts, discharged him. A scene in the streets followed. The girl struggled violently to free herself from her father's grasp, and loudly pleaded to be allowed to join her gypsy lover.

A pair of Berlin lovers whose union was opposed by the girl's parents, eloped and set out for English soil on Heligoland to get married. When they got to Hamburg they found that no colorado were running, so they hired a sail-boat. The waves were pretty high, and before they had been at sea an hour he exhaled himself to go below to lie upon a sofa. She, left alone above deck, thought that, in a while, she would find that she didn't want to get married after all, and ordered the captain to turn back toward

Hamburg. There her lover was unable to induce her to stay with him, and she went back to Berlin alone on the first train.

A sad case of wretched life was tried at Handsburg, Ky., recently before the county judge, in the case of Thomas Mann, on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The young man is one of the oldest and most respectable families of central Kentucky. Thomas Mann, who is a son of the late Major J. J. Mann, was a few years ago one of the most handsome, manly and affable young men in the county, but, like many other energetic and enterprising young Kentuckians, he sought the west for wider fields for the accumulation of fame and fortune. He went to Warrensburg, Mo., where he located in business. Soon after reaching there he met and fell desperately in love with a Miss Caldwell, pressed his suit and wooed and won her hand. A day was set for the marriage. The lady's parents, however, for mercenary reasons, had picked out a husband of great wealth for this daughter, and they forced her to marry the man of their choice the day before she was to have married Mann, who, after the ceremony, disposed of his property in Missouri, and returned to his Kentucky home, where he wasted in health and mind. He was sent to the asylum for the insane, where his health grew worse and his relatives brought him back home again. His health has improved, but lately he has developed a desire to wander, and has given his family a good deal of trouble. He was derailed over into eastern Kentucky, where he set fire to a large field of brush, causing the loss of a fine \$1,800 farmhouse. He was again sent to the asylum this week. The case of love seems to have been equally devoted on both sides. After the ceremony that bound Miss Caldwell to the one she did not love they left for an extended tour through the south, where she lost her health and began to droop. Everything was done for her that wealth and success could do. She was taken abroad in hopes of restoring her health, but in less than a year she was carried home a corpse, her last wish being that she might live to see Mann before she died. She was the only child and idolized her parents, whose word to her was law.

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