MONEY MADE HER MURMUR YES

A Lovely Maiden Weds an Octogenarian and Thirty Thousand Dollars.

PICKLE MARY CRAZY BULL.

This Sioux Indian Belle Played Havoc With the Heart of Tommy Tompkins—Won By Cupid and the Copper.

He settled 30,000 of his hard-earned dollars on her and the maiden murmured a pleased and blushing assent. Certainly there was cause for Gould Rockwell to feel happy. She is plump and pretty and her nineteen years are crowned with charms such as to make less fortunate men envy the successful suitor. Rockwell is eighty-three years old, but time has not diminished his appreciation of womanly excellence. His step is as elastic as a school boy's and his mind is just as clear as it was forty years ago, when he amassed a fortune in the lumber business at Troy, N. Y., says a Ridgefield, Conn., special to the New York World. He has lived here in retirement ever since.

Gould Rockwell has been known as a close-fisted man, and his chief occupation appeared to be in watching that his dollars did not escape him. His wife died several years ago. He had no children and his only possible beneficiary was thought to be the Episcopal church, of which he was a member. So when he began to show an unmistakable fondness for the society of young people the church frowned. It is related that he proposed to several young women, but without success. Frequent failure did not daunt him, and he met with unexpected success in his post-meridian love making about a month ago. The young lady was Miss Mary Louise Denman, whose former home was Navesink, N. Y.

The 12 o'clock train pulled out for New York among the cheers of a large crowd and the sounding of torpedoes. It was a gala day in Ridgefield. Every one for miles around joined in wishing the couple happiness, and it is said that the only persons that view the proceedings with displeasure are the church people. They are unsparing in their denunciation of the chit of a girl that has deprived them of an expected windfall.

One of the most romantic incidents that has ever taken place on the great Sioux reservation culminated in the marriage of Frank Foot and Miss Mary Crazy Bull, both full blooded Indians, at Lower Brule agency the other day. An Indian named Tommy Tompkins had been engaged to Mary Crazy Bull. Tommy had bought a new suit of clothes, and Mary's friends and relatives had joined together and purchased her a complete wedding outfit. Numerous presents had been procured, and a wedding feast was arranged for. All the Indians and employes at the agency were greatly interested in the affair. At this juncture Frank Foot, one of the attractive young bucks of the tribe, appeared on the scene, says a Chamberlain, S. D., dispatch to the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The night before the wedding was to have occurred Frank persuaded Mary that he was the proper man for her to marry, and both being apparently of the same mind they eloped. On the following day Tommy, the discarded lover, met Foot, and an encounter took place, which resulted in the loss of considerable of Foot's blood. Frank took his punishment very quietly, pocketed his pride, washed the blood from his face, proceeded to the agency, and a quiet marriage ceremony was performed, the Rev. Luke Walker, an Indian, officiating. The army officers stationed at Lower Brule and the agent attended the ceremony. United States Indian Agent Anderson gave the bride away.

Wedded, parted and reunited. Such is the epitome of the lives of Eli S. Arnold and Emma Eddy.

The parties to the drama are about fifty years of age now. They were married in Albany in 1865, says a Rome, N. Y., dispatch to the New York Herald. The girl's name was Emma Eddy. They lived together here for some time against the vigorous protestation of Arnold's parents, who refused to recognize the bride. Arnold later concluded to seek a fortune in the west and left his wife at Clark's Mills, after lovingly promising to send for her as soon as circumstances permitted. He didn't tell his wife where he was going, and after spending some years in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, traveled as canvasman for Forepaugh's menagerie and circus. About ten years ago he returned to Indiana, where he became a farmer, and worked there up to within a few days ago.

Meanwhile the wife had supported herself by working in mills. A baby girl was born to her and she went to her father's home in New York Mills. About a year after her husband abandoned her she received a letter from a friend, mailed at a small town in Pennsylvania, which stated that her husband had been drowned. This she believed, and a few years later she married one William Hoffman of Marcy. Two children were the fruit of that union, one now aged ten years and the other, Eva, five years. Mrs. Hoffman was left a widow about five years ago and has resided with her children in humble apartments in Utica ever since.

Upon answering the door bell the other afternoon she was startled at the appearance of a full-bearded man, who recalled to her memory visions of her early married life and then caught her in his arms and showered fond kissed upon her still handsome face.

It was her first husband, Arnold, who came back to ask forgiveness and be reinstated as the head of the family. The wronged wife relented, and they are now living happily together and intend removing to Arnold's Indiana home in a e w days.

Miss Hermania Riechers, the twenty-year-old daughter of Grocer Henry Riechers, of No. 2112 Third avenue, fell in love with Park Policeman William Stephens last summer, and the two were secretly married at the groom's home, No. 1639 Third avenue, New York city.

The secrecy of the marriage was occasioned by Papa Riechers' opposition to his daughter choosing a "sparrow" for her life partner. He thought, as she had had the advantages of a convent education and several months' employment in the art department of the Singer sewing machine company, it was her duty to soar higher, and his knowledge of "sparrows" led him to believe that most of their time was passed in dancing around on grass plots, says the New York Herald.

But it was just this opposition that urged on Cupid's inroad on Hermania's heart, and she made up her mind that her experience with singers in the past was sufficient, so she inclined both ears to the perhaps less musical, but more sympathetic chirpings of the gray-coated sparrow, and together they flew and were made one double-breasted sparrow by Dr. William H. Pott, of St. Thomas' chapel.

Grocer Riechers' heart melted like his butter and he sent for his daughter. Mrs. Stephens went to her papa's domicile yesterday afternoon and remained until late last evening, but unfortunately her father was absent from home.

Hermania met Stephens during the summer, while she was a frequenter of the tennis courts, and as this was just the kind of a racquet he was fond of he used to perch around while Miss Reichers started the flying ball with "love all."

Miss Victoria Wright's dream of love has been rudely dispelled, but even in her prostrated condition she now feels thankful for her deliverance. Had there not been a timely interposition she would now be the mate of a bigamist. Exposed, her guilty lover has disappeared.

Miss Wright is one of the prettiest young women in the county and for over a year has received the attentions of Henry Lercallette, says a Salesburg, Md., dispatch to the New York World. They were to have been married two days ago. Many friends of the young people assembled at the county church near here and the ceremony was begun. Just as the preacher was about to pronounce them man and wife a woman rushed into the church. She carried a letter, which she waved above her head. Straight to the altar she walked and declared herself the aunt of Lercallette's wife, who is living in an adjoining county. The letter, she said, was from her niece. She handed the missive to the preacher and requested him to read it aloud. Lercallette stood pale and incapable of speech, while the woman about to become his wife grasped his arm for comfort. The minister read the letter and when he had finished Miss Wright swooned. Lercallette, in the excitement, left the church and disappeared.

The wedding of Lyman Davis, nephew of Governor Hill, and Miss Belle Snyder of Elmira, has been indefinitely postponed, says an Elmira dispatch to the New York Times. This is said to be due to the interference of the prospective groom's distinguished uncle, who, having learned by experience, knows that Davis is not able to support himself, much less a wife.

Al Hitchcock, one of the governor's trusted friends, was in the city this week, and after explaining the situation of affairs to Miss Snyder, she reluctantly consented to recall the invitations and send back the presents already received. No blame is attached to Miss Snyder in the matter, she being held in the highest esteem by all who know her, and the only reason for the postponement of the marriage is the one here given.

Davis is now in Newark, N. J., where he is employed by the United States electric light company. The young people both attended the academy here and it was shortly after Davis left that they were engaged. Miss Snyder is the daughter of a widow and has been a clerk in several stores here.

"Oh, I have married the wrong man," was the exclamation of Henry V. Moore's bride, as at the conclusion of the marriage at the church she burst into tears, to the consternation of the guests and the officiating clergyman.

The young lady is the daughter of James Hart, a well-to-do farmer, and the wedding took place in Montgomery county.

On being asked by the minister, Rev. W. F. Poor, who the right man was, the weeping bride pointed to a youth who had served her husband in the capacity of best man.

This deeply affected the bridegroom and he also burst into tears. The bridegroom and the young man who stood up with him had been friendly rivals for her hand.

The latter is now prostrated and it is feared that he will lose his mind in consequence of the young woman's tardy discovery, says an Amsterdam, N. Y., dispatch to the San Francisco Examiner. After considerable coaxing Mrs. Moore was induced to accompany her husband on a bridal trip to New York.

A New York letter in the St. Louis Republic says: Years ago, so runs the story, a New Yorker came penniless to a friend, borrowed $2,000 without being able to give other security than his bare word, and started west to begin life anew. The lender remained behind for years without hearing from the borrower, and finally was reduced by misfortune to abject poverty.

Not many days ago, when about to be evicted for non-payment of rent, he begged his way across the Courtlandt street ferry with the hope of finding employment with an acquaintance in Jersey City. As he left the ferry boat a crowd from an incoming train was hastened on board, and one of the travelers stopped him and claimed acquaintance. It was the man to whom he had lent $2,000. He had come back rich from fortune-hunting.

The two returned to New York, dined together, and exchanged experiences. The returned fortune-seeker, on finding his old-time benefactor penniless, drew a check and handed it to him. It was for $100,000, and in a few days it was followed by $900,000 more—$1,000,000 in gratitude for that early favor.

Some eleven years ago a family named Welch resided on a farm at New Washington, near Jeffersonville, Ind., says a Louisville, Ky., telegram to the New York Herald. On the adjoining farm lived a charming little maid on named Nancy Davis. The Welch family shortly afterward moved to Parsons, Kan, Johnny Welch was then a mere boy about Nancy's age. Nancy was Johnny's sweetheart. Both shed tears when they parted, and both promised to remain true to each other.

Johnny started on foot and penniless three months ago to join his sweetheart. He reached Jeffersonville a week ago after many vicissitudes and hardships, ragged and hungry, having traveled 800 miles in his desire to see Nancy. He was found by an uncle yesterday, who procured him a good position near New Washington, where he says he will remain until he has earned enough to buy a suit of clothes and then will call on Nancy and ask her to marry him.

This morning the Rev. Henry M. Bacon, for fifteen years pastor of the Westminister Presbyterian church of Toledo, O., and now pastor of the Congregational church at that place, was married to Mrs. Susan S. Orr at the home of her brother, Dr. Spottswood, in this city, says a Terre Haute, Ind., special to the Chicago Times. The marriage is the culmination of a romance. Dr. Bacon twenty-five years ago was engaged to Mrs. Orr at Toledo. She was at that time a leading beauty there. Her parents opposed the marriage and the girl was sent away to school. The separation was complete, her whereabouts being kept a secret from young Bacon, then a rising theological student. Each in time married, Mrs. Orr's husband dying some years ago and Dr. Bacon's wife dying about two years ago. The Congregational pulpit in this city being vacant the Rev. Bacon was invited here temporarily, and he here learned the whereabouts of his first love. A meeting took place, the lovers were reunited, and today they were made one after all these long years. Mrs. Orr's father was the Rev. John Schemmerhorn of Utica, N. Y., a prominent man in his day, who served as Indian commissioner under President Jackson.

Through a mutual acquaintance Miss Christie McAskiel of 10 Middlesex street, thirty-seven years old, became acquainted with George W. Shepard of Los Angeles, Cal., some time ago, and since then the two have corresponded. Shepard came here a few days ago, proposed marriage, and was accepted. The wedding was fixed for at Vieth's hotel on Tremont street, says a Boston special to the New York Sun. Shepard, it is said, induced Miss McAskiel to draw $600 from the savings bank and intrust it to him, to be forwarded by express to their prospective home in Los Angeles. Shepard has not been seen since receiving the money, and although Miss McAskiel, the clergyman, and witnesses were at Vieth's hotel tonight promptly on time, Shepard came not. Miss McAskiel is greatly prostrated over the disappearance of her money and lover.

IMPIETIES.

Rev. Litelwait—Yes, they are getting to be mere pair o' D's.

The ancients excelled us in many things. Now, there was Job, a boiler that never exploded.

Cast your bread on the waters, and the man who gets it will claim that all you threw was a crust.

Minister (to small boy)—Sonny, do you chew tobacco?

Small Boy—Sorry, mister; I just put the last chew in my mouth.

Traveler—You receive an enormous salary.

Minister—How do you know?

Traveler—You are taking a vacation in winter for lecture purposes.

Rev. Mr. Winkwunk—My hearers, I shall have to ask your indulgence for a few minutes. I forgot my manuscript and have sent my little boy for it.

His son (coming in)—Marm couldn't find the writin', but here's the book you copied it from.

"What do you so especially admire in your preacher?"

"His being up to the times and so well advised on religious topics. Why, he reminds me of—of—"

"Of what?"

"A good Sunday newspaper."

Rev. Sourgrapes—Don't you think that titles of doctor of divinity are getting to be altogether too common nowadays to be of any value?

She (after a conjugal tiff)—I wonder if there are any men in heaven!

He—It is sad to think, dear, that it will always be a matter of conjecture with you.

Little Fannie W., not quite six years old, had been taught to pray when she had been naughty. One day she said she asked God to make her good and He did it right away, and that He always did when she asked Him. Her mother said: "Why don't you ask Him to make you good all the time?" and she replied: "Oh, I had rather be bad some than to be bothering the Lord so much."

In the spring the Sunday scholar humps himself with sudden zest:

In the spring those torturing aches 'gin to give his head a rest.

In the spring his tortoise movement changes to a lively gait:

In the spring he trains for picnics; nothing tempts him to be late.

In a Sunday school class in the neighborhood of Meridian Heights the teacher last Sunday asked who was the first man.

"Adam," replied the small boy.

"And who was the first woman?" she asked a little girl.

The child hesitated for a minute, then her face brightened.

"Madam," she sung out, and the teacher hadn't the heart to correct her.

In the early days of Southern California booms an Indian was brought down from Los Angeles to testify in a horse stealing case. When called before the magistrate to be sworn, that officer began to examine him as to his knowledge of an oath. "Do you know the nature of an oath?" "No." "You know God; don't you?" "No." "Well, you have heard of Jesus Christ, have you not?" "No; I have not. You see how it is; I live in Los Angeles, and don't know any of the people in San Diego."

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Look at the profitable investments for manufacturers.--We have the best coking coal in the surrounding country. Coal delivered on the track in Bridgeport at about 90 a ton. Our 80,000 acres of mineral, coal and iron lands are covered with large sized timber, hard and soft variety, in oak, hickory, ash, poplar, pine, walnut, dog wood, red elm, red birch, sour wood, gum, soft maple and persimmon.

We defy comparison in the above variety of timber.--Limestone for building easily quarried, and of good quality. Fine deposit of clay for fire clay and brick making; water power for manufactures. Plans are being executed for a $75,000 hotel, office building, water works and electric light plant. Sale Tuesday, May 6, countinuing until Saturday, May 10, 1890. For full particulars, plats, maps, etc., address

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BRIDGEPORT, ALABAMA.

We submit report of Major J. W. Kelley, mineral expert and engineer on our mineral lands.

THE FIRST GUN OF THE WAR

It was not the Famous "Shot Heard 'Round the World."

TOLD BY A MAN WHO WAS THERE

How the Star of the West was Driven from Fort Sumpter and How the Secret of Her Coming Leaked Out.

In the smoking room of the Astor house the other evening two grizzled Grand Army men sat chatting with a middle-aged Virginian. Their talk drifted to the stirring events of the spring of 1861, in which all three had taken part, says the New York Sun. The Virginian mentioned that, at the time, he was serving under Beauregard at Charleston.

"By the way," broke in the elder of the two union veterans, "tomorrow will be the anniversary of the firing of the first gun of the war. Did you happen to see the flash of that famous shot?"

"Yes," replied the ex-rebel, "I was only a youngster then, but I remember the scene as distinctly as if it were yesterday. On the night of April 10, twenty-nine years ago, I was with the battalion of artillerists who slept expectantly behind the low sand hills of Morris Island, just opposite Fort Sumter. We were aroused about two hours before daylight next morning to take part in the bombardment for which we had been getting ready during many weary weeks. We had been told that it would begin at 3 o'clock in the morning, and that the signal would be the firing of a shell from a mortar battery upon James island, on the south side of the harbor, midway between our position and the city. When the hour came we were all in our places peering anxiously and impatiently across the placid and starlit waters, now at the dim outlines of the fort, now in the direction of the wooded shore of James Island, whence the signal shot was to come. I do not know what caused the delay, but we had to wait fully an hour, every minute of which seemed to us an age, before any sound broke the stillness of the night, except the monotonous roll of the surf upon the beach before us. At last, about 4 o'clock, when the first signs of the coming dawn could be discerned in the eastern sky, and when most of us had come to the conclusion that the performance was to be indefinitely postponed, we were suddenly relieved by the welcome flash of the mortar and the dull boom which served as the long roll for the chain of batteries which encircled the doomed fort. Thousands of eyes followed the lighted fuse which marked the curved flight of that first shell until it burst in a little round cloud of pearl-gray smoke high above the parapet upon which Major Anderson and his men were silent watchers. Then, in a moment, the quiet of the scene was at an end. The whole harbor seemed suddenly to wake up. Battery after battery opened fire. Rifled siege cannon were a novelty at that time, and we had none; but the range was short and shells, round shot, and red hot shot were rained upon the fort with a rapidity which in a few hours rendered the whole interior, excepting the bomb-proof casements, a mess of burning ruins. The war had indeed begun at last.

"But that mortar shell from James Island was not what you just now called it, 'the first gun of the war,' though it is surprising how many well-informed people, both north and south, believe that it was. Perhaps Whittier's verse,

The shot heard 'round the world,

may have helped the spread of this strange mistake, but every one who has carefully read about the opening of the war ought to remember that the first gun was, in fact, fired some time before the bombardment of Fort Sumter."

Seeing that his Grand Army friends were interested as well as a little puzzled by his assertion, the Virginian continued:

"The first gun of the war was, of course, the shot which drove back the steamer Star of the West when she tried to enter Charleston harbor with supplies for the little garrison of regulars shut up in Fort Sumter. But, as far as I know, the true story of how that shot came to be fired has never been told. I held a position at the time which gave me an inside view of what was going on, and I well remember the elation of General Ripley, who was in immediate command of our works in the harbor, at the lucky circumstance which enabled us to prevent relief from reaching Major Anderson and his men.

"It was long before the completion of the batteries which were to batter down Fort Sumter with their concentrated fire, that a detachment of pupils of the state military academy of South Carolina, usually known as the citadel cadets, were sent to man a small redoubt on Morris Island close to the beach and facing the harbor entrance. This work had been hastily thrown up so as to command the main ship canal, and the cadets, while laboring to strengthen the position, got some good lessons in practical military engineering. I am not sure that this was not the main object for which they were sent to Morris Island. To them, at all events, the outing was a welcome kind of picnic with a patriotic flavor, for though they were longing for a real scrimmage of some sort, there seemed to be no immediate prospect that their enthusiasm in that direction could be gratified. Their battery was anything but a formidable one, either in its offensive or defensive features; but most people on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line were still clinging to the belief that something would yet turn up to avert the clash of arms, and nobody thought that there was any special reason for haste in putting the finishing touches to the little sand fort.

"There had, so far, been no serious interruption of travel or of mail and telegraphic communication between the north and the south; but the Star of the West expedition had been planned as a surprise, and the utmost care was taken in Washington to keep not only its destination and purpose, but even its very existence, a profound secret. These precautions were successful, at least until after the steamer had sailed. In fact the Star of the West must have passed Cape Hatteras before anybody in the south knew that she was coming. Just how we got wind of the expedition in the nick of time has never, I believe, been told in the war histories. There was, at the time, an eccentric journalist connected with the staff of one of the leading New York dailies. He strongly sympathized with the south, and had been occasionally writing for the Charleston Mercury, not for pay, but to give vent to his feelings. He somehow learned about the plan to provision Fort Sumter, and promptly sent the news by mail to the Mercury. The important tidings contained in his letter were received in the afternoon and immediately communicated to our headquarters. The officers in command of the batteries which flanked the harbor entrance on either side were at once notified to be on the alert, and the Star of the West crossed the bar at dawn next morning, only to find her passage to Fort Sumpter disputed by the cadet artillerists of Morris Island. The first shot of the war was fired across her bow. This was a kind of reception she had not bargained for; and, to the disgust of the expectant garrison of the besieged fort, who were watching the scene from the parapet, she turned right around, took to her heels and an hour later had become a mere speck on the ocean horizon. One of the cadet officers afterwards told me that they all felt greatly relieved at the quick departure of the steamer, as by some blunder, the young gunners had been left very short of ammunition and had actually only half a dozen rounds on hand when they opened fire. Had the commander of the Star of the West been willing to take the chances, it is more than likely that she might have run the gauntlet unscathed.

"This is the true story of the first gun of the war. The redoubt from which it was fired was at once christend 'The Star of the West of Battery,' and was known by that name until three years later, when Morris Island was finally evacuated by our forces."

"Let me out and I'll build the fire."

Mr. Jones has just bought one of those New Folding Beds at Nebraska Furniture Co., and he likes it so well that it's almost impossible for Mrs. Jones to get him up to breakfast. She's found, however, that the machinery works so easily that she can shut it up with a broom, and the cut shows how she does it.

The Joneses have furnished their entire house at Nebraska Furniture Co., from the hat rack where Mr. Jones hangs up his boots on "lodge nights" to the pretty, cheap bed-room suit way up in the garret chamber.

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THE FIGURE "9."

The figure 9 in our dates will make a long stay. No man or woman now living will ever date a document without using the figure 9. It stands in the third place in 1890, where it will remain ten years and then move up to second place in 1900, where it will rest for one hundred years.

There is another "9" which has also come to stay. It is unlike the figure 9 in our dates in the respect that it has already moved up to first place, where it will permanently remain. It is called the "No. 9" High Arm Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine.

The "No. 9" was endorsed for first place by the experts of Europe at the Paris Exposition of 1889, where, after a severe contest with the leading machines of the world, it was awarded the only Grand Prize given to family sewing machines, all others on exhibit having received lower awards of gold medals, etc. The French Government also recognized its superiority by the decoration of Mr. Nathaniel Wheeler, President of the company, with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

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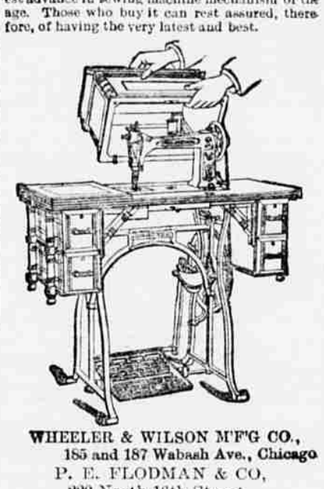

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Genuine Diamond Finger Rings, solid gold, only $2.50.
Boss Gold Filled Stem Wind Watches, Elgin movement, only $17.
Solid Gold Vest Chains only $7.50.
Best Rolled Plate Chains only $2.50; worth $5.
500 Fine Set Rings, Ladies' and Gents', choice $1.
Finest Rolled Plate Cuff Buttons, set with real stones, only 50c pair.
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