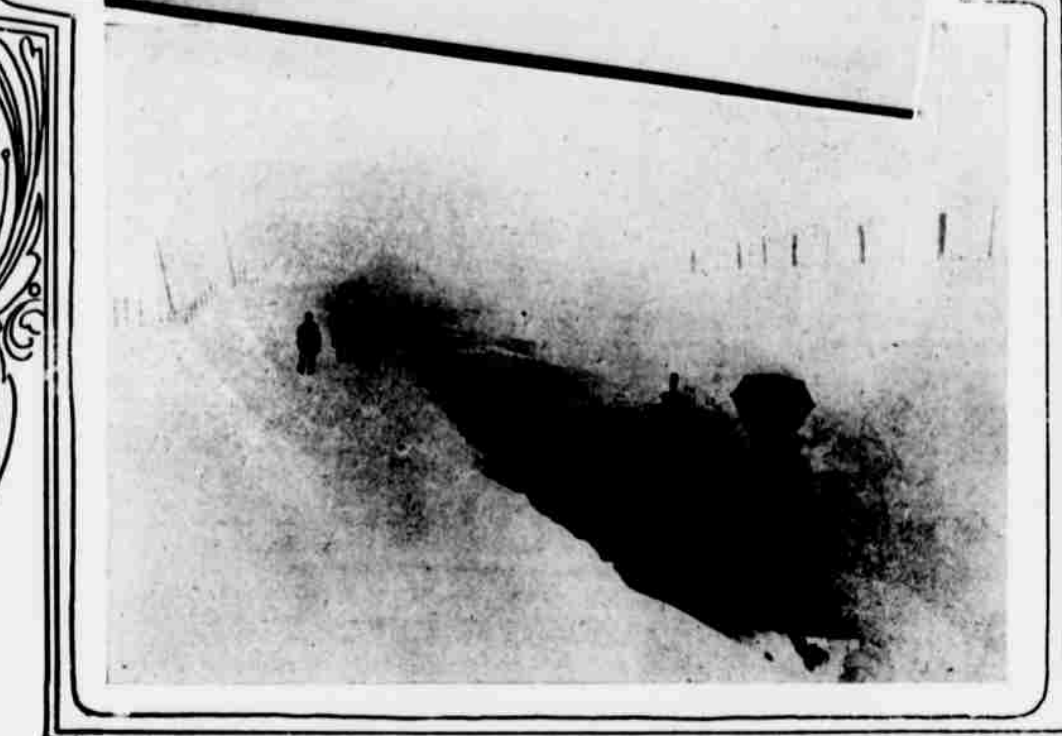
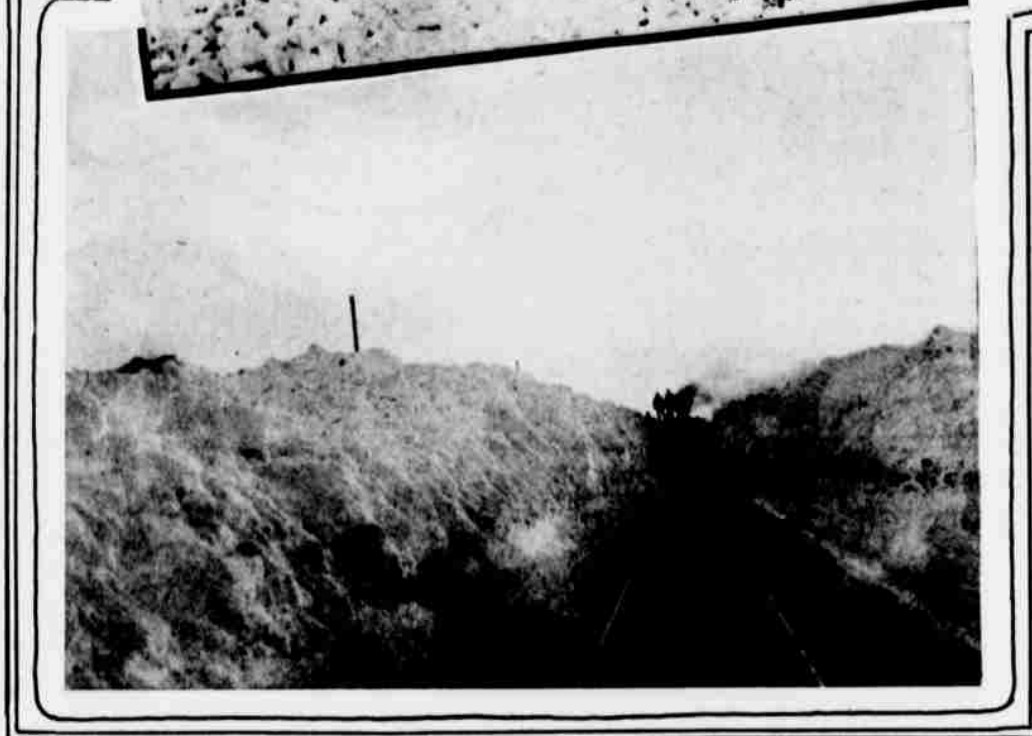
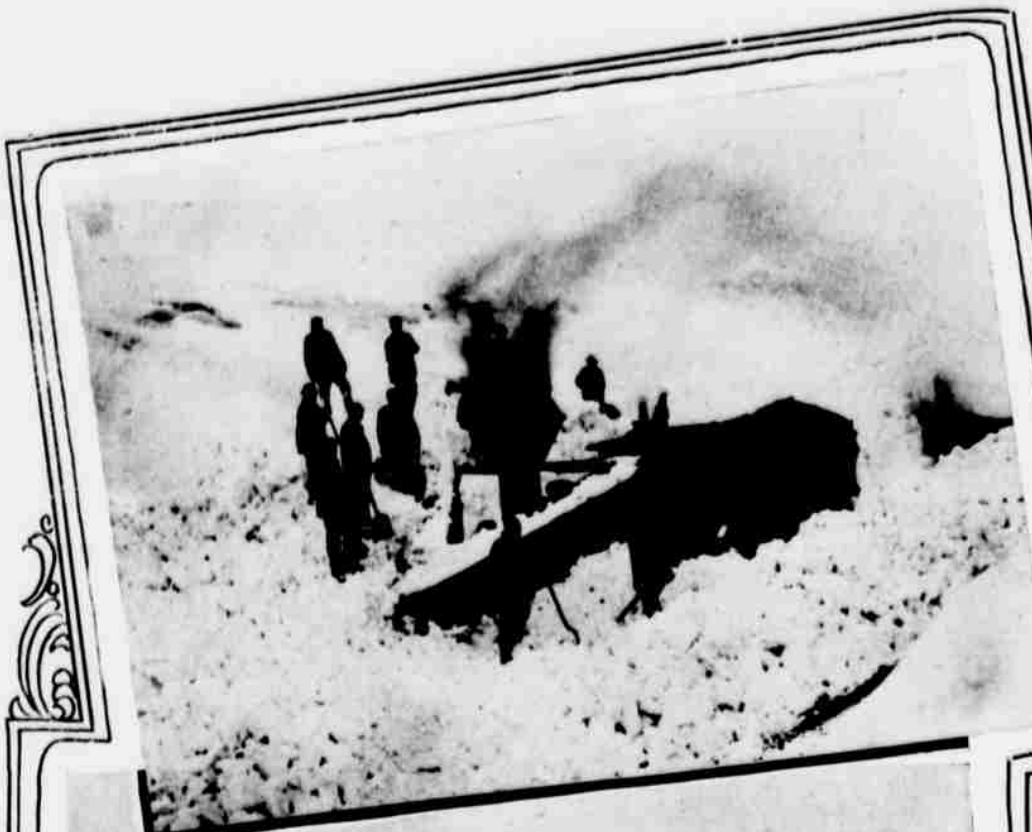


April Snow Blockade in Kansas



FOUR SCENES TAKEN ALONG THE ST. FRANCIS BRANCH OF THE B. & M.—Photos by Reneau, Atwood, Kan.

Ties that Bind

"Talking of family records and of early marriages," said a South Carolinian, "reminds me of the most marvelous record I ever heard of. There lives in Pickens county, one of the mountain counties of the state, a woman 26 years old who has fourteen children and one grandchild. The woman was married when 11 years old and when she was at the age when many women are just marrying she was the mother of fourteen children, all of them alive. One of these children married early like her mother and has one child. I do not believe that this record is easily beaten."

A newly wedded pair in New York recently slept with pieces of their wedding cake hidden beneath the pillows. This, as people with a mingled dash of sentiment and superstition know, is a sure means to bring good luck and pleasant dreams. Possibly the dreams were satisfactory, but the good luck was lamentably absent. Burglars broke into the house that very night and stole everything of value that could be moved without a derrick.

The number 13, which gives some people cold chills, occasionally finds a friend. It had no terrors certainly for M. Paul Deschanel, the president of the French Chamber of Deputies, who was recently mar-

ried. Neither was his fiancée afraid of it. In fact, both the bride and groom thought it a lucky number.

When they announced that they were going to be married on the 13th of the month the Parisians rolled their eyes so unanimously that the entire city had symp-



A DASHING LITTLE HAT OF BLACK velvet bands threaded with golden tissue for a young girl. Low on the right side one scarlet chou rests against the hair.

toms of an epileptic fit. But the fiancées had their reasons.

They were both born on the 13th day of the month. M. Deschanel was born February 13, 1856; Mile. Germaine Brice April 13, 1876. The name and surname of the bridegroom contain thirteen letters. There is the same number in the bride's name.

The two met in Florence when M. Deschanel was traveling incognito under the name of Pierre Duclaux—another thirteen letters. It was on the 13th of January that Mile. Brice formally consented to the marriage, and it was on the 13th of February that the ceremony took place.

Thirteen years from now the Deschanels will probably be able to state positively whether the number has really been a lucky one for them.

A war-time wooing has just been discovered through advices from Peking, China, that will throw a romantic color over the horrors of the siege and its aftermath to many Americans. The heroine is no less a personage than Miss Mary Conger Pierce, niece of Minister E. H. Conger, and the lover First Lieutenant Harold Hammond of the Ninth Infantry, the first body of Uncle Sam's soldiers to reach the ill-fated city with relief.

Miss Pierce, who is an orphan, has for

some years been a member of Minister Conger's household. Lieutenant Hammond is a West Point graduate and hails from Kushville, Ill.

Miss Pierce is now on the sea with her uncle and his family on her homeward trip, but she has left behind her a gallant officer happy in the security of a promised wife and a regiment ready to acclaim her its mascot.

The whole affair came about with a suddenness that surprised the young people no less than the rest of embassy society. They met in the midst of war and disaster—Miss Pierce in the glow of thanksgiving over a fearful peril escaped, the lieutenant with all his native chivalry aroused toward a feminine compatriot in distress. Formal barriers soon disappear in times of trial.

Told Out of Court

The average layman who may attend any of the more conspicuous trials in the civil or criminal courts, says the New York Sun, is usually amused at first by the wrangles and tilts of opposing counsel, but in the end he becomes bored and wonders what is the point of all this furious recrimination. Some light was shed on this matter the other day by a prominent criminal lawyer, who said:

"I never engage in any of these controversies without an object. When I have a witness who is going along swimmingly and keeping his head I never mix it up with my opponent, but when my witness begins to get rattled, under cross-examination, for instance, I am pretty apt to interject a remark that will bring a retort from my learned friend on the other side. One word leads to another and in a jiffy we are at it hammer and tongs until the court stops us. Meanwhile my object is accomplished. The witness' mind is diverted, he gets a chance to recover himself, and, if I happen to have had the better of the argument, he feels reassured and his confidence is restored."

A story is told of an old attorney in southern Illinois during the war times, who, when all the younger lawyers were at the front, was engaged one day by an old planter to draw some affidavits of loyalty by which to obtain the release of cotton that had been seized for confiscation. The old attorney drew the affidavits, and the planter succeeded in getting his cotton, whereupon, with great satisfaction, he told the attorney to meet him on the levee the next morning at 9 o'clock and he would pay him. The attorney, who was sadly in need of funds, lay awake all night trying to decide what charge he should make, wondering if \$50 would be too much, and if possibly \$100 would be willingly paid by the old planter, who had succeeded in getting very valuable cotton by his aid. With

feverish head and parched lips the old man went down to the levee at the appointed time and met the planter, not yet able to decide what charge he should make. With a look that said "Now, sah, that is about what I thought was right, sah, and what out asking him for his bill the old planter said: 'The old man said: 'Sit down, sah,' and as he took attorney, bursting with suppressed emotion a huge roll of bills added: 'Now, sah, tion as he saw the bills laid out, never-I'll just count out about what I think, sah, theless struggled to be equal to the occasion would be a fair amount, sah, and then, sion. He strove to speak, but did so with sah, I'll see what you have to say about difficulty. At last his lips parted and he it, sah.'" Then, picking off a \$500 bill from said, with dignity: "Well, I think perhaps the roll, the planter laid it on his knee you had better make it another five."



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.



THIS PRETTY BONNET WITH STRINGS is one of the features of a summer trousseau. It is a pale, rough golden straw with cream crepe strings, a tall, dark blue velvet bow in front, and a black and scarlet poppy on either side the face.