UNIONS ON ROMANTIC LINES

Matrimonial Hitches with Much Spice from Start to Finish.

SLEEP CONQUERS A DEFIANT FATHER

Some Met by Chance, Others Break Jail, and Two Land Millionaires—Supply of Material Undiminished.

The marriage of W. I. Grimmer and Miss Brickle near Weldon, N. C., on the 18th inst., was one of the most romantic in the history of North Carolina. The wedding followed a night of waiting and watching on the part of the groom, and was accomplished after sleep overcame a watchful and unwilling father, who locked his daughter in a room and stood guard over her, threatening to shoot his prospective son-in-law.

Mr. Grimmer, formerly of Richmond, Va., has been fighting against heavy odds to gain possession of his bride. The young woman is the only daughter of James B. Brickle, a prominent resident of North Carolina, living about nine miles from Weldon. The bride's mother seemed to favor the match, but Mr. Brickle took a strong dislike to the young man and ordered him to cease attention to Miss Brickle. Mr. Grimmer, favored by the smiles of the young lady, continued his suit, despite the warning of the irate father.

The night before Mr. Grimmer took the train for Weldon, and, with his friend, B. A. Lawrence, laid plans for stealing the young woman from her father. Mr. Brickle stood guard and finally locked his daughter in a room. Throughout the night he marched up and down keeping careful watch, while the two young men nearly froze outside the house.

At 8 o'clock in the morning Mr. Brickle dropped to sleep. His daughter escaped, and she and Mr. Grimmer were married without delay and went at once to Stony Creek, where they will live.

All in Twelve Hours.

The closing scene of a romantic courtship was the marriage in Justice Wolff's court room in Chicago last Saturday afternoon of Bessie Dell, a young beauty of Monmouth, Ill., society, and Minnie Wicks of 1441 Michigan avenue. The courtship lasted just twelve hours. At 2 o'clock Saturday morning, through a combination of odd circumstances, Mr. Wicks met Miss Dell. He fell in love with her before he had known her five minutes. Saturday at noon he confessed his love and asked her to become his wife. Miss Dell blushingly consented.

"Let's get married right away," Wicks suggested.

At first Miss Dell remonstrated, and insisted on time to prepare a wedding trousseau.

"I'm rather bashful, and don't want a lot of people throwing rice and causing us all kinds of embarrassment," Wicks said. "If we wait and our friends find out we're going to be married, they'll tease us, and then we'll have to have them at the wedding and maybe have our trunks tied with white ribbons and have everybody grinning at us."

After an hour Miss Dell gave way to Wicks' persuasion. To the county building the couple went and secured a license.

After the marriage ceremony had been performed Justice Wolff extended his congratulations.

"Known each other since childhood, I suppose?" he commented.

The bride and her husband glanced at each other and both blushed.

"No, not exactly," the bridegroom said.

"Only known each other since 2 o'clock this morning," the bride volunteered. Asked by the magistrate to tell him of the brief courtship, she said:

"I came in from my home at Monmouth to visit friends a few days ago and last evening I went to a party out on South Park avenue. It was 2 o'clock when the party broke up and my hostess introduced me to Mr. Wicks, and he volunteered to take me to my friend's home. On the way to the elevated station he asked me all about myself and I thought he was rather inquisitive. We talked about ourselves until I got to my friend's home, and there he asked if I would meet him down town at noon today. Well, I consented, and he had the nerve to tell me that he loved me and wanted to marry me. I thought he was very nice and he teased me until I agreed, and here we are. We are going out west on a wedding trip in a day or two—just as soon as Mr. Wicks gets his business settled so he can go away. My, but won't our friends be surprised!"

Wicks confessed that he had admired Miss Dell at the party and was scheming for an introduction. He hinted that the hostess had acted on his suggestion in selecting him to accompany the Monmouth girl to her friend's home.

"I'll just find out all about that," the bride said.

Break Jail and Elope.

Fred Smith and Veda White, prisoners in the county jail at Peoria, Ill., broke through the bars last Thursday night and made good their escape. They descended from the third floor of the prison by means of a rope made from the blankets on their beds. Smith was awaiting trial on a charge of horse stealing. The woman was under accusation of a lesser offense.

Sheriff Potter had confined Smith, the White woman, Smith's wife, who was allowed to visit him, and one other woman in a large cell. Smith got a case knife and removed the screws which held the bars in place.

The prisoners were met outside the jail by Earl Updike, who drove them to a railroad station outside the city. Smith deserted his wife and went with the White woman.

Mrs. Smith and the third woman slept while the pair escaped.

Mrs. Rufus W. Blake, the widow of the millionaire piano manufacturer of Derby, Conn., is soon to be married to Paul Schabert, a wealthy exporter and a member of a prominent family in Hamburg, Germany. It is the ending of a romance that began when the bride-to-be was studying in Hamburg ten years ago. Although only a girl of 16, the daughter of Richard Mock, a restaurateur in West Forty-second street, she received the ardent attention of the German suitor. But in girlish fashion she returned to New York to make new friends.

Her marriage to Mr. Blake, a millionaire, caused a sensation, for he was more than 60 years old, while she was little more than 20. In the fall of 1901 he was shot through the head by a revolver in his own hands. The shooting was declared to be accidental. Last summer Mrs. Blake went to Europe and again met Herr Schabert. His attentions were renewed and he soon followed her to America.

Mrs. Blake's fortune is estimated at almost $3,000,000, for her husband left her his entire estate.

More of the Same.

William Tecumseh Scott, president of Franklin (Ind.) college, and William Henry Harrison McCoy, the janitor of the institution, were in the same graduating class of 1861, the present janitor proudly carrying the honors of the class, while the president went trailing in the intellectual dust.

A double golden wedding was celebrated at Rye, N. Y., the other day at the home of Postmaster Alexander Harriott by Mr. Harriott's aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Haviland Harriott, and Mr. and Mrs. William A. Burger, the postmaster's uncle and aunt. Twelve children, twenty-three grandchildren and several great-grandchildren of the two couples attended and brought gifts of gold.

The wedding of Robert Judy and Mrs. Elizabeth Bradley of Maryville, Mo., recently was unique in some ways. The groom, a widower of 74 winters, has five children, one boy and four girls. The bride, a widow of 72 summers, also has five children, four boys and one girl. Mrs. Bradley was a boarding house keeper and eight months dragged by before success crowned the wooing of the ardent lover and his blushing sweetheart promised to be his. Each is wealthy and they have made a contract that each shall retain his or her belongings and that each shall provide one-half of the cost of living.

The marriage of Albert Edward Tower, a millionaire iron manufacturer of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Miss Mary Towne Bogardus, formerly an operator in the local telephone exchange of that city, took place recently at the modest home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bogardus. Only members of the two families were present. Mr. Tower's first wife killed her son and then herself last spring in a fit of insanity. Mr. Tower's bride is a young woman of 22. She is a graduate of the Poughkeepsie High school and is pretty and accomplished. She has a sweet and cultivated voice, which, it is said, first attracted Mr. Tower's attention when she answered his telephone calls at the local exchange. Subsequently she was employed by Mr. Tower to attend to some of the details of his large business, doing the work at home. The engagement was announced last summer.

TALKED WITH A STRANGE MAN

Woman Cashier on a Train Cleverly Relieved of a Bundle of Money.

Miss Emma Briggs, cashier for W. Siman & Co. of Neenah, Wis., was robbed of drafts, money orders and other papers valued at $2,000 on a Chicago & Northwestern train somewhere between Neenah and Oshkosh on the 12th inst. The theft was so cleverly accomplished that the young woman did not discover her loss until she had reached the bank in Oshkosh, where she was to deposit the papers. Owing to the crowd the girl was unable to find a seat for some time, but one of the two men occupying a seat rose, and when she accepted the seat began talking to her. She says that she tried to avoid him, but the masher was insistent and kept her attention engaged until Oshkosh was reached. When she reached the bank and looked for the papers she found that a hole had been neatly cut in the bottom of the chatelaine and that all the money had been secured. The young woman at once telephoned to the railroad authorities, but the thief has not yet been apprehended.

"It was the first time I ever talked to a stranger," she said, "and you may be sure I never will again."

AS THINGS HAPPEN

A deacon of one of the oldest churches in Oklahoma has recently been bounced for selling his pastor a horse with a well developed spavin.

Mr. Cole and Miss Winters have just been married at Columbia, Mo. This combination ought to be a particularly happy one.

George Waterhouse, a veteran of the civil war, who was mourned as dead by his relatives of Middletown, Conn., since 1862, has just returned to his home. He was reported killed in battle. He claims he lives at present in Pennsylvania.

Burglars in ransacking the residence of Mrs. Adelaide Anderson, at Minneapolis, carried off 400 pounds of anthracite coal in sacks. They did not touch the jewelry and plate, of which there was considerable quantity to be taken.

Judge Adams of the United States circuit court of St. Louis has pronounced the most unique sentence ever given in Missouri upon John Fickler of that city. Fickler was convicted of holding up and robbing a mail carrier. He was sentenced to ten years each on two separate charges and imprisonment at hard labor for robbing the registered mail.

Edward J. Eischronner of Rogers City, Mich., wants a wife so badly that he has decided to act as prize for a raffle. He has issued 1,000 tickets which will be sold at 25 cents each. The only condition which the wife-seeker imposes upon the female purchasers of his matrimonial tickets is that she must be a respectable, healthy, unencumbered Catholic between 40 and 55 years of age.

The Southern railway has issued a ticket in Washington for a continuous trip around the world. The ticket reads: Southern railway to New Orleans; Southern Pacific to San Francisco; Pacific Mail Steamship company to Hong Kong, via Port Said and Suez canal to Naples, and thence to London, via Strait of Gibraltar; London to New York, via direct steamship line, thence to Washington via Pennsylvania railroad.

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The Ubiquitous Peter Smith

(Copyright, 1903, by Jeanne Olive Loiseaux.)

Editha Allyn burst into the library. Her brother-in-law lifted his eyes from his book and indulgently looked her over. Her golf clubs rattled to the floor, and she flung her cap and gloves after them.

"You make quite a breeze, Editha, a very welcome one, but you break into my story. What is it this time?" Dr. Kenworthy was leaning lazily back in a big leather chair. Editha came petulantly across the room and stood before him.

"Morris, I want you to look at me—carefully."

"Why, charmed, my dear. Such a privilege is seldom granted me—you don't stay in one place long enough."

"I'm in earnest." At the impatient flash in her gray eyes he sat up laughing.

"Another victim? Want me to account for his infatuation?"

"I'm always in earnest," she went on, ignoring his questions; "that's part of the trouble. Now look at me."

She wore a golf suit of white duck, and a scarlet tie. Her eyes shone, and her dark hair clung in moist rings about her tanned oval face. The pose of her small athletic figure was distinctly rebellious.

"Do I look like a man-hater?"

"Ye powers! A beauty, only 18, with an average of a victim a week, and she wants to know if she looks like a man-hater?"

"Well, I may not look it, but I am a man-hater. I despise him! I wish he was in—"

"Your hesitation is more expressive than you intend. Did you mean Halifax? And who—"

"You know well enough—your precious Peter J. Smith."

"My Peter J. Smith. He doesn't follow me. Precious, too," he mused provokingly.

"Yes, yours. You imported him. I wish you'd left him in New York. I will say that he's unique, anyway. There's nobody like him—a fact that makes me thankful." Editha flung herself on the couch.

"What! Hasn't he succumbed yet? What does the fellow mean? I must really speak to him—" Editha flushed as she interrupted him.

"You know I hate him. He's always in the way. He's spoiled my afternoon. I was going golfing with—with Mr. De Kaye and—"

"Well, didn't you?"

"No, that Smith—"

"Glad of it, Editha. Young De Kaye has too much money and too little to do."

"He isn't sanctimonious, anyway," Editha retorted. "He was to meet me at the links because I'd a lot of errands to do and couldn't have him call for me. To begin with, I met Mr. Peter Smith down town and snubbed him. But when I got on the car, of course he had to give me his seat and stand up, and when the man next me got off he sat down by me. I hated to take the seat and I hated to talk with him, but I had to, for the place was full of our set and the girls are all simply wild over him. I can't see why. He took my clubs in that overbearing way of his. He acted as if I'd been perfectly sweet to him. I was trying not to laugh at one of his imbecile stories, when I glanced up and saw Reg—Mr. De Kaye. I don't know when he got on. He looked black and got off without coming near me, and there I was with that Smith. I had to play with him all afternoon just for the looks of it. Then he came home with me."

"He could hardly help that, could he? Nor the meeting on the car?"

"I suppose not," she admitted slowly; "everything conspires against me. If I only knew he hated it as I do I wouldn't care so much, but he doesn't show a sign. I detest scientists; they are so unfeeling. Reginald asked Alys Trent to go in his new automobile tonight."

"Well, I hope he'll let Alys alone."

"Why, I should like to know?" she demanded.

"Because she's silly, and I don't believe he's the real thing, if he does make such a splurge. Oh, if I could find anything tangible against him he shouldn't call on you." Editha tossed her head.

"I can't see what's the matter with Smith, though; he's all right." The doctor spoke hauteringly.

"That depends on what one likes. He acts as if he owned me, and still he doesn't do a thing I can lay my finger on. So I flare up at him on general principles, and lose my dignity. But the creature is only amused at my attacks. It's all your fault, Morris; if he wasn't your friend, and everlastingly here, people wouldn't think we were dying to be left together."

Just then Mrs. Kenworthy trailed softly into the room in a cool, blue linen gown. She was a smaller, darker, sweeter edition of her sister.

"What have you been doing to Edie, Morris? She looks wrought up."

"I've only been expostulating with her. She's been doing what she could to the peace of mind of my friend Peter," the doctor drawled quietly. "He's only studying her to use in his next psychological treatise, and she insists that he's in love with her, and is too mean to show it. She is cross simply because she's trying so hard not to fall in love with him."

"Let her alone, Morris. Don't be so absurd! You must hurry, Edie, if you are going to get to Mrs. Vinton's in time for dinner. What are you going to wear?"

"White. For a wonder the ubiquitous Peter will not be present. I won't wear it where he is because he likes it. He doesn't say so, but I can tell." She left the room and went upstairs. Mrs. Kenworthy leaned over against her husband.

"Morris," she said.

"Rose," he mimicked. "What is it, dear? Mustn't I tease your sister? She is in love with Peter. No girl could help being."

"That's why you must let her alone. Can't you see she is fighting it? We mustn't seem to see."

"Well, I'll try to be good. But what about De Kaye?"

"Oh, that's nothing! She only turns to him occasionally to get away from the other man. It'll rouse her championship to say anything against him."

It was very hot for the middle of September, and after dinner the doctor and his wife went out on the lawn. About 11 Editha and a man entered the gate.

"Good evening, isn't all this good to look at?" Peter Smith's gesture seemed to include Editha in her floating white dress. Editha sat down at her sister's feet and Smith threw himself upon the grass near her.

"I'm always lucky," he said. "De Kaye was called from the city by a telegram, and I was asked in his place. It was kind of Mrs. Vinton. And such a drive as we had after dinner along the lake!"

He picked up Mrs. Kenworthy's fan. "Japanese, isn't it? I have some trifles I got there. Interesting people, I find them."

"Yes," she laughed, "I've a depraved taste for anything from Japan—but the Japanese. I don't care for studying the human animal as you and Morris do."

"You're happier than if you did. We're always discovering unpleasant things for our pains. You said 'human animal.' I shudder at the number of them one meets. They are mostly men." He lay at full length in the grass, his head supported by one arm. The grave reserve of his fine eyes and forehead balanced the sensitiveness of his mouth. His brown hair was straight and close-cut. "You women are so far ahead of us spiritually," he went on, "that you do not see us as we are till some experience shocks you into clearness of vision."

Editha with her head against her sister's knee was looking with dreamy eyes at the myriad city lights in the distance.

"Miss Allyn doesn't approve of me, doctor. She doesn't like science, either. My conversation at dinner annoyed her," he continued quietly, "but I was helpless. Miss Trent, on my other side, insisted on discussing my work. She thought scientific research—especially in mental science—must be 'lovely.' She asked if I ever experimented on my friends. She thought it would be 'sweet' to be experimented on."

"I think it's horrible—using one's friends that way!" Editha flashed out unnecessarily. Peter Smith smiled.

"I hardly think Miss Trent is in immediate danger," he remarked, rising. They all sauntered toward the gate with him. As he opened it he turned to Editha.

"About 10 o'clock. Will that be too early?"

"No," she replied. "I will be ready. Good night."

They all slept late. It was past 9 when Editha sauntered down and joined the others at breakfast. She wore a green shirtwaist. Green was the only color Editha could not wear. The doctor glanced at her humorously.

"'Ten o'clock? Will that be too early.' 'No, I will be ready,'" he quoted provokingly, looking at his watch. "I hope you're not going in that green waist. Peter is fastidious."

"I shall wear what I please," she blazed, "since it's golf—golf with Peter Jeremiah Smith. Johnny Rawson got it up on the spur of the moment. Like everybody else he is kindly trying to throw us together. It's Peter Jeremiah Smith today, yesterday and—"

"And forever," finished the doctor, slipping his napkin into its ring. "Rose agreed this morning to give him the room looking over the garden. Sorry to annoy you, Edie dear, but I simply had to have him here till we finish some work in the laboratory."

Editha's soft lips tightened.

When Smith came for her with six other young people she was still angry. Of course he walked with her; he drew her into conversation in spite of herself. Once at the links she was free to be silent. She enjoyed driving the ball unconscionable distances with a vicious, swinging stroke. Her gray eyes were dark with suppressed wrath. She avoided her partner as much and as politely as possible. While ostensibly devoting himself to Alys Trent, Reginald De Kaye managed to meet Editha's eyes often with a sympathetic, longing look. Smith quietly watched the fellow. They had dinner at the club house and went home after Editha had promptly vetoed a boating excursion for the evening. Smith went to the door with her.

Next morning he moved his belongings to the doctor's and worked in the laboratory till 3 o'clock in the afternoon, stopping only for a hasty luncheon. Toward 4 o'clock he dressed and entered the drawing room. Editha was trying to be civil, and not charmed nor charming, when Mrs. Maxon and her daughter Maude called. They acted as if they had interrupted a lovers' tete-a-tete. Maude pointedly invited Smith to bring Editha to an informal lawn party the next evening. It was embarrassing to have to perform an eternal duet, but they had to accept. Editha had a bright spot on each cheek. When her sister and the doctor appeared a few minutes later she escaped to her room. She stayed there till she heard the men go out for an after-dinner stroll.

But she could not escape the memory of Peter Smith's every word and gesture. His way of dominating everything aroused her opposition. Besides, his name—that dreadful name—did not cease to irritate her. However, she was ready at 8 to go to Maude's party with him. She wore her new gown. She was sorry it was white, but it was very becoming, and then—well, De Kaye said he never saw any other girl who could really wear white.

She had never cared particularly for De Kaye, but now he began to interest her. He was handsome, with a strangely weary face. Besides, he was deeply in love with her, which in itself is a point in a man's favor with a girl who is still too young to realize her own power.

Partners for everything were chosen by matched flowers, or matched mottoes, or questions and answers. The inevitable Smith was her vis-a-vis at whist. Refreshment time brought her one-half of a crimson paper heart. Peter Smith came up to her with the other. His seeming unconsciousness of the situation angered her. She doubted if he even knew that there was a situation. So they ate their pink ice and white cake alone in a little lantern-lit room. Smith began chatting in his easy way about anything that came up. For the first time that evening she felt at ease, and she sat leaning back with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. A rose-colored Japanese lantern above her swayed in the wind and lit up her white dress. Smith had turned in the corner of the seat till he half faced her. Editha was startled from her enjoyment of his quiet humor by the voice of De Kaye, who had come up and stood looking at her over Smith's head.

"Pardon me, Smith," De Kaye said, "Mrs. Maxon wants to show you some curios in the library. I'll take your place awhile, if Miss Allyn will let me."

After an instant of hardly perceptible hesitation, Smith arose and with a graceful word about reclaiming her soon walked off toward the house.

De Kaye turned to Editha with repressed eagerness.

"At last I have you a moment alone. You are always with him. Is it your doing?" At her swift gesture of denial he stooped quickly and kissed her hand. "I've no right to call you by your dear name," he said, "but I can't bear this—always with that man—never a look for me."

"It's all— I'm not to blame. People leave us together purposely. It may not be his fault, either, but—"

"It is his fault!" De Kaye said. "Can't you see how he uses the advantage your brother-in-law is purposely giving him? What chance have I against a quiet chap like that who knows how to pose for a saint? Heaven knows I'm no saint! But you could love me into being almost good enough to deserve you." His rich voice was low and pleading. Editha listened and was lost. "You don't love him, do you? They cannot force him on you till he makes you think you do?" His voice trembled.

"No," she hesitated, "but I don't think I—"

"Oh, Editha, you don't know yet what it means to me; think about it till tomorrow. I'll come to the garden at 4." His gentleness, his eagerness, touched her. She would not say that she loved him, but she would think about it. When Smith came back they were both a little excited, but he appeared to notice nothing.

The next day Peter Smith saw Editha only at luncheon. She stayed upstairs. A little after 3 she went out into the garden. De Kaye called at the house, talked awhile with Mrs. Kenworthy, and, after carelessly inquiring for Miss Allyn, said he would go out and talk with her a bit.

As for Editha, the young fellow's pleading as for his very life swayed her girlish emotions. He came the next day, and the next. The girl was in a dream. The romantic delight of secrecy was upon her. She began to think she did love him, and he beguiled here into admitting it. He brought her an exquisite red rose every day, and his restraint satisfied her natural fine reserve. Since the night at the lawn party he had not so much as touched her hand. He told her that one kiss on her hand had changed his whole life. Almost unconsciously she compared him to Peter Smith. Smith certainly didn't need her. She rejected the unbidden thought that she needed him, and as her feeling of constraint with him increased, her delight in meeting De Kaye became greater.

At last she promised De Kaye that she would marry him—some day, and agreed to tell no one. He supplied plenty of good reasons; Smith's presence there, the doctor's prejudice. He made the scientist seem a persecutor.

People still continued to pair Peter Smith off with her in a tacit recognition of their supposed mutual liking. Editha forgot that it was as hard for the man, who hadn't the woman's privilege of openly avoiding whom she chose, as it was for her. She forgot that he behaved most delicately at the doctor's, that he never claimed a word from her except conventionally.

He seemed to cultivate De Kaye's friendship. De Kaye told Editha he was trying to put Smith off the track. He did not tell her that Smith had known him in New York.

De Kaye began to plead for an early marriage. Since her people would doubtless raise a great fuss, why mention even their engagement till it was all over? Why not be married quietly and forestall any attempt to separate them? They would go to Paris and stay till the storm had blown over. Society would forget it in six weeks. Her family would forgive them, especially when they saw how he loved her. As for him, he had nobody but her to care for. He sighed pathetically, and Editha promised.

It was Saturday. They would slip off Wednesday evening like two naughty children running away from school, for Dr. and Mrs. Kenworthy would be at a musicale at Arkwright's, a few blocks away. It would be like a story, happy ever after.

Wednesday night was calm and starry, with a high white moon. Between 9 and 10 Editha, in her traveling dress, stole out to the side gate. She carried nothing. De Kaye told her to bring only her precious self. Involuntarily she glanced up at Peter Smith's window. It was dark. With a sudden vague sinking of the heart, she wondered why she was not rapturously happy.

Reginald met her with a tender greeting. He led her a few blocks to a side street and put her into a carriage. Editha could hardly wait to be off; she wanted to have it over with. De Kaye jumped in after her, and they rattled swiftly away over the pavement.

Suddenly De Kaye turned and clasped her in his arms. He kissed her again and again. His restraint was quite gone. His breath was heavy with wine, and she shrank from him half frightened.

"What is it, darling?" he asked. "We'll get away safely—if that Smith doesn't manage to appear, as he has at everything so far?" He laughed, with his arm still around her.

Editha seemed to be awakening from a dream. She was leaving her home for a man whose very touch made her shiver. She had not known it would be like this. Her one impulse was to escape.

"Oh, Reginald, take me back! Forgive me, but I don't want to be married like this! I—"

"My dearest, you're just a little nervous. Tomorrow you'll be glad I didn't mind you," he laughed, kissing her again.

She struggled to free herself, her fear turned to anger. "Reginald De Kaye, let me go this instant! No, I don't love you! I was mistaken. If you really loved me you'd take me back before it's too late! Mr. Smith would take me back—stop—" A queer, deadening grayness seemed to be floating around her. She wondered if she was fainting. She never had fainted.

A light flew past the carriage window. There was a clash of metal on the pavement. The wheels ground and crushed over something. The carriage stopped with a jerk that threw her from her seat. The door was opened from the outside. Peter Smith lifted Editha in his arms and set her upon the curbing.

De Kaye jumped out and rushed toward him, threatening and cursing. With a swift movement Smith laid hold of his collar and dragged him out of Editha's sight behind the carriage. She caught the older man's words, "abduction" and "your past." Then after a while, "You shall not speak to her again. No, not even to say goodby." De Kaye ended by ordering the driver to catch the 11:10 train; the carriage dashed off down the street.

Smith's bicycle lay wrecked on the pavement where the carriage wheels had crushed it. He left it where it was and helped Editha to her feet. She was trembling so she could hardly stand and leaned on him heavily. The street was a quiet one and the rescue so quick that they had attracted no attention. After a short walk they managed to get another carriage. Editha did not speak, but her eyes questioned him.

"I kept you in sight from the moment you started. I didn't dare stop you till I was sure you had time to realize what you were doing. You might not have come back with me."

Editha shuddered. "But my note!" she faltered. He pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to her. She tore it up quickly.

"I slipped into your room and got it before I started after you. I thought you had left one. Nobody but you and I will ever know anything about it, and we'll forget it as soon as you are safe home again." She hid her face in her hands, but he continued to talk soothingly. "You mustn't reproach yourself. My presence here helped drive you to it. I'd have gone the moment I saw I couldn't teach you to care for me, only I had known De Kaye in New York, and I thought I saw what his game was. He'll not trouble you again, and I'll go away tomorrow."

Editha scarcely breathed. He was going away!

His quiet voice went on: "We'll get out here and walk the rest of the way so that if the others are home we can say we've been for a stroll. If they haven't come yet, you can run upstairs and get this traveling dress out of sight."

Editha obeyed him like a child. They went leisurely up the walk to the front door. He opened it for her with his latch-key, and then sat down to wait.

She came down again in her white dress, and he led her into the garden. She clung to his arm; she had ceased trembling, but her lashes were heavy with tears.

"I can't ever tell you about it; I can't even thank you. I—"

"Don't Editha—I couldn't bear it. Nothing has happened, and I'm going away tomorrow. Let me just walk with you tonight. Will you have this white rose?" His voice made her heart stand still. She stood looking at him with his rose in his hand.

"But something has happened! You must not go. I want you to stay." His face was stern as he replied.

"I must go. I can't take gratitude."

"It is not gratitude—it is—I—"

"Hello, you moonlit sentimentalists!" They turned to see the doctor and his wife approaching. Peter Smith greeted them brightly.

"Same to you! I have the lady Editha out in the air for her headache."

"I see, but its bedtime for everybody."

"It is not," he contended, "we shall stay here a good hour yet, but you may be dismissed. By the by, doctor, I think I may have to run back to New York tomorrow—will talk it over at breakfast. Good-night." The doctor looked at him curiously.

"Good-night," he said, as his wife pulled at his arm. As he passed Editha he stopped to murmur.

"Ask him to stay, Edie!"

The girl's white figure was outlined against a background of tall crimson hollyhocks. Peter Smith stood looking down at her.

"Will you stay?" she asked simply.

He lifted her hand and kissed the white rose in it.

KITE SAVED HIM A SCOLDING

Patron of the Telegraph Was Able to Account for a Delay in His Message.

Colonel Robert C. Clowry, president of the Western Union Telegraph company, as is well known, rose from a very humble position in the service of that corporation. But even when he was merely a messenger boy he had some of the resourcefulness that has marked his subsequent career. In 1852 he was delivering messages received at the office at Joliet, Ill. A farmer by the name of Grauss had been hanging around the telegraph office for several hours. He asserted that a message was due him and that it was one of importance. After giving the company a vehement tongue-lashing Grauss left the office, saying that henceforth he would use the post.

An hour later the message came. The operator told Clowry to hasten its delivery to Grauss. Clowry realized that a scolding awaited him, and as he received no wages for his work became disheartened.

Approaching the farmer's residence, Clowry saw a son of Grauss pathetically watching the gyrations of a kite which had become entangled in the telegraph wires. Clowry halted and this induced a teamster to do the same. Farm hands ceased work and soon a motley crowd had assembled to see the entangling of a kite in the meshes of a great corporation. Farmer Grauss was also attracted. He was concerned, because he imagined that his son's kite was interfering with the business of a powerful telegraph company.

The crowd soon took this view, and sympathy for the owner of the kite gave way to conjecture as to what would be the wrath of the Western Union.

Now a wise farm hand ventured a statement. He said that the tail of the kite, hanging over the two wires, made a connection which caused all messages to stop right there, cross over to the other wire and return to the sender's office. Grauss became troubled. By means of men, hay rack and ladder the kite was removed quickly.

Clowry saw his opportunity and disappeared. Twenty minutes later he handed Grauss a message, which he said had just arrived.

The farmer acknowledged its receipt with a coin and a "thank you," his smile a sign that he was giving himself the credit for having removed an obstruction which had been delaying his message.

SEWED UP A MAN'S HEART

Remarkable Operation on a Would-Be Suicide Performed in a St. Louis Hospital.

By deftly stitching up a bullet wound in the heart of Edward Spiker, 19 years old, of 3216 Wright street, a would-be suicide, in St. Louis, Dr. Louis Rassieur, assistant superintendent of the City hospital, and his two assistants, Drs. Doyle and Weinsberg, saved the young man's life, temporarily, at least. After stopping the heart hemorrhage with silk sutures and closing the two rents in the pericardium by which the bullet had made its entrance and exit, a portion of the left lung, also punctured, was tied off successfully.

Young Spiker, after partaking of his dinner with other members of the family last Monday, relates the Globe-Democrat, went to the kitchen, where he sat in a despondent mood for half an hour. Discouraged because his health had not improved and despondent because of fancied neglect, he secured a revolver and sent a bullet into his chest in the region of the heart. Henry J. Walkenhorst, his foster father, who was in the room, called Dr. J. J. Sievering. The latter said he could not live and sent him to the City hospital.

An hour later Dr. Rassieur found that young Spiker had shot himself between the fourth and fifth ribs, just below the left nipple. The opening was enlarged two inches, exposing a tear three-eighths of an inch deep and one-half inch wide over the base of the left ventricle. The wound bled profusely. Three silk sutures closed the opening in the heart and stopped the hemorrhage. The opening where the bullet had made its exit from the pericardium and the opening made by Dr. Rassieur were also closed by silk sutures.

The left lung, which bled freely, was also found to have been punctured by the bullet. The physicians tied off a portion of the lung with heavy silk ligatures and removed about one and one-half square inches of that part of the lung that had been injured. The patient was then turned on his side to let the blod flow from the chest and drains were put in the chest cavity. The whole operation lasted about fifty-five minutes.

A similar operation was performed over a year ago by Superintendent Nietert at the St. Louis City hospital. In that case, however, the patient's heart was pierced by a knife. Dr. Nietert and his assistants laid bare the heart and silk sutures were taken in it, thereby stopping the flow of the blood. The patient withstood the operation successfully for two or three days, but finally died. The operation excited a great deal of discussion in medical circles.

HOW UNCLE SAM PACKS SEEDS

Nearly Forty Millions Will Be Distributed by the Agricultural Department.

"The work of distributing 39,000,000 of seeds by the government has begun," said B. F. Brown, the inventor of the various machines used in the distribution, to a Washington Star reporter. "I have the contract this year for the first time, and have added new machines and improved the old so that there will be practically a new plant. They are planting seed in the South and Pacific states, while the New Englanders are gathering their ice crop, and consequently we must govern our distribution accordingly. We have divided the country into six divisions for this purpose. By December 20 seeds will have been sent to Alabama, Arizona, California, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Louisiana, Mississippi, New Mexico, South Carolina and Texas. By December 21 Arkansas, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee and Washington will be reached. The other states are reached in January, February and March. Idaho, Maine, Montana, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Vermont and Wyoming come last, and seeds to this, the sixth division, will be sent by March 21.

"Under the present system this work is let to the lowest bidder, and I have the contract this year. The result of this rivalry is that there is close competition in wages, and the wages paid are about the same as those received by folders and counters of houses distributing circulars of various kinds, about $4 a week. While this is not large, girls come from these houses to seek employment, and while we will employ in all about 300 girls, we have over 200 applications on file, not counting those employes of last year, many of whom want to come back. We will give them the preference, because they were tried last year and found satisfactory, and besides have had the experience.

"We have seeds in stock to supply the first two sections of the country named. We have printed envelopes and wrappers for this work and this portion of it is completed and organized. Altogether we have on hand about one-third of the seed. We get our seed from all parts of the world. The best cabbages in the world are raised in Long Island. California furnishes lettuce seed of such a superior quality that recently arrangements were made by which the world supply of lettuce seed will come from that state. California furnishes good onion seed, and California and Michigan furnish our radish seed. This is a progressive step as the result of some experiments recently. Up to a short time ago all our radish seed came from Europe."

At the building, 221 Thirteen and One-half street, used for the distribution of government seeds, workmen are busy remodeling the plant. Another set of bins to hold the seed is being added, and there will be another row of machines to count and sack the seeds. The process is so accurate and so complete that the scales show every package of lettuce seed to weigh 128th of a pound and every package of tomato seed to weigh 240th of a pound. But what is more remarkable, package after package of flower seeds after going through the bins, chutes and machines weigh exactly the same, the weight in the instance of one flower being 1-1000th of a pound, and in another 1-1200th of a pound. Starting at the top of the building, the seeds descend to the mail carts, sorted, sacked, tagged and routed for the postoffice authorities, almost all by machinery.

On the upper floor there is a row of small bins with chutes to the machines just below. Boys fill these bins with seed from sacks as it comes to the department from the various sources. Automatically it is fed to the machines, each operated by one girl. These machines measure the quantity, put the seeds in the small sacks and seal the sacks. A chute carries these sealed sacks to large bins on the next floor below, bins large enough to hold 200,000 of these packages. Belts run along the outside of these bins, sixteen in number, and a larger sack is used here. The belt carries the sack along the bins and girls stationed along place in the sacks the varieties needed. No mistake can be made. An operator cannot pick up any other variety, and she cannot well miss the sack as it slowly passes on the wide belt. Colonel James Morrison, inspector-in-chief, also looks after that.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

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