

Some Quaint Capers Cut by Cupid

A MARRIAGE of unusual interest in Shenandoah county took place at Woodstock. The contracting parties were Lemuel Borden of Calvary and Mrs. Amanda Caroline Deer of Montezuma, Ind. Before the ceremony Mr. Borden and Mrs. Deer signed the following contract:

"Be it remembered, That under the authority of a marriage license to us duly issued from the office of the county court of Shenandoah county, in compliance with the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia and in the presence of God, under the open canopy of a great and solemn nature, but, if possible, with less of ceremony than has been heretofore ever realized on earth on a similar occasion by Disciples of Christ or Society of Friends, I, Lemuel Borden of Calvary, Va., widower of Emma L. Borden, do solemnly take Amanda Caroline Deer, widow of Noah Deer of Montezuma, Ind., to be my lawful wedded wife, promising and obliging myself to be such husband as my heredity, my environments and my cheerful obedience to my own best inspirations of duty and my best knowledge and worship of the best books, minds, hearts, lives of the ages will permit me to do. And I, A. C. Deer, widow as aforesaid, in the same spirit in which Lemuel Borden, widower, has promised to be my true and lawful husband, promise to be and become as the hours, days, months, years or decades allotted to us go by his true, lawful, wedded wife.

"I, A. C. D., agree with L. B. never to have fire in our kitchen stove (different in case of the gasolene stove she brings with her), when either two or the three nearest or southern window sashes are raised, even an inch or less; to be very careful with fire, and if possible never to be absent an hour or other short period (if possible) from my home when my husband is also absent, unless there is in it or very near it some person in whose care, prudence and good management we may wisely repose confidence. The balance of the contract of our marriage is in the preceding paragraph."

Married twice in one week to the same woman, and still he has no wife. This is

the unique experience of Oscar S. Lockary of Meckling, S. D. On Tuesday Lockary was married at Vermillion, S. D., to Sarah I. Uich. The next day he was married in Sioux City, Ia., to Sarah I. Haden of Sioux City. These two names were given by the same woman, and the double wedding was an expedient to clear up a possible difficulty. The husband went home to Meckling Thursday, but his wife failed to follow him the next day, as agreed, and it is said that \$400 which the trusting husband left with her to make some purchases was not returned.

A Council Bluffs detective who arrived at Vermillion too late to head off the wedding there declares the woman is the runaway wife of a rich man of Council Bluffs, and that she not only deserted him, but left a baby.

The officer says he followed her to Denver, then back to Des Moines, Ia., then to Madison, S. D., to Britton, to Aberdeen, Grand Forks, N. D., Ortonville, Minn., and finally located her in St. Paul. He claims she eluded the officers here and went to Sioux Falls, where she married a man named Uich, and left almost immediately without him, but with \$1,400 of his money.

The youngest groom who has applied for a marriage license in two years made his appearance at the county clerk's office in Chicago one day last week, and, with the aid of his parents and that of his prospective father-in-law and mother-in-law, secured a license to marry a girl who is but six months his senior. Herbert Luedke and Miss Jessie Winebrenner, both 17 years old, were the young persons who asked Clerk Salmonson for the license. They had persuaded their parents to give consent before Notary Public N. T. Robbins.

The law provides that no man under 17 years old and no woman under 14 years old can secure a license to wed. Luedke celebrated his seventeenth birthday anniversary twenty-two days before applying for the license, but was compelled to give much of his personal history before he convinced the clerk that he was over 17 years old. Miss Winebrenner declared several times that the young man was telling the truth and the clerk was convinced.

After a romantic attachment begun two years ago in Munich, Bavaria, in defiance of bitter parental opposition, Miss Edna Double, the daughter of George T. Double, a wealthy cotton goods manufacturer of Boston and described as the "most beautiful girl in the Hub," has become the bride of Adolf Lee Wirth, a director of the whisky trust and vice president of the Consumers Yeast company. He is one of the best known young business men in the north-west.

Hypnotic influence is alleged by the bride's mother to account for Wirth's attraction for her daughter. The young people declare such talk is "moonshine," and that they simply fell in love with each other two years ago, and as they could not obtain the consent of the girl's parents, they took matters in their own hands and were married by Rev. Dr. Houghton in the Little Church Around the Corner in New York.

Their elopement was followed by a sensational encounter in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria between Wirth and his father-in-law. Mr. Double, who had just returned to his New York home from Boston, had learned of the marriage, and hastened to the Waldorf. He found Mr. Wirth and began to condemn him for his conduct. Mr. Wirth was calm and asked that a scene be avoided. His wife came up and remonstrated with her father, but to no purpose. Mr. Wirth and his wife then got in a cab and drove uptown. The father chased after them, but lost them.

Miss Double was studying music in Munich when she met Wirth two years ago. An attachment quickly sprang up between them, but the parents objected. Since then they have found means to correspond and meet. Mrs. Double said recently:

"I never liked Wirth, although I understand he is wealthy and a splendid business man. I am afraid that he and my daughter have little in common. I have tried to break off their attachment, but he seemed to exercise a strange influence over her. I can only describe it as hypnotic."

Harry E. Bateman, general manager of the Richbaum company, and Miss Elizabeth Jones were married in Pittsburg recently.

Miss Jones was engaged to be married to Walter Bateman, a son of H. E. Bateman,

but while he was visiting in the Bahama islands she changed her mind and transferred her affections to the father.

Before departing for his southern trip Walter Bateman, the son, announced his engagement to Miss Jones, and very naturally the father became interested in his future daughter-in-law. Soon the fatherly love became something else, and the affections of the son's betrothed were gradually turned to the father.

When Walter returned from his southern trip he discovered that pater familias had stepped into his place. The son soon became reconciled to the situation and is contented to call the young girl "mother" instead of "wife." He attended the wedding. Mr. Bateman is 51 and his son 24.

Refused a marriage license because of his youth, Tony Spela, a Chicago bootblack, is charged with planning a marriage by proxy. Samuel Parisi, Spela's roommate, who was to impersonate Spela in a marriage to Anna Steinberg of 431 Clark street, spoiled the plan at the last moment by refusing to take the place of the bridegroom. Instead he notified Bernard Steinberg, the girl's father, and the sequel was the arrest of Spela and the girl.

Society at the capital has discussed for some weeks the possibility of the marriage of Senator Frye of Maine, president pro tem of the senate, and Mrs. Garrett A. Hobart, widow of Vice President Hobart. The announcement that Senator Alger has invited Senator Frye and Mrs. Hobart to be his guests on a trip to the Pacific coast in his private car and that both have accepted gives color to the story.

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Riot of Flowers on Summer Hats

NEW YORK, April 12.—(Special Correspondence.)—The first glimpse of this year's millinery openings gives the impression that the feminine fancy has gone flower mad, but before a circuit of the showcases has been made the sightseer decides that, after all, it is a most intoxicating madness.

Never before has the art of reproducing the natural blossoms reached such a standard of perfection. As an evidence of this it may be cited that a smart shop, noted for its exquisite decorations, as well as its chic millinery, had on neighboring tables plateaus of real and artificial hyacinths, and so wonderful was the reproduction process that when the secret was whispered about groups of women fell to waging chocolate sodas on the real and the counterfeit, the decision being reached by fingering the blossoms.

A number of new flowers have invaded the millinery field this year, including wistaria, hydrangeas, hops, hawthorne, lilacs, both white and purple, and dandelion puff balls. While some of these blossoms have been offered before, they were not manufactured in styles which lent themselves artistically to trimming, but the drooping "hats" of this season carry the long-stemmed flowers admirably.

One of the most striking all-flower toques shown at a recent meeting was

composed of delicate pink hyacinth blossoms, packed solidly on a Napoleonic shaped frame. The foundation material, chiffon, was completely hidden by the flowers, and one side was raised jauntily by a soft, sweeping bow of liberty taffeta, matching the tone of the blossoms exactly.

An effective rose flat was composed of leaves, overlapping and curled up just a trifle. On either side of the hat nestled bouquets of moss rose buds, and the same flowers, with knots of black velvet ribbon, were placed on both sides under the brim, which was faced with tulle in folds.

In selecting a hat composed of rose leaves the utmost care must be taken to have the shape carry a certain air of distinction. Otherwise the purchase will be regretted, as manufacturers of cheap millinery are duplicating this style of trimming in shapes that are atrocious.

A thistle hat, which could be worn admirably with a tan-colored suit, was of ecru Milan straw in a modified sailor shape. Around the crown and across the top, from side to side through the center, was fluted velvet ribbon in a beautiful shade of sage green, while on one side, and drooping a trifle toward the edge of the brim, was a mass of thistle bloom, in that elusive mauve shade which can only be described as misty.

For early spring wear with the royal blue tailored suits and foulards of the same shade comes a stunning picture hat of burnt satin straw, trimmed with bows of liberty taffeta in royal blue and royal blue poppies. Such flowers never grew on living tree, shrub or plant, but as a head ornament for modern woman they are picturesquely effective.

An ideal hat for a garden party was of white satin straw, with Irish point lace inset on the brim, as well as in the center of the crown. The shape was a perfect shepherdess and had for its only ornament a shower of baby poppies in exquisite shades of pink and red.

Another striking shepherdess hat was also inset with the lace and encircled by lilacs, and a drooping flat of tulle was covered with a network of fine silver cord, caught at each intersection with forget-me-nots. Forget-me-nots were never more in vogue than this season. They form whole toques, being massed on brim and crown, with bows in self-tone or black velvet, fitting tight to the hair in the back.

The Alsatian and butterfly bows at the back of the hat have practically disappeared and in their stead is used an effect of long, very flat loops, with two or three ends, which fit over the hair, but do not extend below the nape of the neck.

Lessons of the Life of Gustavus F. Swift

IN THE career of the late Gustavus F. Swift we have another and a signal proof that there is no lack of opportunities, but only of men who have the intelligence, the courage and the persevering energy to improve them.

During the first thirty-six years of his life Mr. Swift acquired but little wealth, but during those years he had been laying the foundation, consciously or unconsciously, for his subsequent phenomenal success. He had been observing, thinking and accumulating a stock of useful knowledge as well as working.

When he came to Chicago in 1875 there were great packing establishments at the stock yards, rich and powerful, and the field seemed to be completely filled. Any man of ordinary capacity and force with little money would not have thought of entering it any more than he would have thought of manufacturing iron and steel to compete with Carnegie in Pittsburg.

But Mr. Swift saw an opportunity and seized it without hesitation. Beginning with a small slaughter house at the stock yards, where only a few animals could be handled daily, he developed his business with wonderful rapidity, and almost before his great competitors knew what he was doing he was abreast of them.

This was not mere luck. Mr. Swift not only knew the business as it was then done, from buying to marketing, but he had ideas of his own. He knew that in the preparing of animals for the market there was a great deal of waste. It was

part of his plan to save what was then wasted. So successful was he that four years ago he was able to say: "Not a hair of a beef is wasted, and the hogs are all used except the grunt."

A man who could keep at the front in the matter of by-products had a great advantage as a competitor in the main product. He could sell the latter on a very narrow margin and still make good profits.

Mr. Swift had other ideas. One of them was that the markets for meats could be supplied far better and more economically if suitable provision were made for preserving the product in transit and storage. He was pre-eminently the man of the refrigerator car and warehouse. As a result of his efforts in this field fresh meats can be carried almost any distance in any climate and laid down in perfect condition where they are wanted.

Another fact, and one specially worthy of remark, is that Mr. Swift was not a speculator in any objectionable sense of the word. He was indeed a good judge of market conditions. He could forecast as well as any of them. He acted with an eye on probable future conditions. So far he was a speculator, as every prudent buyer and seller must be, but he was not a market rigger. He did not run corners or play any of the speculative games of the Board of Trade.

He achieved his remarkable success in the comparatively short space of twenty-eight years by strictly business methods. He did it by effecting important economies and giving the consuming public better

product and service. And he did it in a field which to the ordinary observer seemed fully occupied.

He supplied a valuable illustration of the truth that as society is constituted men of brains, energy and perseverance can always find opportunities to improve their fortunes and benefit their fellow men in so doing.—Chicago Chronicle.

Tragedies of a Pawnshop

Among the columns of dry figures in the report just issued of the work of the French government pawnshop some pathetic facts stand out. It is sad to read that the average number of wedding rings pawned annually is 60,000, but the saddest story is that of the oldest pledge left in the charge of the office. It dates from 1865 and consists of a suit of clothes of a man who was killed in the war of 1870. For twenty-three years his widow paid the interest, but could never save the 5 francs, which was all that had been advanced on the security. At the end of that time the clothes were returned to her—not from reasons of pity or settlement, but because the moths had got into them and they were valueless.

Time by the Forelock

Sally Gay—Did he kiss you?

Dolly Swift—Yes; but, oh! I was so mortified. I kissed him first.

Sally Gay—Goodness! What made you do that?

Dolly Swift—Why, you see, I thought he was going to kiss me a moment or two before he really did, and I accidentally got ahead of him.—Indianapolis News.