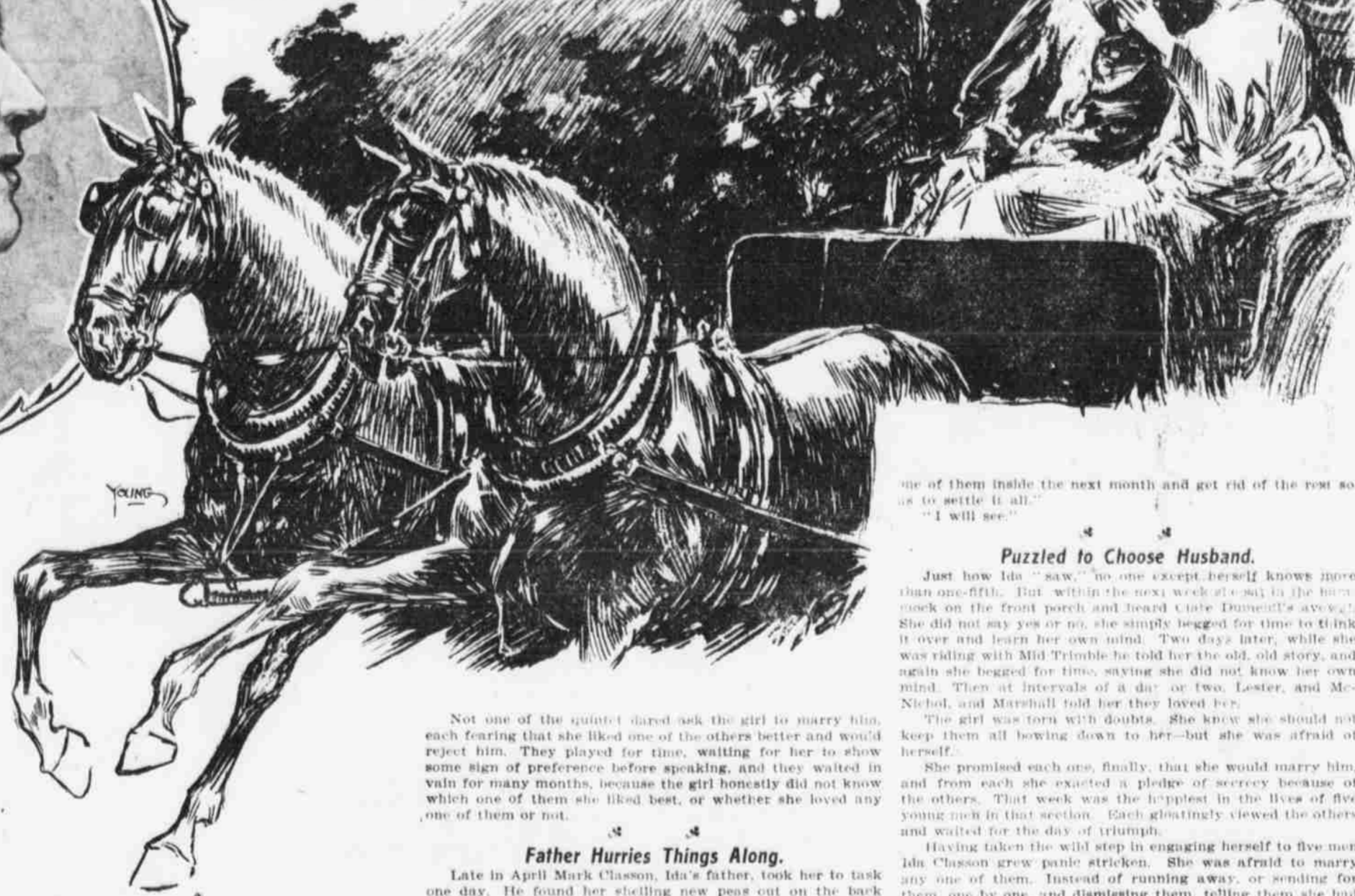


GIRL WHO ARRANGED TO ELOPE WITH FIVE MEN and then RAN AWAY WITH ANOTHER



MRS. HENRY GORE



MR. AND MRS. HENRY GORE, are in St. Louis on their honeymoon, and down in Jasper, Ark., where they will be at home after an indefinite date, there are five young men ready to fight each other, or to unite and fight the entire community, or to band together for the expulsion of Henry Gore. And it is all because Ida Belle Classon could not decide which of five ardent wooers she wanted to wed, and arranged to elope with all of them.

The elopement, which took place on May 14, was the sensation of the entire district, and the cause of all sorts of complications, so that now the five disappointed wooers are the center of interest, and will be until Mr. and Mrs. Gore return from their honeymoon trip.

Ida Belle Classon was the belle of Jasper—and all the country round about. She is 19 years old, fair to look upon, merry, laughing, quick of wit and action, and most of the young men of Jasper and Mount Judea, and Fallsville were, or had been at one time or another, in love with her. Her father is comparatively well to do, proprietor of extensive farming and timber lands to the southwest of the town along Buffalo fork, and her home was the center of social activity.

Wooed by Scores of Suitors.

There were scores of young men who aspired to have her bear their names, but among these were five who were especially attractive. They were Dick Lester and Wallace Mc-Nichol, who had come with her to the country school, near Jasper, and later to the school in town, and whose fathers were, like Ida's, well to do planters. There was Mid Trimble, young politician of that district, and Lon Marshall, a dealer in cattle, horses, and mules, both of whom lived in Jasper. Besides, there was Clate Dummell of Mount Judea, the handsomest and richest of the crowd. Last, and in the estimation of the quintet, least, was Henry Gore—who didn't count at all until the finish.

Henry Gore is a young store owner who practices law, and did some surveying, and besides was in politics. At least he was important enough to force all the persons who aspired to office to drop into his store or his law office and consult him even before they saw Mid Trimble, the boss. Gore professes to dislike politics; he never would go out and work, but he controls more votes than any one in the district. Also, he professed to be a chronic bachelor, and he only went to call on girls in the nature of duty. Likewise, he professes that he can't play poker, and dislikes the game, but it is a matter of

comment around Jasper that when he sits in "just to fill up the game" he usually gets all the money.

Divided Her Time Impartially.

Gore called on Miss Classon possibly once a month, while the other five had their regular nights each week. Monday and Fridays being left open for other aspirants for her hand, or claimed by one or the other of the five regulars. Gore merely dropped in when he happened to feel like it, intruded gloriously on the other man's time, and usually remarked that he would stay and ride home with his rival. No one considered him a dangerous rival, but each of the five wanted his heart's blood for stealing part of their evenings. It was noted that Gore never talked much sentiment, but he was a pleasing talker and a good story teller, and Miss Classon enjoyed his calls.

The situation remained the same for nearly a year, each of the five avowed suitors for her hand continuing their calls and growing more and more tender, while each watched the other four with suspicion and dark distrust. Gore dropped in occasionally, staid to dinner or supper, and made himself at home.

Not one of the quintet dared ask the girl to marry him, each fearing that she liked one of the others better and would reject him. They played for time, waiting for her to show some sign of preference before speaking, and they waited in vain for many months, because the girl honestly did not know which one of them she liked best, or whether she loved any one of them or not.

Father Hurries Things Along.

Late in April Mark Classon, Ida's father, took her to task one day. He found her strolling new peas out on the back porch one morning when he came down from the woods pasture and stopped at the well to get a drink.

"Ide," he said, "which one of them young fellows was up to see you last night?"

"Mr. Trimble," responded the girl, blushing slightly.

"Say, Ide," continued the father, banteringly, "ain't it about time you was pickin' one out an' tyin' up to him? Seems to me they've been hangin' around here a long time. Ain't none of 'em got spunk enough to ask you to marry him?"

"Name of them has yet, father, and I don't know that any of them will."

"Won't eh? Well, I'll bet a heifer any one of 'em would if you gave him half a chance."

"Possibly so," said the girl; "but you wouldn't want me to ask any one to propose to me, would you?"

"No; but say, Ide, which one of 'em do you like best?"

"I don't know. I don't know that I love any of them, and I never will marry a man I don't love."

"Nope, don't, but if I were you I'd pick that young Trimble. He's a hustler."

"I don't know whether he's going to ask me or whether I love him."

"Well, they're all nice young fellows. You'd better pick

one of them inside the next month and get rid of the rest so as to settle it all."

"I will see."

Puzzled to Choose Husband.

Just how Ida "saw" no one except herself knows more than one-fifth. But within the next week she was in the house on the front porch and heard clate Dummell's avowal. She did not say yes or no, she simply begged for time to think it over and learn her own mind. Two days later, while she was riding with Mid Trimble he told her the old, old story, and again she begged for time, saying she did not know her own mind. Then at intervals of a day or two, Lester, and Mc-Nichol, and Marshall told her they loved her.

The girl was torn with doubts. She knew she should not keep them all bowing down to her—but she was afraid of herself.

She promised each one, finally, that she would marry him, and from each she expected a pledge of secrecy because of the others. That week was the happiest in the lives of five young men in that section. Each glancingly viewed the others and waited for the day of triumph.

Having taken the wild step in engaging herself to five men Ida Classon grew pale and stricken. She was afraid to marry any one of them. Instead of running away, or sending for them, one by one, and dismaying them, telling them she had changed her mind, she plunged deeper into difficulties by promising to elope at 11 o'clock on the night of May 14, to go to Marshall, get married, and catch an Iron Mountain train for St. Louis.

Arranged to Elope with All.

What prompted the mad plan no one knows, nor has any one any idea what the girl intended to do when the five swains came at the same hour to carry her away and marry her.

On the morning of May 14 Henry Gore suddenly began to notice things. Clate Dummell drove up in front of the store, and, entering, purchased some neckties and a new pair of trousers.

"Going to get married, Clate?" asked Gore as his clerk walked on the customer.

"Yes, when she'll have me," grinned Clate.

"Thought maybe you were going to get married right away from you buying that stuff," said Gore.

"No, I'm going over to Marshall tonight, and wanted this stuff," said Clate, trying to look unusually innocent.

"Something doing, sure," muttered Gore, as he walked out into the street.

He stood a few minutes, and then saw Lester dodging into the bank and stopping inside—saw Lester draw a large sum of money.

"Want to buy some hogs, Les?" he asked. "I've got a fine bunch."

"No, don't want any hogs."

"Thought you might, just saw you drawing that money," suggested Gore.

"No, 'm going over to Marshall tonight on a little business and I may need the money," said Lester.

"Two of 'em going to Marshall," meditated Gore. "That's strange."

Half an hour later he stepped into the barber shop and found McNichol there getting his hair trimmed.

"Must be going to see her tonight, Mac," he suggested.

"No, going over to Marshall."

"Guess I'd better hitch up and find out what's going on," said Gore to himself.

Gore Makes an Investigation.

Half an hour later he was jogging about the road towards the Classon home, having, by way of precaution, started east instead of west, and then cut around the town.

He drove up in front of the Classon home just before noon.

"How're ye, Henry?" greeted Mark Classon. "Lester and me come into dinner."

"Thanks," said Gore. "I just drove out to see Ide. Is she around anywhere?"

"Guess she's up in her room," said Mrs. Classon. "She's been mope' round all mornin'. I'll call her."

Ida descended the stairs, looking quite red around the eyes, and nervous.

"Hello, Ide," said Gore. "Going to get married today, are you?"

The girl turned pale and grew excited. "O, Mr. Gore," she said pleadingly. "Who told you, who could have told you?"

"No one told me, but I saw them young fellows scuffling around town, and I thought it was about time to drop out and see about this. What have you been planning?"

"You have no right to ask."

"O, yes, I have, you I have," said Gore. "Which one of them are you going to marry?"

"None of them, or all of them," replied the girl, desperately.

"That so?" he asked. "Well, I reckon that won't do. I've been waiting for a marry you myself."

"Mr. Gore," said the excited girl, "that would be just the thing—O, I didn't mean that I did not mean it!" and she broke down and cried.

Her Plans Revealed to the Sixth.

An instant later Henry Gore was holding her tightly in his arms, and, between jobs, the whole story of the elopement came out.

"And I knew all along it was you I loved," sobbed the girl. "I've been waiting for a marry you myself."

"That's true," said Henry. "I reckon I did not come as often as I ought, but I wanted them five young fools to call on you often for a know you'd get disgusted with them before long."

"But what am I going to do?" pleaded the girl.

"Why, come and climb into the buggy with me and we'll go and get married."

They did—only they didn't go to Marshall—they drove south, clear to Clinton on the other branch of the Iron Mountain, and were married that evening, and went on to Little Rock, then up to St. Louis.

They left a little note for Mrs. Classon before they drove away, saying they had gone to get married, and both Mr. and Mrs. Classon were happy over the outcome of the daughter's tangled love affairs, and retired to sleep well content.

At 11 o'clock Mark Classon heard the sound of buggy wheels, then more, and more, and more—until five had driven up in front of the house. He struck his head out of the window and saw five buggies and five men, drenched out as broad-grown—who were glaring at each other in the road in front of the house—each ready to fall upon the other four.

"What the name of thunder do you other four?" yelled Classon. There was no reply.

"Get out from in front of my house, or I'll fill the whole catbed of you with bird shot!" yelled the old man.

"May we see Miss Classon?" called one voice.

"They ain't no Miss Classon!" yelled Mark. "She's done eloped with Hank Gore, and they're married by this time."

The window slammed down so Mrs. Classon caught only the echoes—and at short intervals there came the sounds of five buggies being driven rapidly away.

FROM NEAR AND FAR.



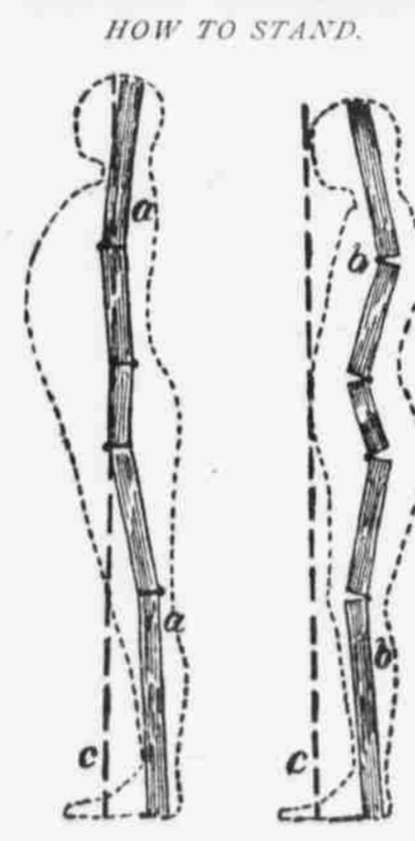
Here he is in European costume. He looks much more picturesque in Siamese garb.



This head, carved by nature, was found by a woodchopper in a forest in Jutland. The man was cutting down beech trees for firewood, when he came across the curiously shaped knot. He sawed the knot away from the branch, and cut round the piece of wood which forms the neck of the figure, but otherwise the head has not been touched by any instrument.



How Para rubber tree looks three days after it has been tapped.



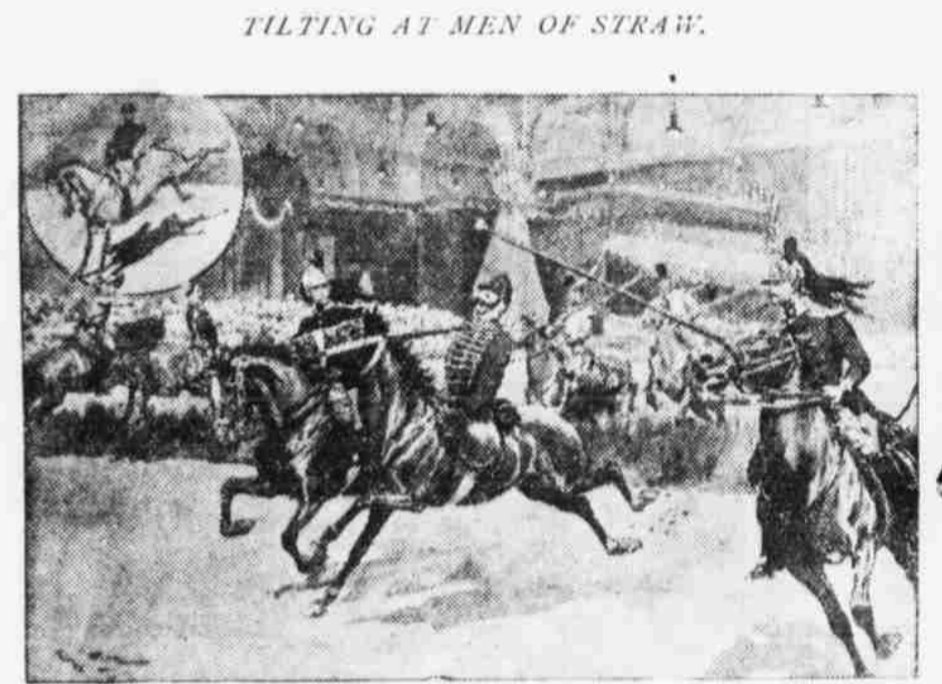
Now, in maintaining the body in the position shown at the right it is necessary to exert almost every important muscle in the body, and the result is a constant straining of the muscles with consequent rigidity and vary fatigue. Standing still is a difficult and fatiguing act. But standing in a proper attitude, with the important joints at knee, hips, waist, and upper chest in their correct position for resisting the down-pulling effect of gravity, is neither disagreeable nor fatiguing.



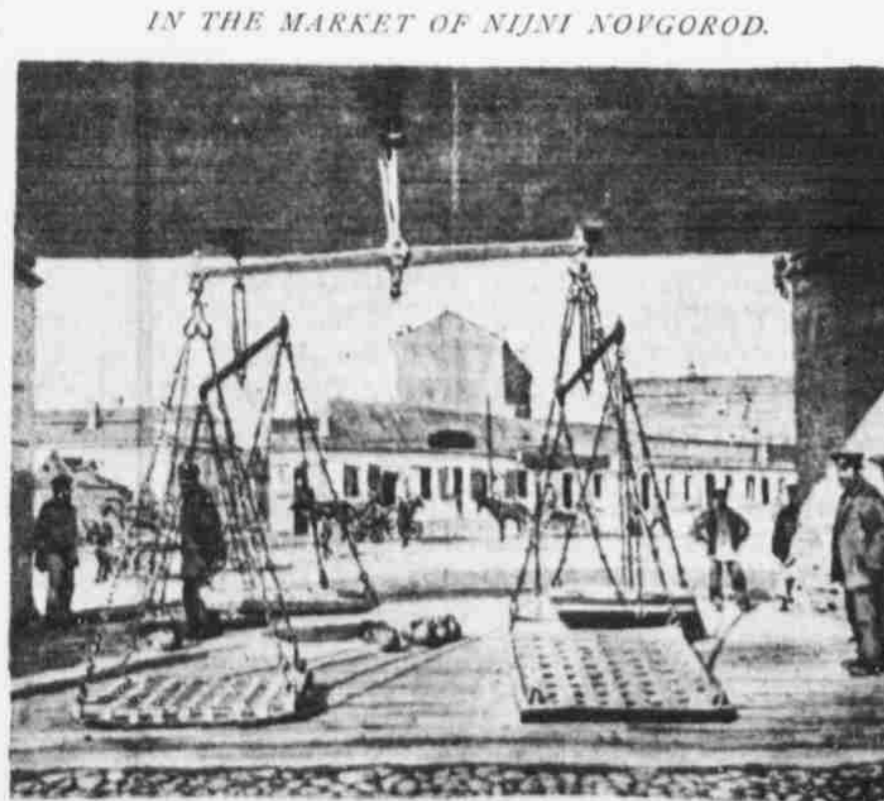
One of the many Mexican terra-cotta vases which were made to imitate grotesque human heads.



This is a portrait of William the Conqueror, done by his wife, Queen Mathilde, in the celebrated "Bayeux Tapestry."



At a recent gala performance of a military tournament in Paris the most amazing and successful feat of the horsemen from the Cavalry school of Boulogne. The French cavaliers chased riders who were mounted only by mannikins over a course beset with hurdles and other obstacles. The pursuers were armed with wooden lances and swords, and the fleeing mannikins took the heaviest additional casualties. The horses carrying the dummies were so afraid that hits were seldom recorded.



In Russia's big towns American platform scales are almost unknown. They still use gigantic balances.



Astronomical drawing from a Mexican illuminated manuscript representing the sun and the moon quarreling.



The first Swedish bible printed in Uppsala in the year 1540. It is still well preserved.



This picture represents the freestone across the Great Salt Lake. Formerly the railway crawled round the north end of the lake, but now it cuts right across it from Ogden to Lucin, thus saving 43 miles at a cost of close on \$5,000,000. In building the line 22,000 miles of freestone were used, 38,250 piles were driven, each pile representing a tree cut from the forests of Oregon or Texas. If these piles had been used on an ordinary road they would cover a distance of 2,824,728.6 lineal feet, or 534,194 miles. The permanent freestone represents 11.10 miles, which is nearly all in water from 20 to 24 feet deep at the present level of the lake.



Ostriches are now raised in the United States in large numbers in Arizona, California, and Florida.