Curious Capers of Dan Cupid

Won by a Novel Proposal.

MISS MYRA BUTLER of Warwick, R. I., had five suitors, and couldn't say which one of the five found most favor in her eyes.

At the suggestion of the swains she agreed to accept the one making the most original and novel proposal. Charles Vernon Kearns was the winner, and this is the way he proposed: Kearns called one morning and suggested to Miss Butler that they ride over to Buttonwood, where his little yacht was lying, and sail down to Chippanogsett island for a picnic lunch. She accepted and shortly after noon the little yacht went dancing westward over the shining waters of the bay. Miss Butler has since confessed to one of her most intimate friends that it was the happiest afternoon of the five weeks' test and that she hoped Kearns would win.

Kearns was quiet and his face was firm. He smiled, but his smile was that of a man determined to win.

He spoke not a word of love, but they talked of the beauty of the day and Miss Butler sang softly and they flew along before the light, steady breeze.

Two miles off Chippanogsett Kearns acted suddenly. He had for two minutes been lashing the tiller and his sheet and suddenly, without a word, he stepped over to where Miss Butler was sitting as if to sit beside her. The girl's heart gave a little jump, probably, for she felt that the proposal was about to be made. Kearns stopped suddenly, placed his arms around her and, lifting her lightly, threw her overboard.

The girl, although an expert swimmer, was so astonished she almost sank, but rising to the surface she began paddling and saw the yacht fifty feet off, coming around, with Kearns at the tiller. He looked anxiously toward her and, seeing her swimming, he called out: "Miss Butler, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

There was no response and Miss Butler continued to swim, although her wet garments hampered her movements. Kearns brought the yacht up closer and repeated his question.

"I won't," snapped Miss Butler, now thoroughly angry and indignant. Kearns calmly sat down and filled his pipe. Two minutes later he called: "Will you?"

Miss Butler was tiring and she sputtered something. Kearns vows she said "yes" and Miss Butler is noncommittal. At any rate, he rescued her. She insisted on being taken home and in spite of all Kearns' efforts to make it up she sat silent until they landed.

During the trip by rail not a word was spoken. And since then, although Kearns has been constant in writing and in calling, Miss Butler has kept up her silence, but, according to her friends, she is preparing her trousseau.

Met, Loved, Jailed, Wed.

recorded in this country. It is claimed the marriage might have taken place within an hour following the meeting of the couple had it been possible to get the license at the time.

Annie Mosier, a German girl, is the bride, and Rudolph Weinhofer, a thrifty young merchant of Braddock, is the bridegroom. When asked about her marriage, the bride said she did not inquire particularly as to whether she loved Weinhofer, but added that she liked his looks and that no person else had ever asked her before to marry him.

The girl had been in this country three months. She went to work in the home of Max Schiesinger, 609 Braddock avenue, Braddock, a few days ago, taking the place of a girl who had been married four weeks previous.

One evening a mutual woman friend took Weinhofer to the house and introduced the two. The couple decided promptly to get married. Blissfully unconscious of everything but themselves, they strolled the streets far into the night and were taken to the police station toward morning as suspicious persons. They explained to Burgess J. E. Little that they were going to wed, and he turned them loose. The girl went to the Schlesinger home and donned her best garments and started for Pittsburg with Weinhofer.

Introduced in the evening at 8 o'clock, engaged within an hour and married the next morning—Braddock, Pa., offers this as one of the speediest romances ever

End of a Matrimonial Trust.

Six college chums at Harvard ten years ago formed themselves into a matrimonial trust, agreeing with one another that as each man married he would deposit with the president of the club $50. The last man to fall a victim to Cupid's dart was to receive the total contributed by the other five, with the interest accumulated. Recently the announcement was made that the prize would go to Nelson C. Metcalf, whose engagement became known a few weeks ago. He will receive more than $300 as a wedding gift. Roger Upton was the first of the six to be married. He was graduated in 1898, and was married the next year. Roland Hopkins, son of President Hopkins of the Boston Ice company, and a member of the class of 1899, was the second man to forsake the ranks of the bachelors. He was married in 1901. Then came Charles E. Whiting, the third victim of the matrimonial lottery. He was a member of the class of 1897, and was married in 1902. Ben E. Burns, then a special student at Harvard, was president of the club. He was the fourth. Roy S. Goodrich, graduate of the academic department in 1898 and of the law school in 1901, was the fifth to take a wife. He is now living in Phoenix, Ariz.

Prizes for Cupid's Victims.

During the last year Charleston, Ill., has gained considerable reputation as a Gretna Green, the couples going there to wed from neighboring towns, and especially from Indiana, numbering several hundred.

The fame of the town in this respect began two years ago, when the Rev. C. C. Digby was mayor. If the bride wished the service prescribed by the Methodist church he gave it with due solemnity, or if the bridegroom preferred the strictly legal form laid down by the statutes, he gave that in a brief, concise manner. Since Mayor Digby went out of office there has been a brisk rivalry between the ministers of the town and the justices of the peace. The culmination of this friendly strife was reached when the four justices published a card offering to perform all marriage ceremonies free of charge until further notice.

The county clerk has offered to rebate one-half of the marriage license fee, the opera house manager will furnish free tickets to newly married persons, and it only remains for some enterprising hotelkeeper to advertise free board and lodging for a day to make Charleston the most popular matrimonial city on the map.

Tracing a Long-Lost Lover.

So wrapped in her love for a young lieutenant that she refused year after year to believe he had killed himself, despite seeming strong proofs of suicide, after her father's displeasure had driven her sweetheart away, the daughter of a wealthy German-American of New York City carried her fidelity to the point where she refused to become the wife of a rich suitor. That constancy in the face of family influences had its reward when the girl, now in Paris, read the news that she had divined aright—that the man she loved was living.

He is Lieutenant Albrecht Becker, brother of Baroness von Kaskel of Munich, and formerly one of the most popular young army officers in Dresden. He is working as a timekeeper on the Florida keys extension of the East Coast railway.

The news was brought to New York City by George Schneider, an engineer employed on that railroad enterprise. He communicated the good tidings to Adolph Kaufman of the Kaufman Manufacturing company, Manhattan, who, as the representative of Baron and Baroness von Kaskel in this country, has been prosecuting an unremitting and tireless search for the missing man.

Lieutenant Becker disappeared from New York City five or six years ago. Even though circumstantial stories had come from Chicago that the lieutenant had committed suicide there, his family, like the loving girl, never had abandoned hope. It is intimated that if Becker should return to Europe there might be a wedding, and the bride would be the daughter of the prominent man, whose dislike had so much to do with constraining the lieutenant to disappear.

Is Bride Eight Times.

Benjamin Bolin, a farm hand of Calwood, and Fannie James of the same vicinity were married at Fulton, Mo., recently. This is the bride's eighth marriage. Her first matrimonial venture was with Moses Shafer of Calwood, to whom she was married and divorced. "Mike" Smith was her second and third husband; she was twice married and twice divorced from him. Frederick Althauser was her fourth husband. She was divorced from him. Her fifth and sixth husband was Mr. Barrie of Boone county, to whom she was twice married and divorced. Her seventh husband was Calvin James, the defendant in the latest divorce.

She is a woman about 40 years old and has four children by her seven unions. Her maiden name was Fannie Tarney.

A Miscarried Romance.

The text of a unique little romance has just been revealed by the discovery of a dead carrier pigeon by a prospector in the Big Pasture in Oklahoma. To the pigeon's neck was attached a locket about the size of a silver dollar, and inside the locket were two pictures, a little note and slips of paper containing names presumed to be those of whom the pictures were made. The name and address beneath the picture of the girl is Grace Dolivar, 1657 Clark street, Chicago, while the name beneath the picture of the young man is Clarence Peckman. The note reads as follows:

"Dear Clarence: This note may never reach you, who are so far away in the south, but you have neglected me so long I am heartbroken, and fear that my days on earth are few. God knows, Clarence, I love you, and all during these long, dreary weeks since you went away I have wondered why you never wrote. If by any means this note should reach you I hope that it will remind you of the little girl whom you professed to love and whose life you have blighted."

The pigeon must have flown from Chicago bearing the note, and the indications are that the heartbroken girl dispatched the bird to the southland in search of the boy who deserted her. She is a fair-haired maiden of about 17, with big, expressive eyes that look to be blue. The character of the picture indicates that the girl belongs to a good and respectable family of Chicago. The young man appears to be about 21 years old. The face is that of a student or an actor. The pigeon was killed by a hawk.

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No extra wires are required. The cost is so small and the advantages are so great that it is predicted by some of the best experts in America that all railroads will adopt the system. One Signagraph is required for each telephone. There are over 13,000,000 telephones in use and at a monthly rental of 25 cents each—the amount offered—300,000 instruments will earn $900,000 a year.

There are 300,000 miles of railroad in the United States, and less than 10 per cent is equipped with a signal service because of the inefficient systems heretofore used and their great cost. If only one-twentieth of this mileage were equipped with the Signagraph and Semaphore the stockholders would earn $600,000 a year—85 per cent on the present selling price of the stock in addition to the revenue from the telephone company.

50,000 LIVES LOST.

More than 92,000,000 were lost last year in property destroyed in railroad collisions and 50,000 persons were killed or injured. The amount would cover the entire cost of the Signagraph and Semaphore system over every mile of railroad in the United States for two years and make the horrors of railroad collisions unknown.

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Every statement made herein will be verified to the letter. A limited amount of the capital stock is now for sale. No one will be asked to invest a cent until he has thoroughly satisfied himself of the merits of the proposition. All who can are urged to come and see these instruments in operation. Those who cannot and want to know the full details of the company, its organization, its patents, and what experts say of it should write at once for full particulars.

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3 for 50c
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Chas. K. Haris' New Dance Folio, No. 3, containing 25 popular numbers. Anniversary Price, 19¢. Add 3c for postage.

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MUSIC ROLLS—Just received, a new supply of Music Rolls to sell at 68c and upwards.

Several Short Stories With Sharp Points

The Prick of Conscience.

POSSIBLY Mr. Roosevelt and some of his friends can discover the moral of the following anecdote which Rev. R. W. Alexander tells, suggests the Tarboro Southerner.

An old colored man stole a pig and after getting home with the animal knelt to pray before retiring. His wife heard him praying to the Lord to forgive him for stealing the pig. She went to sleep, with Uncle Eph still praying. Later in the night she woke up and saw her husband still kneeling in prayer. At daybreak his supplications had not ceased.

"Eph, why don't you come to bed?" asked his wife.

"Let me 'lone, 'Riah; de mo' I tries to 'splain to de Lord how I come to steal dat pig de wusser I gits mixed."

Searches for Collar to Fit.

Among the prominent men of New England there was none, perhaps, who wore a larger collar than Tom Reed. One hot day in the summer of 1901 Reed was in Portsmouth, and, having to wait over for a train, he decided to make an impromptu toilet, changing his collar, etc. So he hied himself to the nearest harberdasher's, and began a general survey of the collar display in the store.

"Waited on, sir?" queried one of the clerks.

"Not yet," responded Reed, and then added, "I would like a collar."

"What size?" piped the clerk.

"Size twenty," answered Reed.

"We don't keep collars so large, but I think you may be accommodated three stores above."

Reed went and found the third store above. It was a harness shop.—San Francisco Chronicle.

As a Last Extreme.

Once a number of legal lights in Washington were gathered in the smoking room of a lawyers' club, when the talk turned to a discussion of the veracity of lawyers. "The average man," remarked one disciple of Blackstone, "seems only too ready to assume we are all liars—a very unjust position, it seems to me. Do we not sometimes tell the truth?" he asked of his neighbor, a well known criminal lawyer.

"Certainly," promptly responded the latter. "We will do anything sometimes to win a case."—New York Times.

Fee and Foe.

In a suit recently tried in a Virginia town a young lawyer of limited experience was addressing the jury on a point of law, when, good-naturedly, he turned to opposing counsel, a man of much more experience than himself, and asked:

"That's right, I believe, Colonel Hopkins?"

Whereupon, Hopkins, with a smile of conscious superiority, replied:

"Sir, I have an office in Richmond wherein I shall be delighted to enlighten you on any point of law for a consideration."

The youthful attorney, not in the least abashed, took from his pocket a half-dollar piece, which he offered Colonel Hopkins with this remark:

"No time like the present. Take this, sir, tell us what you know, and give me the change."—Harper's Weekly.

Electric Plating on Paper.

A new electric process for covering paper with a metallic surface is given by Paper and Pulp. It consists in placing the path in a porcelain tank in which are immersed two metal plates. One of the plates is formed of the metal which is used to cover the paper. A rather weak current is used for the bath. A thin layer of metal is deposited on the second plate as is usual in the galvanoplastic process. When the deposit has reached a thickness of 1-250 inch, the plate is placed against a sheet of paper which is previously coated with the proper kind of glue. After drying, the metallic layer adheres to the paper so strongly that it remains upon the latter when it is pulled off the metal plate. A variation of the process consists in ornamenting the foundation plate with any kind of designs or letters, and these are reproduced on the metallic deposit. The solutions which are recommended in the above process are as follows: For silver paper a bath is made of cyanide of silver, 210 parts, cyanide of potassium 13 parts, water 980 parts. For gold paper, cyanide of gold four parts, cyanide of potassium nine parts, water 900 parts. For copper, sulphate of copper eighteen parts, sulphuric acid six parts, water forty parts.

A Life-Saver at 12.

Johnny Burns, the 12-year-old son of John W. P. Burns, an employe of the American Print Works at Fall River, Mass., is one of a number of boys who like the idea of abolishing grade crossings at Fall River. Their interest in the subject of grade crossings centers in the rafts on Crab pond that are used by the workmen, these rafts being pre-empted by the small boys and made use of when the men are not around the place.

One day in August six boys got on a raft. Two of them, thinking, no doubt, to play a practical joke, jumped ashore, untied the rope and shoved the raft out into the pond.

Practical joking is quite often only another name for thoughtlessness, and sometimes very cruel actions, and these two boys were having some "fun" at the expense of their four helpless companions, or rather victims, who didn't know what to do. "Let's dive over and swim for it," said Johnny Burns; and the others said, "It's a go." So Johnny and another boy swam ashore. That left two on the raft, and one of them "dived in," but he could not swim a stroke. "Help! I can't swim!" he shouted when he came up. Johnny Burns plunged in, grabbed him, kept his head above water and got him ashore. The one left alone on the raft could not swim, and they all knew it. He was terribly scared, and Johnny expected to see him tumble into the water. One of the boys handed Johnny a rope, one end of which he took in his teech, and in he went again. Swimming straight to the raft, he tied one end of the rope to a nail in the raft, and taking the other end in his teeth he struck out for the wall with it. Then he pulled the raft to shore, the boy made a jump and landed all right.

About three weeks previous to this adventure a little boy named Lorner capsized from one of the rafts and was brought safely to shore by Johnny Burns and another boy of about his age named John McGuire.

The Bright Boy.

In a school room the first primary grade was listening to the teacher reading a description of Columbus' first voyage to America. The history was written in words of one syllable.

The teacher reads: "Queen Isabella sold her gems to help Columbus."

"Now, children," she said, "who can tell me what gems are?"

Instantly, Robert sprang to his feet, his hands waving frantically and his eyes flashing.

"Well, Robert," she said.

"Biscuits!" yelled Robert.—Boston Herald.

Looking for His Ear.

An English naval officer tells this story of a servant named Andrews: "We were practicing with a pistol in my brother's quarters and Andrews was in a small dressing room adjoining, when a ball went through the door and clipped off part of an ear. Most men would have made some remark. He did not, and we knew nothing about it until by chance, looking into the room, we saw him groping about under the table for something he had lost. 'What are you looking for, Andrews?' said my brother. He drew up, stood at attention and replied in an apologetic tone, as if deprecating his master's wrath: 'I was only a-looking for a bit of my ear as come off when you fired that shot through the door, sir.'"

What Text?

Bishop Strachan of Toronto once received two church wardens who complained that their clergyman wearied the congregation by repeating a sermon. He had preached it twelve times. The bishop asked for the text. Neither of the church wardens could remember. "Go back," said the bishop, stearnly, "and ask your clergyman to preach the sermon once more, and then come back and tell me the text."

Getting Down to Truth.

Rarely has a double meaning turned with more deadly effect upon an innocent perpetrator than in an advertisement lately appearing in an English newspaper. He wrote: "Wanted, a gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."

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