

LULU WED A SOJER BOY

AND FATHER WAS FURIOUS
A. C. Miller of Highland Park Has to Be Locked in His Room by His Wife.

New York Sun Special Service

Chicago, Aug. 19.—As interesting a romance as Highland Park has known in many a day, came to a critical stage yesterday, when, blushing and stammering, pretty Lulu Miller, 19 years old, the belle of the place and the daughter of one of that suburb's prominent and wealthy citizens, told her parents that she had eloped with a private of a Fort Sheridan regiment, and had become his wife in Chicago a week ago yesterday. The soldier is Private Lawrence Church of Company I, Twentieth regiment, U. S. A., now stationed at Fort Sheridan.

A. C. Miller, the father of the bride, became so incensed when his daughter told him of the marriage, it is said, that he turned her out of doors, and vowed she should never cross the threshold of the homestead again. The young woman was forced to seek shelter last night with friends, and is staying temporarily with Mrs. A. B. Lancaster in Highland Park.

Private Church's wooing had extended over several months. Although the girl had wealth, social position, and a host of admirers, he did not despair, and ten days ago she gave him the whispered "yes" that told him he had won the fight. He applied for a week's furlough and it was granted. Last Monday, on a plausible shopping pretext, the girl came to Chicago, where she met her lover. Church secured a license and they were married by a justice of the peace. Their honeymoon was spent in Chicago. The expiration of Private Church's furlough made it necessary for him to report to his company last night.

When she appeared at her home she was welcomed with tears and fond greetings by her parents. When she broke the news that she was a wife, however, and told the identity of her husband, the welcome was turned to a storm of reproaches.

Mr. Miller went into such a passion, it is declared, that his wife, aided by servants, locked him securely in one of the rooms of the Miller home, where he was still confined until a late hour last night.

Mr. Miller was formerly the owner of the fashionable Park hotel at Hot Springs, Ark. Later he came to Chicago and assumed the direction of the Midlothian Golf Club and afterward the Chicago Athletic association. Private Church is said to be the son of a wealthy farmer living near Elkhart, Ind.

You don't have to get drunk to get a big head. Dr. Dick says overeating will do it. Red Raven Splits make big heads little.

See Line into Bismarck. For the celebration on account of the entrance of the Soo Line into Bismarck, N. D. Special excursion will leave Minneapolis and St. Paul Aug. 23. Very low rates. Apply at Ticket Office 119 So. Third St., for particulars.

If You Want to Sell Anything, remember a little want ad in the Journal will get you a buyer.

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Copyright by Doubleday & McClure Co., 1899.

Chapter XIV.—Continued.

When he had gone, the editor laid her hand on Fiske's arm. "Dear," she said, "do you think you would take cold if you went over to the hotel and made a note of all the arrivals for the last week—and the departures, too? I noticed that Mr. Harkless always filled two or three—sticks, isn't it?—with them and things about them, and somehow it reads very nicely. You must ask the landlord all about them; and, if there aren't any, we can take up the same amount of space lamenting the dull times, just as he used to. You see I've read the Herald faithfully; isn't it a good thing I always subscribed for it?" She patted Fiske's cheek, and laughed gaily into his mild, vague old eyes.

"It won't be this scramble to 'fill up' much longer. I have plans, gentlemen," she cried, "and before long we will print news. And we must buy 'plate matter' instead of 'patented inside'; and I had a talk with the Associated Press people in Rouen—but that's for after-while. And I went to the hospital this morning before I left. They wouldn't let me see him again, but they told me all about him, and he's better; and I got Tom to go to the jail—he was so mystified, he doesn't know what I wanted it for—and he saw some of those boats, and I can do a column of description besides an editorial about them, and I will be fierce enough to suit Carlow, you may believe that. And I've been talking to Senator Burns—that is, listening to Senator Burns, which is much sturdier—and I think I can do an article on national politics. I'm not very well up on local issues yet, but I—"

She broke off suddenly. "There! I think we can get out to-morrow's number without any trouble. By the time you get back from the hotel, father, I'll have half my stuff written—written up," I mean. Take your big umbrella and go, dear, and please ask at the express office if my typewriter has come."

She laughed again with sheer delight, like a child, and ran to a corner and got the cotton umbrella and placed it in the old man's hand. As he reached the door she called after him: "Wait!" and went to him and kissed him on the cheek, and with the bluest, proudest grace in the world, turned up his trousers to keep them from the mud. Ross Schofield had never considered Mr. Fiske a particularly sacred sort of person, but he did from that moment. The old man made some timid protest at his daughter's action, but she answered: "The great ladies used to buckle the Chevalier Bayard's spurs for him, and you're a great deal nicer than that chev—"

"You haven't any rubbers! I don't believe any of you have any rubbers!" And not until both Fiske and Mr. Schofield had promised to purchase overshoes at once, and in the meantime not to step in any puddles, would she let her father depart upon his errand.

He crossed the square with the strangest, jauntiest step ever seen in Plattville. Solomon Tibbs had a warm argument with Miss Selina as to his identity. Miss Selina maintaining that the figure under the big umbrella—only the legs and coat tails were visible to the on-lookers—was that of a stranger, probably an Englishman.

In the Herald office the editor turned, smiling, to the paper's remaining vassal. "Mr. Schofield, I heard some talk in Rouen of an

oil company that had been formed to prospect for kerosene in Carlow county. Do you know anything about it?"

Ross, surprised with honor, terror, and possessed by a sweet distress at finding himself tete-a-tete with the lady, looked at the wall and replied: "O, it's that Eph Watts' foolishness."

"Do you know if they have begun to dig for it yet?"

"Ma'am?" said Ross.

"Have they begun the digging yet?"

"No, ma'am; I think not. They've got a contraption fixed up about three miles south. I don't reckon they've begun yet, hardly; they're gittin' the machinery in place. I heard Eph say they'd begin to bore."

"How can I go in there and tell her that?"

"Lord!"

"She cannot go to the hotel—"

"Well, I guess not! It ain't fit for her. Lum's table is hard enough on a strong man. Landis doesn't know a good cake from a Fil missionary pudding. I don't expect his much her and, besides, the Palace Hotel pies—well—the boss was a mighty uncomplaining man, but I used to notice his articles on field drainage got kind of sour and low-spirited, and he was having more than the regular allowance of pie for dinner. She can't go there anyway; it's no use; it's after 2 o'clock, and the dining-room shuts off at one. I wonder what kind of cake she likes best."

"I don't know," said the perplexed Fiske. "If we ask her—"

"If we could sort of get it out of her diplomatically, we could telegraph to Rouen for a good one."

"Ha!" said the other, brightening up. "You try it, Mr. Parker. I fear I have not much skill in diplomacy, but if you—"

The editor's hand, however, dropped at the corners, and he interrupted gloomily: "But it wouldn't get here till to-morrow."

"True; it would not."

They then had a despondent reverie, with their chins in their bosoms. There came a cheerful voice from the next room, but to them it brought no cheer; in their ears it sounded weak from the use of food and faint with piteous reproach.

"Father, aren't you coming to have lunch with me?"

"Mr. Parker, what are we to do?" whispered the old man, hoarsely, and in a basket; they could hear her moving about the room.

"You've got to go in and tell her," said the foreman, desperately, and together they stumbled into the room. A small table at one end of it was laid with a snowy cloth and there was a fragrance of tea, and amidst various studies, and a couple of slices of cold chicken and lettuce leaves. Fiske stopped, dumfounded, but the foreman, after stammeringly declining an invitation to partake, suggested that he and his wife should go down to the printing-room and seized upon Bud Tipworthy with a heavy hand.

"Where did all that come from up there?"

"Leave go me! What, all that?"

"All the tea and chicken and salad and wafers—all kinds of things; sardines, for all I know!"

"They came in Briscoe's buckboard while you were gone," said the foreman, and he took 'em up and she set the basket under the table. You'd see it if you'd 'a' looked. Quit that!" And it was unjust to cut the perfectly innocent and mystified Bud, and worse not to tell him what the punishment was for.

Before the day was over system had been introduced, and the "Herald" was running on a regular basis. The editor and Fiske worked in the editorial rooms, Parker and Bud and Mr. Schofield (after his return with the items and a courteous message from Ephraim Watts) bent over their desks in the printing-room, and the telephone was cleaning the storeroom and scrubbing the floor.

An extraordinary number of errands took the various members of the printing force up to see the editor-in-chief. Literally to see the editor-in-chief; it was hard to believe that the editor would be down—had to keep being without the report testimony, and that the dingy room upstairs was actually the setting for their jewel, and a jewel they swore she was. The printers came down chuckling and surging after the interview; it was partly the thought that she belonged to the Herald, their paper. Once Ross, as he cut down one of the temporarily distended advertisements, looked up and caught the foreman gazing to himself.

"What in the name of common-sense you laughin' at, Cale?" he asked.

"What are you laughing at?" rejoined the other.

"I dunno!"

"The day wore on, wet and dreary outside, but all within the Herald's bosom was snug and busy and murmurous with the healthy thrum of life and prosperity renewed. Toward 6 o'clock, system accomplished, the guiding spirit was deliberating on a policy as Harkless would conceive a policy, were he there, when Minnie Briscoe ran joyously up the stairs, plunged into the room, water-proofed and radiant, and caught her friend in her eager arms, and put an end to policy for that day.

Take her with you to Tibbs."

"Their soon meal is long since over; and their larder—is not extensive."

"Father!" called the girl. She was stirring; they could hear her moving about the room.

"You've got to go in and tell her," said the foreman, desperately, and together they stumbled into the room. A small table at one end of it was laid with a snowy cloth and there was a fragrance of tea, and amidst various studies, and a couple of slices of cold chicken and lettuce leaves. Fiske stopped, dumfounded, but the foreman, after stammeringly declining an invitation to partake, suggested that he and his wife should go down to the printing-room and seized upon Bud Tipworthy with a heavy hand.

"Where did all that come from up there?"

"Leave go me! What, all that?"

"All the tea and chicken and salad and wafers—all kinds of things; sardines, for all I know!"

"They came in Briscoe's buckboard while you were gone," said the foreman, and he took 'em up and she set the basket under the table. You'd see it if you'd 'a' looked. Quit that!" And it was unjust to cut the perfectly innocent and mystified Bud, and worse not to tell him what the punishment was for.

Before the day was over system had been introduced, and the "Herald" was running on a regular basis. The editor and Fiske worked in the editorial rooms, Parker and Bud and Mr. Schofield (after his return with the items and a courteous message from Ephraim Watts) bent over their desks in the printing-room, and the telephone was cleaning the storeroom and scrubbing the floor.

An extraordinary number of errands took the various members of the printing force up to see the editor-in-chief. Literally to see the editor-in-chief; it was hard to believe that the editor would be down—had to keep being without the report testimony, and that the dingy room upstairs was actually the setting for their jewel, and a jewel they swore she was. The printers came down chuckling and surging after the interview; it was partly the thought that she belonged to the Herald, their paper. Once Ross, as he cut down one of the temporarily distended advertisements, looked up and caught the foreman gazing to himself.

"What in the name of common-sense you laughin' at, Cale?" he asked.

"What are you laughing at?" rejoined the other.

"I dunno!"

"The day wore on, wet and dreary outside, but all within the Herald's bosom was snug and busy and murmurous with the healthy thrum of life and prosperity renewed. Toward 6 o'clock, system accomplished, the guiding spirit was deliberating on a policy as Harkless would conceive a policy, were he there, when Minnie Briscoe ran joyously up the stairs, plunged into the room, water-proofed and radiant, and caught her friend in her eager arms, and put an end to policy for that day.

Take her with you to Tibbs."

"Their soon meal is long since over; and their larder—is not extensive."

"Father!" called the girl. She was stirring; they could hear her moving about the room.

"You've got to go in and tell her," said the foreman, desperately, and together they stumbled into the room. A small table at one end of it was laid with a snowy cloth and there was a fragrance of tea, and amidst various studies, and a couple of slices of cold chicken and lettuce leaves. Fiske stopped, dumfounded, but the foreman, after stammeringly declining an invitation to partake, suggested that he and his wife should go down to the printing-room and seized upon Bud Tipworthy with a heavy hand.

"Where did all that come from up there?"

"Leave go me! What, all that?"

"All the tea and chicken and salad and wafers—all kinds of things; sardines, for all I know!"

"They came in Briscoe's buckboard while you were gone," said the foreman, and he took 'em up and she set the basket under the table. You'd see it if you'd 'a' looked. Quit that!" And it was unjust to cut the perfectly innocent and mystified Bud, and worse not to tell him what the punishment was for.

Before the day was over system had been introduced, and the "Herald" was running on a regular basis. The editor and Fiske worked in the editorial rooms, Parker and Bud and Mr. Schofield (after his return with the items and a courteous message from Ephraim Watts) bent over their desks in the printing-room, and the telephone was cleaning the storeroom and scrubbing the floor.

THE DAYLIGHT STORE. Goodfellow's

GEO. LOUDON. GEO. D. DAYTON. J. B. MOSHER.

Silk Leaders of the Northwest. Now at Seventh and Nicollet

Underwear and Stockings For Women.

White lisle vests, low neck, no sleeves, silk taped, now 35c, 3 for \$1

Black fall weight stockings, hand embroidered with silk, boot patterns, a special collection of 50c ones for 35c

Black fall weight cotton stockings, whole or half white foot, plainly fine value 25c

White lisle vests, silk trimmed, high neck, long sleeves; pants to match, knee or ankle length, each 50c

Some Notions. Fancy frilled elastic, black and colored, our 15c kind for 12c

Lace pins, plain and assorted colors, a dozen to a card, the 12c kind 8c

Shell hair pins, our own brand, regularly 25c dozen for 20c

Dress shields, stockinet and light weight, were to 15c, for 9c

Cotton Waistings. New arrivals, splendidly chosen as to colorings and values, fleeced lined and fancy, 10c, 12 1/2c, 15c.

Goodfellow Dry Goods Co., now at Seventh and Nicollet

C. E. Taylor & Co., 612 Nicollet Avenue. DECORATORS.

Pabst beer is always pure. Brewed from carefully selected barley and hops—never permitted to leave the brewery until properly aged.

BECOMING A MOTHER

Is an ordeal which all women approach with indescribable fear, for nothing compares with the pain and horror of child-birth. The thought of the suffering and danger in store for her, robs the expectant mother of all pleasant anticipations of the coming event, and casts over her a shadow of gloom which cannot be shaken off.

Thousands of women have found that the use of Mother's Friend during pregnancy robs confinement of all pain and danger, and insures safety to life of mother and child. This scientific liniment is a god-send to all women at the time of their most critical trial.

Not only does Mother's Friend carry women safely through the perils of child-birth, but its use gently prepares the system for the coming event, prevents "morning sickness," and other discomforts of this period.

Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Book containing valuable information free.

The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga. MOTHER'S FRIEND

Iron = eat. Iron ---The element with which the blood does its work. Incidentally gives the blood its color. That is why the phrase "red blood" is used to express vigorous blood.

Blatz BEER. As Pure and good as the most critical epicure could desire. The maintaining of that high degree of excellence that won for "Blatz" its enviable reputation.

SUBSTITUTION

The FRAUD of the Day. See you get Carter's, Insist and demand CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other. Even if Solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of Same Color Wrappers, RED.

Every Woman is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray. The new Syringe, Injector and Suction. Best—Simplest—Most Convenient—Efficientest—Instantly.

Man's Mission on Earth. Medical Book Free. "Know Thyself," a book for men only, sent free, postpaid, sealed, to any male reader mentioning this paper; 6c for postage.

THE CLOSING-OUT SALE Of The Surprise Store Is Rapidly Drawing to a Close. They must be moved and quickly, too. We want the public to move them. We must clear away this stock, the balance of the Surprise Store stock of Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, Pants, Furnishings and Hats.

Took His Horse for a Deer. A damage suit in a neighboring city brings to light a queer story. A well-known doctor and a lawyer friend were driving, not long ago, through the woods on the north shore of Lake Superior.

What's the good of the Plant Iron in Apitezo. Iron ---The element with which the blood does its work. Incidentally gives the blood its color. That is why the phrase "red blood" is used to express vigorous blood.