

INTERRUPTED THEM

Amusing Story of a Pair of Lovers and a Pair of Dogs.

MARRIED ON A MOVING TRAIN

A Practical Man Who Wouldn't Miss His Train Even to Secure His Bride—A Novel Way of "Proposing."

Hiram Davidson was a widower. He was a station master at the hamlet of Swanesboro' Four Corners, and the station was also his home.

He had one child, a daughter, and one dog, a bull dog. His daughter, Alice, was the prettiest girl in the county, and the dog, Jack, was the homeliest beast in the state of Connecticut. Alice was a favorite with every one who knew her; Jack was loathed by all except his master and Alice.

Although Alice had many admirers, she remained heart free until she was 18, at which time Arthur Carpenter came upon the scene. His home was in Neponset, R. I., but Four Corners was his native place. He had left the little village 10 years before, when he was 16. He had come back for a week of fishing.

When he stepped off the train at Swanesboro' Four Corners, he went to the ticket office to speak to his old friend, Mr. Davidson. Then three unusual things happened. Alice was there alone, and she smiled upon her. It was not the ordinary pleasant expression, habitual with some people whenever they pass the time of day, but a smile of satisfaction as if his eyes had shown him something unusually grateful.

He had been hit for the first time in his busy life. The second unusual thing was that Alice smiled in return. The little girl had bagged two at a shot. The third and last unusual thing was that Jack, who had followed Carpenter into the waiting room, sniffed around him, wagging his tail.

While Arthur was recalling himself to Alice's recollection, her father came in. He recognized Carpenter at once and he asked him to come to supper that evening, and Arthur gladly accepted the invitation. Arthur lost little time in seeking out the old haunts of the trout; but while he had excellent luck, he found himself looking forward to the evening call with feelings altogether new and strange. There was no doubt of it. He was in love. But that fact did not interfere at all with his hardheadedness. He would lose no time in shillyshallying, but would ask her to be his wife that evening. If she consented he would take her back to Rhode Island on Saturday. If she refused he'd go back without her.

That evening he chatted with Hiram until Alice had washed the supper

realize that he was so soon to lose the only woman for whom he ever cared. On Friday night Alice told her father that Jack must be shut up next day, as the Reverend Peleg would undoubtedly bring his dog, Jim, and Jack would make short work of him.

"Very well," said Hiram. "It seems a pity, though, for he's taken quite a fancy to Arthur."

Saturday was a beautiful day, such as April sometimes offers to the world when she has cried herself out for the time being. By half-past 1 the guests had all arrived. The women went up into the spare room next to the one containing Jack; the men congregated in the waiting room below and discussed the probability of the arrival of Peleg.

"Never saw the roads so bad," said one.

"But of Peleg comes afoot, he'll git here all right, 'thout somethin' happens to his dog. Never see a man so fond of his dog."

But 2 o'clock came and went, and



"Peleg Was Coming."

Peleg had not arrived. Alice, looking prettier than she had ever done before, which is saying a great deal, sat in her bedroom with Sally Negus, her dearest friend, and grew more and more nervous as time went on.

"If Cousin Peleg don't come I believe that Arthur will go back without me," she said, ruefully.

"Well, the idea!" said Sally. "Pity if he can't wait over a day to get you, dear."

Half-past 2 and a quarter to 3 passed by, and Peleg came not.

"Did that minister understand that I couldn't wait?" asked Arthur of Mr. Davidson.

"Maybe he couldn't understand it," replied Hiram drily. "See here, you'd better buy your tickets."

"A good idea," said Arthur, and bought his ticket.

So, after the baggage was checked, Mr. Davidson invited everybody to come and have something to eat, and soon they were all silently seated at the wedding feast.

While they were still at table, some



Give Him a Dose of Red Pepper.

things, and then he asked her to take a walk.

"Alice," said he, abruptly, and in a business like tone, when they had left the house, "I have never given marriage a thought and I never expected to. But when I saw you I found I loved you. I've laid by considerable, and if you're willing to marry me and go home with me Saturday, just let me know. If you don't want me, say so, and I'll shut up."

Alice had often thought of marriage—as what pretty girl hasn't—but she had always pictured herself as capitulating after a protracted siege. Yet now, upon hearing this sudden, bold, prosaic declaration, she felt impelled to express her willingness to marry Arthur even on as short a notice as five days.

Her father, when told of their hasty courtship, though startled and reluctant, finally deemed it wise to give his consent to the marriage. He had always liked Arthur, and if his daughter must marry, he knew of no better man.

"But I think you'd better wait until you know Alice better," he said. "I have confidence in you, and the man who isn't suited with Alice is a hard one to suit, but one day's courtship isn't even as long as I courted the girl's mother. I never regretted marrying her and I don't believe you will, and I hope she won't; but better wait awhile."

"Mr. Davidson, if I'm fit to marry Alice any time, I'm fit now. I must be back Saturday night, and we'll go right to housekeeping."

So it was decided that the wedding was to take place at the house on Saturday. Alice wanted to be married by Peleg Cracknell, a distant connection of theirs who lived by himself up the mountain road, about three miles away. He had no regular church; but as he always had something to say in an unusual way, all the clergymen in the vicinity were glad "to exchange," particularly as the exchange meant a rest for them. He was altogether an odd fish, spending a good part of the time with his dog in the woods. This dog was valued by Peleg as the apple of his eye. Whenever he preached the dog went with him, curling up behind the pulpit or sleeping at the foot of the stairs.

A messenger was sent asking whether he would perform the ceremony on Saturday at 2 o'clock, and he sent back word that if the roads had bottom enough to hold him and his dog they'd be there—no great assurance, for it was April and the roads "were beginning to get better" in local parlance; that is, they could not well be worse.

All the Corners was invited and all accepted, which meant at least a score of guests.

Arthur was devoted in his attentions, although he was still assiduous in his trout fishing.

As for Alice, as time wore on and Saturday more nearly approached, she felt more and more satisfied with the wisdom of her decision. Jack, too, looked with much favor on the match, although it is probable that he did not

one announced that Peleg was coming. There was a general exodus from the room. The long legs of the minister could be seen, half submerged in the sea of mud, and was followed by his faithful dog.

Mr. Davidson called out to him, "Peleg, if you don't hurry, you'll lose your fee. It's most irate time, and the young folks have got to catch this train."

"I'm lucky to get here at all," he drawled.

After scraping the worst of the mud off his boots, Peleg went into the parlor, and Alice and Arthur stood up before him. Jim, who had found a bone, remained outside. The hands of the old eight-day clock in the corner pointed to 10 minutes after 2.

He had barely begun the ceremony when a crash of glass was heard, followed by a growl, a yell and the unmistakable sounds of a dog fight. Peleg uttered an exclamation not down in the service, and, dropping his book, ran outdoors, followed by Arthur, Mr. Davidson and all the male guests.

Jack had seen Jim knowing his bone and had jumped clean through the window after him.

When the men came up, he had secured a terrible hold on Jim's throat and held on like a bull dog. Mr. Davidson seized him by the hind legs and tried to pull him off, but his efforts were futile. Jack kept up a continuous growling, and the other dog seemed in a fair way to be choked to death.

Reverend Peleg, in his excitement, gave Jack a kick that lifted both dogs off the ground, but the bull dog maintained his hold. Davidson caught up a heavy stick and rained blows on Jack's head that would have killed most animals, but he did not seem to mind them. Once he opened his mouth to get a fresh hold, and then Jim showed his spunk by flying at his throat, but Jack shook him off and gripped him in the thigh. Streams of blood ran down his leg and he squealed for mercy, but the other was not going to risk letting go his hold a second time.

"Shoot the ——— dog," said one of the crowd, and he voiced the general sentiment. The women stood in the yard and added to the din with shrill exclamations.

"Give him a dose of red pepper," suggested Arthur.

Sally ran to the kitchen, brought out a box of cayenne, and threw a liberal amount at Jack, but her aim being feminine, much of it went into the wide open mouth of Deacon Perkins, whose language immediately became so hot that beyond a doubt he would have been asked to resign his office had not the dog fight claimed the entire attention of the crowd. Sally's next attempt was more effectual and Jack let go his hold long enough to enable Peleg to drag his dog away into the house. Then Jack, howling with pain, was carried down cellar. Alice made Sally promise that she would bathe his eyes with warm water after they had gone.

In the excitement no one had noticed

the whistle, but now the train was seen just entering the cut.

Then the oddest occurrence of this strange nuptials took place. Arthur told Alice to hurry and get on her hat and sack.

"But we are not married," said she. "Can't help it. We've got to get married on the train. Mr. Cracknell, I want you to go as far as the Center with us and marry us on the back platform. I ain't goin' to let a dog fight interfere with my wedding."

It was all said so coolly and with such an air of authority that no one thought of protesting. The baggage was thrown aboard the train by Mr. Davidson in his capacity as freight agent, and then in the character of father he escorted his daughter aboard the rear platform of the last car, where they were joined by Arthur and Peleg. Just as the train started, Jim ran out of the house and followed his master on board.

The guests were so amazed that no one thought of throwing rice, and indeed, it would have been a little premature.

"Now marry us, Mr. Cracknell," said Arthur.

Peleg, who was the only one who appreciated the humor of the affair, married them in due form, with an exordium of solemnity, and this time with no interruptions other than an occasional lurch of the train, which caused them all to grip the hand rails.

Just as he pronounced them man and wife, the conductor came out and said: "You'll have to step inside." Then catching sight of the dog, "No dogs allowed on the train."

"Stop the train and I'll get off," exclaimed Peleg, with an air of offended dignity. The sooner he got off the less would be the distance home. He shook hands with "Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter" and wished them every happiness. Arthur thanked him. "You'll get a check from me Monday, for generally calculate to do what I set out to do," he declared, smiling at Alice.

Meanwhile the train came to a stop long enough to enable Peleg to jump off, followed by Jim. The bridal party disappeared in the car.

The Reverend Peleg Cracknell stood in the middle of the track and watched the rapidly diminishing train. Then turning to Jim, who was not much the worse for wear, despite Jack's savage onslaught, "That beats anything I ever saw," said he.

Charles Battell Loomis.

AN AMERICAN PRINCE.

Young Napoleon Murat is a Lineal Descendant of Lucien Bonaparte.

From the New York World.

There was American blood in the veins of young Prince Louis Napoleon Murat, who has just succumbed to fever while serving as orderly officer to General Leclerc, the commander in chief of the French expedition in Madagascar. For his grandfather, Prince Lucien Murat, after having killed King Joseph Bonaparte's daughter, Princess Charlotte, married that young lady's handsome governess, a Miss Fraser of Philadelphia. This of course entailed a quarrel with the ex-king, who at the time was living at Bordentown, N. J., and the newly married couple were left to their own devices, the first 18 years of their married life being full of strange vicissitudes, their children being born amid downright want and something akin to starvation. Thus they were in such straits for money that Prince Lucien was actually forced to accept employment as the driver of a milk wagon in Trenton, while his wife eked out a scant subsistence as a schoolma'am.

Of course, the coup d'etat at Paris and the ascent of Napoleon to the throne changed all this, and on Prince Lucien's return to France with his American wife he was gratified with the title of prince and granted a handsome allowance by the emperor. Of his three children one is the Duchess de Mouchy, who for so many years was the chief friend and confidant of Empress Eugenie. Another was Prince Joachim Murat, formerly a general in the French army, and who was engaged for a time to Miss Calverly of Washington, while the third, Prince Achille, famous for the duel which, while a young lieutenant of hussars, he fought at Marseilles with the colonel of his regiment, the Marquis de Galliffet, married a lovely and wealthy Armenian of the illustrious family of Badian, who brought him vast estates in Russia.

Prince Achille, who has been born in New Jersey, and who, like his brother and sister, spoke French with an American accent, committed suicide a few months ago while in Russia, and his young son, who held a commission of sub-lieutenant in the Twenty-fifth regiment of French dragoons, has now followed him to the grave.

A View From Ararat, the Mountain of the Ark.

At last we stood up the summit of Ararat—but the sun no longer pierced the white vapor; a fierce gale drove across the forbidden region and whipped the eye, straining to distinguish the limits of snow and cloud. Vague forms hurried past on the wings of the whirlwind; in place of the landscape of the promise we searched dense banks of fog.

We were standing on the spot where the Ark of Gopher rested, where first the patriarch alighted on the face of the earth renewed. Before him lay the valleys of six hundred years of sorrow, the airiest pinnacle supported him a boundless hope filled his eyes. The peaks of Ararat, and fresh around him the busy swarms thinned with sweet freedom, elect of all living things. In the settling exhalations stood the bow of many colors, eternal token of God's covenant with man.

The peaks which rose on the distant borderland where silence had first factored into speech were wrapped about with wreaths of fancy, a palpable world of cloud. Did you fix your foot upon these solid landmarks to wish the vague away, to see the hard summits stark and naked and all the floating realm of mystery flown? The truth is firm and it is well to touch and feel it and know where the legend begins, but the legend itself is truth transmuted as the snow distils into clouds. The reality of life speaks in every syllable of that solemn, distate; divine hope bursting the bounds of matter to compromise with despair. And the ancient mountain summons the spirits about him and veils a futile form as the rising sun illumines the valleys of Asia and the life of man lies bare. From "The Ascent of Mount Ararat," by H. F. B. Lynch, in the February Scribner's.

How to Suppress Fits.

Samuel W. Jackson of Selma, Fresno county, Cal., is afflicted with fits—that is, he is predisposed to fits. But he writes to say that by a mere accident he discovered a method of suppressing an attack when he felt it coming on, and he thinks that his discovery will be of service to his fellow men. Whenever the premonitory symptoms of an attack are manifested

To Be Well Posted

...in a large number of cases, helps one to succeed in life. You may not be more vain than other people, if you desire to read and create an interest in yourself. To be interesting you should know what is going on around you in news matter. It helps you along. Take the Standard for instance. It's interesting, newsy, breezy and full of news. It can be said that the word interesting is more aptly applied to the Standard than any newspaper in this section. The cost is no more than other papers ask. The Art Souvenir, "Sights and Scenes of the World," it also is interesting, as you must believe when four tons of the work presented to our readers and the necessity of ordering another edition testifies. A letter received a few days ago as follows:

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The Anaconda Standard.

Anaconda Butte Great Falls Missoula

Mr. Jackson throws his head backward, and accompanies the act by tapping his chest with his fist. He says that there has never been a failure in the experiment since he discovered its efficacy. Physicians who have examined him and witnessed the effect of the experiment account for the result on the rational theory that the rush of blood to the head is arrested by the position into which the patient places himself.

NATURAL WATER CURES.

G. A. Sala's Description of His First Visit to Niagara Falls.

This story of George Augustus Sala is told by himself. When he was sojourning in the United States, some thirty years since, the publisher of a popular magazine waited on him one day and asked him if he was willing to write him an article of sixteen pages, for which he offered a very handsome remuneration.

"The subject?" inquired Sala. "Niagara," was the reply. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the English journalist. "I have been there, but what can I possibly tell your people about the falls that they don't know?" "You can tell us," replied his visitor, "how they impressed you. You see, our people are never tired of hearing how great sights make you strangers sit up."

"Agreed," said Sala. When his visitor had gone he sat down to write, telling in his decisive fashion how he contrived to prevent a smart yankee from monopolizing a corner seat in the railway car, and how he lost his portmanteau and found it again, all of which suggested telling a little story of what once befell him at a custom house on the German-Russian frontier, which again reminded him of his late mother and the old duke of Wellington. And so his facile and diverting pen rattled on, till he began to think it time to get to business, and, therefore, launched out into a picturesque description of the country on both sides of the line, as seen from the windows of the carriage in the train that was fast carrying him toward Buffalo, his destination. At last he paused, and, taking stock of the manuscript which now covered his little table, found that he had within a line or two al-

ready exhausted the space allotted to him, yet had not said a single word about the falls of Niagara. Thereupon he dipped his pen in the ink once more and added the words: "P. S.—I ought to have mentioned that there are some very remarkable natural water works in the neighborhood." The perpetrator of this audacious evasion used to declare, with an extra twinkle in his better eye, that, so far from showing resentment, the editor and his readers were charmed with his smartness and delighted with the jest.

G. A. Sala Was a Great Newspaper Man

We all know the people of whom it is usual to say that they are in world but not of it. Mr. Sala was not at all of that sort. In the world he certainly was, up to his ears, and sometimes over them, but he was intensely of it, too, of just as much of it as his astonishing energy enabled him to reach. If he had been responsible for its daily conduct and revolutions he could hardly have shown a livelier interest in its doings and shows and concerns than he did. For years he personally kept as much of its daily record as any one man could. From time to time he sallied out and inspected it, choosing always to be present where there was the most going on, and sending back prompt word of all he saw for the information of his faithful constituents in London.

For 30 years or so, while his vigor remained unimpaired, life must have been as full of interest and satisfaction to him as it was of labor. To be sure, he writ his name in water. Some of his stories are good, but they are not great. His newspaper articles served their purpose well, but those that did not make books are buried in the files of the Daily Telegraph. More that did make over into books, made books of interest, but not classics. The man himself was even more interesting than what he saw, and he will live for some time to come in his reminiscences. But the man who makes shoes does not repine because the shoes wear out, and the maker of newspaper literature need not worry because his product does not keep. Work honestly done and paid for ought to be and to bring its own sufficient reward.—From "The Point of View" in the February Scribner's.

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