

## A PREMATURE WEDDING-TRIP

By S. LORING JACKSON.

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He had long dreaded the ordeal, and groaned because one could not be married without going through the ceremony. He had begged for a quiet home wedding,—heaven knew that would be trying enough!—but his prospective father-in-law was all bristles at the mention of such a thing.

"What! one of my daughters stand up in the parlor at home to be married, like a coster-monger's!" he cried indignantly.

There was money enough on both sides to warrant a display, and a display was to be made,—such a display as sent the cold chills down his spine to think of, remembering that he was to be one of the chief objects of it.

He would have given thousands to have been able to steal Lorella, be married at a squire's office, and take her away on his yacht till the world had forgotten them.

But Lorella was painfully indifferent to his timidity, and enjoyed in prospect the parade and publicity incident to a fashionable church wedding, with a fashionable breakfast following it, and a fashionable departure on an outbound crowded liner following that.

"To be stared at by thousands!—to be criticised—the way one walked, and stood, and answered—every wink, even, noted!" He pulled the bed-



"The Wedding Can Proceed Without His Presence."

clothes over his head, as if to hide from the curious, hawk-eyed throng he would have to face on the morrow. He knew his kind.

His nervous anticipation kept him awake until near morning; then he dropped into a heavy sleep, from which he suddenly roused with a shock that landed him on the floor. It was late—horribly late!—and there was no one to help him. His valet had taken this, of all times, to get himself banged up and bundled off to a hospital.

He dashed through his bath, into his clothes, and away to the barber to be groomed, fuming at his own idiocy in obstinately refusing the offered services of his best man.

Where was that new suit—his wedding togs! He had carefully spread each article separately in a different place the night before to have all straight and no confusion, and now!—he rushed about, picking up and flinging down, wasting precious minutes, his eyes running to the clock every second.

While his shaking fingers fumbled with his tie the man announced the automobile waiting, and was told savagely to let it wait and be blanked!

"Am I to run her for you, sir?" he asked respectfully.

"No, confound you! you're to go to flounder!—and have her up to all she can do! D'ye hear?" he shouted.

It was a relief to boil over on some one, and the man's wide, knowing grin was exasperating.

"I'll barely get there in time to head the procession, even if she does her best!" he stormed, looking himself over, in the mirror and out, to be sure he was dressed, had his handkerchief, gloves, new hat.

But at last he was ready, seated, and off, conscious that behind every blind of every window of the great apartment building eyes were peering out at him, in gloating amusement at his undignified and hasty departure.

It was a journey of miles across the great city, but she "was up to her best," and the swift, smooth motion soothed and quieted him somewhat. He would not be very late; the accident to his valet was excuse enough, at any rate. He hadn't done so badly, for all, to get himself up in this way with no help—and here he was,

on the home stretch, as he might say; only a few more blocks, that floated behind him like a flowing river of cloud, and he had arrived.

He meant to stop with a sweeping curve, but instead shot by with undiminished speed and a string of exclamations, conscious of more eyes—friendly and expectant spectators—agape with surprise. He was paralyzed, stupefied with shame at this exhibition of himself. The sweat of mortification dampened his brow, and he was tempted to ride on and on, anywhere out of this ridiculous position. But by an effort he braced himself, turned and again bore down upon the house, where he was awaited with impatience, if not with anxiety. With all his might he strove to pull up. Useless! She had taken the bits in her teeth and plunged on in spite of him.

As he dashed by he glanced up. Papa-in-law was scowling from the library window; the footman was hastening down the steps to assist him to alight; from the upper windows he had a fleeting vision of snowy forms and astonished, incredulous eyes. He lifted his hat, bowed gracefully, and again vanished. Then he remembered that instead of tipping his hat, as any acquaintance would casually, he should have made signals of distress to apprise them of his predicament.

"Though they cannot be so blanked dull as to suppose that it is for the fun of it that I go sailing up and down the street like a confounded, three-cornered Chinese flying-machine!" he exclaimed, feeling that they were somehow answerable for the erratic movements of his steed.

With a stern face he made a long run to "take the tantrums out of her," but she still refused to obey. He leaned back in a cold despair, ready for anything.

The imposing mansion was in commotion—cabs, conveyances arriving. They made way for him in haste,—agitation, impatience, anger in the very air. From the open hall his best man beckoned wildly as he swept past, as if he could if he would!

Uncontrollable mirth seized him. "Here I go up, up, uppy! Here I come down, down, downy! Ta-ta, old man," he sung out, "see you later! I'm out for a ride—my wedding trip! Here's display—for you! See-saw! Ha! ha!" he laughed in nervous hilarity till the tears ran down his cheeks.

The laugh trailed back to incensed, indignant ears.

"The infernal puppy!" papa raged in the privacy of the bride's boudoir, whence, surrounded by her maidens, she had viewed the oscillations of the groom with amazement. "This is his revenge for having to give in to a decent wedding! 'Didn't like display!—wanted something quiet and private.' Looks like it, parading himself like a monkey on a hand organ!"

"Bu—but, papa, maybe the m-m-machine won't stop!" sobbed the bride.

"Won't fiddlesticks! As if such a thing could happen to him! It's his boast that he knows it and can manage it better than the man that made it! No! it's his impudence! and he'll rue it! The wedding can proceed without his presence. Let him spread himself all over town if he pleases! I've never been satisfied with him!"

"Oh, papa!" and "James, what can you mean!" bride and mother cried in a breath.

"I mean the wedding shall go on—that Henderson Field shall take his place! I'll phone for him this minute!—no, I won't hear a word!" He threw out his hands, waving them off. "I've always preferred Henderson to that imbecile! The unmitigated ass!—the—"

"Yes, sir! the unmitigated ass! that would like to whip another unmitigated ass this minute!" and the panting, perspiring groom, who had burst in, shook his fist at the world in general and papa-in-law in particular.

"Sir, I demand—" "Come, come!" the best man interferred pleasantly, strangling a laugh. "It's only a half hour past time. Do the crowd at the church good to wait a little. All's well that ends well."

Mamma, maidens and best man set to work oiling the troubled waters, smoothing ruffled plumage, and in due time the finale was reached with all the pomp and ceremony demanded by the strictest devotee of fashion,—but not without an occasional stifled giggle from some hysterically inclined guest.

### Golf and the Amateur.

The abolition of the amateur definition would not alter anything that is of any value to golf. It need not even mean the abolition of the amateur championship if clubs simply excluded from their membership those who were or had been professional players, and it would certainly clear the game of many injustices, abuses and misconceptions to which the definition gives rise.—Chambers' Journal.

### Shrewd.

"I suppose your constituents ask you a great many questions?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "I make the first question serve as the text for a four-hour speech, and then they are afraid to ask any more."

## President Taft's White Steamer



PRESIDENT TAFT AND HIS FAMILY IN THEIR WHITE STEAMER

When the announcement was made several months ago that Mr. Taft would use an automobile during his term as President, much rivalry developed among the leading manufacturers for the honor of selling him a car and the public watched with interest to see what Mr. Taft's choice would be. The knowing ones predicted that the White Steamer would be selected and they pointed out that President Roosevelt had used White Steamers for two years at his summer home at Oyster Bay and had recommended this make to Mr. Taft as the most desirable.

This prediction proved correct, although Mr. Taft did not rely solely on Mr. Roosevelt's recommendation, but, with his usual thoroughness, determined to have an investigation made of all the principal makes. Accordingly, he asked several officers of the War Department to look into the matter for him, and they tested many makes of cars, visited a number of factories so that they might see what materials were used, and, finally, they investigated the records of the different types of cars in public contests and in private service.

### Submarine Ball in Vienna.

A submarine ball is the latest attraction devised by the Princess Metternich. Every year the princess opens the Vienna season with a ball at her palace. This year she sought the assistance of well known scenic artists, and the result was a scene rivaling in splendor and ingenuity the most gorgeous scene at a pantomime.

Every guest in devising their costumes had to borrow something from the flora and fauna of the sea. The salons represented a gigantic aquarium, or, more correctly, the bottom of the sea. There were enchanted grottoes, strange rocks, peculiar plants and beds of coral. The dancers appeared in costumes decorated with sea roses, corals of the most delicate shades and all sorts of shellfish, including lobsters.

### The Spot on the Veil.

Eva—Martella is so eccentric. She wears one of those dotted veils and a dot is directly over her mouth. I wonder why?

Jack—Oh, I guess that is a veiled invitation for some young man to kiss her on the spot.

### SISTER'S TRICK

#### But It All Came Out Right.

How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale:

"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength. I mocked at Postum and would have none of it.

"One day my sister substituted a cup of Postum piping hot for my morning cup of coffee but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it and remarked that the coffee tasted fine but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more.

"She kept the secret and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes, then she told me of the health-giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee. From that time I became a disciple of Postum and no words can do justice in telling the good this cereal drink did me. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits."

Ten days' trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what coffee has destroyed. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

When their labors were completed, the officials reported unanimously to Mr. Taft in favor of the White, and, accordingly, a car of this make was immediately ordered from the manufacturers, The White Company of Cleveland.

The new car was delivered to Mr. Taft in Washington a few days before his inauguration and since that time it has been in almost constant use. There has not been a day when the President or some member of his family have not been seen riding around the National Capital in the new car. It is hinted that Mr. Taft likes fast traveling and that when he rides out into the open country, he does not always insist that the speed of the car be kept within the legal limits.

W. J. Urquhart, manager of the western branch of the White Company, 232 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., said recently to a correspondent of this paper: "We are receiving many inquiries each day asking for full details regarding the construction of Mr. Taft's car and in reply we are sending copies of our catalog. Mr. Taft's car is exactly like any other Model 'M' 40 horse-power White

Steamer, except that his car has the United States coat-of-arms painted on either door. In other words, when we make a car for the President of the United States there is no way in which we can make it any better than the car which you, or anybody else, can purchase from us.

"Some of those writing to me about Mr. Taft's car say that, although they are very desirous of having a car like Mr. Taft's, they are afraid that such a car is somewhat larger and more expensive than they desire. In reply to such letters, I point out that our Model 'O' 20 horse-power car is exactly like our 40 horse-power model, except as regards the size of the different parts. The principle of construction is exactly the same and the smaller car possesses all the desirable qualities of our larger model. In other words, one can secure an exact duplicate of Mr. Taft's car for \$4,000, or a car of the same qualities, but of smaller dimensions, for only \$2,000. Judging by the demand for White cars, a good proportion of those desiring to purchase automobiles are quite content to trust President Taft's judgment as to the best and most desirable make."

### Fixed.

"Mrs. Gadabout is happy now." "Why so?" "She has a runabout."

### CHILD ATE CUTICURA OINTMENT.

Spread Whole Box of It on Crackers —Not the Least Injury Resulted.

Cuticura Thus Proven Pure and Sweet.

A New York friend of Cuticura writes:

"My three year old son and heir, after being put to bed on a trip across the Atlantic, investigated the state-room and located a box of graham crackers and a box of Cuticura Ointment. When a search was made for the box, it was found empty and the kid admitted that he had eaten the contents of the entire box spread on the crackers. It cured him of a bad cold and I don't know what else."

No more conclusive evidence could be offered that every ingredient of Cuticura Ointment is absolutely pure, sweet and harmless. If it may be safely eaten by a young child, none but the most beneficial results can be expected to attend its application to the tenderest skin or youngest infant. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

### PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

Reported by Lethrop & Johnson, patent lawyers, 910 Pioneer Press building, St. Paul, Minn.: M. E. Brown, Cavalier, N. D., wash-board; W. W. Cook, Fort Ripley, Minn., vehicle; A. L. Hovland, Marshall, Minn., ditching machine; S. C. Lawler, Duluth, Minn., implement clamp; J. Postle, Winona, N. D., wire gate fastener; H. E. Shedd, Austin, Minn., expansive file; M. Skorness, Appleton, Minn., flower pot cover.

The life absolutely sincere to the best it knows is the best sermon any can preach.

Try Murine Eye Remedy For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to the Pure Food and Drugs Law. Murine Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine for Your Eyes.

After eating onions a girl should immediately sit down and peruse some work of fiction that is calculated to take her breath away.

WE BUY CREAM GET OUR PRICE Miller & Holmes, St. Paul, Minn.

If you fear to lose your dignity you have none worth losing.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It takes more than singing "Home, Sweet Home," to make homes sweet.

### Bound to Be an Epicure.

The seedy individual peered enviously through the glass case of the green grocer.

"How much are those strawberries, boss?" he asked.

"They are just from Florida, my man," responded the grocer, "and will cost you 12 cents apiece."

The stranger fished for a coin.

"Here, mister," he said, slowly. "Here is a penny. Just give me de cap off one of dem berries."

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

The biggest deposits in heaven are made when nobody but God is looking.

The great are those who can bear discipline.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a Powder for swollen sweating feet. Gives instant relief. The original powder for the feet. 25c at Druggists.

Wise people use Hamlin's Wizard Oil to stop pain because they know it always makes good. Foolish people try experiments. Ask your druggists about it.

It would be a good deal easier to love some saints if they would hurry to heaven.

Dyspepsia and constipation are avoidable miseries—take Garfield Tea, Nature's Herb Laxative.

Many think they are fighting sin when they are having a good time stabbing sinners.

U. S. SHEEP DIP ONLY 75c PER GALLON. N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Some climb into the church band wagon principally to escape the collection.

MILTON DAIRY CO., ST. PAUL, MINN. Are heavy cream buyers. Get their prices.

He is a dangerous man who spends much time drawing fine lines between shrewdness and sin.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of R. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The ambition to cleanse the world seems to occur to a good many small scrubs.

There's nothing so delicious as Canada Sap.

Reverses are often the best chapters in our education.