

STRANGE CASES OF LOVE.

Charms of a Beautiful Girl Caused Her Husband to Stake Her.

TOO OLD TO SIGN HER NAME.

An Empress Who Longed for Pure Affection—Peculiar Tastes of a Man

—A Romance.

IM GRIFFIN'S saloon, at Lewiston, Idaho, it is said, is a hastily erected structure devoted to gamblers at poker. One night of this place, Victor Trevit, a half-breed, and Bill Gooding, a miner, were engaged in a contest at cards.

Victor lost steadily, and, having used up all the money in his bag of yellow coin, it was found when his cash was gone that Bill Gooding had won \$30,000 in gold.

Trevit's wife was the beautiful sawyer's daughter of a noted chief. She sat near during all the game, watching the misfortune of her spouse.

"Trevit," said he, "that's a mighty pretty Indian gal you picked up for me."

"Ain't a finer-lookin' gal on this reservation," replied Trevit with an air of pride.

"I'll tell yer what I'll do," continued Gooding, filling his pipe.

"Drive ahead," said Trevit, pulling his hat down over his eyes and looking with a half-defiant air at his opponent.

"You know that prospect I made last fall up in Cimmanon canyon?"

"She's liable ter can't you big?"

"So I hear."

"Waal, Trevit, I'll stake that claim against your wife, an' yer keeds fur their winning hand. Some outside teler must shuffle, so nobody'll hev the advantage."

"I'll do it—yer. I'll play yer," cried Trevit, raising at Gooding.

"Ye've won all my dust, an' now yer want my wife, but I'll show you that yer can't scare me. I'll play yer, an' if I had yer ton of dust I'd bet on this side that I beeter."

This strange proposition and its ready acceptance created a stir in the little room, and it was not long before the two players had been drawn out, and the townspeople hurried in to witness the game.

The cards had been shuffled by a blind hanger on at the camp, whose eyes had been put out by a blast in the mines a few months before, and both men were satisfied that the cards had not been "put up." The pack was laid down in the center of the table, and the cards were cut, and four cards were drawn by each man, and neither secured a pair, but Gooding holding the high hand.

As Gooding drew his fifth card, Trevit's eyes became intense. The card was the king of clubs. Trevit's prospect was a dark one. Gooding appeared to have the advantage, although the game was pretty close. It was all the half-breed could do to control his rage. He drew his pistol in preparation for any emergency. The cards to decide who was winner were now to be drawn, and excitement ran high. Trevit's arm shot out, and he snatched the next card from the pack. It was the ace of spades. Holding the winning card high over his head, he shouted like a madman, exclaiming now and then to lurid curses at the head of Gooding. He had won on ace high.

St. Louis Evening Star-Sayings.

A young gentleman entered the clerk's office a few ago, accompanied by his prospective bride, and applied for licenses. The young man said he was twenty-one years old, and Recorder Hobbs sized him up as if he doubted it.

The girl, a pretty little creature with a baby face, pointed dreadfully when asked her age, and stammered over it. She said she was "just eighteen," and was born in 1869. But the recorder thought not, and told the young couple they would have to be identified. A friend who accompanied them was sent out for some well-known citizens who could identify them, and while they awaited his return another couple entered.

They came with tottering step and trembling hands. Both were gray-haired, stooped with old age, almost blind and toothless.

The youngsters, whose ages were their stumbling-blocks, looked at the aged pair with wonder, and so did the recorder, and everybody else, for that matter. With quivering voice the old gentleman asked if he could get a marriage license.

"Well, your ages won't stop you, that's certain," remarked the recorder, with a look toward the other applicants.

With nervous hand the old man signed their names. They were Francis S. Cornwall, aged sixty-nine years, living at 1036 Dodder street, and Mrs. Aelia Ostrander, aged seventy-two, of St. Louis and Spruce avenues. They went through the ritual void of any excitement, and after securing their license, looked at each other as if they were plain and very intelligent-looking people.

The old lady's hand trembled so that she could not write, and was forced to make her mark, while the bridegroom-elect wrote her name.

A lovely woman in an Eastern land once swayed a kingdom with her slender hand. Upon her brow there pressed a jeweled crown.

Her burdens heavy grew and weighed her down. Two cumbersome for his tender resting place. The golden weight adorned a weary face. She cried: "I have grown old and feeble, it seemeth more unbearable each hour. Let some one come that I may crown him with this crown."

Within his hand he must a gemstone bring That shall by far my boundless wealth exceed. So, having it, I'll feel no more need."

Her wish was known, and lo! from far and near There thronged around her, poet, prince and peer.

With offerings of dazzling beauty, wrought in wondrous shape and with deep meanings fraught. They laid their gifts down humbly at her feet.

She sighed: "Alas! I find them incomplete. Within these sparkling stones no solace lies, I dream of wealth revealed in human eyes."

Morn after morn a suppliant went away Until there came unto her throne one day A man with empty hands yet noble face. And form of matchless mold and peerless grace.

The queen looked up and asked: "What gift hast thou To tender for the crown upon my brow?" He gazed within her eyes and naught replied. She crowned him, saying, "I am satisfied."

—New Orleans Picayune.

San Francisco Chronicle.

I once knew a man who had a fashion in his theaters. He went on the color of the hair. He would doze on a red-haired girl for awhile, and he would pay no attention to any other. Then he would switch off to brunettes and worship the different shades in turn. He would have a spring virelson to pure blondes, and change with the season. As nearly as I could make out he was expected in the registry office in the Rue Boucher last evening. Another bomb was exploded in the registry office in the Rue Francaise. Much damage was done at both places, but no one was hurt.

Lucky Mariners.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—Ten men in a jolly boat belonging to the British steamer Saxmundham, before reported sunk in collision with the Norwegian bark Nor. The ten men rescued. The remaining twelve of the crew are probably lost.

Patterning After Spies.

PARIS, Nov. 7.—A dynamite bomb was exploded in the registry office in the Rue Boucher last evening. Another bomb was exploded in the registry office in the Rue Francaise. Much damage was done at both places, but no one was hurt.

Milan's Divorce Causes Trouble.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 7.—The Russian government has notified the port that should the divorce of King Milan, of Serbia, cause troubles which would lead to the occupation of Serbia by Austria-Russia, it will consider herself released from her obligations.

Leaving St. Paul at 5 P. M. Daily On and after Nov. 10 the Fast Montana Express over the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, with Dining and Sleeping car Service, Free Colonist and elegant Pullman coaches, will run through without change to Great Falls, Helena and Butte, Mont., via Crookston and Grand Forks.

FOUND WATERY GRAVES.

Sixty Persons Drowned at Calcutta Through a Collision.

O'Brien's New Bill.

Business Blocks in Ruins.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Interesting Gossip on Town Topics and Things in General.

Removal Sale of Curtains and Draperies.

Not a Frenck of Nature.

Not a Fiction.

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color and luster. Call or send to Dodge Hair Restorative Co., 384 St. Peter, St. Paul.

Her Last Request.

Not a Fiction.

A BIG ADVERTISEMENT

MIGHT BRING A RUSH FOR A DAY.

IT TAKES A GOOD NAME

TO BUILD UP THE STEADY

TRADE WE'VE GOT.

Especially is this so in Overcoats.

We've had experience enough to know the people's wants and how to supply them.

We can surprise you in a medium-priced Overcoat, Fur Beaver, \$9, \$10, \$12, \$15, as well made and trimmed as \$25 coats.

\$12, \$15, \$16 and \$18, elegant values in plain coats.

Kerseys, Meltons and Cassimeres, handsomely made and good enough for any gentleman to wear.

The Storm Coat we show at \$12 is an elegant Blue Fur Beaver, extra long, with large collar and well worth \$18.

The Fur-Trimmed Coats we are selling so rapidly are all made by one concern and that the best in America; be sure to examine the quality and length of collars and cuffs before purchasing in this line.

Every Fur Overcoat in our store is guaranteed by the manufacturer and is sold with the guarantee that all skins are perfect; the line is complete in Dog, Raccoon, Seal, Astrachan, Persian Lamb, Mink and fur-lined Garments.

This week all \$4 and \$3.50 Stiff Hats, \$2.98. All \$3 and \$2.50 Stiff Hats \$1.98. All \$2 Stiff Hats \$1.48. \$7 Silk Hats \$5.90. \$6 Silk Hats \$4.90. \$5 Silk Hats \$3.90.

OUT-OF-TOWN ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

J. L. HUDSON, CLOTHIER,

RYAN BUILDING, Corner Seventh and Robert Streets, ST. PAUL.

THE S. N. ADLER FURNITURE CO.

264 & 266 E. Seventh St.

Car No. 1,232 Brought us a Car No. 2,947 } handsome lot

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The arrangements are perfect and make our suburban town the most convenient for access.

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INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

Center of business. Electric bells and all modern improvements. Dining room unsurpassed. \$4 per day.

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Respectfully invited to examine my new and improved method of treating all cases of Catarrh of the Bladder, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, Piles, Gonorrhea, Syphilis, and all other diseases of the Urinary and Venereal Systems.

My treatment is simple, safe, and guaranteed to cure in all cases. It is the only one that does not injure the system, and is the only one that is pleasant to use. It is the only one that is the result of scientific research, and is the only one that is the result of practical experience.

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The Election is settled, no doubt.

At least there is no doubt in the mind of the public as to the quality of Clothing we are selling at Low Prices.

Especially is this so in Overcoats.

We've had experience enough to know the people's wants and how to supply them.

We can surprise you in a medium-priced Overcoat, Fur Beaver, \$9, \$10, \$12, \$15, as well made and trimmed as \$25 coats.

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