# THE MAJOR'S FOOZLE.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Without the major this old shanty is like a graveyard," grumbled Fred. The old graveyard-like shanty referred to was our own handsome golf club house, the finest on Long Island.. Thus the adjectives, if taken literally, were a bit out of place. But such was the potency of the major's memory that they were not disputed, not even by Jenks, the watchdog of the club's treasury, as we called him, whose sun, so it was said, rose by the gable and set by the kitchen chimney of the building. The major had been gone nearly a week, and although few of us doubted he would return, there were no indications of it.

"Do you know," said the colonel, thoughtfully, "I really think he will never play here again. I know the dear old fellow better than any of you, I guess, since we met at the recruiting officer's in '62, and I know his pride pretty well. I'm afraid it was too severe a blow to be gotten over soon."

The colonel smiled grimley, so did a few of the other fellows, while Jones, the irrepressible, threw back his head and gave full vent to his mirth. Watson, one of the newer members, had pulled into the circle.

"Major gone!" he ejaculated, "What's up?"

"You evidently were not here at the match on Wednesday," said Jones, still laughing. "No? Well the major was, but has not been since. Indeed, we are doubtful as to his whereabouts or his future intentions."

"Gone to the mountains," interjected Clymer.

"Thought maybe he'd taken monastic vows," said Watson, dryly. "What's up, anyway?" looking to the colonel.

The latter's face straightened out with an effort, he took a tug at his whitened mustache and, after a pause, said slowly and with mock seriousness:

"The major left us suddenly, departing our company because I beat him by ten up and ten to go."

Jones roared bolsterously. Said Watson:

"I'll ring the bell if you'll tell the story, colonel."

Said the colonel:

"The major and I have long been friendly rivals, long before I ever saw the golf links, before Jones here and some of the other striplings ever saw anything. Since the war, in fact, as a forager, when we were both still in the ranks I had only one superior, the major. Since then it has been pretty much the same thing up to and including our entry into the golfing ranks. Sometimes the major's trotter could outstep mine; sometimes I turned the tables. And so in other things, except with the fair sex. Whenever the major loomed upon the scene where there was a pretty face in sight the major had me vanquished. Sometimes I hung on, but usually I retreated in haste."

"Yes," chimed in Jones. "I remember one night that the major came up to the lettce where you and the elderly Miss Beems were talking. He did not have his glasses on then, but put them on later—after you had 'retreated!' She lives nine miles from the club house, and the major swore for a week."

"Dry up, young fellow," said the colonel, but I could see a twinkle. "As I was saying—I'll take a Scotch, high—as I was trying to say, the major and I are always rivals, and since we took up golf the rivalry has been very keen. One day the major said to me: "Kunnel, we'll have to try golf. There's where skill and intelligence decide the day." I had just thrown some dust on the major's lap robe on the boulevard with a sorrel mare that could do her 2:14 when rigged for it. Naturally he was a bit huffy. So I took him up and soon afterward we started golfing. We bought our first clubs together, and what were left in New York at that time we have since purchased. The major, as is well known, has upward of 600 clubs.

"Well, we really have never met in a real match until Wednesday, although some of these youngsters of the club have been trying to effect something of the kind for a long time. In an ill-advised moment a week ago we agreed to play eighteen holes, the loser to set up supper for the gallery, whatever it might be. The major thought he was a sure winner and invited the lower half of Manhattan Borough to join the merry throng and dine—at my expense. Modesty never being one of my own strong points, I regarded the major as easy, and brought out the upper half of the borough. All of the club members, at least, so it appeared, arrived early and often, accompanied by all of their families, and domestics, while most of the residents of Long Island somehow or other happened to 'jest drap in' about that time. That gallery, my dear Watson, would have, if drafted, made a standing army twice the size of Germany's—at least, so it appeared. There was no backing out, although we were both rather ashamed of the notoriety, and so we had to face the music when the date finally came around. I think we both shook at the knees when we saw the mob. That's the only word for it. I know I did, and I give the major the same credit.

"Well, to keep away from the strangers as much as possible, we each surrounded ourselves with a group of those friends, and she was among the major's escort. Never did the major look more resplendent and certainly never did she appear so charming. A symphony in black she was, and I could not but curse the major for a lucky dog to see him help her out at the club house and escort her to the first tee. Both of us tried to make light of the affair, joking each other as we tossed for the honor. When he went to drive, though, the major came close and mumbled:' — you, if I foozle before this crowd I'll call you out,' and to ease his mind I replied:

"'You will surely play your strongest, of course. She's looking at you now!' I heard him groan as he addressed the ball. And honestly, I admired the dear old fellow for his earnestness if for nothing else.

"There's no use in describing the first nine holes. We both really surpassed ourselves going out. We halved 4, the major won 3 and I won the other 2, thus making him 1 up at the turn. Coming in, though, is the major's strong point, and he beamed with delight and fairly radiated joy as we climbed to the tower tee. Now I never did like that darned old affair. It always seemed very foreign to a links. But the major made a 200 yard drive from one in Florida, and finally induced the greens committee to let him put in one at his own expense. Many of the motley crowd, unable to see anything, or not caring to try, had made a short cut for the home hole, but there were still a couple of hundred that scrambled about and got in each other's way. The major, always solicitous of his fair companion, helped her to the rising knoll to the right of and almost on a level with the tower. As you know, the barbed wire boundary, with which our near and dear neighbor to the east keeps us from trespassing, runs close to the foot of the gravel pile that the major calls his Florian importation. With each succeeding improvement in his play the major became more and more arrogant, and I really began to see the crowd eating free lunches on me. When he halved out at the ninth in a 3 he began to jolly me and when we reached the top of the tower he smiled at her and then called out so that all around could hear him:

"'What shall we wager the colonel on the in trip.'

A heavenly smile was his reply and she cooed to me:

"'Oh, let's lay my black and yours against the colonel's roans on the match?'

"I confess I was hotter than I had been since the Johnny Rebs shot my apple pie away at Vicksburg. This was the only pie I had seen for a year. I nearly boiled over at the trick, for I think a heap of those roans, but I conjured up a grin and nodded all right. Not satisfied with this the major, bubbling over with glee, added:

"'And I'll lay you a hundred even that I outdrive you.'

"'Done!' I said. 'If you'll give me the honor.' Now I really could not tell just why I did that. I think I had a faint idea that a good long drive might break his nerve. Maybe I wanted to get some conclusion from him. Anyway, he jumped at it. I treed high, and then made not the best drive of my career, but a miserable 60 yard foozle. It seemed to me that my bad angel must have had something to do with that drive. I fairly shook with internal rage, for I knew it was no good, and the gallery tittered most disrespectfully.

"The major was a sight to behold, and I didn't dare look at her. The major looked for a good place to tee up and then, I suspect because it was where she could see him, fixed his ball close to the east of the tee. Addressing the ball amid a breathless silence, during which the major puffed up like a pouter pigeon, he drew back for the swing, a marvel of good form. It was probably because the major, contrary to my advice, drew off the right leg; anyway, as he swung back his club it seemed to carry the major with it. The gravel slipped from his feet; the major's wild swipe at the ball sent it about five feet and turned him so that when he went down the slope he did so head first on his back. Half way down he encountered the masonry, and this turned him over so that as he went past the barbed wire fence those cruel hooks, getting a good hold just above the knees, ripped about five-eighths of the seat of the major's gorgeous new trousers.

Subsequently the major said that the barbs were long ones, but that part is only hearsay. I only know that I rushed to the edge of the tee and looked down. The major was prostrate almost at her feet, but he was not facing her; nor did she, after a brief glance, face him. The major crawled up to a sitting posture and looked apoplectic. Waving his arms, the driver still in one hand, he sputtered and stuttered for a moment, and the fairly shrieked: 'Send them away. Send them away.' This naturally had the effect of drawing many of them closer, although most of the women immediately retired. Then the major cautiously limped up, felt of himself gingerly, and quickly plumped down again in the long grass, calling for a carriage and some kind of covering. Jones, here, offered him some pins and almost killed the major on the spot, escaping with his life, to my surprise and disgust."

Then Jones snickered.

"Yes," continued the colonel, "it was a sad blow, and she, evidently not relishing the loss of her black, left the locality next day for a short trip South. Of course, I returned the beast, well content to call it 'no contest.' The major we found to be not badly hurt, I am glad to say."

Then he added: "Not hurt, did I say? I mean physically. The major's anatomy suffered some from scratches, but sartorially and in dignity the major was a total wreck.

"You say he has gone to the mountains? Maybe, but between you and me, I think more likely it's the woods. I have since learned that the major had tipped the steward off that I wanted an extra fine spread, and the bill for that dinner, so I am told, is going to require a check for more than half a thousand when the major settles."

## RIGHT OF PRIVACY

**Passed on by a New York Judge for the First Time.**

Rochester (N. Y.) Cor. New York Sun.

Justice Davy, of the supreme court, has overruled the demurrer to the complaint of Abigail Robertson, the eighteen-year-old girl who brought suit against the Franklin Mills company, of Lockport, and the Rochester Folding Box company, for $15,000 damages. Miss Robertson, who is a very beautiful girl, found that, unknown to herself, her portrait was being used by the defendant company for an advertisement for "Flour of the Family." Her chief ground in bringing suit was that her right of privacy had been invaded, a point never before passed upon in the courts of this country. In his decision Justice Davy says:

"It does not appear from the complaint in this action that the plaintiff is within the category of what might be dominated a public character. She is undoubtedly a young woman of rare beauty, and this she enjoys as a private citizen. It is very natural, if the plaintiff is of a modest and retiring nature, that any such publicity would be extremely disagreeable and offensive to her. It is not impossible, therefore, that she has suffered and continues to suffer great mental injury and distress. In other words, there is plausible grounds for the existence of the distress and injury alleged in her complaint. It cannot be said that it is a pure fabrication or fancy. The act is such that every person can readily see might cause, and probably did cause, mental distress and injury to her nervous system.

"Take any modest and refined young woman, possessed of more than ordinary beauty and intelligence, situated in like circumstances as the plaintiff, and she might naturally be extremely shocked and wounded in seeing a lithographic likeness of her posted in public places as an advertisement of some enterprising business firm. To permit every person to use a lithographic likeness of the plaintiff to advertise their business, and yet say there is no power in the courts to prevent it, would be asserting a proposition at war with the principles of justice and equity and in violation of the sacred right of privacy. Every personal interest which she possesses must be regarded as private, especially when the public has acquired no right to them.

"Privacy is regarded as a product of civilization. It was unsought and unknown among the barbarous tribes. It implies an improved and progressive condition of the people in cultivated manners and customs, with well-defined and respected domestic relations. The privacy of the home in every civilized country is regarded as sacred, and when it is invaded it tends to destroy domestic and individual happiness. It seems to me, therefore, that the extension and development of the law so as to protect the right of privacy should keep abreast with the advancement of civilization. When private and domestic life is invaded, which brings pain and distress of mind and destroys the pleasure and happiness of domestic life, the courts ought to have power to protect the individual from such an invasion.

"For years there has existed in the public mind a feeling that the law was too lax in affording some remedy for the unauthorized circulation of portraits of private persons, and this invasion of privacy has been keenly felt by the public. It may be asked how the circulation of these lithographic advertisements affect the plaintiff in her rights of privacy. It is evident that the acts of the defendants in printing and posting her likeness in public places as an advertisement to sell their flour invites public criticism and brings her name into more or less unenviable notoriety, and to a certain extent inflicts injury to her reputation and feeling, especially if she desires a life of privacy, which she has a right to enjoy. To permit every person to print and use the likeness of the plaintiff to advertise their business, and yet say there is no power in the court to protect her, would be asserting a proposition at war with the principles of justice and equity. Are we to rely upon the courts for the protection of one's goods and chattels, and is there no power to protect the plaintiff's reputation or right of privacy against circulating and posting these lithographs in public places unless it be by the horsewhip or some other unlawful act? If her lithographic likeness, owing to her beauty, is of great value as a trademark or an advertising medium, it is a property right which belongs to her, and cannot be taken from her without her consent. She has a right to say that, without her consent, these lithographic copies of her likeness shall not be circulated or used by the defendants."

## WELL DIGGER

**Shocked Into Convulsions by Going From Heat to Cold.**

New York World.

Fifty convulsions a day is the record of Eugene F. Burns, of Red Bank ,N. J., whose system has been racked by them to a greater or less extent for over a week. Doctors say the case is one of the most remarkable they have ever treated.

One day last week Burns went down a well that was being dug on the Randolph Parmley property, across the Shrewsbury river from Red Bank. He is a digger by trade and went up and down the well while the sun was very hot. Later in the day severe muscular pains seized him, and he went home and took to his bed.

Two days later he had a series of horrible convulsions. They followed each other in rapid succession, only a few minutes elapsing between them. At first Burns had as many as 50 a day. The number has gradually grown less until now he has only five or six. His condition is still critical.

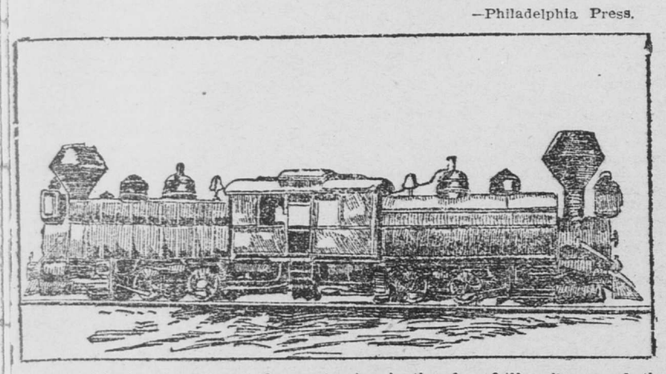
Several of the local doctors have consulted on the case, and attribute the convulsions to a disturbance of the nerve centers caused by sudden changes from heat to cold, due to going down the cold well from under the hot sun. The convulsions are of an extremely violent nature, and it takes two or three men to hold the sufferer. When he comes out of them he imagines he has been asleep. The only pain he suffers is due to the rigidity of the muscles during the convulsions.

**Primitive Lighthouses.**

A thousand years before Architect Harcourt laid the foundation of Eddystone, the Japanese had a lighthouse at Cape Matai, on the island of Yezzo, but operated it only on stormy nights. The warning signals consisted of pitchwood fires blazing in a grate, with a handle that could now and then be uplifted and waved towards all points of the compass.

# A QUEER LOCOMOTIVE.

—Philadelphia Press.



Philadelphia has turned out the most novel and peculiar mountain climbing locomotive ever made. It was recently built by the Baldwin Locomotive works for the McCloud River railroad, which extends from Upton to McCloud, Cal.

This duplex locomotive has the appearance of two engines joined together, and is designed especially for steep grades, in which this road abounds. It is capable of hauling 125 tons of freight in heavy cars up a rise of 398 feet in a mile, besides lifting its own great weight of 162,000 pounds.

One engineer, by a single operation of the throttle, manipulates the dual locomotive. One fireman feeds both furnaces. Wood is burned.

A prominent official of the McCloud railroad said, in discussing this invention:

"In every test this valuable mountain climber has proved satisfactory, answering every requirement, saving time, labor and expense. The engine is guaranteed to haul 125 tons of cars and lading up our steepest grades, and since being put into service it has demonstrated its capacity for hauling even heavier loads.

"The locomotive is practically two six-wheeled engines coupled back to back, each being lifted with compound cylinders.

"On the right-hand side of each boiler is a large water tank holding 1,200 gallons of water; on the left-hand side of the boiler is a fuel tank with a capacity of 190 cubic feet.

"The entire capacity of the duplex engine is therefore 2,400 gallons, and the space for wood fuel 380 cubic feet.

"The footplates and cab of the two single locomotives are flexibly joined so as to form one large cab common to both. This flexibility permits the locomotive to be operated on sharp curves.

"The throttle levers, reverse levers, cylinder cock rigging and brake valves are so connected between the twin engines that when one throttle or reverse lever is moved, the corresponding lever on the other engine is also moved. This enables the engineer, whose position is on the right hand side of the leading boiler, to control both locomotives as simply as if they were one. It is also arranged so that the engineer is enabled to manipulate the throttle of either locomotive separately without shifting his position, so that steam may be applied as required by either sets of wheels.

"The advantages of this duplex type over other types with two sets of cylinders and wheels are numerous, chief among which might be mentioned that in this twin locomotive there are no flexible steam joints required as in the ordinary locomotive. These joints are a source of considerable loss, it being difficult to keep them steam tight. The long outside steam pipes in other types also add to the loss by condensation.

"The relative distribution of the weight between the two sets of driving wheels are practically independent of the contents of the tanks and fuel bunkers, which is not the case with engines having the weight of a tender utilized for one set of driving wheels.

"Of all the modern improvements which we have added to our lines, this twin locomotive for mountain climbing outrivals any previous invention, and I feel sure that it will be adopted wherever steep grades have to be overcome."


**MALARIA**

**CHILLS AND FEVER, FEVER AND AGUE CONQUERED.**

**Radway's Ready Relief**

Not only cures the patient seized with this terrible foe to settlers in newly-settled districts, but if people exposed to it will, every morning on getting out of bed, take twenty or thirty drops of the Ready Relief in a glass of water, and eat, say, a cracker, they will escape attacks. This must be done before going out.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarial, bilious and other fevers, added by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's

**R R R**

READY RELIEF

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.


# Lessons in Palmistry.

COPYRIGHTED BY MARIA ANDREWS.

CHAPTER V.

The mount of Saturn: This mount seldom predominates; when it does it denotes a character of extreme prudence and caution, to which is added a strong bias either for good or evil, according to whichever one is indicated by the other sign found in the hand. These subjects are extremely sensitive. They have a tendency to believe in and investigate occult science. They are morbid and timid. The true Saturnine type rarely marries, and is a born philosopher. An exaggerated mount of Saturn is rarely seen, but may be found in the hand of the dark, large-boned Saturnine type. Such subjects have a horror of death, but yet a morbid tendency to suicide, and are happiest when engaged in agriculture, being of the earth earthly. The evils shown in the Saturnine hand may be greatly modified by a good mount of Venus, and the misery may be offset by a well traced line of Saturn.

If the mount of Saturn leans toward Apollo the fatality of the mount can be fought against successfully. Combined with Jupiter it gives patience and gentleness; combined with Mercury, it gives an interest in antiquarian research, a talent for medicine of the eclectic school, and good general information. This latter combination, however, when found in a generall bad hand is the hand of a thief. Saturn combined with a large mount of Mars means an aggressive nature, with bravado, insolence and immodesty. Combined with the mount of Venus it means a love of truth and a gift of intuitive piety and charity, though with a desire for the approval of the world.

If the hand is otherwise bad the jealousy and envy of the Saturnine mount counteract the good effect of Venus.

The mount of the moon, as the coequal of the mount of Saturn, gives a great talent for occult science, but all these subjects are invariably ugly in form and feature.

The indications of the middle finger are always to be looked upon as unavoidable; it is the one digit that is never discarded in animals. Prof. Owens calls attention to this.

The mount of Apollo: The subject in whose hands this mount is well developed will have artistic tastes that will bring a greater or less degree of success to their passessor, with wealth and fame, through life. This subject is eloquent and self-confident, generous, amiable, with a fondness for regal show and ceremony, affectionate, but not sensual; religious, with a sense of gratitude for blessings received; rather fickle in love and unlucky in marital relations, owing to the fact that people in whose hands the mount of Apollo is well developed place their ideals too high.

They are inventive as well as imitative, being often great discoverers. They are quick-tempered, rather fickle in love and friendship, yet generous and kind. They adore brilliancy in jewels and dress, and love to shine in society. The good development of this mount should have smooth, square-tipped fingers, with logic large (second phalanx of thumb). This mount in extreme development, with long fingers, is the type of a spendthrift. The mount of Apollo leaning toward Saturn gives a vein of pride and sadness. The mount of Apollo is the attribute of gifted artists. They will paint religious scenes or those referring to some classical event.

A single line on the mount is success. If the mount is in excess it emphasizes the quality of the mount and gives extreme extravagance. Such subjects 'n the desire to achive great success, even to notoriety at the expense of truth, fail. They are boastful and vain, thinking themselves and their work superior to all others. The fingers are usually twisted, with spatulated tips and a grille on the mount.

If the mount of Apollo is only in one hand it shows talent, but lack of energy, or opportunity to improve it. Absent in both hands it is a dull, uneventful life. A confusion of cross lines on the mount shows a tendency to theorize on scientific aspects of art in life toward honorable recognition. Capillary cross lines on the mount mean a wound to the arm. A cross on the mount, with a good line of Apollo is a fortune in prospect; but if the line is bad or absent it signifies blunders that mar success.

A star (*) on the mount is great fame. If the mount is merely in the hand without line or mark on it there is a love for the beautiful, but not the ability to produce it. A square on the mount is protection against failure; a triangle is science in art; a spot (.) is loss of caste.

Apollo and Mercury combined gives firmness to a character of the "go ahead and win" kind. With the mount of the moon Apollo gives good judgment, poetic imagination and cheerfulness. Mount of Venus large, means a great desire to please, in art as well as socially.

Mount of Mercury: When prominent it indicates intelligent eloquence, talent and success in commerce and speculation particularly in inventions. This subject is prompt to think and act, and a great traveler. The eloquence, that is, the prevailing type of this mount, is denoted by the fingers; pointed fingers give brilliant oratory; square fingers, clearness and reason; spatulated fingers, dogmatic force, vehemence; long fingers, weary detail; short fingers, brevity and conscieness.

The great difference between the eloquence of this type and that of the Apollo type is that the former is more brilliant and scintillant, rather than cleverly direct like the Mercurian type. The Mercury men make good judges and lawyers.

Short nails should accompany this type. The mount of Mercury denotes cleverness in games of skill, sharpness in practice, and success in "match-making." Such subjects marry young, usually choosing those much younger than themselves.

If the mount of Mercury is absent there is a lack of enterprise in business pursuits. If the mount is overdeveloped it denotes treachery, thievishness, with pretentious ignorance, dishonesty; it is characteristic of mediums and others practicing falsehood in occult sciences. Such have long, twisted fingers, turning back.

One line on a good mount of Mercury denotes modesty and an unexpected stroke of luck, but a cross line extending to the mount of Apollo emphasizes the dishonest charlantanry.

If there is an island on this line the subject will have bad luck through an innocent act. Many mixed lines give shrewdness, and if they reach as low as the heart line, the subject is generous in spending money.

With the mount of moon prominent there is much aptitude for medical studies; in a woman's hand it denotes that she will marry a doctor or man of science. Many confused lines on the mount in a woman's hand means a gossiping chatterer. Capillary cross lines denote a wound or hurt to a leg.

Spots on the line or mount of Mercury are always a sign of failure. A cross signifies kleptomania. A square is a protection from losses. Triangle on the mount, the subject is a shrewd politician. A grille is a most disastrous sign, meaning death from violence encountered during some thieving expedition. If a circle is also on the mount death will be by water.

If the hand with mount of Mercury is large, has a long line of Apollo, the love of speculation will destroy the success attainable in commerce. The mount of Mercury leaning toward Apollo counteracts a bad line of Saturn leaning toward the percussion; it gives success in commerce. If this mount is connected by a line with the mount of Venus it predicts a very happy and fortunate married life, and with mount of Venus large the subject is witty, a great admirer of beauty, gay, but inclined to piety.

A bad hand, with twisted fingers, is a meddlesome, contrary, unprincipled nature, but Mercury does not often combine with other mounts.

Mount of Mars: This mount is rather confusing as it is divided in a measure (as may be seen by reference to map of the hand in Chapter III). The mount proper is placed beneath the mount of Mercury" on the percussion of the hand, and the extension of the mount into the palm of the hand (shown by dagger in map of the hand in Chapter III), becomes the plain of Mars. The mount on the percussion denotes resistance, while the extension or plain of Mars is action and aggression. The extension of this mount will be treated in the triangle later. The mount of Mars proper is what I refer to here. If absent from the hand it is a a sure sign of cowardice. When normal its attributes are courage, calmness in emergency or danger, resignation in misfortune, resolute and insistent, with a strong capacity to command. Well developed and clear it will counteract the bad influences of a small thumb by the calmness it imparts to the character. If the thumb be large it gives an added bounds.

These subjects are loud of voice, magnanimous and generous, hot blooded. Eloquence is rare in this type, but if present it is fascinating. It is the eloquence of a soldier's bravery and gallantry, but is apt to be broad and vulgar in tone. Such subjects are great lovers when their hands are large with short phalanx of will.

The spatulated fingers give a love of show and self-glory; they marry late in life women of the type of Venus.

An exaggerated development of this mount, bulging out, as it were, into the palm, or the mount much lined, gives cruel, violent temper, injustice in discipline, and an insulting, defiant manner. It also betrays laciviousness.

The plain of Mars highly developed and covered with lines indicates a love of contest in war. A network of small lines on the plain of Mars always means obstacles. If combined with a good mount of Apollo it gives energy in art and truth and perseverance in action.

With the mount of the moon large we get love of imagination. Combined with Venus it shows the jolly, light-hearted soldier or sailor, fond of dancing and love-making, and needlessly jealous.

Mercury is a bad combination with Mars, giving a quarrelsome, mocking nature. With Saturn also it gives a want of moral sense, rousing to action the bad qualities of Saturn.

One single line on the mount of Mars is courage in great danger and coolness of judgment. A number of cross lines indicates brutality in so-called love, and are a sign of the intense jealousy of a brutal nature.

Mr. Howes Fly—Mr. Caterpillar is not very sporty these days.

Mr. Butt R. Fly—No; but he says he is going to be very fly later in the season.

## INHABITATED BY WIDOWS.

**Small Island Off Norway Used Exclusively by Them.**

There is a small island off the coast of Norway called Aarlud. It is rather a dismal place, its shores rising bleakly from the sea. And all who dwell there are widows.

Until recently there was a happy little community of some ninety souls—men, women and children. The men were fishermen and egg hunters; the women were their wives; the children were the offspring of the thirty couples of grown persons. Recently a man arrived to participate in the spring egg gathering. While testing his ropes on a cliff preparatory to commencing his search, he happened to make a false step and fell over the cliff. He was instantly killed, and it was only with great difficulty that his body was recovered.

As there had not been a death on the island since eleven years before, when a boy was killed by a bowlder from the same cliff falling on him while he was looking for shellfish on the beach below, the occurrence naturally cast a gloom over the small community established there. As a mark of sympathy and respect all the men determined to attend the funeral of the deceased, which was to take place at the cemetery at Haugesund, on the mainland.

The coffin containing the remains was placed on board a large herring smack, and with the mourners set out for their course. But during the proceedings at the burial ground a tremendous gale arose.

When the men returned to their smack the storm was at its height, and they were strongly urged to postpone the journey home until the gale somewhat abated. Their wives, howevewr, were all alone on the island, and they were afraid that if they delayed their return the women might become uneasy. Therefore, after carefully considering the situation the thirty fishermen determined to sail for Aarlaud; and having taken advantage of the opportunity to replenish their household supplies, the boat was rather heavily laden.

Their progress through the angry sea was most anxiously watched by the people on the mainland, who, when the boat had gone the distance of about a mile and a half from the coast, saw that the vessel was in great distress. Efforts were at once made to go to its assistance, but the hungry sea beat back every boat that was launched.

Deacon Hardthink was not in favor of the new trolley line running through his town, but after they got to running in good shape he was quite struck with them.


**Via "The Milwaukee's" New Train**

You can leave Minneapolis 10:30 p. m. and St. Paul 11:25 p. m. (every night), and arrive Milwaukee 10:45 a. m. and Chicago 1:00 p. m. Fine sleepers and coaches through to Chicago.

**The Fort Snelling Hotel,**

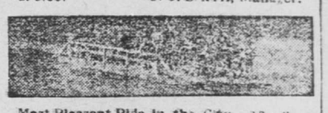
at Fort Snelling Bridge, W. 7th Street, St. Paul. A Charming Resort providing excellent refreshments for ladies and gentlemen. Special Attention Given Cyclists. First-class meals and luncheons, ice-cream, soda-water and fruits. Cosy private rooms. Fine 20-acre park, cool and shady, suitable for picnic parties.

GEO. T. HARRIS, Proprietor.

**STEAMER GRACIE MOWER**

Leaves foot of Jackson street, St. Paul, every morning at 9:30.
Leaves Fort Snelling for Minnehaha at 10:30 and 11:30 a m; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30 p m.
Leaves Minnehaha for Fort Snelling 11:10 a m; 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:15 p m.
Leaves Fort Snelling for St. Paul every evening at 5:30.

J. C. SMITH, Manager.



Most Pleasant Ride in the City. 12 miles by wheel or carriage; over High Bridge to Mendota. Ferry Across Minnesota River to Fort Snelling and back to St. Paul.

J. B. AUGE, Ferryman.


# BETS HIS GIRL ON BRYAN

**KANSAS FARMER'S DAUGHTER IS THE STAKE IN A BET ON THE ELECTION**

**SUITOR HAS TO TAKE THE RISK**

**Mary Johnson Has Abandoned Republican Principles to Electioneer for Democratic Nominee.**

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug. 9.—Kansas is just now claiming recognition because of numerous freak election bets. As a result of one of these bets, so the story goes, the union of two Kansas hearts repends upon the election of W. J. Bryan to the presidency. If reports are true, a Kansas father has wagered his daughter that President McKinley will be re-elected president of the United States. The parties to the alleged wager are:

Miss Mary Johnson, a pretty farmer girl, the stake.

J. B. Johnson, a wealthy wheat grower, who bets his daughter that President McKinley will be re-elected President of the United States.

James Howard, an aspiring lover, wagers a bride on the election of W. J. Bryan.

On the face of it this looks like a very cold-blooded transaction. As a matter of fact, it came about in a very ordinary manner. Here is the way it happened, according to neighborhood gossip:

On a farm about twelve miles from Santa Fe, in Haskell county, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson live in a contented and happy home. They have a daughter, a pretty girl of 17 years who is the object of attentions from all the farmer boys for many miles around. Her name is Mary Johnson. Among her many suitors is James Howard, a young man of most persistent qualities. Of the entire list of Mary's suitors Howard is the least liked by the parents, and at the same time it is he who finds the most favor in the eyes of the pretty girl. He is a prepossessing young man, with a fairly good education, has fine prospects, and, above all, is an ardent lover. He is a descendant from a Southern family that fought on the side of the Confederacy, and is consequently a rock-ribbed, dyed-in-the-wool Democrat. His disposition to defend his Democracy against any and all attacks is what got him into trouble with the Johnson family.

Johnson was formerly a long-whiskered Populist. So firm in the Republican faith is he that any man who talks Bryan lays the foundation for a bitter argument.

Here is where young Howard made his first mistake. Like the parrot, he talked to much. On Sunday, several months ago, he drove over to the Johnson farm to see his sweetheart and, after dinner, he inadvertently introduced the subject of politics. The remark was an unimportant one, but it showed where Howard stood politically. Johnson flared up instantly.

"Any man," he exclaimed, "after watching the events of the last four years, who can still be a Democrat, I consider an enemy, if not a traitor, to his country."

The remark touched Howard to the quick and he resented it even from his prospective father-in-law.

"I yield nothing to you, sir," he retorted, "in loyalty to my country." When President McKinley called for troops I was among the number who volunteered to serve, and would have done so had I been needed and called."

"Perhaps you did, but past virtues do not atone for present sins. Benedict Arnold at one time served his country well," replied Johnson.

GIRL MOURNS LOST LOVER.

Thus was the argument started and it waxed warm for over an hour. Several times both men lost their temper. The sweetheart and daughter, seeing trouble ahead, assumed the role of peacemaker, and finally succeeded in taking her fiance off for a walk. From that hour however, the young man had lost caste with Johnson. After Howard had driven away, the daughter was summoned and forbidden ever to speak to him again.

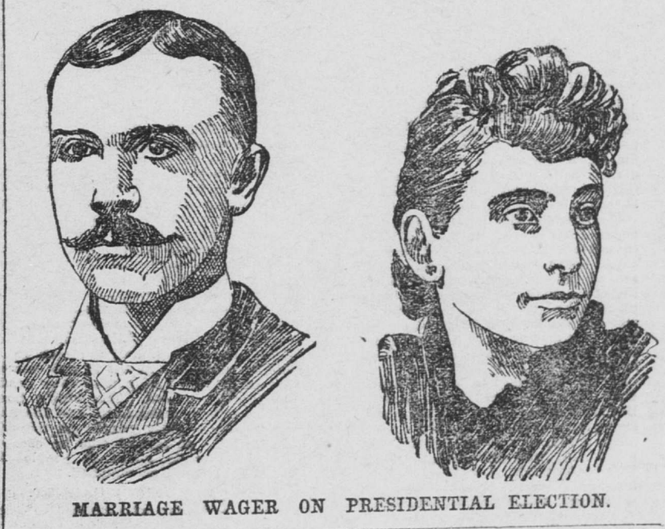
Mary was broken-hearted. She began to droop. Her father noticed it, and after a time his heart was softened somewhat.

"Let that darned Democrat come to see you if he wants to," he said to her one day, "but I don't want any sentimental business. Don't get it into your head that you are going to marry him, for you ain't."

This was a concession, anyhow. Howard resumed his visits to the Johnson home, and the young people were happy once more. The subject of politics was carefully avoided, and to all outward appearances Howard was rapidly reinstalling himself in the good graces of his prospective father-in-law. Once or twice the conversation came dangerously near the dead line, but Mary scented danger and quickly turned the talk into other channels. In spite of her watchful efforts, however, the storm again burst forth one Sunday afternoon and raged with increasing fury for twenty or thirty minutes. It was the Sunday following the Kansas City nomination. Howard innocently remarked that he had just returned from the convention.

"Your work up there was all wasted," Johnson declared. "We will attend to that next November."

The war of words had started again, and so quickly that no one could have foreseen it. The fiery argument that followed covered in a general way the entire field of national politics. After the storm had spent its force somewhat, Howard began to realize that he was making a mistake, and he sought to change the subject.



MARRIAGE WAGER ON PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

GIRL PUT UP AS STAKE.

"Mr. Johnson," he said, "I did not come here today to discuss politics with you. I came to ask you for your daughter's hand. She tells me that I have already won her heart. We want to be married and we want your consent."

"What! My daughter tied for life to a d—d Democrat! Never! I won't think of it!" declared the irate father.

"You should remember that only a few years ago you were a Populist and were affiliating with the Democrats," said Howard.

"That doesn't make any difference," Johnson replied.

Then there were pleadings. Mary shed tears and talked of a broken heart and a blighted life.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Johnson, finally. "You say you believe Bryan is going to be elected. If he wins I will give my consent to your marriage with Mary, provided you will agree with me here and now that if McKinley is re-elected you will not press your suit any further or make any attempt to marry the girl.

Howard was in a dilemma. He hesitated. The prize was too great and the chance of winning too small. "It's hardly fair, Mr. Johnson," he began, "to insist upon risking the happiness of two lives upon a turn in politics."

Persuasion was useless. The old man was firm. "You say Bryan has a cinch on this election?" he said to Howard.

"I believe he has, but——"

"If you are honest in your assertions you will accept my proposition and make the agreement with me. If you are not honest, I don't want you for a son-in-law, in any event."

WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

That settled the argument, and the agreement was finally made.

"I didn't have anything agin Howard personally," Johnson said a few days later in speaking of the incident. "He's a pretty nice sort of a chap personally, but he riled me beyond endurance with his Democratic dogmas and the bulldog stubbornness with which he clung to them. Of course he will lose, and this thing will teach him a lesson."

On the other hand, Howard, while he does not like the idea of having his would-be bride put in the attitude of being the stake in an election bet, is firmly convinced that he is going to win.

Miss Johnson shares the opinion and the hope of her lover. "This agreement has made a Democrat of me," she says. "I am electioneering with all my might. I make every one who passes by our house promise to vote the Bryan ticket.


**Burlington Route**

**By Daylight Along the Mississippi**

The most beautiful river scenery in the world for three hundred miles. Our "Scenic" Express leaves St. Paul at 8:15 a. m., and reaches Winona at 11:04, La Crosse 12:33 p. m., Dubuque 3:59, and Chicago at 10:20 p. m. An interesting and comfortable trip. "The Limited," a night train, and the finest in the world, leaves St. Paul at 8:05 p. m., daily, reaches Chicago at 9:25 next morning.

**Ticket Office, 400 Robert St. (Hotel Ryan.) Telephone Main 36.**