

CUPID IN MERRY MOOD

Mischievous and Impractical Little God of Love Seems Never to Take a Vacation From His Pleasing Duties.

Among His Latest Victims Are an American Mining Engineer and a Grecian Countess—John Bull Shows How Love Laughs at Law—Hospital Ward Made the Scene of a Pretty Romance.

New York—Within the space of a brief few days, Cupid has played more pranks than the most romantic school-boys could ever venture up in her wildest dreams!

He has brought together an American mining engineer and a Grecian countess at the mouth of a Mexican mine. He has married off a rich young fellow to the nurse who pulled him through appendicitis. He has presided at a midnight wedding of which a dashing young naval officer and a society chorus girl were the principal guests. He has hired a special train so that a New York millionaire's son could marry a divorcee in another state. And last of all, but not least, he has arranged a wedding on the high seas, outside the International three-mile limit, so that an impatient young couple would be able to wait two weeks for the banns to be published, thus single-handed setting aside the stern and implacable majesty of the British common law.

It has been left for Miss Alice Whyte and Mr. Hall Cowan to show John Bull how love laughs at law. They just couldn't wait two weeks longer, so they were married according to the rites of the Church of England far out at sea. That saved the two weeks ban and made happy two young persons very much in love, says the Woch.

The two young people come from Windsor, Ont. The young man popped the question four years ago and got his whizzed over a coastward in the world. But they couldn't be married then, for the fact that the young man hadn't been graduated from the University of Michigan and hadn't established himself in business.

Sent for Promised Wife. He was graduated in 1904. Soon after

the American. The rest was easy because Cupid had his mind made up. Mr. Schroeder pleaded his case and the Greek countess agreed to become the plain American "Mrs." So they came back to Brooklyn to be married. There a few days ago they were wed. But this didn't end the ceremonial part of the wedding. The countess wanted also a wedding in the faith of her father, so all the party jumped into automobiles and were whisked over to Manhattan and up to the little Greek church, Seventy-second street, near Lexington avenue, where there was another wedding, according to the full ritual of the orthodox Greek church.

There was a crowd of the couple's friends to see the beautiful ceremony, which included hymns and chants by a full vested choir. The ceremonies ended with the crowning of the couple with flowers.

And Cupid had come out victor again. Love died at work in Hospital. The doctor who had the patient lay on the operating table before them was pretty far gone. He was Cupid who was leading them to poison had already set in. "One chance in a hundred," said the operating surgeon as he prepared the patient for the case. "I am going to administer the anesthetic."

"And you, Miss Vanhorn, if you please," he said, turning to a pretty trained nurse who stood ready to help. "Soon the ether had done its work and the knives began. An hour later and A. Jaeger, the patient, was back in bed, slowly coming out of the influence of the anesthetic. At his side sat the trained nurse, Miss Vanhorn, with a look of concern upon her face, for the case was very grave.

Would the young man's temperature slowly fall and recovery set in? Or would his heart give out under the tremendous strain of the ether and the shock, and he pass away as a talker in the world?

The young man stirred and moaned. The nurse fanned his forehead, beaded with cold drops of sweat. He moaned again. She watched him as closely as a cat watches a mouse.

He slowly came back to consciousness. "In this," he moaned. The nurse gave him a spoonful of hot water. A full drink of the cold water he craved might have meant death just then. When he asked for food he got a sip of milk, nothing more.

The days went by and the young man slowly improved. Finally the surgeon made his last visit. "Young man," said he, "you owe your life to your nurse. Do not let me give up the acquaintance of Miss Vanhorn when she is discharged."

That was a year ago. Cupid, the cunning rogue, got in his work at once. Young Mr. Jaeger didn't want to give up the acquaintance of Miss Vanhorn when she was discharged. He asked permission to call, and got it. It didn't take the wisdom of a Solomon to guess the rest.

They were married the other day at the Presbyterian Manse, Hackensack, by Rev. C. Rudolph Kuebler. Dr.

U. S. bay lateral steels ago came Admiral Evans' fleet and the big Diana, one of Uncle Sam's crack battleships. They cast anchor in the North river, where Admiral Evans directed, and soon officers and men were ashore stretching their legs.

Now, some of those gay young fellows of the fleet hadn't seen a pretty girl for so long that they just ached to go to some show. The social whirl at the

Hubbard, standing at the opening of his mine, saw a miniature white whale which a hat from the sage brush below on the hill. Immediately three after young men were from the rock where she had been sitting to chase after her property. Laughing aloud, the miner ran down the hill and caught the hat.

"Well, I swear, I didn't know you was anywhere about," George," he said, "but I'll see that you don't steal this, and here I come." She cooled her hair on the bank. It was way half, brown, where it started from the scalp, but gotten to its greater length. "Where was you?" she answered. "I didn't see nobody."

"Was you resting here in the brush?" "I was trying to be alone."

"I wish," said he, "and I was yearning to see your pretty face. I thought she looked her head impatiently. "Well, don't stand there till you take root and grow!" she snapped. "I've got to get back to camp before it's night."

They started westward in the brush, but after going some distance they saw a swartly man approaching. He spat away a cigarette, and then showed his contempt as he gazed on the work-day form of the girl's companion.

"Well, George," he slowly drew, "having you about here yet? I should think he'd know that he's a rank sucker. Ain't he dropped to you?"

The miner's face was crimson as he confronted the sneering newcomer. "Look here, Charlie, you, my name is George," said he in a growl. "You're making undue remarks about a lady which has promised to be my wife. I see you've got your gun on you, but ain't you set it on the ground if you're a man, for I'm going to give you a thumping."

"Chop, chop, chop!" said the gambler. "You ain't worth fighting. You're a squeezed lemon. Do you want to know where your last little piece of dough went? It went on George! Look at that!"

He had hardly flashed the small bill to the gambler, however, when upon him. The gambler immediately attempted to draw his revolver, but the hand of Hubbard was there ahead, and he was held in a vice.

The girl, up to this, had merely stood there, admiring the gambler's struggle with the miner. Her countenance, however, was now a mixture of indignation and concern.

Then, like a bolt from the clearest sky, the bat of the gambler's pistol suddenly descended on the back of Hubbard's head. The girl had dealt him a powerful blow. He dropped on his hands and knees, and the girl darted at once to the prostrate form.

"No, no!" cried the girl, shuddering. "Hurry up—get away!" She grasped the miner's hand and dragged to the ground. In the twilight the two hastened together over the trail to Thompson's Bar.

When Hubbard opened his eyes, the moon was shining softly on the hills. The air was keen with frost. He arose stiffly and rubbed at a swollen spot on his head. He staggered as he dusted his hair and tried to think. Then he saw his way down the slope to a cabin at the edge of Bullion Hill Camp.

The chinks of the cabin appeared to let in all the chill of the wind, except below in the corner, where the snow had plastered all the logs with a six-inch coating of ice.

Now and again on the puffs of wind came a moaning sound, fraught with suffering. Hubbard, taking a lantern, fought his way through the storm to a shed a hundred yards to the west. A below in the corner, where the snow had plastered all the logs with a six-inch coating of ice.

His light was reflected from four bright points, two the wild eyes of a fox and two the eyes of a pair of minks. The miner creature lay upon the ground, below in the corner, where the snow had plastered all the logs with a six-inch coating of ice.

A Cow in a Mining Camp.

By Phillip Merrill Mighels.

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By the light of the lantern they saw Hubbard, his fingers in the mouth of the little creature.

"That's all right," said Hubbard; "only he's a girl, and an orphan he'd be for his mother has kicked the bucket."

HIS ONE WEAK SPOT.

O. C. Hayden, of O. C. Hayden & Co. dry goods merchants, of Albert Lea, Minn., says: "I was so lame that I could hardly walk. There was an uncountable weakness of the back, and constant pain and aching. I could no rest and was very uncomfortable. Dr. C. Hayden's Kidney Pills cured my health was good in every other way, I could not understand this trouble. It was just as if all the strength had gone from my back. After suffering for some time I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The remedy acted at once upon the kidneys, and when normal action was restored, the trouble with my back disappeared. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y."

Unalaska, in the Alaskan Islands, a Desolate Spot—Where White Men May Not Land.

Unalaska resembles other northern stations, having warehouses, docks, the inevitable Greek, Chinese and scores of wooden cabins. Whalers leave here for the Arctic regions.

The city of Unalaska is a station for our revenue fleet. There is a wharf and a colony of ships of all nations; there are quite a formidable fleet, and only two ships out of twelve carry colors of the same country.

Just before entering the harbor one notices a detached rock high against the edge of the cliff. It bears a striking resemblance to a Russian pig in full robes. Touched by the sun's rays, he seemed to stand bleating the harbor.

Sailing north out into Behring sea, one looks back at the desolate, silent, rocky islands, which seem to stand at the edge of the world. Hundreds of miles west they run toward Vladivostok.

Two hundred and forty miles north of Unalaska are the Pribilof Islands, not large, but the greatest seal islands in the world. There are many fur seals and the shores abound with the Aleutian Islands, but the great mass of them are bred on the Pribilof Islands. No white man is permitted to land on these breeding grounds without a permit, signed by the secretary of the treasury of the United States. Outdoor Life.

LOVE LORE.

It is easier to love and be wise than to be generous and have money. Love is green and does not harmonize with love's hair and eyes. Love laughs at locksmen, because parents don't lock up their daughters with a wire.

When Poverty comes in at the door True Love engages her on the spot to do the cooking.

The City of Love's blindness is that marriage is the only outlet that guarantees to restore the sight.

One man in New York says he has been living by the sea, cruising for salvage. He goes about in an automobile and follows notices of wrecked operating recently purchased machines. If the machine is down or stop he comes up in time to offer his services as a tug or to offer the value of the machine. If the owner is so disgraced that he wishes to sell.

DIDN'T BELIEVE That Coffee Was the Real Trouble.

Some people flounder around and take everything that's recommended but finally find that coffee is the real cause of their troubles. An Oregon man says:

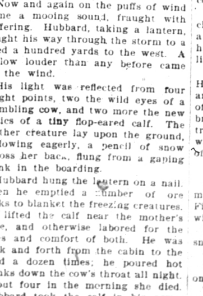
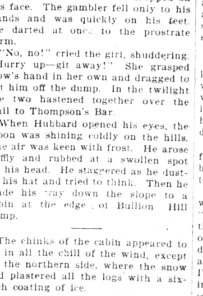
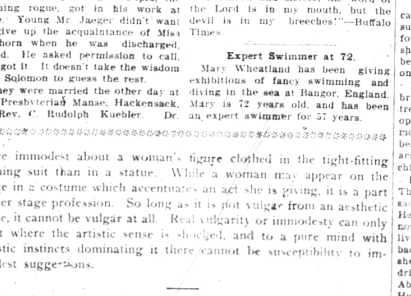
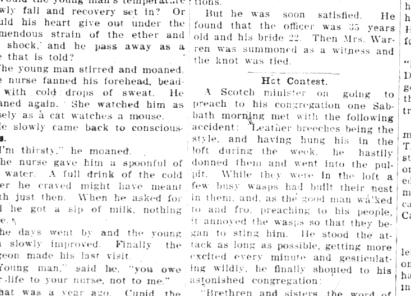
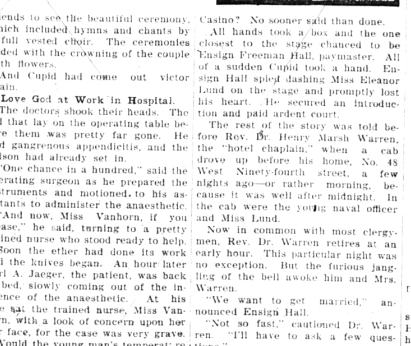
"For 25 years I was troubled with my stomach. I was a steady coffee drinker, but didn't suspect that as the cause. I took almost anything which someone else had been cured with but to no good. I was very bad, however and could not work at all."

"On Dec. 2, 1902, I was taken so bad that I began to get away from over 24 hours at the most. I made all preparations to die. I could hardly eat anything, everything I drank I was sick on. I was sick all over. When in that condition coffee was abandoned and I was put on Postum, the change in my feelings came quick. After the drink that was poisoning me was removed.

"The pain and sickness fell away from me. I began to get away from my bed, so I stuck to it until now I am well and strong again, can eat heartily, with no headache, heart trouble or any of the ailments of the coffee days. I drink all I wish Postum without any harm and enjoy it immensely.

"This seems like a strong story, but I would refer you to the First Nat'l Bank, the Trust Banking Company, or any merchant of Grant's name in regard to my standing. I will send a sworn statement of this if you wish. You can also use the name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Still there are many who persistently fool themselves by saying 'Coffee is the cause of my trouble.' I was a victim of Postum in its place. Still, the truth and many times save life. There's a reason. Look up the Little Book 'The Road to Wellville,' in paper.



The Immodesty of the Peek-a-Boo Waist

By LALLA SELBINI. French Artist.

It is far easier to give a definition of immodesty than of modesty. Immodesty can be typified by two words, in my estimation—the "peek-a-boo waist."

While I appear every afternoon and evening on a roof garden in a tight-fitting bathing suit, I must confess my sense of modesty would never go so far as to wear a peek-a-boo waist.

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