



# A MIDSUMMER COMEDY OF ERRORS!

The red-headed bus driver dug a long tin horn out from under his seat and blew three blasts.

"The ferry'll be over in a minute," he said. "I got to get back to ketch the 6:40 from Chicago. Fifty cents, please, and a quarter for them trunks."

The knock-kneed white horses shambled away through the deep dust, kicking up a cloud which put a fresh layer on the brown leaves of the hazel "breach" on either side of the road. In two minutes the thick woods hid them from sight.

On the high bank of Lake Mary in northern Wisconsin were left four trunks, Miss Elizabeth Jordan, and the Hon. Jabez Jordan. The articles left behind by the bus driver are here stated in order of their importance. The trunks containing an elaborate summer wardrobe, Miss Jordan was a pretty girl, and the Hon. Jabez was merely a father and incidentally a trust magnate, the president and chief stockholder in the International Air Engine company.

"Well, father," said Miss Bess, with a smile which would have brought any other man to his knees, "it looks as though we'd come to the right place for pastoral quiet, don't it?"

But the Hon. Jabez simply pulled the corners of his thin upper lip further down over his mouth.

"It looks to me as though we were going to be cast away on a desert island," he said.

"If the ferry don't come out pretty soon we'll have to camp out in the woods all night," laughed the tantalizing Miss Jordan, "and I don't see any sign of their coming. Don't you think you had better call them, father? The island is only three-quarters of a mile away, and the voice carries far over the water."

The Hon. Jabez Jordan almost sprained his ancient lungs, and Bess added her loudest cry to the appeal, but there was no sign of life on the island. Presently, however, a big white skiff crept round a point in the shore. In it were two blue-shirted young men.

"Come here," called Mr. Jordan, sharply, as the boat came into view, "and take us over to the island. We're in a hurry."

"Will you please go—" began the man at the oars as the peremptory order reached him—then, as his companion punched him in the back and whispered, "It's a pretty girl!"—"down to the point, where we can get the boat close in to shore?"

It was a short row to the island. Just before they landed the Hon. Jabez Jordan handed the young man in the blue shirt a silver dollar.

"Thank you!" was the answer. "Will you need an oarsman tomorrow?"

Mr. Jordan could see no need of assistance in that direction, but Miss Bess declared she intended spending every hour on the water, and an engagement was made for 8 o'clock the next morning.

"Well, for heaven's sake, Tom," said one of the young men, as the skiff rowed away from the island, "what on earth are you going to do now?"

"Why, I'm going to find out who that pretty girl is, and, since I haven't the honor of her acquaintance, I'm going to pose as her oarsman. I'm tired of fishing, and it's so dull here that her coming is a blessing. I'm sorry there are not two of her. If there were you might get a job, too."

It took only a few minutes to disclose the identity of the beautiful Bess Jordan. Tom Edwards had heard her name often in the city, and knew her by reputation as a society girl. He told what he had discovered to his friend Elliot, and they agreed that the situation promised pleasant complications.

"But if this story ever gets out on you at the club," said Elliot, "the boys—"

"If it does get out I'll know who is responsible, and it won't take me long to get even with you."

"What is your last name?" asked Miss Bess Jordan, as Edwards sent the skiff flying out into the lake the next morning.

That was a question on which Edwards had not counted.

"Everybody calls me Tom," he said—which was true enough.

"But your last name?" she persisted. "It's Tompkins," he said, despairingly. "Thomas Tompkins."

Edwards or Tompkins had been at the lake three weeks and was reasonably familiar with it, but Bess Jordan put all his knowledge to the test. She wanted to know where the best fishing places were, where the water lilies were thickest, whether there were any bears in the woods, and finally she asked where he lived. He had got along fairly well until that question came. Even then he did not entirely lose his presence of mind.

"I live right over there in that house," he said, pointing to some chimneys which showed above the trees half a mile back from the lake. Miss Jordan looked at the chimneys carefully, as if making a mental note of their location.

One morning, two weeks after the arrival of the Jordans, Edwards was stricken with astonishment to hear Bess Jordan address him as Mr. Tompkins when he rowed up in the morning as usual to take her out on

the water. He looked at her quickly and fancied he saw the ghost of a smile in her eyes. He had been furious at himself half a dozen times for ever starting the deception, for Bess Jordan was not a girl a man could row out with day after day for weeks without feeling the charm which made her a belle at home. Perhaps if he had been properly presented and had appeared under his right name and in his proper role there might have been some chance, but now—

He was complaining to Elliot about it one night.

"I'm in love with her," he said. "But here I am, known only as 'Tom' Tompkins, an oarsman, who has been accepting \$2 a day for rowing around the lake for the last two weeks. Our joke is getting to be a mighty serious affair so far as I am concerned. I can't confess, because if I did she'd never speak to me again, and I swear I can't keep on rowing her out on the lake every morning without making love to her. She's one of the noblest girls in the world, I tell you, Elliot. You ought to see the way she treats me—me, nobody but Tom Tompkins, oarsman—and the way she looks at me sometimes!"

"I tell you what, Edwards," said the sympathetic Elliot, "if I were you I'd go ahead and make love to her anyway in your character as Tom Tompkins. If she'll have you in that role you may be sure she loves you for yourself alone. It may be a dangerous experiment, but I don't see any other way out of it if your case is as desperate as you say it is."

What happened during the next ten days it would be a waste of time to tell. Most people will know either by intuition or experience, and besides that particular period has no bearing on the point of this truthful chronicle.



The curtain for the last act rises on Miss Bess Jordan and Thomas Tompkins, oarsman, sitting side by side on the bank of the lake. The arm of Tompkins was about the waist of Miss Jordan.

"Now, Bess, dear," he was saying, "I am sure you love me in the good old way. A girl as rich as you are, with all the attractions of your age, with all the attractions of your age, would not promise to marry a poor guide and fisherman unless she did love him more than all the world. I have been surprised a hundred times that you did not send me about my business. But gradually I have learned that you care nothing for wealth or social position. You are able to recognize a man under a torn blue flannel shirt. You only ask for love, and when you find a man who loves you and whom you love in return nothing is allowed to stand in the way. So now, dear, that I know what a wonderful girl you are I have a little confession to make."

Which Thomas Edwards, clubman, lawyer and millionaire, thought was really a clever way of leading up to the disclosure of his real identity. But the girl was before him.

"Pardon me, Tom," she said, "I've got a little confession to make myself. Or perhaps I'd better call you Mr. Edwards now."

Mr. Edwards, alias Tompkins, sat up straight against a white birch tree and looked at her.

"You remember that first day you rowed us across to the island? I thought it queer then that an oarsman who was rowing around looking for odd jobs should be wearing an old seal ring and that he should have the key of a college fraternity on his black watch chain. Then, too, I saw you wink at Mr. Elliot when you took that dollar from papa."

"You remember the day you pointed out the chimneys of the house where Thomas Tompkins, being your own august self, lived? I went over there and found the place occupied by a family of Norwegian farmers who had never heard of a man by the name of Tompkins. Thomas, you didn't deceive me for a minute. Three weeks ago I knew your name and all about you."

"And what," gasped the breathless Edwards, "do you propose to do now?"

"I think," laughed Bess Jordan, "that since I am engaged to marry Tom Tompkins Mr. Edwards had better row me back to the island. Unless, of course, he feels himself equal to making the matter clear to me and the Hon. Jabez Jordan. And even then I don't see how you can ever forgive yourself for deceiving a poor, unsophisticated girl from Chicago."

The wedding will take place next October.—Chicago Tribune.

The pure attracts purity—the low find their level in dust and dirt.

## FAMILY OF ENGINEERS.

Long and Faithful Railroad Service of All of Them.

Michael W. Regan, who was killed in the wreck of the fast bound mail train of the Lake Shore at Westfield on Wednesday, May 23, was one of the best known locomotive engineers in this part of the country. He was in the employ of the Lake Shore for a generation, and always enjoyed the confidence of the officials of the line as a man who could make the time and do careful, conscientious work. Regan began railroading as a fireman in 1863 on the State line work train of the old Buffalo & State Line road, afterward extended to Erie, and called the Buffalo & Erie, and finally merged into the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. In 1866 he got his step and took the throttle of a switch engine at Dunkirk. The next year he ran the work train at Silver Creek, and on July 1, 1869, he went on the road as a freight engineer. In 1880 he was promoted to a passenger run, and up to his untimely end piloted the passenger trains of the Lake Shore in winter and summer. Regan came from a family of engineers. His brother, Thomas Regan, has the opposite run on the companion train. His brother, James Regan, who died a short time ago, was an engineer on the Lake Shore, and another brother, Edward Regan, is an engineer on the Lehigh Valley. His son, Francis Regan, is an engineer on the Lake Shore, and his two brothers-in-law also run on the same road. In Regan's career of thirty-four years as a locomotive engineer he had but three accidents, and none was the result of his fault or negligence. He had the reputation of making uniformly good runs, and the train he was taking out when killed is one of the fastest mails in the country.—Buffalo Express.

## Salisbury Dressed Himself.

Here is an amusing and characteristic story of Lord Salisbury. It is known that the premier is much too serious in his mind and occupations to have much regard for the merely ceremonial side of life. For some years this falling produced no evil results, for Lord Salisbury had a faithful valet, who looked after him; but one unhappy day the valet left, and Lord Salisbury was reduced to his own resources. It was levee day, and the minister was in the midst of serious business up to the last moment. He rushed home, turned out a large bundle of uniforms, of which, of course, he has a quantity, and took the first that came to his hand, with the astonishing result that he wore a coat that belonged to the elder brethren of Trinity house, a deputy lieutenant's pair of trousers, and a hat of the Royal archers. Even that was not the worst. He wore his garter on the wrong side, and things reached their climax in the waistcoat, which, dating from an earlier and less robust period in his life, left between it and the trousers what was once called, in the case of another parliamentarian, "a lucid interval."—Boston Journal.

## Origin of the Silver Wedding.

The first silver wedding dates back to the time of Hugh Capet of France. Two servants had grown gray in his service, a man and a woman, and what could he give them as a reward? Calling the woman, he said: "Your service is great, greater than this man's, whose service is great enough, for the woman always finds work harder than a man, and, therefore, I will give you a reward. At your age, I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man, who has worked with you five and twenty years, is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready." "Your majesty," said the old servant, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs?" "Then it shall be a silver wedding," and the king gave the couple silver enough to keep them in plenty. This soon became known all over France, and it became a fashion after twenty-five years of married life to celebrate a silver wedding.

## Ridding Town of Mosquitoes.

For several months past experiments have been conducted at Sassari, in Sardinia, by Dr. Fermi, Dr. Cossul-Rocca and Dr. Lumbau for the purpose of ridding the town of the pests of mosquitoes with which it is overrun. The doctors effectually destroyed the larvae by distributing vast quantities of petroleum in the swamps and other spots where the insects bred and the mosquitoes were exterminated by chlorine and other powerful destructive chemicals. The doctors in their report consider it possible to free any town infested with mosquitoes by this means, provided it is not too unfavorably situated. It is an economical remedy, costing only about \$250 a year for a town possessing a population of about 50,000 inhabitants.

## Caught with a Hook.

Some time ago we told of a man who accidentally caught a tiger with a hook and line, and now we have to tell of a man who purposely caught a grout in the same way. He had been hunting all the afternoon without success, and, becoming disgusted at the poor luck, put away his gun and started out in the afternoon with fishing tackle. While fishing he saw a grout in the grass on the bank of the stream, and, baiting his hook with a grasshopper, made a cast to the bird. Like a fish, the grout swallowed the bait, hook and all, and started to fly off. But he was held fast and the fisher bagged his queer game.—Atlanta Constitution.

# A Strange Romance

Chicago Cor. St. Louis Republic: Unaital Le Clerque, a Chicago girl, living at Fifty-fifth street and Cottage Grove avenue, has a life story beside which the plot of a Balzac novel is uninteresting.

Unaital's own brother never knew of the girl's existence. She was adopted out of an orphan asylum when three months old and carried to India by wealthy foster parents who idolized her. She was educated in two of the most fashionable schools in the country, after living sixteen years in India. She fell in love with her twin brother and would have married him but for the chance discovery of her real mother, and of the relationship between herself and her brother. She is now engaged to marry her foster brother. A few weeks ago Mrs. May Wright Sewall of Indianapolis, who goes to the Paris fair as commissioner from that state, offered Miss Le Clerque a position as private secretary. Miss Le Clerque planned to go, but her fiancé opposed the proposition on the ground of fear that the mysterious young woman is likely to disappear altogether.

The story of Unaital Le Clerque begins twenty-two years ago, for that was when she was born in Rochester, N. Y. A short time before her birth her mother and father had separated. Mrs. Le Clerque left her husband in New York City, and went to live with her relatives in Rochester. Unaital was one of the twins. Her brother was a splendid healthy baby. Unaita was a puny child, and not much inclined to fight for her delicate life. When her mother began to recover from her long and almost fatal illness she asked at once for her child.

"Here he is," said her sister, bringing in the little boy. The relatives meantime had decided that in case the mother did not recover two orphan children would be a rather severe tax upon their charity. In case she did live, they reasoned, one child was burden enough for the mother, without the extra tax of a sickly little girl, so, while the mother was unconscious, they took the girl and placed her in the New York Orphan's Home. Her mother was not told of her existence. By a strange oversight of the relatives, who were so anxious to conceal the fact of her birth, the child was entered at the orphan asylum under her own name. But for this her identity would never have been discovered.

Three months after Unaital was placed in the asylum a Mr. and Mrs. N. Maywood came in search of a child to adopt. They had three sons and the dream of their lives was a little daughter. Unaital suited them exactly. They took the child, adopted her by process of law and insisted that all evidence of her name and history be destroyed. Immediately after adopting the child they sailed for India. The Maywood family remained in India sixteen years. They gave their little girl her strange and musical Indian name, and the child believed that she was theirs by birth.

When the world's fair year arrived the Maywood family decided to return to America. Then they came to Chicago and stayed during the season of the fair, afterward going to New York to live at the Metropolitan hotel. Unaital was placed in Miss Phelps'

## Chicago Girl Who Came Near Marrying a Twin Brother.

school in New York and graduated there after a couple of years. She then came to Indianapolis to Mrs. May Wright Sewall's school. After a term there the girl went to visit relatives of her foster parents at Jacksonville, Ill.

In Jacksonville she met a handsome young fellow, Willie Le Clerque. He was there with his father, a fine-looking, middle-aged man of soldierly bearing. The girl and Willie Le Clerque fell in love with each other and when she went back to New York they began a correspondence.

"Willie Le Clerque," repeated Mrs. Maywood, in a frightened voice when the girl told her of it, and all the family fell into strange confusion at the name. Investigation proved that the man and woman were twins. Unaital learning that the marriage was impossible because the two were brother and sister, communicated with her brother and learned that their mother, who was divorced from their father, was living in Chicago, married to John Smith. She came here, and the mother, who had never known that she had borne a daughter, recognized at once the young woman as her child.

The girl had documentary evidence with her. Unaital's foster parents were reconciled in a measure to the girl's reunion with her mother, for they expect her back soon as the wife of Fred, her foster brother, a young business man in New York City. Willie Le Clerque is as devoted to his sister as though they had been sweethearts.

## The Million Guinea Fund.

Robert William Perk, member of Parliament for the Louth division of Lancashire, Eng., is the founder of the "1,000,000 guinea" fund for the cause of Methodism. Subscriptions are limited to Methodists of England, Scotland and Wales, and the fund after being raised, will be expended in that territory alone. The basic idea of the fund is that contributions of one guinea shall be made by 1,000,000 people, whose names shall be inscribed on the historic roll of Methodism's British army. The fund is to be raised by the end of this year. It is the purpose of Mr. Perk, who is one of the most radical Methodists of Great Britain, that \$1,000,000 of the fund shall go into the educational training of preachers. For chapels, schools and mission halls \$1,350,000 is to be expended. The fund is of such magnitude that even the great Thanksgiving fund of the Wesleyans (\$1,000,000) in 1860 sinks into insignificance.

## Becoming a Desert.

The northwest of China is gradually but surely becoming a desert. The uncontrollable water of the Hoang-Ho, the Yellow river, is with persistent regularity overflowing its banks, devastating the country and leaving behind a deposit of sand carried down from the Mongolian deserts. The inevitable consequence is that the whole country is becoming desiccated, and a previously fertile country is now almost treeless and verdureless. The desert is almost within sight of the walls of Peking, and it will not be long before Peking and the district around it will be enveloped by the sand storms of the encroaching desert.

# TALK ON CANNIBALISM...

As Explained and Defended By an Expert To a University Class...

"Cannibalism Explained and Defended by an Expert" was the theme of Prof. Frederick E. Starr's discourse to the anthropology class at the University of Chicago the other day. The professor came to the big institution of learning on the Midway with a toothpick in his teeth and a napkin in his pocket. At the breakfast table he had read of the fate of German traders in New Britain. Though he did not say that he preferred any particular kind of flesh for his own table he confessed that he could not blame the natives for eating a white trader whenever opportunity offered, and said in this case the Germans got just what they deserved.

When the professor had concluded the students discovered that it was time for luncheon, but none admitted he was hungry.

In part this is what Prof. Starr said: "There are some things I do not pretend to know about cannibalism, but I do know why the natives prefer human flesh, and I know the characteristics of the various brands of cannibals."

"First, their religion demands that they kill, cook, and eat human beings. Second, they eat human flesh for the same reason we eat a porterhouse steak—because they like it and because they can get it."

"Third, their traditions command them to devour the hearts and livers of their first foe slain in battle. They believe in this because they think they can assimilate all the courage of the late lamented enemy. Fourth, they kill and eat out of revenge. There, now you have it in a nut-

# Like the Deadly Under-Current



which grasps one without warning, the mucous membrane which lines the entire body suddenly becomes weakened in some spot and disease is established. It may be of the lungs, the head, throat, stomach, bowels, or any other organ. Wherever it is, and whatever it seems, it all springs from the same cause—

# CATARRH

or inflammation of this delicate pink membrane. The system is weakened in winter. The delicate lining is more susceptible to irritation or inflammation, and thus we have pneumonia, grip, colds, coughs, fevers, etc., all catarrhal conditions which may easily be checked by one catarrh cure—Pe-ru-na.

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That Accounts for It. Gerald—I wonder how Ananias got such a reputation as a liar? Geraldine—I guess he told Sapphira she was the only girl he had ever loved.—Harper's Bazar.

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