

HOW TO GET MARRIED

A Girl, a Man and Another.

"My dear," said Mrs. Col. Morningdale, "why don't you marry?"

"Because no one is so stupid as to propose to me."

"Nonsense. It's because you have no mother to engineer the matter for you. You are fairly pretty, have a good disposition and plenty of common sense, but you are not practical, or, rather, too proud to angle for a man. Now, it's a mistake to suppose the men want a girl to stand off and let them do all the courting."

"I thought they turned against women who showed they were fishing for husbands."

"They should not know that a girl is fishing."

"I don't want a fool."

"Fool! The brightest men are the easiest caught, for their knowledge is all of a different kind. There's Capt. Griffith, of the Engineers, graduated head of his class at West Point, fine character, some fortune, everything to make him desirable. Come and visit me at the fort, do exactly as I order you, and I'll engage that both of you will be the happier for the result."

Gertrude Soynne laughed outright.

"Will you come?"

"Yes."

"And obey me?"

"Very well; pack your things. We go tomorrow."

When the two women reached the fort Mrs. Morningdale invited Gertrude to dinner. He talked most of the time about a widow who had appeared as the guest of Mrs. Major Fosdick and had taken the garrison by storm. After dinner Mrs. Morningdale was (intentionally) called away to visit a sick neighbor, and left the captain and Gertrude together.

"What shall I do?" whispered Gertrude to her instructor before her departure.

"Nothing. I will give you your orders at the proper time."

Capt. Griffith called several times a week. It was said he divided his evenings between the widow and Col. Morningdale's quarters, giving the Morningdales all he had left from the widow. Gertrude, of course, had no business good naturedly asked when she was to get her instructions.

"We don't ask for instructions in the army," said Mrs. Morningdale. "We wait till we are asked. Then we obey them implicitly."

"Griffith is going to leave us," said Col. Morningdale to his wife one day when he returned from his office.

"Ordered away?"

"Yes; Pacific coast. Orders came from Washington this morning."

"H'm!"

When Mrs. Morningdale said "H'm!"

in that tone of voice the colonel knew that it meant something.

"He told me that he would see us to say good-bye between 8 and 9 this evening."

"He means to say good-bye between 8 and midnight."

After dinner Mrs. Morningdale took Gertrude aside and said to her:

"Your orders are ready for you."

"Very well; I'm ready for my orders," replied Gertrude smiling.

"Capt. Griffith will call this evening at 8 o'clock to say good-bye, for he is going away. I shall be in the room till a quarter to 9, when I will leave myself. When he takes leave of you you will begin to cry."

"Cry," laughed Gertrude. "How can I cry at will?"

"If you can't cry, put your handkerchief to your face and sob."

The conversation which began in this pleasant tone ended seriously.

Gertrude mulled, and Mrs. Morningdale was obliged to use drastic measures. She reminded her charge of her contract, and told her plainly that unless she obeyed orders their friendship would be ended. Then Gertrude fell in with the spirit of the joke, and assented.

At 8:45 that evening Capt. Griffith and Gertrude were alone, when the clock in the barracks tower struck 9, the captain rose to go. Gertrude thought of the part she was to play and found it impossible to repress a smile, which she hid behind her handkerchief. When the captain put his hand out for the farewell, she, like a good soldier, remembered her orders, and obeyed them. She raised her handkerchief to her eyes. Griffith was thunderstruck.

"Miss Soynne!"

The orders were to sob, and Gertrude sobbed.

"Another sob."

"My dear girl, can it be?"

Another sob. Griffith advanced, put one hand to Gertrude's waist and the other to her handkerchief, but she held it firmly over her eyes, though it was sufficiently displaced for her mouth to show that she was laughing.

"Great heavens—hysterical!"

"Miss Soynne—Gertrude—sweetheart, you distress me beyond measure!"

The door opened, and Mrs. Morningdale stood on the threshold.

"Pardon me," she said. "I—"

"Mrs. Morningdale," he said, "do not misconstrue what you see. I love Miss Soynne and will never be happy until she has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Morningdale's campaign was ended, and Gertrude was horrified. Nevertheless she married Capt. Griffith and, today, a more devoted couple in the army.

"Don't tell me," says the matchmaker, "that a girl doesn't need a mother to see that she gets a good husband."

mark. But it is only a question of time before a publisher will have to be satisfied with selling 100,000 copies of a popular song. You see, songs are now given away by some newspapers and the range for vaudeville is decreasing every day. Then the picture man, who seems to have lost his power to entertain just now. Last, but not least, there are the good music companies in town than formerly."

GOOD SONGS THAT FAIL SOMETIMES

Why They Do and What Makes a Popular Success.

"The public is fickle as to its likes and dislikes, and more so as regards songs," said a music publisher.

"Do any good songs fail? Certainly they do. I have about ten songs in stock which must surely die for lack of support from the public. In my estimation, at least, these songs are excellent, and ought to be money-makers. But no one seems to care for them, and in the course of time they won't be worth the paper they are printed on. In music-making, as well as in anything else, one must be up to snuff to keep in touch with the public demand."

"It is nearly six years since 'rag-time' became the rage. A publisher who did not have at least a dozen so-called 'coon songs' in his catalogue was not considered up to the mark. This number he figured on having about two or three hits. Of course, the songs took for a certain time only. But while the demand lasted, publishers made enough money to keep him going until he got what we termed a popular hit. Almost all songs of this caliber were really trash. But the public wanted them and we had to meet the public's wishes."

"Nowadays things are different. Competition in the music line has increased twofold. Where there were once a few publishers, there are now three and four publishers in the field. In consequence, the market is flooded with all sorts and conditions of songs."

"Formerly it cost money to put a song on the market. It is different now. Publishers have opened their own printing shops and print music on the premises at a cheaper figure than by giving the job to a firm which makes a specialty of this kind of work."

"But the question of getting hits nowadays is entirely a different story. Songs usually run in classes. Each season has its quota of successes. The public's fancy is as changeable as the weather; what may go today may be a failure tomorrow. The demand now is for light, catchy songs, such as 'On a Sunday Afternoon,' 'On a Saturday Night,' and that sort of thing. There is nothing new in these effusions. They are simply a revival of the songs popular in the days of Harrigan and Hart, such as 'Maggie Murphy's Home,' 'The Market on Saturday Night,' 'Paddy Duffy's Cart,' and 'Behind the Bar.' The music is of the 'catchy' order, and the words are chiefly remarkable for local color of a sort."

"They are what you may call summer songs and have but a brief while. We had a vogue of similar ballads last summer. There were 'Sweet Annie Moore,' 'Mamie,' and 'Mary Green,' and the rest. They were instances of a poor song catching on in preference to a good one."

"Now when the ping-pong craze became virulent there was not a publisher in town who was not flooded with mess from song-writers about the game. In the last six weeks I have rejected almost three ping-pong songs a day, and still they come."

"March times seem always popular. Paul Dresser, who composed 'On the Banks of the Wabash,' struck a popular note in this line with 'The Blue and the Gray,' and followed it up with others. Mother songs seem always acceptable, too, but they take more time to become popular. Ballads about unfortunate women are dead, thank heaven, just now, though recent successes have been 'A Bird in a Gilded Cage' and 'The Mansion of Aching Hearts.'"

"To reach a sale of 200,000 copies nowadays, a song must be of exceptional merit. When 'You Were Sweet Sixteen,' 'The Blue and the Gray,' 'When the Hardest Days Are Over,' by Harry von Tilzer, and 'Hello, Central,' by Charles K. Harris, composer of 'After the Ball,' went a trifle over this

young man. "She made a great mistake in leaving her home without informing me that she was coming to New York," he exclaimed. "Composers like Harris, I see it all now! I suppose she was told that I knew all about it, and she's got scared and sent to look for you. I suppose you will marry her when she gets a divorce."

"That's a good divorce? No, sir. I will marry her whenever she is ready."

"I want you to get out of this house," replied Composingroom Joe. "I don't know you well. You work in my office. She has gone out to meet you. Get out of here, quick!"

It was Proofroom Harris who had been ordered out. He hurried back to New York, believing his girl would return to his office in search for him. When he reached there he learned that the girl had been there twice, and was then looking for him, after being informed that he had started to the home of the other Harris.

So he hurried back to the home of Composingroom Harris. He got there in time to find her waiting for him. When Harris learned the facts she brought the couple into her house and introduced them to her husband.

Matters were then straightened out and they all shook hands after being satisfied that there was no mistake of any kind.

But Proofroom Harris and his girl will be married much sooner than they had planned, as Harris is afraid the other will get lost again.

The Circus and Science.

The old timer drew his chair a little closer to the editor's desk. His eyes assumed a dreamy expression, and he wrinkled his nose in a thoughtful way.

"Not alone rings," said the old timer, "but too much of lots of other things. Maybe you don't know it, but they tell me every blamed big circus now has a professor of a special science. Fact: Fellow out of some college, you know, with a lot of letters after his name."

"What sort of an act does he do?" inquired the editor.

"He don't do any act," said the old timer. "Ladies, say, any act that the public is aware of. He's just busy with his studies. He tells me that every ounce of sawdust that's used in the show now has to be deodorized. That's right! They're so plaguesy afraid of the sawdust, you know. Of course, all the red lemonade is sterilized, and the red in it neutralized by evaporation under high pressure. Then the air inside the big tent is changed three times during each performance by formaldehyde suction pumps, and the outside is showered mornin' an' evenin' with four parts of water to one of muriatic acid, or some such thing. They've got to keep the monkeys in quarantine for two weeks. And over at Oshweboish, if I ain't mistaken."

I guess that will be enough for the present, said the editor. "Any way, I have got about as much as I can safely carry. Good day!"

BODILY WEAKNESS

A Distracting Condition That Is Permanently Cured by Ferrozone — A Pleasant Remedy in Tablet Form to Be Taken After Each Meal.

All fagged out ideas come as slow as molasses in January when I was out for my horse and too late. Snap is gone and the buoyancy and strength that makes life a pleasure that's gone too.

The doctor would say that you are run down, and you don't eat or digest enough. Your stomach requires some aid, and probably your digestion needs a brace. The blood should have phosphorus and iron to strengthen and purify it.

Now Ferrozone is a wonderful blood maker and nerve stimulant. It is really a tonic for the blood, nerves and vital energies, and will improve your run down condition in a very short time.

Ferrozone will make you strong and capable of doing heavy day's work without fatigue. It is a marvelous remedy, and does marvelous things, as the following testimonial proves:

"After my horse was born I was left in a weak, sickly condition, totally unfit for a mother's household duties. I was excitable and nervous, and trifling things bothered me very much. Although I took meat extracts and tonics all the time. A lady friend recommended Ferrozone, which I used with splendid results. The first box helped quite a little and when I had taken six boxes my former health, ruddy cheeks and good spirits, were fully restored."

You can't spend 50 cents to a better advantage than on a box of Ferrozone, the sooner you get well, the sooner you will get your money's worth. Insist on your druggist supplying the genuine Ferrozone which sells for 50 cents a box, of three boxes for \$1.25. By mail from N. C. Poisson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

The umbrella and parasol were used by the eastern nations many centuries before the Christian era. The oldest Chinese shows pictures of ladies and mandarins about the same kind of patterns similar to those now in use.

Your Nerves Are Weak.

You sleep badly, appetite variable. You eat, but gain no strength. Morning tiredness makes you wish it were night. When night comes, refreshing sleep is hard to obtain. You're run down, a year blood is thin and watery, your nerves have grown weak, the thought of effort wears you. You need Ferrozone; it makes blood-red, strong blood. An appetite! You'll eat everything, and digest it, too. Strength! That's what plenty of food gives. Ferrozone gives hope, vigor, endurance. Use Ferrozone and get strong. Sold by W. T. Strong & Co.

Things are frequently painted red by the green-eyed monster.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

MAMMOTH PRIZE COMPETITION
TO BE HELD IN CONNECTION WITH
GOLD SOAP \$2,500.00 IN PRIZES.

In order to get thousands of people in all parts of the country to see how pure and economical GOLD SOAP is for all manner of washing and cleaning, the manufacturers have decided to hold a Mammoth Prize Competition, to start May 15, 1902, and end November 15, 1902. The prizes will be awarded to the person sending in the greatest number of GOLD SOAP wrappers before November 15, 1902. The full list of prizes will be found below, and all those who win a prize will receive a regular Gold Soap premium in return for their wrappers—varying in value according to the number of wrappers sent in.

The manufacturers of Gold Soap could not afford to offer such an astounding inducement to the public were it not for the fact that they feel sure that once Gold Soap is tried it will be used constantly, as no good housekeeper would think of going back to one of the common, impure soaps after using the soap that is "worth its weight in gold." GOLD SOAP is the purest, handiest and most economical soap that it is possible to make, and if used constantly will keep down expense, make the washing more quickly and easily done, and will bring the clothes out beautifully white.

THERE ARE 5,213 PRIZES.

If you start now to save your Gold Soap wrappers you will have quite a lot by November, and you will then share in the big Gold Soap competition. Do not be afraid to send in your wrappers, no matter how many you may have, because you are CERTAIN to receive a prize or a regular Gold Soap premium.

Please note that you are not asked to send any money or do any work of any kind—simply use the best soap in the world, save the wrappers and send you a prize or a premium. This is the greatest offer ever made to the public, and will make GOLD SOAP known from ocean to ocean—and wherever it is known it is liked and recommended.

Of course, if you prefer to have one of the regular Gold Soap premiums that are described on the backs of the wrappers, you may send in your Gold Soap wrappers at any time, with a note telling which premium you wish. All Gold Soap premiums are guaranteed, so you don't take the slightest risk.

DIRECTIONS—Save your Gold Soap Wrappers, and send them into Gold Soap, Toronto, marked "Competition," before November 15th, 1902, with your own name and address inclosed. The prizes will be sent out on November 24th with a full list of the winners. You may send your wrappers in at any time so long as your name and address comes along with each lot. Do not send in the whole wrapper, but just the center part, with the words "Gold Soap, Good as Gold."

LIST OF PRIZES IN THE MAMMOTH PRIZE COMPETITION:

1st PRIZE—(For the largest number of Gold Soap Centers received) \$100 in Cash.

2nd PRIZE—(For the second greatest number) \$50 in Cash.

Each of the next 50—A 100 Gold-Filled Watch for Lady or Gentleman, guaranteed.

Each of the next 10—\$10 in Cash.

Each of the next 50—A Handsome Silver Watch for Lady or Gentleman.

Each of the next 100—A Handsome Silver-Plated Pocketcase, guaranteed.

Each of the next 3,000—A Handsome Piece of Silverware—Silver Stems, Cream Jugs, Ladies' Novelties, Sugar Bowls, Salts and Peppers, Butter Knives, etc., etc.

Each of the next 5,000—A Colorful Picture, entitled "King of the Forest," designed especially for Gold Soap. This Picture cannot be procured elsewhere.

CONDITIONS:

All wrappers sent in must have contained soap; we have a secret process for detecting bogus wrappers. Consumers should be careful never to buy Gold Soap unless it is wrapped in the regular black and orange wrappers. All wrappers (or centers) must be plainly marked "Competition," and must contain the name and address of the sender. Those who send in their wrappers before November 15, 1902, and those that receive prizes will not receive any premium as well, but all those not winning prizes will receive a regular Gold Soap premium in return for their wrappers. In case two people send in the same number of wrappers, the prize will be divided equally between them. No correspondence leading to the conversion of any Gold Soap will be liberally rewarded. Address all communications simply GOLD SOAP, TORONTO.

ALL IN THE WAY OF HIS WORK

Theology Doesn't Make a Minister Great.

Puzzling Cases Sometimes Put to Him.

Man Who Was Advised to Confess His Fault Los Job and Sweetheart.

"It is not a man's duty of theology that makes him a great preacher," said a minister of the gospel, who spoke with the assurance of a man who is a decided success in the profession, "but it is his experience and knowledge of human nature."

From the moment a man graduates from the theological college to the end of his career as a clergyman, his experiences are worth recording.

"Really I think my most ridiculous experiences or rather the experiences showing the most peculiar specimen of human nature occurred about two years ago. I had officiated at a funeral and the grieving husband suggested that he wished to pay me something for my services and would come to see me in the course of a few weeks. I protested, but thought no more of it. Six weeks later he appeared in my home, accompanied by a lady. He said he wished to marry the young woman and so I tied the knot. Then he asked me to go into the hall, and he handed me a ten-dollar bill saying: 'Say, is that enough for both jobs?'"

"Let me tell you a case that sounds like the tale of a revivalist. One stormy winter's night, when the congregation was small, I preached a sermon on honesty."

"After the services a stranger, who had been sitting in one of the back seats, asked me if he might have a little talk with me. I consented and took him into my study."

"He said that my sermon had stirred him all up, that several years ago he had told a falsehood, committed a dishonest act, and had thereby got possession of a large sum of money. He said that neither his employer nor any one else knew of his dishonesty, but that he had not had a comfortable moment all these years."

"He was engaged to a spirited young woman and was about to be married. He wanted me to determine for him whether he should go to his employer, make a clean breast of the matter, and tell him he had committed a dishonest act, or whether he should leave it to her to break or keep the engagement, as she saw fit."

"I talked with him a long while and advised him to clear up the whole affair. I told him that if he did not his marriage would mean nothing to him, as he could not possibly be a good husband with such a cloud hanging over him, and that probably it would change his whole temperament so that he would not be lovable."

"I advised him to get the whole thing off his conscience."

"Two weeks after I had a letter from him from a far part of the country. He wrote that he had told his employer, lost his sweetheart, but now he was having a rest that he had given up his life, but that some day he might ask another woman to marry him, and then he could ask her to marry an honest man."

"But think of what a heavy responsibility the man put on me in asking what course he should pursue. We run across real tragedies every once in a while and some of such a nature they eat into your very soul and you never can give up, sorrowing over them. One wild, rainy night a bedraggled woman came to my home."

"She was wet through, her hair was flying down her back and around her face and her garments were worn and frayed. When I came into the room she was squeezing her hands together and crying out: 'I'm a poor creature!'"

"Do you know who I am?" she asked. "I told her that I did not. Then she asked me if I remembered reading in

ELOPERS WERE MARRIED TWICE

Archaeologist Schliemann's Son Met at Quarantine

By Lawyer, Two Officers and Immigration Man—Bride's Mother Set Them On.

Agamemnon Schliemann, son of the archaeologist, was recently married in Paris with some suddenness to Nadine de Bornemann, daughter of a widow.

She left the city immediately and took passage at Havre, aboard the French liner La Savole, which arrived yesterday. The widow had objected to the marriage of Nadine, who is only 16 years old, and Nadine determined to elope.

The widow apparently doubted the legality of the marriage in France, and as soon as she learned of the elopement she sent a dispatch to Court Bros., lawyers, of 11 Broadway, requesting him to intercept the pair and have them married good and fast here.

Young Schliemann's father also objected to the marriage.

The bride and bridegroom were seen, what surprised to meet at quarantine here yesterday Mr. Leon, representing Court Bros., and Boarding Inspectors Flannery and O'Connor of the Immigration Bureau. The French consulate also had been notified of the elopement, and sent word to Immigration Commissioner Williams to hold up the elopers.

The young people, who were traveling first cabin, were put into the second cabin by the inspectors, and, through an interpreter, were examined. The young man said he was an American citizen, his father having been one when Agamemnon was born in Paris 24 years ago. He said that he might have been a citizen of France, but his father gave him his choice of being a Yankee or a Frenchman and he decided in favor of Uncle Sam. He wanted to know if he was detained, declaring that he was legally married.

Mr. Leon explained things to the interpreter, who communicated with the other side that because we examined the young folks were permitted to return to their first cabin quarters.

The commissioner left the settlement of the affair to Court Bros. The couple went smiling and willingly to the lawyer's office where they signed a civil contract drawn up by Mr. Leon. Agamemnon said:

"I suppose they thought on the other side that because we were not married in church we were not legally married. But we were. Now they are as sure as we were before that we are married."

Agamemnon is good-looking. He shows his Greek blood, his mother having been a lady of Athens. The girl wife is also partly of Greek descent. She is tall, has classical features, a white, rose-tinted complexion and dark hair and eyes. The couple went to the Waldorf-Astoria. They will go to Japan, after traveling in the United States. The families of both are rich.

HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES.

Simply apply Swayne's Ointment. No internal medicine required. Cures tetters, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

The government bureau of animal industry is of the opinion that the whole system of keeping pigs could be reformed to advantage, and an effort will be made to make the United States a cleanly animal.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP.

A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold.

A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold.

A \$1.00 Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough.

Sold by all Druggists.