

# ..The Adoring Swain..

Once there was a Boy named Eugene. About the time that he shook the Sailor Collar and began to wear Galluses instead of buttoning them to the waist, he had his first Attack. He went off his Feed and moaned in his sleep. His mother, not suspecting that the Divine Passion could find room to operate in a 90-pounder, thought he had Cholera Infantum. She began to shoot the Pain-Killer into him, but it failed to touch the Spot.

Little Eugene had gone Mushy on the Lady who taught his Sunday School Class. She was doing her 35th Lap and had a Husband who led the Choir, but these Trifles did not bother the Kid. He had it all cribbed up to kill the Husband in a Duet and carry Loved One off to a lonely Island where they could live Crusoe Fashion. He used to send Teacher an occasional Card showing a couple of fat Pigeons nestling under a Mess of Spinach, and also a little Couplet to the Effect that as sure as the Vine grows round the Stump she was his little Sugar Lump. He picked her Currants for her and wouldn't take Money for it and he loafed around the Kitchen when she was making her Apple Butter until at last she sent him Home with a little Note to his Maw, advising her to put him in heavier Flannels and make him drink Sassafras Tea each Night.

Eugene pined away for a couple of Days and then transferred his Pollywog Affections to an Old Maid who stood at the General Delivery Window at the Postoffice. He wrote for Seed Catalogues, and Terms to Agents so as to have an Excuse to speak to Angel. She up and married the Station Agent. Eugene had to go out and forget his Sorrow in Base-Ball and Pull-Away.

In due Time he went to a Fresh-Water College and here he began to yearn for another Kind. It happened that he went out Botanizing with a slender Co-Ed who wore Nose-Glasses and had an intellect that made a Noise like a Dynamo. Frequently they did their Algebra together, and he wrote to her in Latin telling her that she was All Right.

Along about this time his Idea of Paradise come down to Earth was to own a snug little Library and sit in it every Evening reading aloud to a tall-browed Help-meet. He wrote several Essays on Women and sprung them on the Pythagorean Literary Society. He said that every Maverick who was cow-trailing around over the Sand-Lots of this dreary Life had an Affinity concealed somewhere in the Brush and the Game was to hunt her up and then stick to her like Spalding's Glue. He allowed that the real Girlie Charms did not depend upon Frizzes and Make-up. Eugene was strong for the Beauty of Soul which would wear for Years and look just as well on one Side as on the Other.

When he graduated he was keen to do the Library Act with the cogitative Co-Ed. Upon searching himself he found that his Assets consisted of a hand-worked Diploma, a few Dance Programmes and a Badge of the Oota Bazoota Frat. He decided to cut out the Private Reading Circle until he could see his Way clear to get enough to pay for the License.

Having settled in the City he gave a busy Imitation of a Bright Young Fellow who is trying to side-step the Potter's Field. At the Boarding House where he coaled there was a Head Waitress who carried a Remarkable Shape for one who had to be on her Feet all day. She never had been beyond the 3d Grade in the Grammar School but when they had Chicken she always slipped Gene the Second Joint and she had his Paper propped up for him when he came to Breakfast. He gave her several long Rides on the Cars and there might have been something doing if Eugene had not had his Salary whooped. He moved into a first-class, pruneless Family Hotel and got into the Habit of carrying Money in his Clothes. In the meantime the Co-Ed was off in Minnesota somewhere, teaching School.

Around the Hotel there were all Kinds and Eugene, who was now 30 and had mislaid his Diploma, found that he no longer had an uncontrollable Desire to buckle up with those who wore Specs and could tear the lining out of Synthetic Philosophy.

When he ambled around after Dinner he had his Port Eye out for a larksome Loo-loo who would pin Flowers on him and tease him to take her to a Lively Show. He began to buy Flowers for all who were under 22. He framed his Dresser with Carbon Photos of Mazies and Lillians and Madges. One of the upper Drawers smelled like the front part of a Drug Store and was filled with Square Envelopes addressed in the scraggly, dislocated Writing that

looks like a Profile Drawing of the Sierra Nevadas.

Eugene was now too Busy to think of Matrimony. He had eight or nine on his Books at one time and the main Joy of his Life was to burn up his Income in such a way that it would give a fleeting Hour of Happiness to a dimpled Bud weighing anywhere from 85 to 115 Pounds.

The Library which he had planned in the Cloisters of Learning consisted of a Date-Book and a Volume telling how to cook Things in a Chafing-Dish.

Bye and bye it came about the Eugene had a thin Spot on top of his head. The little Snips who hopped out of the Nursery into Sascity every Fall started in to call him Papa and Nunky. He began to count the Years and decided that he was due to take the High Jump.

But he did not choose any Lady who taught in the Sunday School. Neither did he swing on any Old Maid at the General Delivery. His Heart did not bone and hanker for any Female Emerson or any stately and superior Head Waitress. Even the Society Queen who had been worked out for a couple of Seasons did not appeal to Eugene. He put his Tag on a blonde Canary 17 Years of Age who spelled Sure with an H and had from 7 to 9 Thoughts every 24 Hours. But she was very Easy to Look at. And the only call that

he made on her Intellect was to please regard him as The Works. MORAL: The only Cinch Method of avoiding Misplays is to wait until one knows his Mind.

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## KILLED IN TORNADO

### Train Meets With Peculiar Accident

### Two Persons Meet Instant Death and Several Others Badly Wounded.

Waseca, Minn., Aug. 30.—Two persons were killed, three fatally injured, and more than a score of others hurt tonight in the wreck of a train which had been hurled down an embankment by a tornado. A west-bound train on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, consisting of an engine, a baggage car and two crowded passenger coaches; was struck by a tornado while running at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, two miles from Meridian. The passenger and baggage cars were hurled eighteen feet down the embankment to the fence guarding the right-of-way. A brakeman had been lighting the lamps when the crash came, and the wreckage was ignited by the spilling of oil. The dead:

- Delmar Peterson, aged 5 years, Waseca, Minn.
- Unknown woman, supposed to be Anna Buckford, Albert Lea, Minn.
- The fatally injured: Miss Eva Richardson, New Ulm, Minn., hurt internally.
- A. C. McConnell, Brookings, S.D., hurt internally.
- Unidentified woman; crushed.
- Among the other injured: T. N. Knutvold, Albert Lea, state senator and candidate for congress, four ribs broken; R. H. Wilde, Milwaukee, shoulder dislocated, left arm broken and injured internally; Miss E. C. Hilmer, New Ulm, Minn., head cut and badly injured internally; John Rosenau, Meridian, left arm broken; Miss Mary Glasby, Kassoum, Minn., left arm broken.

The engineer is reported to have seen the tornado in apparent pursuit of the train and scarcely an instant

before the wind struck the cars the train gave a lurch in a sudden spurt to evade the funnel-shaped fury. It was 5:40 o'clock when the train was struck. Fully an hour and a half elapsed before a wrecking train arrived.

The engine did not leave the track, the baggage car and passenger coaches having been twisted off, as if by giant hands, and hurled downward to the bottom of the embankment. The baggage car was shattered to splinters.

The two dead were jammed in the wreckage and their bodies were cut out with axes. It is feared that more bodies may be found underneath the debris, and wrecking gangs sent from Waseca are at work on the shattered cars.

The brakeman who was lighting the lamps in one of the passenger coaches when the tornado struck cannot be found tonight. It is feared his body may be in the wreckage. Passengers saw him strike the underside of the coach with terrific force, and at the same time the lamp he had been trimming was crashed into splinters.

The injured and the bodies of the dead were brought to Waseca by physicians, who attended to the seriously injured. Eva Richardson died from her injuries after reaching Waseca.

The damage by the cyclone in Owatonna was not great and was confined to a narrow path.

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