

Azalea's Plain Husband

Once there was a Patient Man who had one kind of a Wife. Something hurt her all the time but she couldn't tell just what it was. She was afflicted with Soul-Hunger. She was a New Woman. In fact, she was one of the Newest Women that ever came out of a Book Store and she was Fresh every Hour.

When the latest Fad struck Town she appointed herself a Reception Committee and hurried out as far as the Railroad Bridge to welcome it. She loved to mess around with little Cuts that went on Young Hyson Jags and then groped after the Whatness of something. If she could land in with a Dreamy Bunch and sit in a Front Room with all the Curtains pulled down and the Candles shaded, while a Lady who had never ruined her Shape read a Puzzle Paper that got past every one who heard it, then she was having the Time of her life.

She loved to flirt with the Unknown and occasionally take a Fall out of the Occult.

But she had no Time for anything she could Understand. She preferred to sail through the Ethereal Regions of the Bamboo Dreams, hanging by one Toe and having a Rush of Blood to the Head.

As suggested at the Beginning of the Fable, the poor Woman did not know what hurt her, but she proceeded on the Theory that the Higher Intellectual Life consisted of Equal Parts of Vertigo and Guesswork.

All this meant Fine Business for the Boy who in a Careless Moment had promised to Love, Honor and Obey. She sprang a new series of Curves on him every Week or two. Sometimes he suspected that she had gone aft to the Wheel-House, but he didn't like to say so on account of the Children. So he continued to play Angel to her Continuous Performance.

The wife, whose name was Azalea, used to go out and dig up all kinds of Geniuses and take them up to the House and Feed them. She considered it a great honor to have some melancholy Person with an unusual kind of Hair come up to their Number and eat about \$2 worth of Food.

She and the Genius would sit at opposite ends of the Table and ping-pong a line of inspired Conversation that never touched Husband at all. He couldn't even keep Score.

Azalea never could find time for a Straightaway Business Man who wore a Sack Suit and an ordinary Collar, and talked about what had been done in the Morning Paper. No, indeed, for she was on the lookout for Rare Birds.

She went to a Paderewski Concert once and when the Artist with the crinkly Moj leaned over the Gee Side of the Key-board and began to tear off the Quarter-Notes with his Eyes closed, it was then that Azalea tried to climb over the Foot-Lights and steal a Kiss.

Azalea always had a number of Musical Mokes on her staff. When she had a Soiree, the Plain Husband would go away back and sit down behind a Rubber Plant or an Orange Tree where no one could see him. He knew that the Music was Good, but it did not sound right to him.

Azalea did not put in all of her time with the Musickers. One day she came home and said she had discovered the greatest Literary Genius ever born in Captivity — one who would sooner or later make Hall Caine look like 3 cents worth of Saleratus.

"How do you know he is a Genius?" asked the Plain Husband, who was becoming Leery of her Finds.

"He told me so," she replied. "And he has consented to Dine here."

"That will be sweet Billiards," said the Plain Husband. "When I come home at night all tucked up, there is nothing cheers me more than to listen to an incipient Author with a 16 Collar on a 14 Neck."

"But this is a Remarkable Character," said Azalea. "He is so Erratic that every one is talking about him. He has worn the same Hat for nine Years and sometimes sits for an Hour at a time without speaking to any one. He has made a great Rep. for himself by throwing down People who are trying to be kind to him. His favorite Specialty is making Cracks about those who entertain him. I have no doubt he will go away and say the most Sarcastic Things about us, but then you must expect that from a Genius."

"I'll bet he won't say any worse things about us than I say about him," said the Plain Husband. "What time does the Genius arrive?"

"You never can tell," was the reply. "He is so great that he seems to keep his appointments, but if he comes at all, it will be somewhere between five and nine."

"I will go and stock up the Side Board," said the Plain Husband.

The Genius arrived at 9.30 and said all he wanted for Dinner was four Bowls of Soup and an Orange. Azalea thought he was charmingly Eccentric. It would be wrong to tell what the Plain Husband thought.

Azalea had a way of uncovering Lady Reformers who were above the Frigidities of Dress. Every week or so the Plain Husband would arrive at the House to find everything upset in Honor of some longitudinal Emphasis in the World of Thought who glared at him through Steel Specs and wore her Wens in the most unexpected places. Any time that the Plain Husband bumped against a Proposition of this kind, he folded up like a Pocket Camera. When it came time to Carve he would be so Nervous that every slice looked as if it had been through a Fluting Machine.

This went on for Years. He used to tell on the Outside, when he was in his Cups, that he was conducting a first-class Boarding House for Freaks. Azalea put it differently. She said that she had entertained more Whales than any other Woman along the Street.

But the Dorsal Vertebrae of the long-suffering Camel may be weighted to the Point of Fracture and there came a Day when the Plain Husband riz up. He invited a few Friends to Dinner and then notified Azalea. She scanned the List and then threw a couple of Throes.

"Nobody ever heard of these Folks," she said.

"That is why it will be such a blamed Relief to have them around," said the Plain Husband. "I long for the sight of those that Comb it in the Ordinary Way and talk about something besides Themselves. I have got good and tired of looking at Genius through Smoked Glasses. Before I die I should like to attend just one Dinner Party at which the Host would cut a little Ice. And tomorrow this Sign goes up at the Front Portal: 'No Tramps, Beggars, Peddlers or Geniuses need apply.'"

MORAL: It gives one a Crick in the Neck to look up all the Time. — George Ade.

Feltz's Awful Death.

Seattle, Feb. 10.—Charles Feltz, a fireman on the Seattle-St. Louis branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad, lost his life late Saturday night in a wreck at Lake Station, about fifteen miles north of this city. The train, which was a mixed one, ran into a huge landslide shortly before midnight. Feltz was caught between the engine and one of the box cars and burned to death before he could be extricated from his perilous position.

As near as could be ascertained, no one is to blame for the accident. The track had been gone over but a short time before by a track walker. In the opinion of the railroad officials the slide was caused by the jar of the train while rounding a curve a short distance below the scene of the catastrophe. At any rate thousands of tons of earth and rock were piled upon the track and the train plunged into it.

The engine was derailed and toppled over into Lake Washington. Engineer Montgomery saved himself by jumping. Feltz, while attempting to crawl out over the tender, was caught by the arm by a box car which toppled over onto the tender. At first the man refused to allow the train crew to chop off his arm, thus releasing him. Later, however, when the train caught fire, he begged them to do anything to save his life. It was too late. It is possible that he drowned before the flames reached him. His body was terribly burned.

The track was blocked about fifteen hours before the obstruction could be cleared away. A wrecking train was sent to the scene early yesterday morning, and Coroner Hove went with it. The remains of the dead man were brought to this city and placed in Bonney & Stewart's morgue. Feltz has relatives in Wayland, Iowa, and the remains may be sent there for interment. An inquest will be held this afternoon.

Feltz has lived in this city for the past several years. He has been employed by the Northern Pacific during all that time. He only consented to go out on Saturday night's run when the regular fireman failed to show up at time of departure. It proved to be his last ride.

Romance of a Child.

Chicago, Feb. 8.—Harriet Tracy, a motherless babe, was kidnapped at St. Joseph, Mo., eighteen years ago. Upon her being found depended a legacy of \$5,000 and for several months relatives and the police of many cities have vainly searched for her. She was found today at the home of Mrs.

Ferdinand Hivon, 1231 West, North avenue.

Hivon had formerly lived at St. Joe and was known by the name of Frank Rivers. By changing his name he has found security from detection in Chicago and the missing girl was thus raised in the belief that she was his daughter. Not until today was she made aware of her true identity.

A romance which has resulted in the tempting offer of a St. Joseph woman to bequeath her fortune to the girl, in case she was found, has marked the history of the case. This woman is Mrs. Mary Sage, who lives at Tenth and Pendleton streets, St. Joe. Harriet Tracy's mother died when the child was less than a week old and the baby girl was given to Mrs. Sage to raise.

She was a Presbyterian and the Traceys were Catholics. This fact caused considerable comment among Catholic acquaintances here and John Tracy, the father, endeavored to have Mrs. Sage give up the little one. She refused.

A few months later the baby was kidnapped. Frank Rivers, a member of the Catholic church, assisted by Father Ignatius, who at that time presided over the parish here, is said to have spirited the little one away. Rivers is a French Canadian, as is also his wife. They left St. Joseph, taking the baby with them, and left no trace of their movements since.

A Montana Picasantry.

Salamon, the travelling manager of "The Burgomaster" company, is a dignified, portly and important personage. The only subject upon which he was not fully posted, according to his own opinion, was the business of mining and smelting. In Butte he decided to "wise up," so that on returning east he could make an impression among the gloomy comedians and crushed tragedians he might meet.

The fame of the M. O. P. plant had reached his ears even in the east. He decided, therefore, to visit both the smelter and the mine. A note to Mr. Heinze brought the required permit, and in company with Civil Engineer Wilson, Mr. Salamon set forth. They first visited the smelter, but no sooner did Salamon get a look at one of the furnaces, which was roaring under a hot blast, and got a whiff of sulphur smoke, than he bolted.

"Great Scott!" he howled, as he reached the outside, "I've heard often about the infernal regions, but I never saw them and smelled of them before!"

He was soon found by Mr. Wilson and conducted to the Minnie Healy mine.

"I've always wanted to go down a mine," he said. "How deep is it?" he asked Mr. Wilson.

"About 25 feet," was the reply, as he put Salamon through the lightning change act with a gum coat and boots. "Just step on the cage here, and you will see one of the famous mines of the United States."

With blanched face and many misgivings the theatre man boarded the two-decker cage. The next instant, on a wink from Mr. Wilson, the engineer dropped them to the 200-foot station.

"Here, hold on! Let me off! Stop her!" yelled Salamon, throwing his arms around Wilson's neck.

The only answer was another drop, this time 700 feet deeper. Salamon was wild with terror. The noise of escaping steam, the dark places of the stations, the dripping figures of the miners and the glimmer of candles convinced Salamon that death was near. He was wet with perspiration and begged to be taken back to the surface.

He refused to leave the station cage, but clung convulsively to his conductor, evidently afraid that the cage might leave him in cimmerian gloom.

In a few minutes the party ascended to the top, where the theatrical man, pale with terror and gasping for breath, called for liquid refreshments.

He was taken to Dominic Salki's, and Mr. Wilson inquired:

"Dominic, have you any good whiskey?"

"You bet, I made it myself only yesterday," replied the genial proprietor.

Salamon fell into a chair in dismay making a more comical picture than Cawthorne, the burgomaster, ever made.

He swears he will never go beneath the ground again until his final disappearance.—Butte Intermountain.

De Wet's Narrow Escape.

London, Feb. 9.—From Wolkehoek, Lord Kitchener today telegraphed a long description of the combined movement of numerous British columns with the object of surrounding DeWet. Lord Kitchener says the advance began the night of February 1, the whole force moving from various directions and forming a continuous line of mounted men on the west

bank of Liebenberg's Vlei, from Frankfort as far south as Fanny's Home, and thence to Kaffrirkof. The line then advanced to the west, and the following night the British entrenched with their outposts fifty yards apart. They held the line from Holland, on the Heilbron-Frankfort block house line, to Dornkloof, on the Kroomstadt-Lindley block house line, while the columns were also working in advance of the block house lines to prevent DeWet crossing. The advance was continued February 6, and DeWet was within the inclosure, but, realizing his position, he ordered his men to disperse and seek safety during the night. DeWet himself, with some men and a number of cattle, made for the Kroomstadt-Lindley block house line, and at 1 o'clock in the morning when it was very dark, by rushing his cattle through the line, mixed up with the cattle, and, losing three men killed, escaped.

Many attempts were made to break through the line on February 7, reports Lord Kitchener, the line of outposts being attacked at various points throughout the night, but few escaped, and ten Boers were picked up in the morning near Heilbron.

"I did not get exact details of the Boer casualties," continues Lord Kitchener, "but as far as I have ascertained they consist of 283 killed, wounded and prisoners, as well as about 740 tired horses and many cattle. Our casualties were only ten."

Lord Kitchener's great plan, which he has been elaborating for months past, failed by the escape of DeWet, but was successful in the greatest single capture of Boers since Lord

Kitchener arrived in South Africa. Altogether twenty-three columns were employed in an immense irregular parallelogram formed by the lines of block houses and the railroads between Wolkehoek, Frankfort, Lindley and Kroomstadt. It is estimated that DeWet's force amounted, roughly speaking, to 2,000 men.

Lord Kitchener personally superintended the final preparations for the expedition and the great move was made in a frontier of forty miles, the advance extending sixty miles, with the object of driving the Boers against the railroad line, where armored trains were patrolling and were repeatedly in action, shelling the Boers to prevent their crossing the railroad. DeWet succeeded in slipping

through the lines to the south. The whereabouts of Mr. DeWet is unknown, though one report is with DeWet.

Big John's Mistake.

Salt Lake, Utah, Feb. 10.—A local to the Telegram from Salt Lake, Utah, says that "Big John," the best known Indian in South-east Utah, and prominent in councils of the Utes, is dead as a result of drinking a bottle of extract which he took for a tonic country druggist to whom John applied for medicine to cure his it, but John not only failed to but drank the whole bottle of it. The body has been brought to the field.

Indians from the whole country are gathering at Salt Lake and preparations are being made to give Big John a funeral with tribal ceremonies.

Panic at the Pier.

New York, Feb. 8.—In the passengers and their friends at the pier to bid the steamer Celtic, which was to sail for the Mediterranean ports. She was crowded with passengers, and each had his friends at the pier to bid her. The warning signal was blown, and a great rush from the shore and from ships in the harbor. The two gang planks were broke and a panic ensued.

Detectives are Right.

Dublin, Feb. 8.—The city is being watched with government eyes, with government eyes, watching members of the League, which is gaining rapidly. The "physical force" openly discussed in public places and other public places and in England, with despair a getting home rule through is expressed everywhere.

The officers of the troops throughout Ireland, are instructed to be most vigilant in the soldiers against those who are conspiring against government.

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