

Old Trunk Won Him His Wife

WESTERN EDITOR TELLS WHY
HE CARRIES A BATTERED BOX.

Doesn't Mind the Joshing About It
Because a Practical Joke Intended
to Show His Poverty Led His Fu-
ture Father-in-Law to Ask Why
He Didn't Speak.

A party of editors of western weekly papers, after a little visit around New York a while back, were checking their baggage at the ferry station upon the eve of their departure from this seaboard, when the dilapidated, age-worn appearance of the trunk of one of the editors came in for a lot of guffing. It was a small, very old-fashioned trunk, and it had seen so much service that it required four heavy trunk straps to hold it together. The man to whom the trunk belonged, who took the joshing all in good part, got back at the jollifiers with this:

"Don't you fellows bother your heads about that old box. It's getting pretty old and disreputable looking, I'll admit, but I'm not going to make any attempt to lose it until it falls apart, and then I'm going to put its old bones away, and keep 'em dusted. That old trunk won't me my wife."

They demanded the details of him then, and he supplied them.

"When I first took hold of the county weekly in my town," he said, "my personal effects didn't much more than half fill that dinky little old trunk. But for all the slenderness of my means and my wardrobe, the prettiest girl in the town, the daughter of the best-off citizen of the place, wasn't any too good for me to pay my court to. I used to call upon her two or three evenings a week, but I was only one of about half a dozen young fellows in the town who also were calling upon her right regularly, and all of them were a heap better off in this world's goods, or at any rate in prospects, than I was at that stage of my life.

"It was for this reason that I didn't exactly say how I stood with the girl, but I wasn't going to permit myself to be frozen out by the others until I got the direct word from her. She was pretty cordial in her treatment of me, and when I happened to find other fellows calling upon her when I visited her home, she generally let it appear through the crafty little ways that women pick up as soon as they're quit wearing their hair in braids that she just as lief I'd outstay the other fellows."

"I seemed to be making as much, if not more, progress than any of the other suitors, but as I wasn't making much more than a bare living out of my paper, I wasn't in any shape to propose, especially as the girl's father was extremely comfortable financially, and I couldn't entertain the idea of marrying a girl with considerable means unless I had fixed things so that I had some worth-while expectations of my own.

"Well, anyhow, the frequency of my visits and the cordial welcome I always got from the girl aroused the jealousy of the other suitors, naturally enough, and one evening after I had been a caller at her house for about a year, they put up a job for me.

"I was seated on a lawn bench in front of the house with the girl—it was during the summer—when the wagon of the town grocery store drove up in front. The driver of the grocery wagon, coming from his seat, went to the rear of the wagon, loaded my trunk—that little battered, old trunk—on his seat, and, for my amusement—on to his shoulders, and walked into the yard with it just as my mother and I had come down the front steps on his way to the door. "My rivals had kidnapped the trunk from my room and sent it to the home of the grocery store. "With the idea, of course, that I was in a foolish and measly light before her and her father. "The driver inquired the old gentleman, as the driver of the wagon, at my command, dumped my little old trunk on to the lawn. "Then the driver how he had happened to fetch my trunk to that place, and he confirmed my suspicions by informing me that he'd been instructed so to deliver it. "The old gentleman cocked up his ear at this. "It's not my fault, as you can see, sir," I said to him, "but I feel pretty cheap even under the circumstances. I hope you fully understand that I wouldn't have said in anything so idiotic."

"That's all right, son—perfectly all right," observed the fine old boy, eyeing the young fellow keenly, and then casting his inquiring gaze shrewdly about him in every direction. "You and Mary had anything to say to each other yet?"

"No, sir," confessed the young man, as competent as a hairless Mexican, "not a word." "Well, that's about as bad as a snowstorm, and Mary herself didn't seem to be hankering to exhibit any conventional powers of conversation."

"Because," my boy, the old gentleman went on, still eyeing me in a kindly sort of way, "whenever you and Mary get together, there's something to each other, and I wouldn't wonder if you thought that's the way the wind blows, hey, young uns? winking in a fatherly sort of way, you might. Just as well have done your trunk up in the trunk room, until I build a house for you—as any where else, eh, son, what do you think of that?" and he tapped me in a paternal way on the leg with his cane.

Mary under the chin and went his powerful way, chuckling to himself.

"That's all of the story, or nearly all," he promised me, "before the old gentleman had more than half way reached his lodge meeting, and before the evening was over, blamed if she didn't look up to me as a sort of a friend and asked me if there weren't any socks in that trunk of mine that needed darning. So the joke was for sure on my traps. And I was so glad to hear of a thing that dinky little trunk of mine to my sweetheart's home, and I have reason to believe that she was kicking to herself, 'I wish I was New York Sun."

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Miss Counter, of Windsor, Ontario, says: "I contracted a heavy cold that settled on my lungs and resisted all treatment. After I had tried several different doctors here, and specialists in Detroit without benefit, I went to my druggist, Mr. D'Avignon, and asked him for the best remedy he had for cold on the lungs. He recommended Catarrhazone, which cured my cold in one week. It brought back my voice and cleared my throat. I have not had my old trouble. For coughs, colds and lung trouble I am sure that Catarrhazone is the best remedy. It goes right to the spot, gives quick relief and makes a lasting cure." (Signed) Miss Counter. Get Catarrhazone today and you will be cured. All druggists sell it. 25c, 50c and \$1, the latter size being guaranteed.

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THREATENED WITH PARALYSIS.
Peter E. Summers, of Kalamazoo, Mich.,

relates his experience:

"I was troubled with Nervous Debility for many years. I lay it to indolence and excesses in eating and drinking. I became very dependent and didn't care whether I worked or not. I imagined everybody who looked at me thought my secret. Imaginative dreams at night weakened me—my back ached, my joints pained in the back of my head, hands and feet were cold, hard in the morning, poor appetite, fingers were shaky, eyes blurred, hair loose, memory poor, etc. Numbness in the fingers set in and the doctor told me he feared paralysis. I took all kinds of medicine and failed. Many first-class physicians, wore an electric belt for three months, went to the baths, but failed, but received little benefit. While induced to consult Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy, though I had lost faith in doctors and medicine, I was induced to try them. The improvement was like magic—I could feel the vigor gain back, and I felt better mentally and physically. I have sent them many patients and will continue to do so."

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