LIKE ENOCH ARDEN HE WOULD NOT STAY DEAD

How P. J. Thomson, Wanderer Extraordinary, Returned to Savannah After Forty-seven Years to Find His Wife With New Husband and New Children—Wants Only to Die Where He Was Born.



TORN from the arms of his young wife and baby daughter by the for unes of war, exiled from Savannah by the order of General Sherman, whose army had just completed its famous march through Georgia to the Sea, P. J. Thompson, recently of Kentucky, wanderer extraordinary, has returned to his native state for the first time in 47 years, only to find his wife happily married to another man and the mother of many children; his daughter, whom he left an infant, grown to womanhood and nursing babies of her own, and his sister scarcely able to recognize him.

With the lines of the years scarred deeply into his weather-beaten face, and his back bent with the burden of many days, the heart of the old man cried for the red old hills that he had wandered over as a barefoot boy, and for news of the little family from whom he had parted in his youth. He wished to rest his bones in the ground that nourished him, and to feel for the last time the breezes that the "Gulf Stream, that wandering summer of the sea," brings to Georgia's shores. And so he turned his footsteps back toward the land of his nativity, and as a consequence involves his wife in a matrimonial tangle not yet unraveled.

For after having spent the better years of a long life as the wife of another man and the mother of his children, the old woman is inclined to look askance at this husband of her early youth, whom she can now remember only dimly, and whom she has so long believed to be lying in an unknown soldier's grave upon one of the many battlefields with which the bosom of the south was reddened. She is as shy as a girl in the presence of her former husband, but she continues to live with her second husband.

A Man Without a Home.

Berty Jones, kindly eyed, white whiskered, who wooed and won the young Mrs. Thompson, after she had given up her husband for dead, is not inclined to part at this late date with his life companion. He looks upon the advent of Thompson as a rather humorous incident that will break the monotony of existence for his women folks a little while, and then be forgotten. He cannot conceive that there may be a real interruption in the established order of things, and as to his wife's leaving him—he accepts the suggestion with a laugh. These two together have been the architects of too many human lives to allow a dead man come to life to break the placidity yof their conugal relations. Enoch Ardens are supposed to look through windows upon happy firesides and then to disappear again.

The story of the adventures of Thompson is of intense interest. Through all the years he has been a man without a home, a wanderer, seeking always after the will-o'-the-wisp of a fortune that forever eluded him. The one discordant note in the harmony is that he never made an attempt to return to his wife and home after having been sent north by the federal soldiers.

Thompson's Early Life.

When the war broke out Thompson, not yet of age, enlisted for six months. On the expiration of that period he went into a cavalry troop and saw much service in Virginia and Tennessee. The beginning of the last year of the war found him in a hospital in Savannah. Becoming convalescent, he obtained leave to visit his family in Pembroke, where he learned for the first time that he was a father, and for a brief and only period of his life held his baby in his arms. While he was still at Pembroke Sherman and his legions swept across the state. Bidding his wife a hasty goodby, the Confederate soldier took refuge in the swamps. That was the last that Mrs. Thompson now also Mrs. Jones and the wife of two men, ever saw of her husband.

Driven from his hiding place by hunger, Thompson made his way across the Ogeechee river bridge and fell into the hands of a federal outpost, by whom he was promptly dispatched into Savannah, a prisoner of war. He was detained there and furnished with rations for a time, but an order finally came that no more provisions were to be served, and this, together with an offer of transportation north, left Thompson and others in similar predicament no alternative but to go into the land of the enemy as nostages of war. He was sent by a boat to New York, where he remained until the war closed.

Escaped Death in Cyclone.

After the war Thompson wandered into the west. Why he chose the west instead of the south and home has never been satisfactorily explained. He lived for a time in Cincinnati, but driven by the unrest that was in him, he continued his wanderings over the greater part of the western country, stopping for a time like any bird of passage wherever chance placed him. He peddled goods for a livelihood, worked on farms, cut timber in the forests—did anything that came his way that offered bread for his hungry mouth. He never wrote to find out what had become of his wife and child.

After a brief time he found himself the proprietor of a cross-roads store near Mound City, Kan. Here, he says, he cherished the hope of some day achieving a competency and of returning to Georga with means to search for his people. But at night a cyclone swept over the land while he cowered in a cellar and in the morning he found his store distributed over a number of counties and himself again homeless and penniless. Nothing remained of his possessions but an old tub, which alone had withstood the storm and remainded to mock him in his loss. He again became a wanderer, setting his back steadily upon wife and home and child.

Worked His Way Home.

Recently he decided to carry out his long cherished intention of returning to Georgia. Old age was now coming upon him fast, and with the coming of age his mind turned upon the past. He worked his way across the intervening states and came at last again to Pembroke. But all the friends of his youth had disappeared. Many of the old families were broken up.

He found his sister, Mrs. Jessie Davis, after some search, and convinced her, with some trouble, of his identity. From her he learned that his wife, after giving him up for dead, had married again, and with their daughter, who was also now married, lived in Blitchton. He offered no reason for having abandoned his family so long, and his sister did not press him upon the point.

May Woo His Wife Again.

Thompson went on to Blitchton to see the wife of his early manhood and his middle aged daughter, whom he remembered as a little child. He spent a day at the home of L. A. Schuman, the husband of his daughter, whom he saw mothering sturdy men and women whom she had brought into the world in the years that had transformed her father from a veteran of twenty-one to a bent and broken wanderer of sixty-eight. With the assistance of a picture taken before he went away, and by recalling intimate instances of her baby days, he succeeded in convincing his daughter that he was her father.

Means to Stay in Savannah.

Thompson has announced that he will spend the rest of his days in Savannah. Precisely what are his intentions regarding his wife are not known. He has given no indication of what procedure he will adopt in this respect. It is generally believed that he will not make any endeavor to interfere with present arrangements Jones will certainly fight for his wife, although he has exhibited every indication of being friendly to Thompson unless the latter puts up a fight. Mrs. Thompson Jones will undoubtedly prefer to remain with the latter. She mourned Thompson for dead many years ago, and she cannot recognize the father of her daughter in the aged visitor.

But her position is delicate as well as humiliating. She has two living husbands, which is a little beyond the pale of the law. However innocent she may have been, she is now living in a state of polygamy. To desert her last husband after all these years and go to a perfect stranger is a little more than could be expected of her, and yet her position as the wife of Jones is a trying one. Nobody blames her, but those who know the circumstances are wondering what the outcome of the tangle will be. Her numerous offspring by her last husband would not consent to her leaving the roof of their father even if she wished to do so.

Not Sure He Is Her Brother.

Thompson is back in Savannah, at the home of his sister. She declares that while she has accepted him, she is not at all sure that he is really her brother. She does not believe that a real flesh and blood brother could drop suddenly from nowhere in particular after an absence of 47 years. Everybody is afraid to take the matter into court for fear of further complicating the situation and bringing out trying points heretofore overlooked. The consensus of opinion seems to be that Thompson ought to disappear again and remain dead. Or, better still, he ought to have remained in the west, and not come back to trouble his wife at all.

Jones is apparently waiting for the other man to make the first move in the case. He holds the trump cards in that he is in possession of the disputed wife. "And possession is nine points of the law, you know," he says with a laugh. He is not letting the situation worrk him much, either. It is probable that as long as Thompson does not move he will allow the matter to drop. And Thompson appears inclined to be quiescent. He will remain with his sister for the present. There is plenty of time to make his plans for the future.

Has Fund of Strange Tales.

This is the basis upon which the matter stands at present. Thompson's ambition seems solely to be among his own people—to make a little niche somewhere where he can spend the remainder of his days and earn five feet of ground in the end in which his bones may rest alongside those of his father and mother.

Thompson shows his age more than his wife. His face is finely lined and wrinkled. His shoulders are a little bent, but they are of great breadth, and would indicate that he was a man of great physical strength in his younger days. His teeth are white and fine, and his smile is pleasant and infectious. He has at his tongue's end the "blarney" that comes to all who put their feet upon the road. He has a fund of strange tales always ready to tell, and he apparently takes delight in relating them. He is a pleasant companion, and there is much crude wisdom buried beneath his experiences.

All Georgia and the south is interested in the strange case. Everybody has a solution of the difficultyy to offer. The theories advanced are as thick as dust in vacant houses. But it is not theories that are troubling these old people. It is hard facts—facts that drive thought home as with the impact of a hammer. What is to be done? Suppose Thompson demands his wife at the hands of Jones? What will the consequence be? Mrs. Jones cannot deny that she is the wife of Thompson under the law. Then what will the consequences be to the children who have been born to her in the intervening years since Thompson disappeared?

Robert Browning said: "Sudden the worst turns the best to the brave."

Timely Advice and Hints for the Hostess

By Mme. MERRI

From Virginia.

Please give a flower contest. I am fifteen. Am I too young to go out with boys?—Virginia.

I do not seem to have a "flower" contest at hand, but I hope this one on "trees" will answer your purpose. I think it is an unusually good one. Fifteen is rather young to go out with boys; of course, I do not mean to school affairs, but in society; generally speaking. If you go so much now, what is there going to be left for you when you are a really, truly young lady? This is the "trees" contest:

1. Which tree a kissing game could play. Tulip.
2. And which its father's name could say. Pawpaw.
3. Which shall we wear to keep us warm. Fir.
4. And which do ships prefer in storm. Bay.
5. Which shows what lovelorn maidens do. Pine.
6. And in the hands which carry you. Palm.
7. And which is it that the fruit men fear. Locust.
8. And from their pipes men shake. Ash.
9. Which tree is it bad boys dislike to see. Birch.
10. Which is a girl both young and sweet. Peach.
11. Which likes a man, bright, dapper and neat. Spruce.
12. And on which do children like to play. Beech.
13. To which tree turn we for goods to wear and stuff to burn. Cottonwood.
14. Now divide you one tree more, you've part of a dress and part of a door. Hemlock.
15. Which tree is never seen alone. Pear.
16. And which one is a bright, warm tone. Cherry.
17. And which in church doth office hold. Elder.
18. Which is a town in Ireland old. Cork.
19. For this one do not look so far, which tells what charming people are. Poplar.
20. Which one will allay the pain if promptly rubbed on bruise or sore. Witch-hazel.
21. The carpenter doth use which tree to make his wall straight as can be. Plum.
22. To which tree do urchins call to show you and shouldn't have looked at at all. Rubber.
23. Which tree on calendars do you find. Date.
24. Which is a joke told many times. Chestnut.
25. Which do we call an Ohio man. Buckeye.
26. And which for soup we sometimes plan. Crab.
27. Which tells where at on land or sea. Elm.
28. And on our feet we'll wear which tree. Sandal.

In Honor of Sixteenth Birthday.

I am a reader of your department and enjoy it very much.

I am planning a party in honor of my sixteenth birthday and would like to have a few suggestions. Are there any games I could have to illustrate my age? What shall I serve for lunch?—"Sweet Sixteen."

I do not know of any games that would illustrate your age, but you could have pretty little boxes each containing just sixteen bon-bons with "Sweet Sixteen" done in gold letters on the top.

Have ice cream and a birthday cake, then if you want more have cocoa with cream and nut bread sandwiches.

A Puzzling Question.

During a conversation with a gentleman friend our opinions were passed freely on styles and taste in dress. When I mentioned the fact I did not like his style of scarf-pin, and he took it out for me to look at, and with the remark he ought not to wear it, I stuck it in my own collar and forgot the incident until one day later he asked for the return of it. I was under the impression I had handed it back at the time, but must have lost it. I offered to replace it, but this he refused and says only the original will he accept.

Now I do not feel right about it unless I can reimburse him somehow. What would you suggest?—Miss "Doubtful."

If the pin is lost and the man will accept nothing but the original I do not see what you can do. Give a jeweler a description of the pin and see how near you can duplicate it. Send that to the man; if he refuses it you have done all in your power to make it right.

MADAME MERRI.



Red vaseline applied daily with a small camel's hair brush will darken and increase the growth of both eyelashes and eyebrows.

Nuts should be eaten in the winter time. They are extremely rich and nutritious, vegetarians using them in place of meat and butter.

When walking keep the chest elevated and breathe deeply through the nose. A long walk may be taken without exhausting effects.

If the finger nails are brittle and break when manicured, put the finger tops in olive oil or a little melted vaseline before cutting them.

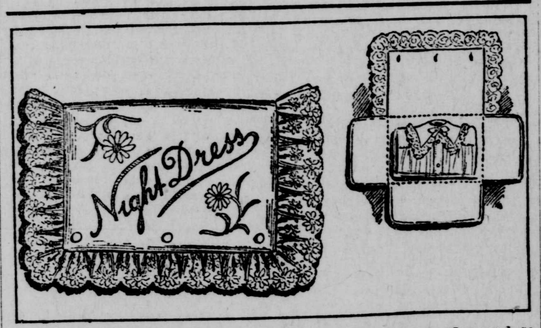
Colored and scented soaps are not considered as sanitary as the white soaps, both coloring and scent being often added to disguise impurities.

Diluted glycerine is better for the skin than the pure form. The pure glycerine will burn and wrinkle the finer skins and should be applied sparingly.

Hands which perspire too freely should have a little powdered borax in the wash water, and after being thoroughly dried dusted with the following powder: Powdered starch, four ounces; iris, four ounces; powdered borax, one ounce.

Here is something so harmless that one need have no fear of using it, yet it is said to be a most excellent bleach: Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, add the juice of a lemon and place in a pan of water on the stove so that the hot water around the pomade will not cook or scorch the egg; stir into a smooth paste. As soon as you have stirred the mixture to a thick cream take it from the heat and use. After washing the face and neck take a little of the pomade and cover the same as in using cold cream. Rub well into the skin. As soon as the egg begins to dry rub the face with a soft towel, which takes off the paste and leaves the complexion soft, beautiful and white. No powder is necessary.

Linen, Silk or Muslin May be Used for This Night Dress Case



OUR sketch illustrates a very novel and pretty nightdress case, and one also that is extremely simple to make.

It can be carried out in art linen, silk or muslin, and lined with soft silk. It is cut out entirely in one piece, of the shape shown in the diagram on the right hand side of the sketch, and the nightdress is placed on the portion enclosed on the dotted lines and the flaps on either side are folded over it, the large flap trimmed on the edge with lace buttoning on to the back of the lower flap and so fastening up the case.

The word "Nightdress" is worked across the front and the remaining space filled up with a conventional floral design.

Should it be desired to hang the case to the bed rail, then a loop of ribbon may be easily attached to the top on either side.

One great advantage of a nightdress case of this nature is, that it may be so easily washed when occasion requires.

Lights and Flowers.

If you would always achieve the best efforts with your flower decorations you should consider which of the colors you have to select from will take most kindly to artificial lights. Some qualities of electric lights show the colors almost as by daylight, while others produce different effects. Blues and violets are to be avoided, as they take on a dull appearance when spread beneath the glow of the artificial lights. With lilac tones, however, the color is intensified and there are some shades of purple which lead themselves well to such lighting. If you would be sure and safe in your choice of decorations, white, red and yellow flowers are at their best under any lighting effect, whether it be daylight or artificial light.

Silk Handkerchiefs.

Silk handkerchiefs are favored by many men, and when the softness, the suppleness and the small space they require are considered, their choice is plainly a matter of material comfort as well as good looks. They make an attractive birthday or anniversary gift.

Charming letters can be made for marking silk handkerchiefs by using very pure silk net, and it adds very materially to the value of the gift if it is tastefully decorated by one of these letters. It is a pretty idea to inclose the letter in a wreath of flowers and fill in the space between the wreath and letter with French knots or with a fine latticework of stitches.

Lace on Tailored Gowns.

Lace on otherwise tailor-made costumes is one of the spring ideas. Some of the skirts, which are cut fairly long, open up at the side front to show a panel of lace. Again, lace in tones of ivory is found draped on the coats like fichus.

Add Life to Rubbers.

People who have trouble with sandal rubbers breaking where the narrow strip goes around the back of the foot may make them wear a much longer time by using adhesive plaster. This comes in narrow strips, and will stick forever to the rubber if put across the break. It saves rubber bills.

BRING UP IN ODD PLACES

Parts of Old London Bridge All Over England—Prison Window Used as Churchyard Gate.

Some of the most curious among freak structures are those which have been transplanted. The ceaseless change in crowded cities constantly brings about the demolition of buildings. The material of which they are composed is either sold piecemeal and incorporated in other structures or wholly re-erected on other sites.

No structure was ever more scattered owing to this form of speculation than old London Bridge, which is now distributed all over the South of England.

Some of the balustrades are round a fountain at Banktower, Sheerness; others are at the land end of the pier at Herne Bay; one of the alcoves is a feature of Victoria Park, in East London, and many of the stones went to build Ingress Abbey, Greenhithe, a lordly dwelling house which cost a fabulous sum.

Few bits of old London, however, have had stranger adventures than the railings which formerly inclosed the space in front of St. Paul's, and which cost no less than $55,000, and originally weighed 200 tons. These are today fragmentarily represented in all parts of the civilized world.

The largest portion was bought by a man for no other reason than that he had, when young and poor, courted his wife near the cathedral. He consigned his purchase to America, where he had made a fortune and was then living, with the intention of giving his helpmeet a pleasant surprise.

And so he did, though not so soon nor to such a degree as he had contemplated. The ship which should have carried the ironwork safely across the western ocean sank at sea and only a part of the railings were recovered. That part now surrounds his wife's grave at Toronto.

Perhaps the most remarkable scrap of old London out of town is Temple Bar, which stands at the entrance to Theobald's Park, near Chestnut. Removed from its original site in 1879, it lay in a heap till 1887, when it was given to Sir H. B. Meux, who set it up anew on its present site a year later.

Very curious, however, is the gateway of Dyrham Park, South Mimms. It originally played the part of a triumphal arch at the restoration, when Charles II. entered Whitehall amid the acclamations of the people.

What is less likely to serve as a churchyard gate than a prison window? Yet the entrance—and an odd entrance it is—to a churchyard in Canning Town was formerly a window in Newgate.—Wide World.

Riddle of the Sphinx.

The Sphinx—some sort of fabled monster—proposed a riddle to the people of Thebes, it is said, and murdered all who could not answer it. Oedipus finally solved it and in chagrin the Sphinx put herself to death. The riddle was as follows: "What goes on four feet in the morning, two feet in the afternoon and three at night?" The answer given by Oedipus was this: "Man; because he crawls as a child, walks upright in his full strength and walks with a staff when an old man."

A Sad Handicap.

"Sad case of the fellow on the fourth floor!"

"What's that?"

"He plays the cornet for his own amusement, but he got so hard up lately that he had to pawn the instrument."

"Well?"

"Now he can't borrow a dollar in the entire building because everybody is afraid he'll get the blamed tooter cut of pawn."

The Paxton Toilet Co. of Boston, Mass., will send a large trial box of Paxtine Antiseptic, a delightful cleansing and germicidal toilet preparation, to any woman, free, upon request.

In the Chase.

Gink—Your son is pursuing his studies at college, isn't he?

Dink—I guess so. He's always behind.—Judge.

For COLDS and GRIP

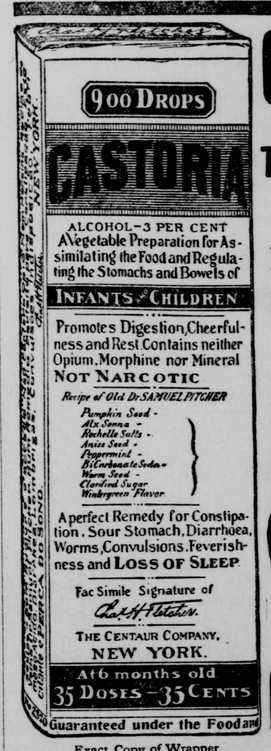
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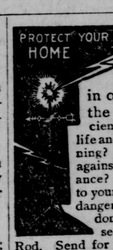
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WARNING

Thunder and Lightning is again in our midst. A word to the wise should be sufficient. Can you afford to risk life and property exposed to lightning? Would you feel secure against a fire loss without insurance? Is it not a duty you owe to your family to provide against danger from this source? Then don't rest until you have secured a good Lightning Rod. Send for "Free Booklet" through Reyburn Hunter & Co., of Philadelphia.

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